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<th>CUE # (MGS)</th>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>Drums Intro</td>
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<td>#2</td>
<td>Crescendo Drums</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Bell</td>
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<td>Engines Surge</td>
<td>&quot;...have a pleasant take off&quot;</td>
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<td>Audience Repeats &quot;I will not rebel&quot;</td>
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<td>Thunder</td>
<td>&quot;...you'll become millionaires&quot; hold 10sec</td>
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<td>9 A</td>
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<td>Engines Surge</td>
<td>&quot;sing Damn It&quot;</td>
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<td>9B</td>
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<td>Wild Drumming</td>
<td>&quot;sing dammit&quot;</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>Explosion</td>
<td>&quot;live the way that you've been living.&quot;</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<td>Loud drums</td>
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<td>Turn up</td>
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<td>Fade out</td>
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<td>17</td>
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<td>Pounding Music</td>
<td>Intro during set change, stop during &quot;dance and snap.&quot;</td>
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<td>During set change lights up music down</td>
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<td>21</td>
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<td>Lady in Plaid Music</td>
<td>&quot;enter Walter Lee's wife&quot;end 2nd &quot;And&quot;</td>
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(Blackness. Cut by drums pounding. Then slides, rapidly flashing before us. Images we've all seen before, of African slaves being captured, loaded onto ships, tortured. The images flash, flash, flash. The drums crescendo. Blackout. And then lights reveal Miss Pat, frozen. She is black, pert, and cute. She has a flip to her hair and wears a hot pink mini-skirt stewardess uniform.)

(She stands in front of a curtain which separates her from an offstage cockpit.)

(An electronic bell goes “ding” and Miss Pat comes to life, presenting herself in a friendly but rehearsed manner, smiling and speaking as she has done so many times before.)

Miss Pat: Welcome aboard Celebrity Slaveship, departing the Gold Coast and making short stops at Bahia, Port Au Prince, and Havana, before our final destination of Savannah.

Hi. I'm Miss Pat and I'll be serving you here in Cabin A. We will be crossing the Atlantic at an altitude that's pretty high, so you must wear your shackles at all times.

(She removes a shackle from the overhead compartment and demonstrates.)

To put on your shackle, take the right hand and close the metal ring around your left hand like so. Repeat the action using your left hand to secure the right. If you have any trouble bonding yourself, I'd be more than glad to assist.

Once we reach the desired altitude, the Captain will turn off the “Fasten Your Shackle” sign . . . (She
efficiently points out the "FASTEN YOUR SHACKLE" signs on either side of her, which light up)... allowing you a chance to stretch and dance in the aisles a bit. But otherwise, shackles must be worn at all times.

(The "Fasten Your Shackles" signs go off.)

Miss Pat: Also, we ask that you please refrain from call-and-response singing between cabins as that sort of thing can lead to rebellion. And, of course, no drums are allowed on board. Can you repeat after me, "No drums." (She gets the audience to repeat.) With a little more enthusiasm, please. "No drums." (After the audience repeats it.) That was great!

Once we're airborn, I'll be by with magazines, and earphones can be purchased for the price of your first-born male.

If there's anything I can do to make this middle passage more pleasant, press the little button overhead and I'll be with you faster than you can say, "Go down, Moses." (She laughs at her "little joke").

Thanks for flying Celebrity and here's hoping you have a pleasant take off.

(The engines surge, the "Fasten Your Shackles" signs go on, and over-articulate Muzak voices are heard singing as Miss Pat pulls down a bucket seat and "shackles-up" for takeoff.)

 VOICES: (Su.  by Backstage Act.)
GET ON BOARD CELEBRITY SLAVESHIP
GET ON BOARD CELEBRITY SLAVESHIP
GET ON BOARD CELEBRITY SLAVESHIP
THERE'S ROOM FOR MANY A MORE

(The engines reach an even, steady hum. Just as Miss Pat rises and replaces the shackles in the overhead compartment, the faint sound of African drumming is heard.)
Miss Pat: Hi. Miss Pat again. I’m sorry to disturb you, but someone is playing drums. And what did we just say ... “No drums.” It must be someone in Coach. But we here in Cabin A are not going to respond to those drums. As a matter of fact, we don’t even hear them. Repeat after me. “I don’t hear any drums.” (The audience repeats.) And “I will not rebel.”

(The audience repeats. The drumming grows.)

Miss Pat: (Placating) OK, now I realize some of us are a bit edgy after hearing about the tragedy on board The Laughing Mary, but let me assure you Celebrity has no intention of throwing you overboard and collecting the insurance. We value you!

(She proceeds to single out individual passengers/audience members.)

Why the songs you are going to sing in the cotton fields, under the burning heat and stinging lash, will metamorphose and give birth to the likes of James Brown and the Fabulous Flames. And you, yes you, are going to come up with some of the best dances. The best dances! The Watusi! The Funky Chicken! And just think of what you are going to mean to William Faulkner.

All right, so you’re gonna have to suffer for a few hundred years, but from your pain will come a culture so complex. And, with this little item here... (She removes a basketball from the overhead compartment). . . you’ll become millionaires!

(There is a roar of thunder. The lights quiver and the “Fasten Your Shackles” signs begin to flash. Miss Pat quickly replaces the basketball in the overhead compartment and speaks very reassuringly.)

Miss Pat: No, don’t panic. I’m here to take care of you. We’re just flying through a little thunder storm. Now the only way you’re going to make it through
this one is if you abandon your God and worship a new one. So, on the count of three, let's all sing. One, two, three . . .

NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I SEEN

Oh, I forgot to mention, when singing, omit the T-H sound. "The" becomes "de". "They" becomes "dey". Got it? Good!

NOBODY KNOWS . . .
NOBODY KNOWS . . .

Oh, so you don't like that one? Well then let's try another—

SUMMER TIME
AND DE LIVIN' IS EASY

Gershwin. He comes from another oppressed people so he understands.

FISH ARE JUMPIN' . . . come on.
AND DE COTTON IS HIGH.

Sing, damnit!

(Lights begin to flash, the engines surge, and there is wild drumming. Miss Pat sticks her head through the curtain and speaks with an offstage Captain.)

MISS PAT: What?

VOICE OF CAPTAIN (O.S.): Time warp!

MISS PAT: Time warp! (She turns to the audience and puts on a pleasant face.) The Captain has assured me everything is fine. We're just caught in a little time warp. (Trying to fight her growing hysteria.) On your right you will see the American Revolution, which will give the U.S. of A exclusive rights to your life. And on your left, the Civil War, which means you will vote Republican until F.D.R. comes along. And now
we’re passing over the Great Depression, which means everybody gets to live the way you’ve been living. (There is a blinding flash of light, and an explosion. She screams.) Ahhhhhhh! That was World War I, which is not to be confused with World War II. (There is a larger flash of light, and another explosion.) Ahhhhh! Which is not to be confused with the Korean War or the Vietnam War, all of which you will play a major role in.

Oh, look, now we’re passing over the sixties. Martha and Vandellas... Malcolm X... “Julia” with Miss Diahann Carroll... and five little girls in Sunday school... Martin Luther King... Oh no! The Supremes just broke up! (The drumming intensifies.) Stop playing those drums. I said, stop playing those damn drums. You can’t stop history! You can’t stop time! Those drums will be confiscated once we reach Savannah. Repeat after me. I don’t hear any drums and I will not rebel. I will not rebel! I will not rebel—

(The lights go out, she screams, and the sound of a plane landing and screeching to a halt is heard. After a beat, lights reveal a wasted, disheveled Miss Pat, but perky nonetheless.)

Miss Pat: Hi. Miss Pat here. Things got a bit jumpy back there, but the Captain has just informed me we have safely landed in Savannah. Please check the overhead before exiting as any baggage you don’t claim, we trash.

It’s been fun, and we hope the next time you consider travel, it’s with Celebrity.

(Luggage begins to revolve onstage from offstage left, going past Miss Pat and revolving offstage right. Mixed in with the luggage are two male slaves and a woman slave, complete with luggage and I.D. tags around their necks.)
MISS PAT: *(With routine, rehearsed pleasantness.)*

Have a nice day. Bye bye.
Button up that coat, it's kind of chilly.
Have a nice day. Bye bye.
You take care now.
See you.
Have a nice day.
Have a nice day.
Have a nice day.

---

5. Lights to half
Cookin' with Aunt Ethel

(As the slaves begin to revolve off, a low-down gut-bucket blues is heard. Aunt Ethel, a down-home black woman with a bandana on her head, revolves to center stage. She stands behind a big black pot and wears a reassuring grin.)

AUNT ETHEL: Welcome to “Aunt Ethel’s Down-Home Cookin’ Show,” where we explore the magic and mysteries of colored cuisine.

Today, we gonna be servin' ourselves up some … (She laughs.) I'm not gonna tell you. That's right! I'm not gonna tell you what it is till after you done cooked it. Child, on “The Aunt Ethel Show” we loves to have ourselves some fun. Well, are you ready? Here goes.

(Shes belts out a hard-drivin’ blues and throws invisible ingredients into the big, black pot.)

FIRST YA ADD A PINCH OF STYLE
AND THEN A DASH OF FLAIR
NOW YA STIR IN SOME PREOCCUPATION
WITH THE TEXTURE OF YOUR HAIR

NEXT YA ADD ALL KINDS OF RHYTHMS
LOTS OF FEELINGS AND PIZAZ
THEN HUNNY THROW IN SOME RAGE
TILL IT CONGEALS AND TURNS TO JAZZ

NOW YOU COOKIN’
COOKIN’ WITH AUNT ETHEL
YOU REALLY COOKIN’
COOKIN’ WITH AUNT ETHEL, OH YEAH

NOW YA ADD A HEAP OF SURVIVAL
AND HUMILITY, JUST A TOUCH
ADD SOME ATTITUDE
OPPS! I PUT TOO MUCH
AND NOW A WHOLE LOT OF HUMOR
SALTY LANGUAGE, MIXED WITH SADNESS
THEN THROW IN A BOX OF BLUES
AND SIMMER TO MADNESS
NOW YOU COOKIN'
COOKIN' WITH AUNT ETHEL, OH YEAH!
NOW YOU BEAT IT—REALLY WORK IT
DISCARD AND DISOWN
AND IN A FEW HUNDRED YEARS
ONCE IT'S AGED AND FULLY GROWN
YA PUT IT IN THE OVEN
TILL IT'S BLACK
AND HAS A SHEEN
OR TILL IT'S NICE AND YELLA
OR ANY SHADE IN BETWEEN
NEXT YA TAKE 'EM OUT AND COOL 'EM
'CAUSE THEY NO FUN WHEN THEY HOT
AND WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED
AT THE CONCOCTION YOU GOT
YOU HAVE BAKED
BAKED YOURSELF A BATCH OF NEGROES
YES YOU HAVE BAKED YOURSELF
BAKED YOURSELF A BATCH OF NEGROES
(She pulls from the pot a handful of Negroes, black dolls.)
But don't ask me what to do with 'em now that you got 'em, 'cause child, that's your problem (She throws the dolls back into the pot.) But in any case, you be sure to join Aunt Ethel next week, when we gonna be servin' ourselves up some chitlin quiche ... some grits-under-glass,
AND A SWEET POTATO PIE
AND YOU'LL BE COOKIN'
COOKIN' WITH AUNT ETHEL
OH YEAH!
(On AUNT ETHEL's final rift, lights reveal ...)
The Photo Session

(... a very glamorous, gorgeous, black couple, wearing the best of everything and perfect smiles. The stage is bathed in color and bright white light. Disco music with the chant: "We're fabulous" plays in the background. As they pose, larger-than-life images of their perfection are projected on the museum walls. The music quiets and the images fade away as they begin to speak and pose.)

Girl: The world was becoming too much for us.
Guy: We couldn't resolve the contradictions of our existence.
Girl: And we couldn't resolve yesterday's pain.
Guy: So we gave away our life and we now live inside Ebony Magazine.
Girl: Yes, we live inside a world where everyone is beautiful, and wears fabulous clothes.
Guy: And no one says anything profound.
Girl: Or meaningful.
Guy: Or contradictory.
Girl: Because no one talks. Everyone just smiles and shows off their cheekbones.
(They adopt a profile pose.)
Last month I was black and fabulous while holding up a bottle of vodka.
Girl: This month we get to be black and fabulous together.
(They dance/pose. The "We're fabulous" chant builds and then fades as they start to speak again.)
Girl: There are of course setbacks.
GUY: We have to smile like this for a whole month.
GIRL: And we have no social life.
GUY: And no sex.
GIRL: And at times it feels like we're suffocating, like we're not human anymore.
GUY: And everything is rehearsed, including this other kind of pain we're starting to feel.
GIRL: The kind of pain that comes from feeling no pain at all.
(They then speak and pose with a sudden burst of energy.)
GUY: But one can't have everything.
GIRL: Can one?
GUY: So if the world is becoming too much for you, do like we did.
GIRL: Give away your life and come be beautiful with us.
GUY: We guarantee, no contradictions.
GIRL/GUY: Smile/click, smile/click, smile/click.
GIRL: And no pain.
(They adopt a final pose and revolve off as the "We're fabulous" chant plays and fades into the background.)

\[ \text{L} \to \text{half}\]
\[16\] music down.
(Pit sign)
The Gospel According to Miss Roj

(The darkness is cut by electronic music. Cold, pounding, unrelenting. A neon sign which spells out THE BOTTOMLESS PIT clicks on. There is a lone bar stool. Lights flash on and off, pulsating to the beat. There is a blast of smoke and, from the haze, Miss Roj appears. He is dressed in striped patio pants, white go-go boots, a halter, and cat-shaped sunglasses. What would seem ridiculous on anyone else, Miss Roj wears as if it were high fashion. He carries himself with total elegance and absolute arrogance.)

Miss Roj: God created black people and black people created style. The name's Miss Roj... that's R.O.J. thank you and you can find me every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights at "The Bottomless Pit," the watering hole for the wild and weary which asks the question, "Is there life after Jherri-curl?"

(A waiter enters, hands, Miss Roj a drink, and then exits.)

Thanks, doll. Yes, if they be black and swish, the B.P. has seen them, which is not to suggest the Pit is lacking in cultural diversity. Oh no. There are your dinge queens, white men who like their chicken legs dark. (He winks/flirts with a man in the audience.) And let's not forget, "Los Muchachos de la Neighborhood." But the speciality of the house is The Snap Queens. (He snaps his fingers.) We are a rare breed.

For, you see, when something strikes our fancy, when the truth comes piercing through the dark, well you just can't let it pass unnoticed. No darling. You must pronounce it with a snap. (He snaps.)

Snapping comes from another galaxy, as do all snap queens. That's right. I ain't just your regular oppressed American Negro. No-no-no! I am an extra-
terrestrial. And I ain't talkin' none of that shit you
seen in the movies! I have real power.

(The waiter enters. Miss Roj stops him.)

Speaking of no power, will you please tell Miss
Stingy-with-the-rum, that if Miss Roj had wanted to
remain sober, she could have stayed home and drank
Kool-aid. (He snaps.) Thank you.

(The waiter exits. Miss Roj crosses and sits on bar stool.)

Yes, I was placed here on Earth to study the life
habits of a deteriorating society, and when we
talkin' New York City, we are discussing the Queen
of Deterioration. Miss New York is doing a slow
dance with death, and I am here to warn you all, but
before I do, I must know . . . don't you just love my
patio pants? Annette Funicello immortalized them in
"Beach Blanket Bingo," and I have continued the
legacy. And my go-gos? I realize white after Labor
Day is very gauche, but as the saying goes, if you've
got it flaunt it, if you don't, front it and snap to death
any bastard who dares to defy you. (Laughing) Oh ho!
My demons are showing. Yes, my demons live at the
bottom of my Bacardi and Coke.

Let's just hope for all concerned I dance my demons
out before I drink them out 'cause child, dancing
demons take you on a ride, but those drinkin'
demons just take you, and you find yourself doing
the strangest things. Like the time I locked my father
in the broom closet. Seems the liquor made his
tongue real liberal and he decided he was gonna bap-
tize me with the word "faggot" over and over. Well,
he's just going on and on with "faggot this" and "fag-
got that," all the while walking toward the broom
closet to piss. Poor drunk bastard was just all turned
around. So the demons just took hold of my wedges
and forced me to kick the drunk son-of-a-bitch into
the closet and lock the door. (Laughter) Three days
later I remembered he was there. (He snaps.)
(The waiter enters. Miss Roj takes a drink and downs it.)

Another!

(The waiter exits.)

(Dancing about.) Oh yes-yes-yes! Miss Roj is quintessential style. I corn row the hairs on my legs so that they spell out M.I.S.S. R.O.J. And I dare any bastard to fuck with me because I will snap your ass into oblivion.

I have the power, you know. Everytime I snap, I steal one beat of your heart. So if you find yourself gasping for air in the middle of the night, chances are you fucked with Miss Roj and she didn't like it.

Like the time this asshole at Jones Beach decided to take issue with my coulotte-sailor ensemble. This child, this muscle-bound Brooklyn thug in a skin-tight bikini, very skin-tight so the whole world can see that instead of a brain, God gave him an extra thick piece of sausage. You know the kind who beat up on their wives for breakfast. Well, he decided to blurt out when I walked by, "Hey look at da monkey coon in da faggit suit." Well, I walked up to the poor dear, very calmly lifted my hand, and... (He snaps in rapid succession.) A heart attack, right there on the beach. (He singles out someone in the audience.) You don't believe it? Cross me! Come on! Come on!

(The waiter enters, hands Miss Roj a drink. Miss Roj downs it. The waiter exits.)

(Looking around.) If this place is the answer, we're asking all the wrong questions. The only reason I come here is to communicate with my origins. The flashing lights are signals from my planet way out there. Yes, girl, even further than Flatbush. We're talking another galaxy. The flashing lights tell me how much time is left before the end.
I hate the people here. I hate the drinks. But most of all I hate this goddamn music. That ain't music. Give me Aretha Franklin any day. (Singing) “Just a little respect. R.E.S.P.E.C.T.” Yeah! Yeah!

Come on and dance your last dance with Miss Roj. Last call is but a drink away and each snap puts you one step closer to the end.

A high-rise goes up. You can't get no job. Come on everybody and dance. A whole race of people gets trashed and debased. Snap those fingers and dance. Some sick bitch throws her baby out the window 'cause she thinks it's the Devil. Everybody snap! The New York Post. Snap!

Snap for every time you walk past someone lying in the street, smelling like frozen piss and shit and you don't see it. Snap for every crazed bastard who kills himself so as to get the jump on being killed. And snap for every sick muthafucker who, bored with carrying around his fear, takes to shooting up other people.

Yeah, snap your fingers and dance with Miss Roj. But don't be fooled by the banners and balloons 'cause, child, this ain't no party going on. Hell no! It's a wake. And the casket's made out of stone, steel, and glass and the people are racing all over the pavement like maggots on a dead piece of meat.

Yeah, dance! But don't be surprised if there ain't no beat holding you together 'cause we traded in our drums for respectability. So now it's just words. Words rappin'. Words screechin'. Words flowin' instead of blood 'cause you know that don't work. Words cracklin' instead of fire 'cause by the time a match is struck on 125th Street and you run to mid-town, the flame has been blown away.

So come on and dance with Miss Roj and her demons. We don't ask for acceptance. We don't ask
for approval. We know who we are and we move on it!

I guarantee you will never hear two fingers put together in a snap and not think of Miss Roj. That's power, baby. Patio pants and all.

(The lights begin to flash in rapid succession.)

So let's dance! And snap! And dance! And snap!

(Miss Roj begins to dance as if driven by his demons. There is a blast of smoke and when the haze settles, Miss Roj has revolved off and in place of him is a recording of Aretha Franklin singing, "Respect.")
Symbiosis

(The Temptations singing "My Girl" are heard as lights reveal a Black Man in corporate dress standing before a large trash can throwing objects from a Saks Fifth Avenue bag into it. Circling around him with his every emotion on his face is The Kid, who is dressed in a late-sixties street style. His moves are slightly heightened. As the scene begins the music fades.)

MAN: (With contained emotions.)
My first pair of Converse All-stars. Gone.
My first Afro-comb. Gone.
My first dashiki. Gone.
My autographed pictures of Stokley Carmichael, Jomo Kenyatta and Donna Summer. Gone.

KID: (Near tears, totally upset.) This shit's not fair man.
Damn! Hell! Shit! Shit! It's not fair!

MAN:
My first jar of Murray's Pomade.
My first can of Afro-sheen.
My first box of curl relaxer. Gone! Gone! Gone!
Eldridge Cleaver's Soul on Ice.

KID: Not Soul on Ice!

MAN: It's been replaced on my bookshelf by The Color Purple.

KID: (Horrified) No!

MAN: Gone!

KID: But—

MAN:
Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze." Gone.
The Jackson Five's "I Want You Back."
SYMBIOSIS

Kid: No.

Man: I said give it back!

Kid: No. I can't let you trash this. Johnny man, it contains fourteen classic cuts by the tempting Temptations. We're talking, "Ain't Too Proud to Beg," "Papa was a Rolling Stone," "My Girl."

Man: (Warning) I don't have all day.

Kid: For God's sake, Johnny man, "My Girl" is the jam to end all jams. It's what we are. Who we are. It's a way of life. Come on, man, for old times sake. (Singing)

I GOT SUNSHINE ON A CLOUDY DAY
DUM-DA-DUM-DA-DUM-DA-DUM
AND WHEN IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Come on, Johnny man, sing

I GOT THE MONTH OF MAY

Here comes your favorite part. Come on, Johnny man, sing.

I GUESS YOU SAY
WHAT CAN MAKE ME FEEL THIS WAY
MY GIRL, MY GIRL, MY GIRL
TALKIN' 'BOUT

Man: (Exploding) I said give it back!

Kid: (Angry) I ain't givin' you a muthafuckin' thing!

Man: Now you listen to me!

Kid: No, you listen to me. This is the kid you're dealin' with, so don't fuck with me!

(He hits his fist into his hand, and the Man grabs for his heart. The Kid repeats with two more hits, which causes the man to drop to the ground, grabbing his heart.)

Kid: Jai! Jai! Jai!

Man: Kid, please.
Kid: Yeah. Yeah. Now who's begging who. ... Well, well, well, look at Mr. Cream-of-the-Crop, Mr. Colored-Man-on-Top. Now that he's making it, he no longer wants anything to do with the Kid. Well, you may put all kinds of silk ties 'round your neck and white lines up your nose, but the Kid is here to stay. You may change your women as often as you change your underwear, but the Kid is here to stay. And regardless of how much of your past that you trash, I ain't goin' no damn where. Is that clear? Is that clear?

Man: (Regaining his strength, beginning to stand.) Yeah.

Kid: Good. (After a beat.) You all right man? You all right? I don't want to hurt you, but when you start all that talk about getting rid of me, well, it gets me kind of crazy. We need each other. We are one ...

(Before THE KID can complete his sentence, THE MAN grabs him around his neck and starts to choke him violently.)

Man: (As he strangles him.) The ... Ice ... Age ... is ... upon us ... and either we adjust ... or we end up ... extinct.

(The KID hangs limp in THE MAN's arms.)

Man: (Laughing) Man kills his own rage. Film at eleven. (He then dumps THE KID into the trash can, and closes the lid. He speaks in a contained voice.) I have no history. I have no past. I can't. It's too much. It's much too much. I must be able to smile on cue. And watch the news with an impersonal eye. I have no stake in the madness.

Being black is too emotionally taxing; therefore I will be black only on weekends and holidays.

(He then turns to go, but sees the Temptations album lying on the ground. He picks it up and sings quietly to himself.)
I GUESS YOU SAY
WHAT CAN MAKE ME FEEL THIS WAY

(He pauses, but then crosses to the trash can, lifts the lid, and just as he is about to toss the album in, a hand reaches from inside the can and grabs hold of The Man's arm. The Kid then emerges from the can with a death grip on The Man's arm.)

Kid: (Smiling) What's happenin'?
The Hairpiece

(As "Respect" fades into the background, a vanity revolves to center stage. On this vanity are two wigs, an Afro wig, circa 1968, and a long, flowing wig, both resting on wig stands. A black Woman enters, her head and body wrapped in towels. She picks up a framed picture and after a few moments of hesitation, throws it into a small trash can. She then removes one of her towels to reveal a totally bald head. Looking into a mirror on the "fourth wall," she begins applying makeup.)

(The wig stand holding the Afro wig opens her eyes. Her name is JANINE. She stares in disbelief at the bald woman.)

JANINE: (Calling to the other wig stand.) LaWanda. LaWanda girl, wake up.

(The other wig stand, the one with the long, flowing wig, opens her eyes. Her name is LAWANDA.)

LAWANDA: What? What is it?

JANINE: Check out girlfriend.

LAWANDA: Oh, girl, I don't believe it.

JANINE: (Laughing) Just look at the poor thing, trying to paint some life onto that face of hers. You'd think by now she'd realize it's the hair. It's all about the hair.

LAWANDA: What hair! She ain't go no hair! She done fried, dyed, de-chemicalized her shit to death.

JANINE: And all that's left is that buck-naked scalp of hers, sittin' up there apologizin' for being odd-shaped and ugly.

LAWANDA: (Laughing with JANINE.) Girl, stop!
JANINE: I ain't sayin' nuthin' but the truth.

LAWANDA/JANINE: The bitch is bald! (They laugh.)

JANINE: And all over some man.

LAWANDA: I tell ya, girl, I just don't understand it. I mean, look at her. She's got a right nice face, a good head on her shoulders. A good job even. And she's got to go fall in love with that fool.

JANINE: That political quick-change artist. Everytime the nigga went and changed his ideology, she went and changed her hair to fit the occasion.

LAWANDA: Well at least she's breaking up with him.

JANINE: Hunny, no!

LAWANDA: Yes child.

JANINE: Oh, girl, dish me the dirt!

LAWANDA: Well, you see, I heard her on the phone, talking to one of her girlfriends, and she's meeting him for lunch today to give him the ax.

JANINE: Well it's about time.

LAWANDA: I hear ya. But don't you worry 'bout a thing, girlfriend. I'm gonna tell you all about it.

JANINE: Hunny, you won't have to tell me a damn thing 'cause I'm gonna be there, front row, center.

LAWANDA: You?

JANINE: Yes, child, she's wearing me to lunch.

LAWANDA: (Outraged) I don't think so!

JANINE: (With an attitude) What do you mean, you don't think so?

LAWANDA: Exactly what I said, "I don't think so." Damn, Janine, get real. How the hell she gonna wear both of us?

JANINE: She ain't wearing both of us. She's wearing me.
LA万达: Says who?
JANINE: Says me! Says her! Ain't that right, girlfriend?
(The Woman stops putting on makeup, looks around, sees no one, and goes back to her makeup.)
JANINE: I said, ain't that right!
(The Woman picks up the phone.)
WOMAN: Hello ... hello ...
JANINE: Did you hear the damn phone ring?
WOMAN: No.
JANINE: Then put the damn phone down and talk to me.
WOMAN: I ah ... don't understand.
JANINE: It ain't deep so don't panic. Now, you're having lunch with your boyfriend, right?
WOMAN: (Breaking into tears.) I think I'm having a nervous breakdown.
JANINE: (Impatient) I said you're having lunch with your boyfriend, right!
WOMAN: (Scared, pulling herself together.) Yes, right ... right.
JANINE: To break up with him.
WOMAN: How did you know that?
LA万达: I told her.
WOMAN: (Stands and screams.) Help! Help!
JANINE: Sit down. I said sit your ass down!
(The Woman does.)
JANINE: Now set her straight and tell her you're wearing me.
LAWANDA: She's the one that needs to be set straight, so go on and tell her you're wearing me.

JANINE: No, tell her you're wearing me.

(There is a pause.)

LAWANDA: Well?

JANINE: Well?

WOMAN: I ah . . . actually hadn't made up my mind.

JANINE: (Going off) What do you mean you ain't made up your mind! After all that fool has put you through, you gonna need all the attitude you can get and there is nothing like attitude and a healthy head of kinks to make his shit shrivel like it should!

That's right! When you wearin' me, you lettin' him know he ain't gonna get no sweet-talkin' comb through your love without some serious resistance. No-no! The kink of my head is like the kink of your heart and neither is about to be hot-pressed into surrender.

LAWANDA: That shit is so tired. The last time attitude worked on anybody was 1968. Janine girl, you need to get over it and get on with it. (To the Woman.) And you need to give the nigga a goodbye he will never forget.

I say give him hysteria! Give him emotion! Give him rage! And there is nothing like a toss of the tresses to make your emotional outburst shine with emotional flair.

You can toss me back, shake me from side to side, all the while screaming, "I want you out of my life forever!!!" And not only will I come bouncing back for more, but you just might win an Academy Award for best performance by a head of hair in a dramatic role.

JANINE: Miss hunny, please! She don't need no Barbie doll dipped in chocolate telling her what to do. She needs a head of hair that's coming from a fo' real place.
LaWanda: Don't you dare talk about nobody coming from a "fo' real place," Miss Made-in-Taiwan!

Janine: Hey! I ain't ashamed of where I come from. Besides, it don't matter where you come from as long as you end up in the right place.

LaWanda: And it don't matter the grade as long as the point gets made. So go on and tell her you're wearing me.

Janine: No, tell her you're wearing me.

(The Woman, unable to take it, begins to bite off her fake nails, as LaWanda and Janine go at each other.)

LaWanda: Set the bitch straight. Let her know there is no way she could even begin to compete with me. I am quality. She is kink. I am exotic. She is common. I am class and she is trash. That's right. T.R.A.S.H. We're talking three strikes and you're out. So go on and tell her you're wearing me. Go on, tell her! Tell her! Tell her!

Janine: Who you callin' a bitch? Why, if I had hands I'd knock you clear into next week. You think you cute. She thinks she's cute just 'cause that synthetic mop of hers blows in the wind. She looks like a fool and you look like an even bigger fool when you wear her, so go on and tell her you're wearing me. Go on, tell her! Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!

(The Woman screams and pulls the two wigs off the wig stands as the lights go to black on three bald heads.)
The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play

(A NARRATOR, dressed in a black tuxedo, enters through the audience and stands center stage. He is totally solemn.)

NARRATOR: We are pleased to bring you yet another Mama-on-the-Couch play. A searing domestic drama that tears at the very fabric of racist America. (He crosses upstage center and sits on a stool and reads from a playscript.) Act One. Scene One.

(MAMA revolves on stage left, sitting on a couch reading a large, oversized Bible. A window is placed stage right. MAMA's dress, the couch, and drapes are made from the same material. A doormat lays down center.)

NARRATOR: Lights up on a dreary, depressing, but with middle-class aspirations tenement slum. There is a couch, with a Mama on it. Both are well worn. There is a picture of Jesus on the wall ... (A picture of Jesus is instantly revealed.) ... and a window which looks onto an abandoned tenement. It is late spring.

Enter Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie-Jones (Son enters through the audience.) He is Mama's thirty-year-old son. His brow is heavy from three hundred years of oppression.

MAMA: (Looking up from her Bible, speaking in a slow manner.) Son, did you wipe your feet?

SON: (An ever-erupting volcano.) No, Mama, I didn't wipe me feet. Don't want none of that! Ain't it the law? Ain't it the law? Ain't it the law? Mama, Mr. Carter, Mr. Bossman! And he's using that on me. On me, Mama, every damn day of my life. Ain't that enough for me to deal with? Ain't that enough?
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MAMA: (Looking up from her Bible, speaking in a slow manner.) Son, did you wipe your feet?

SON: (An ever-erupting volcano.) No, Mama, I didn’t wipe me feet! Out there, every day, Mama is the Man. The Man Mama. Mr. Charlie! Mr. Bossman! And he’s wipin’ his feet on me. On me, Mama, every damn day of my life. Ain't that enough for me to deal with? Ain't that enough?
MAMA: Son, wipe your feet.
SON: I wanna dream. I wanna be somebody. I wanna take charge of my life.
MAMA: You can do all of that, but first you got to wipe your feet.
SON: (As he crosses to the mat, mumbling and wiping his feet.) Wipe my feet . . . wipe my feet . . . wipe my feet . . .
MAMA: That's a good boy.
SON: (Exploding) Boy! Boy! I don't wanna be nobody's good boy, Mama. I wanna be my own man!
MAMA: I know son, I know. God will show the way.
SON: God, Mama! Since when did your God ever do a damn thing for the black man. Huh, Mama, huh? You tell me. When did your God ever help me.
MAMA: (Removing her wire-rim glasses.) Son, come here.
(SON crosses to MAMA, who slowly stands and in an exaggerated stage slap, backhands Son clear across the stage. The NARRATOR claps his hands to create the sound for the slap. MAMA then lifts her clinched fists to the heavens.)
MAMA: Not in my house, my house, will you ever talk that way again!
(The NARRATOR, so moved by her performance, erupts in applause and encourages the audience to do so.)
NARRATOR: Beautiful. Just stunning.
(He reaches into one of the secret compartments of the set and gets an award which he ceremoniously gives to MAMA for her performance. She bows and then returns to the couch.)
(Music from nowhere is heard, a jazzy pseudo-abstract intro as the Lady in plaid dances in through the audience, wipes her feet, and then twirls about.)

Lady:
She was a creature of regal beauty
who in ancient time graced the temples of the Nile
with her womanliness
But here she was, stuck being colored
and a woman in a world that valued neither.

Son: You cooked my dinner?

Lady: (Oblivious to Son.)
Feet flat, back broke,
she looked at the man who, though he be thirty,
still ain't got his own apartment.
Yeah, he's still livin' with his Mama!
And she asked herself, was this the life
for a Princess Colored, who by the
translucence of her skin, knew the
universe was her sister.

(The Lady in plaid twirls and dances.)

Son: (Becoming irate.) I've had a hard day of dealin'
with the Man. Where's my damn dinner? Woman, stand still when I'm talkin' to you!

Lady: And she cried for her sisters in Detroit
Who knew, as she, that their souls belonged
in ancient temples on the Nile.
And she cried for her sisters in Chicago
who, like her, their life has become
one colored hell.

Son: There's only one thing gonna get through to you.

Lady: And she cried for her sisters in New Orleans
And her sisters in Trenton and Birmingham,
and
Poughkeepsie and Orlando and Miami Beach
and
Las Vegas, Palm Springs.
The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play

(As she continues to call out cities, he crosses offstage and returns with two black dolls and then crosses to the window.)

Son: Now are you gonna cook me dinner?


(Son throws them out the window. The Lady in Plaid then lets out a primal scream.)

Lady: He dropped them!!!

(The Narrator breaks into applause.)

Narrator: Just splendid. Shattering.

(He then crosses and after an intense struggle with Mama, he takes the award from her and gives it to the Lady in Plaid, who is still suffering primal pain.)

Lady: Not my babies ... not my ... (Upon receiving the award, she instantly recovers.) Help me up, sugar. (She then bows and crosses and stands behind the couch.)

Narrator: Enter Medea Jones, Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie’s sister.

(Medea moves very ceremoniously, wiping her feet and then speaking and gesturing as if she just escaped from a Greek tragedy.)

Medea:
Ah, see how the sun kneels to speak her evening vespers, exalting all in her vision, even lowly tenement long abandoned.

Mother, wife of brother, I trust the approaching darkness finds you safe in Hestia’s busom.

Brother, why wear the face of a man in anguish. Can the garment of thine
feelings cause the shape of your
countenance to disfigure so?

Son: (At the end of his rope.) Leave me alone, Medea.

Medea: (To Mama)
Is good brother still going on and on and on
about He and The Man.

Mama/Lady: What else?

Medea: Ah brother, if with our thoughts and
words we could cast thine oppressors
into the lowest bowels of wretched
hell, would that make us more like the
gods or more like our oppressors.
No, brother, no, do not let thy rage
choke the blood which anoints thy
heart with love. Forgo thine darkened
humor and let love shine on your
soul, like a jewel on a young maiden's hand.

(Dropping to her knees.)
I beseech thee, forgo thine
anger and leave wrath to the gods!

Son: Girl, what has gotten into you.

Medea: Juliard, good brother. For I am no
longer bound by rhythms of race or
region. Oh, no. My speech, like my
pain and suffering, have become
classical and therefore universal.

Lady: I didn't understand a damn thing she said, but
girl you usin' them words.

(Lady in plaid crosses and gives Medea the award and
everyone applauds.)

Son: (Trying to stop the applause.) Wait one damn
minute! This my play. It's about me and the Man. It
ain't got nuthin' to do with no ancient temples on the
Nile and it ain't got nuthin' to do with Hestia's
busom. And it ain't got nuthin' to do with you slappin' me across no room. *(His gut-wrenching best.)* It's about me. Me and my pain! My pain!

**The Voice of the Man:** Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie, this is the Man. You have been convicted of overacting. Come out with your hands up.

*(Son starts to cross to the window.)*

**Son:** Well now that does it.

**Mama:** Son, no, don't go near that window. Son, no!

*(Gun shots ring out and Son falls dead.)*

**Mama:** *(Crossing to the body, too emotional for words.)* My son, he was a good boy. Confused. Angry. Just like his father. And his father's father. And his father's father's father. And now he's dead.

*(Seeing she's about to drop to her knees, the Narrator rushes and places a pillow underneath her just in time.)*

If only he had been born into a world better than this. A world where there are no well-worn couches and no well-worn Mamas and nobody over emotes.

If only he had been born into an all-black musical.

*(A song intro begins.)*

Nobody ever dies in an all-black musical.

*(Medea and Lady in Plaid pull out church fans and begin to fan themselves.)*

**Mama:** *(Singing a soul-stirring gospel.)*

**OH WHY COULDN'T HE**

**BE BORN**

**INTO A SHOW WITH LOTS OF SINGING**

**AND DANCING**

**I SAY WHY**

**COULDN'T HE**

**BE BORN**
LADY: Go ahead hunny. Take your time.

MAMA:
INTO A SHOW WHERE EVERYBODY IS HAPPY

NARRATOR/MEDEA: Preach! Preach!

MAMA:
OH WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN WITH THE CHANCE TO SMILE A LOT AND SING AND DANCE
OH WHY
OH WHY
OH WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
INTO AN ALL-BLACK SHOW
WOAH-WOAH

(The Cast joins in, singing do-wop gospel background to Mama's lament.)

OH WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
(HE BE BORN)
INTO A SHOW WHERE EVERYBODY IS HAPPY

WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN WITH THE CHANCE TO SMILE A LOT AND SING AND DANCE
WANNA KNOW WHY
WANNA KNOW WHY
OH WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
INTO AN ALL-BLACK SHOW
A-MEN

(A singing/dancing, spirit-raising revival begins.)
OH, SON, GET UP
GET UP AND DANCE
WE SAY GET UP
THIS IS YOUR SECOND CHANCE
DON'T SHAKE A FIST
JUST SHAKE A LEG
AND DO THE TWIST
DON'T SCREAM AND BEG
SON SON SON
GET UP AND DANCE
GET
GET UP
GET UP AND
GET UP AND DANCE — ALL RIGHT!
GET UP AND DANCE — ALL RIGHT!
GET UP AND DANCE!

(WALTER-LEE-BEAU-WILLIE springs to life and joins in the dancing. A foot-stomping, hand-clapping production number takes off, which encompasses a myriad of black-Broadwayesque dancing styles—shifting speeds and styles with exuberant abandonment.)

MAMA: (Bluesy)
WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN INTO AN ALL-BLACK SHOW

CAST:
WITH SINGING AND DANCING

MAMA: BLACK SHOW

(MAMA scats and the dancing becomes manic and just a little too desperate too please.)

CAST:
WE GOTTA DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
GET UP GET UP GET UP AND DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
GOTTA DANCE!
(Just at the point the dancing is about to become violent, the cast freezes and pointedly, simply sings:)

IF WE WANT TO LIVE
WE HAVE GOT TO
WE HAVE GOT TO
DANCE . . . AND DANCE . . . AND DANCE . . .

(As they continue to dance with zombie-like frozen smiles and faces, around them images of coon performers flash as the lights slowly fade.)
Lala’s Opening

(Roving follow spots. A timpani drum roll. As we hear the voice of the ANNOUNCER, outrageously glamorous images of LALA are projected onto the museum walls.)

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: From Rome to Rangoon! Paris to Prague! We are pleased to present the American debut of the one! The only! The breathtaking! The astounding! The stupendous! The incredible! The magnificent! Lala Lamazing Grace!

(Thunderous applause as LALA struts on, the definitive black diva. She has long, flowing hair, an outrageous lamé dress, and an affected French accent which she loses when she’s upset.)

LALA:
EVERYBODY LOVES LALA
EVERYBODY LOVES ME
PARIS! BELIN! LONDON! ROME!
NO MATTER WHERE I GO
I ALWAYS FEEL AT HOME

OHHHH
EVERYBODY LOVES LALA
EVERYBODY LOVES ME
I’M TRES MAGNIFIQUE
AND OH SO UNIQUE
AND WHEN IT COMES TO GLAMOUR
I’M CHIC-ER THAN CHIC

(Shes giggles.)

THAT’S WHY EVERYBODY
EVERYBODY
EVERBODY-EVERYBODY-EVERYBODY
LOVES ME

(Shes begins to vocally reach for higher and higher notes, until she has to point to her final note. She ends
the number with a grand flourish and bows to thunderous applause.)

Lala: I-love-it-I-love-it-I-love-it!

Yes, it's me! Lala Lamazing Grace and I have come home. Home to the home I never knew as home. Home to you, my people, my blood, my guts.

My story is a simple one, full of fire, passion, magic. You may ask how did I, a humble girl from the backwoods of Mississippi, come to be the ninth wonder of the modern world. Well, I can't take all of the credit. Part of it goes to him. (She points toward the heavens.)

No, not the light man, darling, but God. For, you see, Lala is a star. A very big star. Let us not mince words, I'm a fucking meteorite. (She laughs.) But He is the universe and just like my sister, Aretha la Franklin, Lala's roots are in the black church. (She sings in a showy gospel style:)

THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY LOVES SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY LOVES GO DOWN MOSES WAY DOWN IN EGYPT LAND THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY EVERYBODY LOVES ME!!!

(Once again she points to her final note and then basks in applause.)

Thank you. Thank you.

Now, before I dazzle you with more of my limitless talent, tell me something, America. (Musical underscoring) Why has it taken you so long to recognize my artistry? Mother France opened her loving arms and Lala came running. All over the world Lala was embraced. But here, ha! You spat at Lala. Was I too exotic? Too much woman, or what?

Diana Ross you embrace. A too-bit nobody from Detroit, of all places. Now, I'm not knocking la Ross.
She does the best she can with the little she has. (She laughs.) But the Paul la Robesons, the James la Baldwins, the Josephine la Baker’s, who was my godmother you know. The Lala Lamazing Grace’s you kick out. You drive...

AWAY
I AM GOING AWAY
HOPING TO FIND A BETTER DAY
WHAT DO YOU SAY
HEY HEY
I AM GOING AWAY
AWAY

(Lala, caught up in the drama of the song, doesn’t see Admonia, her maid, stick her head out from offstage.)

(Once she is sure Lala isn’t looking, she wheels onto stage right Flo’rance, Lala’s lover, who wears a white mask/blonde hair. He is gagged and tied to a chair. Admonia places him on stage and then quickly exits.)

Lala:
AU REVOIR—JE VAIS PARTIER MAINTENANT
JE VEUX DIRE MAINTENANT
AU REVOIR
AU REVOIR
AU REVOIR
AU REVOIR
A-MA-VIE

(On her last note, she see Flo’rance and, in total shock, crosses to him.)

Lala: Flo’rance, what the hell are you doing out here. looking like that. I haven’t seen you for three days and you decide to show up now?

(He mumbles.)
I don’t want to hear it!

(He mumbles.)
I said shut up!

(ADMONIA enters from stage right and has a letter opener on a silver tray.)

ADMONIA: Pst!

(LALA, embarrassed by the presence of ADMONIA on stage, smiles apologetically at the audience.)

LALA: Un momento.

(She then pulls ADMONIA to the side.)

LALA: Darling, have you lost your mind coming on-stage while I’m performing. And what have you done to Flo’rance? When I asked you to keep him tied up, I didn’t mean to tie him up.

(ADMONIA gives her the letter opener.)

LALA: Why are you giving me this? I have no letters to open. I’m in the middle of my American debut. Admonia, take Flo’rance off this stage with you! Admonia!

(ADMONIA is gone. LALA turns to the audience and tries to make the best of it.)

LALA: That was Admonia, my slightly overweight black maid, and this if Flo’rance, my amour. I remember how we met, don’t you Flo’rance. I was sitting in a café on the Left Bank, when I looked up and saw the most beautiful man staring down at me.

“Who are you,” he asked. I told him my name ... whatever my name was back then. Yes, I told him my name and he said, “No, that cannot be your name. Your name should dance the way your eyes dance and your lips dance. Your name should fly, like Lala.” And the rest is la history.

Flo’rance molded me into the woman I am today. He is my Svengali, my reality, my all. And I thought I was all to him, until we came here to America, and he
fucked that bitch. Yeah, you fucked 'em all. Anything black and breathing. And all this time, I thought you loved me for being me. (*She holds the letter opener to his neck.*)

Well, you may think you made me, but I'll have you know I was who I was, whoever that was, long before you made me what I am. So there! (*She stabs him and breaks into song.*)

**OH, LOVE CAN DRIVE A WOMAN TO MADNESS**
**TO PAIN AND SADNESS**
*I KNOW*
BELIEVE ME I KNOW
*I KNOW*
*I KNOW*

(*Lala sees what she's done and is about to scream but catches herself and tries to play it off.*)

LALA: Moving right along.

(ADMONIA enters with a telegram on a tray.)

ADMONIA: Pst.

LALA: (Anxious/hostile) What is it now?

(ADMONIA hands LALA a telegram.)

LALA: (Excited) Oh, la telegram from one of my fans and the concert isn't even over yet. Get me the letter opener. It's in Flo'rance.

(ADMONIA hands LALA the letter opener.)

LALA: Next I am going to do for you my immortal hit song, "The Girl Inside." But first we open the telegram. (*She quickly reads it and is outraged.*) What! Which pig in la audience wrote this trash? (*Reading*) "Dear Sadie, I'm so proud. The show's wonderful, but talk less and sing more. Love, Mama."

First off, no one calls me Sadie. Sadie died the day Lala was born. And secondly, my Mama's dead.
Anyone who knows anything about Lala Lamazing Grace knows that my mother and Josephine Baker were French patriots together. They infiltrated a carnival rumored to be the center of Nazi intelligence, disguised as Hottentot Siamese twins. You may laugh but it's true. Mama died a heroine. It's all in my autobiography, "Voilà Lala!" So whoever sent this telegram is a liar!

(Admonia promptly presents her with another telegram.)

Lala: No doubt an apology. (Reading) "Dear Sadie, I'm not dead. P.S. Your child misses you." What?
(Admonia squares off at the audience.) Well, now, that does it! If you are my mother, which you are not. And this alleged child is my child, then that would mean I am a mother and I have never given birth. I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' no babies! (She laughs.) Lala made a funny.

So whoever sent this, show me the child! Show me!

(Admonia offers another telegram.)

Lala: (To Admonia) You know you're gonna get fired!
(Admonia reluctantly opens it.) "The child is in the closet." What closet?

Admonia: Pst.

(Admonia pushes a button and the center wall unit revolves around to reveal a large black door. Admonia exits, taking Flo'rence with her, leaving Lala alone.)

Lala: (Laughing) I get it. It's a plot, isn't it. A nasty little CIA, FBI kind of plot. Well let me tell you muthafuckers one thing, there is nothing in that closet, real or manufactured, that will be a dimmer to the glimmer of Lame the star. You may have gotten Billie and Bessie and a little piece of everyone else who's come along since, but you won't get Lala. My clothes are too fabulous! My hair is too long! My accent too French. That's why I came home to America. To prove you ain't got nothing on me!
(The music for her next song starts, but LALA is caught up in her tirade, and talks/screams over the music.)

My mother and Josephine Baker were French patriots together! I've had brunch with the Pope! I've dined with the Queen! Everywhere I go I cause riots! Hunny, I am a star! I have transcended pain! So there! (Yelling) Stop the music! Stop that goddamn music.

(The music stops. LALA slowly walks downstage and singles out someone in the audience.)

Darling, you're not looking at me. You're staring at that damn door. Did you pay to stare at some fucking door or be mesmerized by my talent?

(To the whole audience:)

Very well! I guess I am going to have to go to the closet door, fling it open, in order to dispell all the nasty little thoughts these nasty little telegrams have planted in your nasty little minds. (Speaking directly to someone in the audience.) Do you want me to open the closet door? Speak up, darling, this is live. (Once she gets the person to say "yes.") I will open the door, but before I do, let me tell you bastards one last thing. To hell with coming home and to hell with lies and insinuations!

(LALA goes into the closet and after a short pause comes running out, ready to scream, and slams the door. Traumatized to the point of no return, she tells the following story as if it were a jazz solo of rushing, shifting emotions.)

LALA: I must tell you this dream I had last night. Simply magnifique. In this dream, I'm running naked in Sammy Davis Junior's hair. (Crazed laughter)

Yes! I'm caught in this larger than life, deep, dark forest of savage, nappy-nappy hair. The kinky-kinks are choking me, wrapped around my naked arms,
Au.' S OPENING

45

thighs, breast, face. I can't breath. And there was nothing in that closet!

And I'm thinking if only I has a machete, I could cut away the kinks. Remove once and for all the roughness. But then I look up and it's coming toward me. Flowing like lava. It's pomade! Ohhh, Sammy!

Yes, cakes and cakes of pomade. Making everything nice and white and smooth and shiny, like my black/white/black/white/black behiney.

Mama no!

And then spikes start cutting through the pomade. Combing the coated kink. Cutting through the kink, into me. There are bloodlines on my back. On my thighs.

It's all over. All over . . . all over me. All over for me.

(Lala accidentally pulls off her wig to reveal her real hair. Stripped of her "disguise" she recoils like a scared little girl and sings.)

MOMMY AND DADDY
MEET AND MATE
THE CHILD THAT'S BORN
IS TORN WITH LOVE AND WITH HATE
SHE RUNS AWAY TO FIND HER OWN
AND TRIES TO DENY
WHAT SHE'S ALWAYS KNOWN
THE GIRL INSIDE

(The closet door opens. Lala runs away, and a Little Black Girl emerges from the closet. Standing behind her is Admonia.)

(The Little Girl and Lala are in two isolated pools of light, and mirror each other's moves until Lala reaches past her reflection and the Little Girl comes to Lala and they hug. Admonia then joins them as Lala sings. Music underscored.)
LALA:
WHAT'S LEFT IS THE GIRL INSIDE
THE GIRL WHO DIED
SO A NEW GIRL COULD BE BORN

*SLOW FADE TO BLACK*
Permutations

(Lights up on Normal Jean Reynolds. She is very Southern/country and very young. She wears a simple faded print dress and her hair, slightly mussed, is in plaits. She sits, her dress covering a large oval object.)

Normal: My mama used to say, God made the exceptional, then God made the special and when God got bored, he made me. 'Course she don't say too much of nuthin' no more, not since I lay me this egg.

(She lifts her dress to uncover a large, white egg laying between her legs.)

Ya see it all got started when I had me sexual relations with the garbage man. Ooowee, did he smell.

No, not bad. No! He smelled of all the good things folks never shoulda thrown away. His sweat was like cantaloupe juice. His neck was like a ripe-red strawberry. And the water that fell from his eyes was like a deep, dark, juicy-juicy grape. I tell ya, it was like fuckin' a fruit salad, only I didn't spit out the seeds. I kept them here, deep inside. And three days later, my belly commence to swell, real big like.

Well my mama locked me off in some dark room, refusin' to let me see light of day 'cause, "What would the neighbors think." At first I cried a lot, but then I grew used to livin' my days in the dark, and my nights in the dark. . . . (She hums.) And then it wasn't but a week or so later, my mama off at church, that I got this hurtin' feelin' down here. Worse than anything I'd ever known. And then I started bleedin', real bad. I mean there was blood everywhere. And the pain had me howlin' like a near-dead dog. I tell ya, I was yellin' so loud, I couldn't even hear myself. Noooooooo! Noooooo! Carrying on something like that.
And I guess it was just too much for the body to take, 'cause the next thing I remember ... is me coming to and there's this big white egg layin' 'tween my legs. First I thought somebody musta put it there as some kind of joke. But then I noticed that all 'round this egg were thin lines of blood that I could trace to back between my legs.

(Laughing) Well, when my mama come home from church she just about died. "Normal Jean, what's that thing 'tween your legs? Normal Jean, you answer me, girl!" It's not a thing, Mama. It's an egg. And I laid it.

She tried separatin' me from it, but I wasn't havin' it. I stayed in that dark room, huggin', holdin' onto it.

And then I heard it. It wasn't anything that coulda been heard 'round the world, or even in the next room. It was kinda like layin' back in the bath tub, ya know, the water just coverin' your ears ... and if you lay real still and listen real close, you can hear the sound of your heart movin' the water. You ever done that? Well that's what it sounded like. A heart movin' water. And it was happenin' inside here.

Why, I'm the only person I know who ever lay themselves an egg before so that makes me special. You hear that, Mama? I'm special and so's my egg! And special things supposed to be treated like they matter. That's why everynight I count to it, so it knows nuthin' never really ends. And I sing it every song I know so that when it comes out, it's full of all kinds of feelings. And I tell it secrets and laugh with it and ... (She suddenly stops and puts her ear to the egg and listens intently.)

Oh! I don't believe it! I thought I heard ... yes! (Excited) Can you hear it? Instead of one heart, there's two. Two little hearts just pattering away. Boom-boom-boom. Boom-boom-boom. Talkin' to each other like old friends. Racin' toward the beginnin' of their lives.
(Listening) Oh, no, now there's three . . . four . . . five, six. More hearts than I can count. And they're all alive, beatin' out life inside my egg.

(We begin to hear the heartbeats, drums, alive inside Normal's egg.)

Any day now, this egg is gonna crack open and what's gonna come out a be the likes of which nobody has ever seen. My babies! And their skin is gonna turn all kinds of shades in the sun and their hair a be growin' every which-a-way. And it won't matter and they won't care 'cause they know they are so rare and so special 'cause it's not everyday a bunch of babies break outta a white egg and start to live.

And nobody better not try and hurt my babies 'cause if they do, they gonna have to deal with me.

Yes, any day now, this shell's gonna crack and my babies are gonna fly. Fly! Fly!

(Shel laughs at the thought, but then stops and says the word as if it's the most natural thing in the world.)

Fly.

BLACKOUT
The Party

(Before we know what's hit us, a hurricane of energy comes bounding into the space. It is Topsy Washington. Her hair and dress are a series of stylistic contradictions which are hip, black, and unencumbered.)

(Music, spiritual and funky, underscores.)

Topsy: (Dancing about.) Yoho! Party! Party! Turn up the music! Turn up the music!

Have yaw ever been to a party where there was one fool in the middle of the room, dancing harder and yelling louder than everybody in the entire place. Well, hunny, that fool was me!

Yes, child! The name is Topsy Washington and I love to party. As a matter of fact, when God created the world, on the seventh day, he didn't rest. No child, he partied. Yo-ho! Party! Yeah! Yeah!

But now let me tell you 'bout this function I went to the other night, way uptown. And baby when I say way uptown, I mean way-way-way-way-way-way uptown. Somewhere's between 125th Street and infinity.

Inside was the largest gathering of black/Negro/colored Americans you'd ever want to see. Over in one corner you got Nat Turner sippin' champagne out of Eartha Kitt's slipper. And over in another corner, Bert Williams and Malcom X was discussing existentialism as it relates to the shuffle-ball-change. Girl, Aunt Jemima and Angela Davis was in the kitchen sharing a plate of greens and just goin' off about South Africa.

And then Fats sat down and started to work them eighty-eights. And then Stevie joined in. And then
Miles and Duke and Ella and Jimi and Charlie and Sly and Lightin’ and Count and Louie!

And then everybody joined in. I tell you all the children was just all up in there, dancing to the rhythm of one beat. Dancing to the rhythm of their own definition. Celebrating in their cultural madness.

And then the floor started to shake. And the walls started to move. And before anybody knew what was happening, the entire room lifted up off the ground. The whole place just took off and went flying through space—defying logic and limitations. Just a spinning and a spinning and a spinning until it disappeared inside of my head.

(Topsy stops dancing and regains her balance and begins to listen to the music in her head. Slowly we begin to hear it, too.)

That’s right, girl, there’s a party goin’ on inside of here. That’s why when I walk down the street my hips just sashay all over the place. ‘Cause I’m dancing to the music of the madness in me.

And whereas I used to jump into a rage anytime anybody tried to deny who I was, now all I got to do is give attitude, quicker than light, and then go on about the business of being me. ‘Cause I’m dancing to the music of the madness in me.

(As Topsy continues to speak, Miss Roj, Lala, Miss Pat, and The Man from Symbiosis revolve on, frozen like soft sculptures.)

Topsy: And here, all this time I been thinking we gave up our drums. But, naw, we still got ‘em. I know I got mine. They’re here, in my speech, my walk, my hair, my God, my style, my smile, and my eyes. And everything I need to get over in this world, is inside here, connecting me to everybody and everything that’s ever been.
So, hunny, don't waste your time trying to label or define me.

(The sculptures slowly begin to come to "life" and they mirror/echo Topsy's words.)

Topsy/Everybody: . . . 'cause I'm not what I was ten years ago or ten minutes ago. I'm all of that and then some. And whereas I can't live inside yesterday's pain, I can't live without it.

(All of a sudden, madness erupts on the stage. The sculptures begin to speak all at once. Images of black/ Negro/colored Americans begin to flash—images of them dancing past the madness, caught up in the madness, being lynched, rioting, partying, surviving. Mixed in with these images are all the characters from the exhibits. Through all of this Topsy sings. It is a vocal and visual cacaphony which builds and builds.)

Lala:
I must tell you about this dream I had last night. Simply magnifique. In this dream I'm running naked in Sammy Davis Junior's hair. Yes, I'm caught in this larger-than-life, deep, dark tangled forest of savage, nappy-nappy hair. Yes, the kinky kinks are choking me, are wrapped around my naked arms, my naked thighs, breast, and face, and I can't breath and there was nothing in that closet.

Miss Roj:
Snap for every time you walk past someone lying in the street smelling like frozen piss and shit and you don't see it. Snap for every crazed bastard who kills himself so as to get the jump on being killed. And snap for every sick motherfucker who, bored with carrying about his fear, takes to shooting up other people.

The Man:
I have no history. I have no past. I can't. It's too much. It's much too much. I must be able to smile on cue and watch the news with an impersonal eye. I have no stake in the madness.

Miss Pat:
Stop playing those drums. I said stop playing those damn drums. You can't stop history. You can't stop time. Those drums will be confiscated once we reach Savannah, so give
Being black is too emotionally taxing, therefore I will be black only on weekends and holidays. I don't hear any drums and I will not rebel.

Topsy: (Singing)
THERE'S MADNESS IN ME
AND THAT MADNESS SETS ME FREE
THERE'S MADNESS IN ME
AND THAT MADNESS SETS ME FREE
THERE'S MADNESS IN ME
AND THAT MADNESS SETS ME FREE
THERE'S MADNESS IN ME
AND THAT MADNESS SETS ME FREE
THERE'S MADNESS IN ME
AND THAT MADNESS SETS ME FREE

Topsy: My power is in my...

Everybody: Madness!

Topsy: And my colored contradictions.

(The sculptures freeze with a smile on their faces as we hear the voice of Miss Pat.)

Voice of Miss Pat: Before exiting, check the overhead as any baggage you don't claim, we trash.

BLACKOUT
The Assignment:
Reflections of a Student

I have always been under the impression that your education can be classified into three parts: classes you enjoyed, classes you didn't enjoy and what you learned from those classes. A class may be liked for various reasons, maybe the subject was just right, or the teacher was very good. A class may also be disliked for the same reasons, the subject didn't agree with you or the teacher didn't teach it exactly the way you planned.

This Jan Plan, instead of taking the normal first-year route, I opted for an independent study. This was for various reasons including the fact that I didn't see anything appealing to me, educational wise. After days of complaining and thinking of ways to get around the system, opportunity finally knocked. I was sitting in my friend's room talking about how much I wished I could do something else when she offered me a position as the Dramaturg for her play.

For her Senior Scholar's Thesis, Michelle-Nicholle Rahnings decided will be directing and producing George C. Wolfe's play, *The Colored Museum*. My role in it would be to research the play, all aspects from the basic author's information, to the stereotypes to the many different people and events mentioned in the play itself. It would require me to have an advisor, with whom I met once a week throughout the month of January, and be in charge of creating the program for the play.

Overall, I say that it was a wonderful experience. I enjoyed working on the play, being in the play and more importantly learning all the information that I came across in the research of this play. In the future, I hope to take a class in African American History in order to learn even more because even thought the play touched many people and subjects, there are still more out there waiting on me to discover them.
George C. Wolfe

(1954)

Producer - Director - Playwright - Composer

(1954)

Playwright, Composer, Director, Producer

- Born in Frankfort, Kentucky.

- Received the B.A. in directing from Pomona College in Claremont, California where he was twice the regional winner of the American College Theatre Festival (ACTF) for playwriting.

- Received the M.F.A. in dramatic writing/musical theatre from New York University. He initially became a playwright and librettist upon graduation.

- 1975 - 1976 - His plays, *Up For Grabs* (Joe Thomas learns the secret to being black and the reasons for his existence—he receives a lesson in American power and exploitation as an unknown guest in the ultimate game show) and *Block Party* (what it's like to grow up black and male—how tough it is to move out of that predetermined condition, out of the block and on to new horizons) were the ACTF winners for the South Pacific Region.

- Was associated with the Inner Cultural Center in Los Angeles during the 1970s. His *Back Alley Tales*, a play with music, was presented there during the 1978-1979 season.

- His works have been presented at the Crossroads Theatre and the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre.

- 1985 - *Paradise*, a full-length musical with book and lyrics by Wolfe was produced at the Playhouse in the Park in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was also produced on Broadway.

- 1986 - His full-length musical, *Queenie Pie*, a story of an aging beauty queen who dreams of an escape to a tropical island with music by Duke Ellington, was produced at the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C. The libretto was also by Wolfe.

http://www.bridgesweb.com/wolfe.html

12/10/00
• 1986 - Recipient of a CBS/Foundation of the Dramatists Guild Playwriting Award for *The Colored Museum*.

• Received grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the National Institute for Musical Theatre.

• 1992 - *Jelly's Last Jam*, the bitter story of Jelly Roll Morton's racist attitudes and his contribution to jazz, opened on April 26, 1992 at the Virginia Theater in New York. Wolfe directed and Gregory Hines starred as Jelly and choreographed the tap dancing.

• 1993 - Appointed artistic director of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater (NYSF/PT). Won the Antoinette Perry Award (Tony) for his direction of the NYSF/PT production of *Angels in America: Millennium Approaches*, a play dealing with the politics of AIDS.

• 1996 - Won the Tony Award for best direction of his dance musical, *Bring in Da Noise, Bring in Da Funk*. The choreographer, Savion Glover also won a Tony. The play continues its run on Broadway and is on a national tour.

• Wolfe continues as the artistic director for the Public Theatre in New York City.

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**THE COLORED MUSEUM**

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• Had its world premiere on March 26, 1986 at the Crossroads Theatre, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Later produced by the New York Shakespeare Festival Public theater at the Susan Stein Shiva Theatre on October 7, 1986. The tele-play was also presented on PBS. It was presented in the Trueblood Theatre at the University of Michigan in February 1994.

• The play won Wolfe the 1986 Dramatists Guild Award. *The Colored Museum* is a satirical play revealing the myths and madness of the African American culture.

• The eleven vignettes or playlets satirize and lampoon various elements of African American culture. Still others deal with African Americans who harbor a certain kind of pain inflicted on them by a search for identity or a loss of it.
• His most praised vignette, "The Last Mama on the Couch Play," attacks the traditional style of black realism through Lorraine Hansberry's drama, *A Raisin in the Sun* and the plot and style of *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf*. The perceived white audience preconception of black theatre is attacked through a frantic look at black musicals and blackface.

• "Symbiosis" relates a middle-class black man's attempt to throw away his past identity in order to properly assimilate into the white dominated society. The struggle for identity is lampooned in "The Hairpiece" as a nearly bald black woman decides which wig to wear, an Afro wig or a long flowing one.

• The theme of pain is explored in the "The Gospel According to Miss Roj," "A Soldier With a Secret", and "The Photo Session" where the characters suffer the pain of a lost identity or the search for it.

• The first exhibit, "Git on Board," establishes the basic premise as it mocks African Americans' involuntary voyage to America through the use of a pseudo-sophisticated black stewardess and images of slaves as baggage to be discarded if not claimed.

• Eastern Michigan University presented *The Colored Museum* as a part of its regular theatre season in March 1997 under the direction of professor Wallace Bridges.

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**CRITICS**

According to Frank Rich of *The New York Times*, the play addresses the theme of how African Americans can "at once honor and escape the legacy of suffering that is the baggage of their past." Some characters attempt to establish their own identities while others repress their past by creating glamorous, artificial lifestyles.

According to Jack Kroll of *Newsweek*, Wolfe is "just as angry at the worn out cultural and psychological patterns that in his view prevent blacks from achieving and celebrating their own identities."

John Simon of *New York Magazine* wrote, "this is a sophisticated, satirical, seriously funny show that spoofs white and black America alike. It is remarkably unafraid of lampooning black foibles, which is a sign of artistic maturity."

However, an African American woman, Thulani Davis, a writer for *The Village Voice*, was not
as impressed. She complained, "It's disturbing... That playwright Wolfe is laughing is devastating, a sign of how very deep self-hatred has run in the black psyche."

- Thulani Davis, Village Voice -

"If African Americans are to secure their identities, then they must first come to grips with the suffering, myths, madness, pain and contradictions that are the baggage of their past."

- Wallace Bridges -

"Black American culture is a very fragmented thing. We're all trying to come up with some definition of what we are. My absolute definition of me is the schizophrenia, the contradiction... 'I can't live inside yesterday's pain,' says Topsy, 'but I can't live without it.'"

- George C. Wolfe, The Colored Museum -

BIBLIOGRAPHY


The Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival has a long and distinguished history of producing extraordinary work on Broadway from galvanizing new plays (*Sticks and Bones, for colored girls, Plenty*) to Shakespeare (*Much Ado About Nothing, The Tempest*) to groundbreaking musicals (*A Chorus Line, Pirates of Penzance, Drood, Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk and The Wild Party*). The Public's twenty-three Broadway productions have collectively won 32 Tony Awards.

**The Wild Party**

Music and Lyrics by Michael John LaChiusa  
Book by Michael John LaChiusa and George C. Wolfe  
Choreography by Joey McKneely  
Directed by George C. Wolfe  
Virginia Theatre, March 10-June 11, 2000

In the explosive jazz-mad Manhattan of the 1920's, anything and everything goes. Queenie and Burrs, performers in the fading world of vaudeville, throw an all-night party overflowing with gin and sin. But with the arrival of a handsome stranger, Queenie and Burrs discover over the course of one wild night that their lives are about to change forever. Toni Collette, Eartha Kitt, and Mandy Patinkin lead a cast of party-going delinquents and dilettantes, has-beens and wannabes, Broadway bums and bon vivants in the most eye-opening, jaw-dropping, heartbreaking soiree of the 2000 season. In an unusual and historic coincidence, the season saw two productions titled The Wild Party. Both were based on the Joseph Moncure March jazz-era poem. Manhattan Theatre Club’s *The Wild Party* with music, lyrics, and book by Andrew Lippa, directed by Gabriele Barre, ran from January 25, 2000 through April 2, 2000. The Public Theater’s *The Wild Party* ran from March 10, 2000 through June 11, 2000. For more information on The Public Theater's production of *The Wild Party* please click on the logo.

**On the Town**

Book and Lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green  
Music by Leonard Bernstein  
Choreography by Keith Young  
Directed by George C. Wolfe  
Gershwin Theatre, 1999

The story of three sailors on twenty-four-hour leave in wartime New York City, the women with whom they find romance, and their adventures throughout the city in locations as disparate as the Museum of Natural History and the Coney Island boardwalk, the classic musical *On the Town* was first revived by director George C. Wolfe at the Delacorte Theater in the summer of 1997 and transferred to Broadway the following year. Featured in the cast were Lea DeLaria as Hildy the cab driver and Jesse Tyler Ferguson as Chip the sailor, the roles originated in 1944 by the show’s authors, Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Both DeLaria and Ferguson were among the Delacorte cast.
members who moved with the musical to the Gershwin Theatre.

**Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk**
Music by Daryl Waters, Zane Mark, and Ann Duquesnay
Books and Lyrics by Reg E. Gaines
Choreography by Savion Glover
Conceived and Directed by George C. Wolfe
Ambassador Theatre, 1995

A "tap/rap discourse on the staying power of the beat," this groundbreaking musical was conceived and developed at The Public Theater by George C. Wolfe and dancer/choreographer Savion Glover, already a show business veteran at age twenty-two. After playing an extended run in The Public's Newman Theater, *Noise/Funk* transferred to Broadway (where it won four Tony Awards, including honors for Best Director, Choreographer, Lighting for the team of Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer, and Supporting Actress for Ann Duquesnay) and embarked on a national tour. *Noise/Funk* proved to be more than just a cutting-edge musical. It entered the popular culture as a linguistic phenomenon, with the phrase "Bring in 'da..." featured in everything from newspaper headlines to a *New Yorker* cartoon.

**The Tempest**
By William Shakespeare
Directed by George C. Wolfe
Broadhurst Theatre, 1995

*The Tempest*, the first Shakespeare play directed by George C. Wolfe, featured Patrick Stewart as Prospero and was first mounted at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park during the summer of 1995. The production deployed Brazilian stilt walkers, Kabuki-style masks, Indonesian shadow plays, and otherworldly puppets designed by Barbara Pollitt; the set (slightly modified for the move to Broadway) was a huge circular sandbox designed by Riccardo Hernandez. When the show opened at the Broadhurst Theatre three months later, John Heilpern of *The New York Observer* wrote that "the signal achievement of George C. Wolfe's production is to throw off the weary weight of Europe and break with English style. For the first time in my experience of Shakespeare in New York, we have a glorious, unapologetically American production."

**The Secret Rapture**
Written and Directed by David Hare
http://www.publictheater.org/broadway.htm

12/21/00
Barrymore Theatre, 1989-90

It became one of the biggest theatrical controversies in recent history. Following an acclaimed London production of *The Secret Rapture* in 1988, directed by Howard Davies, Joseph Papp announced an unusual plan: he would produce the play for a closed-to-critics five-week run downtown, followed by a move to Broadway. Hare directed the New York production, with Blair Brown starring in a role written for her. Despite the no-reviewers mandate, *The New York Times*, claiming an obligation to its readers, purchased a ticket for drama critic Frank Rich to see the play at The Public. Papp immediately announced that he would limit the downtown run to two weeks and move the show to Broadway before Rich could review it. When he did, the critic—who called the drama "excellent... Hare's most disturbing play since Plenty" when he reviewed the London production—wrote a negative notice, and the play ended its run shortly afterward. Hare, who blamed the review for the early closing, sent an open letter to *Variety* denouncing Rich. Although he retracted the letter, *Variety* published an article about the controversy under the now-classic headline "Ruffled Hare Airs His Rich Bitch."

*Cafe Crown*

By Hy Kraft
Directed by Martin Chamin
Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 1988-89

This sentimental 1942 comedy, drawn from the Yiddish theater that once thrived on the Lower East Side, is based on a real-life Second Avenue restaurant called the Cafe Royale. The Public's revival featured a cast of nearly twenty, including legendary actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson as a flamboyant actor-manager and his actress wife, and Bob Dishy and Fyvush Finkel (himself a longtime Yiddish theater performer) as exasperated Jewish waiters. Most reviewers noted that designer Santo Loquasto's period set—a replica of an old cafe, complete with pickles at every table—was, at the very least, a worthy co-star to the performers.

*Serious Money*

By Caryl Churchill
Directed by Max Stafford-Clark
Royale Theatre, 1987-88

An Obie winner for Best New Play, Caryl Churchill's farce-written in verse with Brechtian-style musical interludes—is a scathing yet funny look at London's stock market. The British playwright's relationship with The Public Theater began in 1982, when her play *Top Girls* inaugurated an exchange program with London's Royal Court Theatre. In addition to *Serious Money*, which transferred to Broadway with a cast that included Alec Baldwin and Kate Nelligan, Churchill's plays *Fen* (1983-84), *Ice Cream with Hot Fudge* (1989-90), and *The Skriker* (1995-96) have all been produced at The Public.

*Cuca and His Teddy Bear*

By Reinaldo Povod
http://www.publictheater.org/broadway.htm

12/21/00
Directed by Bill Hart
Longacre Theatre, 198586

Film star Robert De Niro was featured as Cuba in this drama by Reinaldo Povod, a twenty-six-year-old playwright from the Lower East Side. De Niro, appearing on stage for the first time in twelve years, played Joseph Cuba, an illiterate Hispanic drug dealer; Ralph Macchio took on the role of his son, Teddy, a sensitive sixteen-year-old who dreams of becoming a writer and harbors his own secret problems with drugs. (Both actors made their Broadway debuts with the play's uptown transfer, as did co-star Burt Young.) Thanks in no small measure to its stars, Cuba and His Teddy Bear sold out its entire run at The Public before the first performance, encouraging Joseph Papp to televise performances on closed circuit to a secondary paying audience.

Drood
Book, Music, and Lyrics by Rupert Holmes
Suggested by the unfinished novel by Charles Dickens
Choreographed by Graciela Daniele
Directed by Wilford Leach
Imperial Theatre, 198586

Another transfer from the Delacorte Theater, Drood (called The Mystery of Edwin Drood when it played in Central Park) starred Betty Buckley in the title role, Cleo Laine, George Rose, and a stellar company of featured performers including Patti Cohenour, Howard McGillin, Judy Kuhn, Rob Marshall, and Donna Murphy. Because the murder mystery by Charles Dickens on which Drood is based was unfinished at the time of the author's death, at every performance (both at the Delacorte and on Broadway) audience members chose the murderer by "voting" with their applause; the show was billed as "the solve-it-yourself Broadway musical." Author Rupert Holmes wrote several possible finales, both "serious" and "comedic," to be inserted according to the character selected as the murderer.

The Human Comedy
Book and Lyrics by William Dumasq
Based on the novel by William Saroyan
Music by Galt MacDermot
Directed by Wilford Leach
Royale Theatre, 198384

Hair composer Galt MacDermot's through-composed adaptation of William Saroyan's World War II-era novel The Human Comedy was one of Joseph Papp's least successful Broadway transfers. Papp, however, loved and supported the show, which inspired one of his most famous advertising

http://www.publictheater.org/broadway.htm

12/21/00
campaigns: A poster showing a large photograph of Joseph Papp holding a smaller Paul Davis-painted poster of *The Human Comedy* (with actress Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and other cast members); in the full-size poster, a take-off of the "Uncle Sam" army campaign, Papp is pointing his finger at the viewer, with the exhortation "I Want You to See It!" written at the top.

**Plenty**
Written and Directed by David Hare
Plymouth Theatre, 1982-83

Although Joseph Papp's professional relationship with British playwright David Hare dated back to 1971, when he produced Hare's play *Slag*, he maintained a policy of ignoring contemporary British writers at The Public. With Hare's anti-Thatcher drama *Plenty*, which starred Kate Nelligan both downtown and in the Broadway transfer, he reversed that policy and began producing much of the work of the "angry young men"-playwrights who were examining the social and economic costs of conservative policies—who dominated English theater in the 1980s. The season after *Plenty*, Papp produced Caryl Churchill's *Top Girls* and, with British director Max Stafford-Clark, instituted the Royal Court Exchange. Through this program, one American play was produced at London's Royal Court in exchange for one British play at The Public; over the five years the exchange was in operation, ten plays made their ways across the Atlantic.

**The Pirates of Penzance**
Book and Lyrics by W.S. Gilbert
Music by Arthur Sullivan
Choreographed by Graciela Daniele
Directed by Wilford Leach
Minskoff Theatre, 1980-81

Wilford Leach, who had always disliked the nineteenth-century operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, agreed to direct *The Pirates of Penzance* at the Delacorte Theater only if he could ignore tradition and treat it as a new work. To that end, he cast rock singer Linda Ronstadt and teen idol Rex Smith as the young lovers Mabel and Frederic, and Kevin Kline (who first worked at The Public carrying a spear in a 1970 Delacorte Theater production) as the Pirate King. (Ironically, Joseph Papp, who first proposed the idea of Gilbert and Sullivan to Leach, initially tried to convince the director to stage it without any pirates!) Enormously successful both critically and with audiences, *Pirates* moved to the Minskoff (now the Gershwin), Broadway's largest theater, where it ran for more than two years and won Tony Awards for Best Director, Best Actor for Kevin Kline, and Best Revival.

**Runaways**
Written, Composed, Choreographed, and Directed by Elizabeth Swados
http://www.publictheater.org/broadway.htm
Elizabeth Swados first worked at the Festival in association with director Andrei Serban, composing music for his productions of *The Cherry Orchard* and *Agamemnon*. With *Runaways*, she began what would become an intense five-year association with Joseph Papp, writing, composing, directing, and becoming closely associated with his vision of musical theater. *Runaways* grew out of her obsession with the homeless youth who populated American cities; with little more than that idea, she interviewed and auditioned more than two thousand city kids, finally selecting eighteen to help her develop a show through improvisations and exercises. The episodic musical—which utilizes salsa, rap, reggae, rock-and-roll, and confessional street-style poetry—opened in The Public's Cabaret space to rave reviews and transferred to Broadway for a seven-month run. It earned a nomination for Best Musical, and Swados was honored with nominations in four separate categories.

**The Water Engine and Mr. Happiness**  
By David Mamet  
Directed by Steven Schachter  
Plymouth Theatre, 1977-78

The Water Engine begins in a radio station, circa 1934, during the production of a radio drama, complete with advertisements. The characters—including an announcer and sound-effects man—begin to tell the story of an inventor of an internal combustion engine that runs on water. As the drama unfolds, however, they step away from their microphones and into roles in the story. For the move to Broadway, David Mamet wrote a curtain raiser, set in the same radio station, called *Mr. Happiness*; the two plays are now traditionally performed as a double bill. The Water Engine was also made into a 1992 television film starring Charles Durning, Peter Michael Goetz, Ricky Jay, Patti LuPone, William H. Macy, John Mahoney, Joe Mantegna, Treat Williams—and David Mamet himself.

**Miss Margarida's Way**  
Written and Directed by Roberto Althayde  
Ambassador Theatre, 1977-78

Likened by critics to Richard Nixon and Adolf Hitler, the "Miss Margarida" of the title is a portrait of the dictator as schoolteacher. This stage fable, written and directed by Brazilian writer Robert Althayde, has only one speaking role: the title character, played at The Public and on Broadway by Estelle Parsons, who earned a Tony nomination for the role. (Another actor appeared on stage only at the end of the play; during it, he sat mutely in the audience, which was identified in the program as "the rest of her students.") A savage attack on the evils of political dictatorship, the drama—which was banned and then censored in its author's native Brazil—had fifty-five productions in countries from Argentina to Japan before arriving in New York.

**Paul Robeson**  
By Phillip Hayes Dean

http://www.publictheater.org/broadway.htm
A Chorus Line
Book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
Lyrics by Edward Kleban
Music by Marvin Hamlisch
Conceived, Directed, and Choreographed by Michael Bennett
Shubert Theatre, 1975-76

A concept musical about the lives of Broadway's chorus dancers, A Chorus Line holds a record as the longest-running American production in Broadway history; it ran at the Shubert Theatre for fifteen years, from April 1975 to April 1990, after transferring from The Public's Newman Theater. Based on some thirty-hours of interviews with twenty-four dancers (several of whom were also cast in the production, playing parts that were variations on their own lives), this revolutionary show had a simple plot: a director holding an audition for a Broadway musical asks the dancers to talk about their own lives, thus exposing their anxieties and dreams. It won the Pulitzer Prize and nine Tony Awards, including Best Musical, Best Book and Score of a Musical, and Best Actress in a Musical for Donna McKechnie. Michael Bennett, who conceived the show and used dance as its primary mode of expression, ushering in the dominance of the director/choreographer on Broadway, took home honors for his work as Director and Choreographer.

That Championship Season
By Jason Miller
Directed by A.J. Antoon
Booth Theatre, 1972-73

Jason Miller's drama, about the reunion of four members of a high school basketball team and their coach twenty-five years after their championship victory, won the Pulitzer Prize and the Tony Award for Best Play. It ran for 988 performances with a cast that included Charles Durning, Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Richard Dysart as Coach. A 1982 film adaptation was written and directed by Miller, who also appeared as an actor in such films as The Exorcist, for which he received an Academy Award nomination for his role as the young Jesuit priest. In 1999, the drama was adapted for television, airing on Showtime with Paul Sorvino taking on the role of the Coach.

Much Ado About Nothing
By William Shakespeare
Directed by A.J. Antoon
Winter Garden Theatre, 1972-73

Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes played Benedick and Beatrice in this production, which originated at the Delacorte Theater in 1972 before transferring to Broadway in November. Critically acclaimed and enormously popular.

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A Brief History of Joseph Papp Public Theater/NYSF

Founded by Joseph Papp in 1954 as the Shakespeare Workshop and now one of the nation's preeminent cultural institutions, The Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival is a theater where all the country's voices, rhythms, and cultures converge. Under the leadership of Producer George C. Wolfe, The Public Theater/NYSF presents full seasons of new plays and musicals, as well as Shakespeare and other classics, both at its home on Lafayette Street and during the summers at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park.

The ideals of the Theater were formed when Papp brought a group of actors together to perform scenes from Shakespeare's plays for the public, free of charge. Originally based at The Emmanuel Church on Manhattan's Lower East Side, the ensemble began taking productions throughout New York's five boroughs on a flatbed truck, performing in the City's parks. In 1962, the Shakespeare Workshop was officially renamed the New York Shakespeare Festival, and the Delacorte Theater in Central Park was erected as the Festival's permanent summertime home, opening with The Merchant of Venice featuring George C. Scott as Shylock. Today Shakespeare in Central Park remains free of charge to audiences, and continues to be one of the City's most beloved cultural traditions.

Since 1967, the Shakespeare Festival's year-round home has been the former Astor Library on Lafayette Street. It opened as The Public Theater with the world premiere of the musical Hair, one of dozens of Public Theater/NYSF productions that would go on to make theatrical history, including No Place to Be Somebody, The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel, That Championship Season, Short Eyes, A Chorus Line, for colored girls..., Threepenny Opera, Runaways, The Pirates of Penzance, The Normal Heart, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, and Aunt Dan and Lemon. Following Papp's death in 1991, JoAnne Akalaitis served as artistic director until Wolfe was named Producer in 1993.

http://www.publictheater.org/info.htm
In 1992, the Astor Library building was rededicated as The Joseph Papp Public Theater.

From its earliest days The Public Theater/NYSF has nurtured the theater's most exciting and individual new voices. The Public's new play development programs are centered around the LuEsther Lab, which is home to dozens of workshops, readings, and theatrical projects, including New Work Now!, a festival of staged readings, and FIRST STAGES, a series that gives audiences a glimpse of plays in the earliest stages of development. This dedication to the contemporary theater is matched by the Theater's ongoing commitment to keeping the classical canon alive within an American idiom, exemplified by the Shakespeare Marathon—a commitment to produce all of Shakespeare's plays, launched by Joseph Papp in 1987 and completed ten years later with a production of Henry VIII, the Bard's last play. The Public is now focusing on the next generation of actors and directors of Shakespeare through an ever-broadening program that includes the Shakespeare Lab, which provides intensive classical training for actors. The Public's mandate to create a theater for all New Yorkers continues to this day both on stage and through its extensive outreach and education programs, which provide access to and a context for the challenging work on its stages.

Public Theater/NYSF productions have collectively won 32 Tony Awards, 120 Obies, 32 Drama Desk Awards, 6 New York Drama Critics Circle Awards, and 3 Pulitzer Prizes. Twenty shows have transferred to Broadway, including A Chorus Line, The Pirates of Penzance, The Tempest, Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk, and, most recently, On the Town.

JOBS AND INTERNSHIPS

Theatrical Technicians
The Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival is looking for experienced and qualified theatrical technicians for its 2000-2001 season. We are interested in those who specialize in: carpentry, electrics, audio, costumes, and props. Special skills are valued such as rigging, programming, engineering, stitching, shopping and prop artistry. Only those in the New York area need apply. Pay ranges from $13 to $17 per hour DOE. Please fax or mail resumes ASAP to attn: Technician Search, The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10003. Fax: 212-539-8565. Women and minorities encouraged to apply.

Marketing Associate
Seeking an experienced marketing associate to facilitate the production and placement of institutional advertising, and coordinate same with outside agencies and in-house graphics and administrative departments; coordinate

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production, routing and approval process of printed and electronic materials including brochures, newsletters, calendars, summer outdoor signage, advertising copy and website content, etc.; inventory and maintain merchandise, marketing materials, and marketing department files; and to assist marketing director with general departmental duties as needed. Requires excellent computer skills (MS Word, Excel, HTML, etc.) with the ability to prioritize, work independently and juggle multiple tasks and deadlines. Position also requires excellent verbal and written communications skills. Qualified applicants should send letter, resume and references to: Terence Womble, Marketing Director, The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10003, or fax to: (212) 539-8622. No calls please. EOE.

Full time Graphic Design Assistant
Candidates should have a strong skills in Quark, Illustrator, Photo Shop, and typography. Responsibilities include providing support to Design Director, designing/overseeing the production of a large range of in-house materials in addition to administrative responsibilities. Must have a good attitude and be a team worker. Creative environment with great benefits. Fax resume and salary requirements to 212-539-8505. Attention Graphics. No calls please.

Become a Public Theater/NYSF Intern
Public Theater/NYSF interns work in many areas of theatrical production, including community affairs, development, marketing, play development, press, producer's office, and production. A modest stipend is offered for a minimum commitment of 20 hours per week for a period of 3-6 months. Please send resume and cover letter to Alison Harper, Public Theater/NYSF, 425 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10003 or fax to 212-539-8505.

Casting Assistant
The Public Theater/NYSF is currently seeking a CASTING ASSISTANT. Duties include assisting the two casting directors, scheduling auditions, acting as department liaison to agents, actors, playwrights, and other NYSF departments including general management, literary and producers' offices, and supervising the casting intern. Strong office managerial skills a MUST. Fast paced. Highly detailed oriented. Please send your resume to Jordan Thaler, The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St, NYC 10003, or fax it to (212) 539-8555.

Title: Associate, Department of Community Affairs
Status: Full Time
Report to: Director of Community Affairs

Responsibilities:
Assist in all aspects of creating, and executing audience development plans, and group sales efforts. Primary focus is the Latino community in NYC, NY metro and Tri-State area.

Pitch, solicit, and book group sales (via direct mail and telephone calls) for Public Theater Broadway and off-Broadway productions. Support the Marketing Dept., by identifying new and non-traditional venues/locations for

http://www.publictheater.org/info.htm 12/21/00
advertising, and the placement of window cards, etc., as needed. Support the Press Dept., by identifying new media outlets and contacts for outreach to the Latino community.

Collaborate with artistic and production staff in creating Latino themed events. Design and execute promotional campaigns. Assist in creating, planning and coordinating annual Open House. Develop and execute All Borough Ticket Distribution in the Bronx with community partners, and coordinate Shakespeare in the Bronx workshop and performance with community partner, and The Public Theater actors.

Identify, initiate and/or maintain relationships with Latino leaders in a variety of fields, (including public and private sectors), i.e. Directors of cultural groups and organizations, social service agencies, artistic, and political groups, etc.

Strong awareness and commitment to furthering the mission of the Public Theater's goal to develop new and non-traditional audiences through innovative combinations of special reduced price tickets, community outreach, special events, community group co-sponsorships, discussions, seminars and our Conversations With...presentations.

Candidate should be fluent in Spanish (primarily conversational, written a plus) with effective communication skills. Candidate should have a strong commitment and love of the arts, as well as appreciation and respect for diverse constituencies. Commitment to long-term audience cultivation efforts. Self-starter with strong interpersonal and organizational abilities. Experience in event planning and public relations a plus.

Compensation is commensurate with experience. The Public Theater offers a full benefits package (including health plans and 403b investment plans). Only interested and qualified candidates should apply. Position available immediately.

Send resume, with cover letter and salary history to:
Donna Walker-Kuhne, Director of Community Affairs
THE PUBLIC THEATER/NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
425 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10003

DIRECTIONS AND PARKING

TRAIN: IRT - #6 to Astor Place or BMT - #N, R to 8th Street these are the closest, also IND - B, D, F, Q to Broadway/Lafayette. A, B, C, D, E, F to West 4th Street.

BUS: M2, 3 or 8 to 8th Street & 4th Avenue. M5 or 6 to 8th Street & http://www.publictheater.org/info.htm

12/21/00
Broadway. M15 to 2nd Avenue & 9th Street. M101 & 102 to 8th Street at Cooper Union.

**CAR:** FDR Drive to Houston Street, go west to Lafayette Street and turn right. Theatre is just past East 4th Street on the right hand side. OR Broadway South to East 4th Street, turn left on 4th. The next left is Lafayette Street. Theatre is on the right hand side.

**PARKING:** Square Plus Parking (indoor garage - 403 Lafayette Street - 1/2 block south of the theatre). A discount coupon can be picked up at the Box Office. YOU MUST SHOW the coupon before paying.

**BOX OFFICE HOURS:** Tuesday through Saturday 1pm to 7pm, Sunday and Monday 1pm to 6pm.

http://www.publictheater.org/info.htm  12/21/00
Tony Award-winning playwright, producer, and director George C. Wolfe '76 is no stranger to critical acclaim. Prior to his appointment as producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival and the Joseph Papp Public Theater in New York City, Wolfe received a Tony Award for directing "Angels in America." Other recognition for him includes Drama Desk, Outer Critics Circle, Dramalogue, and Obie awards, as well as being named "Person of the Year" by the National Theater Conference and "a living landmark" by the New York Landmarks Conservancy.

Wolfe authored "The Colored Museum," which he co-directed for PBS-TV's Great Performances, and "Jelly's Last Jam," a musical celebrating the life and lies of jazz great Jelly Roll Morton. The latter, which premiered in Los Angeles and opened on Broadway in 1992, won three Tony Awards. Wolfe also directed the NYSF production of "The Tempest," which starred Patrick Stewart as Prospero; the Broadway production of Anna Devere Smith's "Twilight: Los Angeles"; and "Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk," which opened on Broadway in 1996 and won four Tony Awards, including best direction for a musical.

It was at Pomona College that Wolfe first discovered that his talent extended beyond acting as he wrote and directed his first two plays, "Up for Grabs" and "Block Play." A theatre major, Wolfe appreciated Pomona College for "the emphasis that was placed on questions such as 'What is the theater?' 'What function does it perform' and 'Simplistic ego aside, why do it?'" Pomona College presented Wolfe with an honorary doctorate in 1995.

http://www.pomona.edu/Welcome/AboutPomona/GradSpotlight/Wolfe.html

4/25/01
*The Colored Museum* (1986)

Back Row (L to R): Robert Jason, Arnold Bankston

Front Row: Myra Taylor, Vickilyn Reynolds, Olivia Virgil Harper
Black stereotypes confronted by 'Museum'

By Brock Pierce

Assistant Arts & Diversions Editor

Bringing to the stage a biting portrayal of black America and cultural experience spanning generations, the Department of Dramatic Art's Studio I series presents George C. Wolfe's "The Colored Museum."

As the first of two productions this semester for Studio I, "The Colored Museum" represents a moving picture of African-American life and the many stereotypes that linger in the shadows of our society.

While Wolfe accents these stereotypes, making them blatant to the audience, he also makes a point to weaken and dispel them by showing their absurdity.

Take, for example, a scene during which a businessman who, after finding success, ultimately perceives himself as being a lost identity. The powerful imagery leaves him struggling to relocate his roots as he converses with his younger self and tries to tap into his youthful values.

The director of "The Colored Museum" is UNC senior Chris Burris, a communication studies and dramatic art major. After working as assistant director for the Lab! Theatre production of "Trust", Burris is now displaying an immense amount of enthusiasm for his latest project and the message that it delivers.

"This play is not just for African Americans. Everyone can feel a part of it," Burris said. "If you come to see it, you'll connect to it just by being in the audience."

This kind of performer-audience connection fuels the play's
action. Additional scenes like "The Gospel According to Mis Roj," which involves a black drag queen, and an episode featuring an Aunt Jemima figure steer the thematic action while also adding a dash of comic relief.

However, the laughter that arises with such scenes is accompanied by a subtle, but ever-present intensity. The audience finds itself humorously entertained by the stereotypical situations, but at the same time the audience is forced to recognize the societal and personal wounds it can incur.

The cast itself is composed of nine actors who fill the roles of 19 characters appearing in the play. All the performances for "The Colored Museum," which opened last night, will occur in Playmakers Theatre and will run through Oct. 6.

Every show has a $3 admission price and will take place at 8 p.m. with the exception of a 4 p.m. matinee Oct. 5.

With well-crafted themes and cultural implications, "The Colored Museum" represents an ideal opportunity to get an exciting taste of student theater while serving to remind us of the hurtful prejudices that continue to degrade societal integrity.

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'Maids' cleans up stage for Lab!
Theatre show

By Philip Buiser

staff writer

After four weeks of rigorous rehearsal, the lights are about to go up on the Lab! Theatre's first production of the year. "The Maids" by Jean Genet is set to open Saturday at 8 p.m. in the basement of Graham Memorial Hall.

"The Maids" is a dark comedy with a cast of three. The play focuses on two rather inventive and peculiar maids who, driven by a mutual love-hate relationship with their madame, become tangled up in a game of role-play.

Student director Carrie Mayer, a senior drama major from Highlands, said the plot is very involved with the lives of the characters because it "gets dangerous."
"There comes a time when a satirical writer, if he's really out for blood, must stop clowning around and move in for the kill. That unmistakable moment of truth arrives about halfway through THE COLORED MUSEUM, the wild new evening of black black humor at the Public Theater. In a sketch titled 'The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play,' the author, George C Wolfe, says the unthinkable, says it with uncompromising wit and leaves the audience, as well as a sacred target, in ruins. The devastated audience, one should note, includes both blacks and whites. Mr. Wolfe is the kind of satirist, almost unheard of in today's timid theater, who takes no prisoners.... The issue raised by his Hansberry parody percolates in every sketch: How do American black men and women at once honor and escape the legacy of suffering that is the baggage of their past?... The other 'exhibits' in Mr. Wolfe's museum are contemporary blacks torn between the cultural legacy of oppression and revolt and the exigencies of living in the present. Perhaps the prototypical Wolfe character is a pin-stripe-suitied businessman who tries to throw away his past ('Free Huey' buttons, Sly Stone records, his first dashiki) only to discover that his rebellious younger self refuses to be trashed without a fight...."


- The eleven "exhibits" in THE COLORED MUSEUM are: GIT ON BOARD, one female;

http://www.broadwayplaypubl.com/museum.htm
COOKIN' WITH AUNT ETHEL, one female; THE PHOTO SESSION, one male and one female; SOLDIER WITH A SECRET, one male; THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MISS ROJ, two males; THE HAIRPIECE, three females; THE LAST MAMA-ON-THE-COUCH PLAY, one male, three females, and a narrator; SYMBIOSIS, two males; LALA'S OPENING, four females; PERMUTATIONS, one female; and THE PARTY, one male, four females.

- Music parts available for rental for production are keyboard/conductor, synthesizer, guitar, bass, drums, misc. percussion, vocal, trumpet, trombone, tenor sax I, and tenor sax II.
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Fasten Your Shackles

Outrageous humor, keen insight in this Colored Museum

By Joel Beers

With Rent thankfully exiled from Southern California stages until this summer (when it resurfaces at the Orange County Performing Arts Center), the New York theatrical extravaganza import du jour is Bring in Da Noise, Bring in Da Funk. Yes, the show sounds a death knell for proper grammar in American theater, but it was a critical and commercial triumph on Broadway, hailed for tracing the African-American experience through dance and rhythm.

But if forking out $40 for a national tour is too steep for your tastes, there's a less costly alternative closer to home: The Colored Museum, an earlier, less percussive exploration of similar historical themes written by George C. Wolfe, the director and co-creator of Noise/Funk. Staged by the University Players at Cal State Long Beach, this production captures the outrageous humor and social insight that made the piece so provocative when it was first staged a decade ago.

The collection of sketches—structured as a vaudeville show—skewers African-American culture, icons and stereotypes, while reminding us of the value of each. While aimed at black audiences, The Colored Museum is a piece that the more translucently hued can enjoy as well. The show's sheer outrageousness and the efforts of its energetic six-person cast keep the show's slightly dated material buoyant.

The first piece, "Get on Board," quickly establishes the mood for the next 10 sketches. A painfully spunky flight attendant, Miss Pat (Nicole Williams), welcomes the audience to the trans-Atlantic flight. However, when overhead lights flash the warning "FASTEN YOUR SHACKLES," it's clear we're a long way from the friendly skies. We then embark on a slave-ship passage, with a brief time-warp diversion in which Miss Pat cheerfully outlines some of the wonderful experiences awaiting us at our destination point: slavery, oppression, assassinations, the breakup of the Supremes. When a few passengers below deck get out of line by pounding on those infernal jungle drums, Miss Pat leads a chorus of "We will not play drums."

The sketches range from the wildly funny to the soberingly provocative, and if there's a flaw in this show, it's that the sketches don't always flow smoothly into one another. For instance, "Soldier With a Secret" is a haunting portrait of a desperate soldier (Mark Martinez) in Vietnam who savagely breaks from reality. But it just doesn't fit where it is, sandwiched between "The Photo Session," in which a couple of beautiful-on-the-outside-but-hollow-on-the-inside black models (Ruth Ricks and the very talented Karim Oliver) pose for an Ebony shoot, and "The Gospel According to Miss Roj" (Oliver), a spirited send-up of New York drag queens and urban malaise.

Measured sketch by sketch, there's little to complain about in this Colored Museum. The funniest exhibits are staged back-to-back. "The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play" is a wickedly effective satire on black theater using the landmark play A Raisin in the Sun as its launching pad. The best-known of the sketches is "The Hairpiece," a very funny 10-minute play in which an overbearing Afro wig (played with wonderful attitude by Roxanne Sterling) and a silky long-haired wig (Ricks) battle over who should be worn by a woman (Williams) heading out to break up with her boyfriend.

The thematic thrust of the show is best illustrated in "Symbiosis." A sharply dressed black man (Martinez) with visions of success and assimilation swimming in his eyes, is determined to leave his past for the freshly scrubbed, culturally sterilized ranks of the urban professional. However, lurking in his shadow is the Kid (Oliver), a jive-talking, nappy-headed brother who pleads with the Man not to trash his life, an act of painful alienation symbolized by the Stevie Wonder and Temptations records the Man casually dumps into a large bin.

It's the most powerful of the sketches, but I couldn't help but think it could benefit from an update. That's what's missing in this Colored Museum—more sketches on trends within the black community that have so greatly affected America as a whole. Where are the emergences of rap and hip-hop, the gangssta subculture, Rodney King and O.J. Simpson, and the death of welfare?
The Colored Museum doesn't suffer much as a result of its age. But when we look at the past through a buffer zone, the temptation is to not take what we're seeing seriously. And the subtext of The Colored Museum—to accept that the shame and tragedy of our pasts are as powerful as the triumphs and glories of our pasts in shaping who we are—is too important for black Americans, white Americans and every shade in between to not take seriously.

There are some weeks when the fare on the local theatrical menu is as appetizing as a bucket of room-temperature phlegm. Then there are weeks when the bounty verily overflows. Since local theaters get knocked quite often (in this space, at least) for choosing safe, humdrum plays, it's only fair that we spotlight some of the productions opening this weekend or currently running. As a group, they represent one of the most intriguing slates of productions on local stages in memory. (For complete details, check our friendly neighborhood Calendar listings.)

CLASSIC EUROPEAN PLAYS BY CLASSIC EUROPEAN PLAYWRIGHTS

The Vanguard Theatre Ensemble gets tragic Spanish-style with The House of Bernard Alba, one of the greatest plays written by Spain's most prominent playwright, Federico Garcia Lorca. Meanwhile, two productions by the towering Russian playwright Anton Chekhov opened last week: The Cherry Orchard, courtesy of a new community-theater group at the New Community Center in Irvine, and Uncle Vanya at Cal State Fullerton. Depending on the director and the cast, the productions will either be as enlightening as great literature can be or as dull as great literature can be. But you can't fault the productions for playing it safe.

LITERARY ADAPTATIONS

Dickens, Kesey and Kafka. They're not a vaudevillian comedy troupe, but rather three giants of the written word. Charles Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities opens its one-weekend run on Friday at Cypress College. Dale Wasserman's adaptation of Ken Kesey's groundbreaking novel One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest runs at the Theatre District. And a brand-new adaptation by David Scaglione of Franz Kafka's surreal novella "Metamorphosis" opens on Friday at the Hunger Artists Theater. To top it all off, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's adaptation of the real-life Scopes trial, Inherit the Wind, is running at the Huntington Beach Playhouse. And Big River, the musical adaptation of Huckleberry Finn, opens this weekend at the Saddleback Civic Light Opera.

NEW PLAYS (OR NEW TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

Last week, the Laguna Playhouse opened the West Coast premiere of Inside Out, a hit off-Broadway musical about women in the '90s. Stages opens Mitchel Faris' new play about the end of the world, Happy Hour. And last but not least, the LA Jewish Theatre debuts next weekend at the Actors' Playhouse in Long Beach with the comedy A Different Springtime, which was written by 87-year-old playwright/practicing psychologist Joseph Stein.

Acclaimed plays by contemporary playwrights about controversial subjects UC Irvine opens the critically acclaimed Our Country's Good, which was written by Timberlake Wertenbaker. It centers on an 18th-century British penal colony in Australia. The Rude Guerrilla Theater Company debuts at the Gem Theater with Terrence McNally's A Perfect Ganesh, which is about lepers, cancer, homophobia and golden elephant gods. And South Coast Repertory Theatre weighs in with David Mamet's hot-button drama Oleanna.

The Colored Museum at Cal Rep Theatre, 1250 Bellflower Blvd., Long Beach, (562) 985-7000. Thurs.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat., 2 & 8 p.m. $12-$15.

Catalogue your endless litany of personal regrets and send 'em to Joel at juboes@globalnet.net.

NEW THEATER REVIEWS

OLEANNA

In David Mamet's volatile 1992 play, a female college student sits down with her soon-to-be-tenured college professor to discuss her grades and ends up filing sexual harassment charges against him, with disastrous results.

Michael Canavan delivers the professor's half-finished sentences and ponderous lectures coolly at first, eventually imbuing him with a warmth not readily evident in the script. That choice works in his favor; he's able to bring out a subtle sexual undercurrent without laying it on hot and thick, accenting the character's failings while still allowing us to like him.

Equally effective is Lynsey McLeod's downcast, open-wound Carol. More sympathetic
than the stone-faced, feminist book-burner of Mamet's script, she's so beaten down by her environment that when she gets a reprieve, her upper hand turns into an iron fist. Martin Benson's graceful direction guides both actors as they slowly, painfully exchange roles until the inevitable violent conclusion brings it to a close.

Still frightening and thought-provoking six years after it was written, Mamet's interest isn't sexual harassment. He's just using the subject to get our attention. That the two people in his play are a middle-aged man and a young woman allow us to see it from two vastly different sides, compounding the issues he really cares about: the way personality monkey-wrenches communication; the dangerous vagaries of political correctness; the failure of higher education. In Mamet's story, any relationship-whether because of differences in age, education, gender, class or race-is clouded by who's in power at any given moment.

Take a mixed-gender company of friends with you to South Coast Rep: you'll be thinking-and arguing-about Mamet's take on things long after you leave the theater.

Oleanna at South Coast Repertory Theatre's Second Stage, 655 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa, (714) 708-5555. Tues.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat., 2:30 & 8 p.m.; Sun., 2:30 & 7:30 p.m. Through April 5. $18-$41.

-Dave Barton

THE CHERRY ORCHARD
There's something strange and sad about watching a play that has more people onstage than in the audience. Still, even at a Sunday matinee performance, director Frederick Ponzlov's production of Anton Chekhov's The Cherry Orchard is a mostly solid, impressive show.

Ponzlov's cast-composed mainly of his acting students who thank him profusely in their bios-delivers some stirring performances but never quite moves you to tears. Maybe that's how Chekhov wanted it, given that the landed aristocracy are the target of his socially critical last play, which was written in 1904 at the brink of the Russian Revolution.

The widow, Lyuba Ranevsky (Cynthia Saxon), thoughtlessly throws money around and refuses to accept that her family estate and its fine cherry orchard must be sold to save her family. Even when Saxon sobs with heart-wrenching gusto after hearing that her estate has been sold, you're not entirely moved because, well, she gets what she deserves. Warren Herr convincingly portrays the ambitious businessman Yermolay Lopahin, who buys the Ranevsky's land, where, in an interesting turn of revenge, his forefathers used to be serfs.

As Lyuba's daughter Anya, Fatima Agah glows with innocent earnestness. She matches well with Michael Stute, who plays the scruffy tutor Petya Trofimov—a certain stand-in for Chekhov's social views. Maeva Garrett scowls far too often to be likable as Anya's adopted sister Varya.

Ponzlov's staging and set design optimize the tiny New Community Theatre and its budget constraints. Although Leroy Donald's lighting could have been brighter, bathing the stage in pink lends a nostalgic feel, reminiscent of the pale, pinkish color of cherry blossoms.

The Cherry Orchard at New Community Center, 2025 Alton Pkwy., Irvine, (714) 650-2038. Fri.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2:30 p.m. Through March 22. $8-$10.

-Anna Barr

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
In the program, directing credit for One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is shared by Mario and Joan Lescot, with Lynette Deveraux cited as assistant director. Perhaps it's this superabundance of vision that creates such a choppy and unrealistic rendition.

Lescot's Chief Bromden, whose stifled inner strength we are supposed to cheer as it blossoms, never delivers; he goes from catatonic to sorta strong when he escapes the asylum after a window is unlocked by someone else. The power play between diabolical Nurse Ratchet and rebellious newcomer R.P. McMurphy also falls flat. Alice Ensor's attempt at cool manipulation is more cartoonish than scary, her scowl and one-note throatiness reminding me of Cruella De Ville-without much of the cruella. P.J. Agnew's McMurphy is a naughty boy with a heart, and he's not nearly sleazy enough; he easily wins the friendship of the other patients (even the doctor who is Ratchet's superior), so what's the threat?

There is also way too much tell and not enough show in Wassermann's thin adaptation. The characters chatter too much about who everybody is and what everything is. I mean, "frontal lobotomy" is pretty self-explanatory; if not, show us the scars—we'll get it soon enough.
Struggling beneath these weights, the fascinating battle of wills between two complex characters is reduced to stereotypical evil bitch vs. good-natured bad boy. Fortunately, Landon Wright’s stuttering Billy was unscarred by the shallowness and contradiction, and Derrick Henderson’s small role of Aide Williams was refreshingly realistic.

The oddest thing about the whole night, however, was that except for an unsolicited giggle at a cryptic “queer” revelation by Bromden, the audience was completely won over and gave the production a standing ovation. Crazy, huh? Was it them, or me?

One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest at the Theatre District, 2930 Bristol St., C-106, Costa Mesa, (714) 435-4043. Fri.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 7 p.m. $15-$20.

-Stacy Davies
Farther Afieid

Hartford, Connecticut

Reviews of Current Productions

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"The Colored Museum"

at Hartford Stage

by E. Kyle Minor

Mainstream Black Theatre has come a long way since George C. Wolfe's "The Colored Museum" opened Off-Broadway in 1979. All the improvement has noticeably rounded off Wolfe's comic edge. Running through March 22 at Hartford Stage Company, "Museum" is a text-book example of the difficulties in comic sketch-writing. The play consists of 11 playlets, all deflating black stereotypes in America. Wolfe uses broad strokes, presumably operating under the theory that bigger is better. In some cases, about free, he's right. The rest of the sketches, however, unfold with the proficiency of a undergraduate thesis project.

The deceptively difficult nature of writing comic sketch become clear in Wolfe's play, despite Hartford's caring production. First, the subject of parody, satire or genial poking must first merit the effort. In this, Wolfe is on the money. The sketch should be a dime sprint, with jokes building up to the final black-out line. Here's where Wolfe often misfires on his target. Lastly, and this certainly holds hands with the second tenet, the writer must know when to quit. Again, "Museum" is sacked by one-gag ideas that go on too long.

"Museum's" first exhibit, as the sketches are called, is a prime example of a writer parking on a subject rather than giving it a ride-by treatment. "Git on Board" is a monologue offered by an airplane stewardess (Nora Cole). The gag is that the passengers are all Africans headed for slavery below the Mason-Dixon Line. The stewardess demonstrates how to apply the shackles rather than eat belt. This, of course, is the choice gag, the only gag in the scene. It drags on another five minutes, as indicated by the audience's running laughter.

The second exhibit, "Cookin' With Pat," is a visual punchline as Aunt Ethel (Catrina Ganey) - Aunt Gemima and Ethel Waters rolled in one -- pops up from behind a cast iron pot, complete with beaming smile and spoon. The sketch continues after the initial impact, overcooking the recipe. The Hairpiece" is a wickedly funny dialogue between two contrasting wigs eager to cover their common scone on a hot date. The fro (Ganey), ever strong and radical, goes head-to-head with the Glamour piece (Cole), which extols the virtues of policy over confrontation. This idea is exhausted and abandoned simultaneously, giving the audience its best laugh of the performance.

The Photo Session" brings two print models from "Ebony" magazine (Peter Jay Fernandez and Cheryl Howard) to shallow life in comic fashion. "The Last Mama-on-the-couch Play" starts out is uproarious spirit, spoofing "Raisin in the Sun" to the letter. But it does go on...and on...

The most comically provocative sketch is "Symbiosis." An upper-middle class man (Fernandez) tries to throw out his past in a lumper, but his African alter-ego (Chad L. Coleman) won't let him, fearing he will abandon his cultural roots. This piece succeeds in winning laughs and resonating with poetic truth in equal measure.

The cast is quiet good, bringing much charm, sharp execution and range to the material. Director Reggie Montgomery's staging of
The Colored Museum" is as lively as can be expected. Percussionist Alvin Benjamin Carter, Jr. compliments the text well.

The Colored Museum" (till 22 March)
HARTFORD STAGE
50 Church Street, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
1(860)527-5151

http://www.theaterrmiror.com/colored.htm
Tour the 'Colored Museum' and leave your stereotypes at the door

Jason Wetzel
Staff Writer

Akron's Weathervane Community Playhouse opened a museum full of exhibits last week, a museum that "has the potential to be an equal-opportunity offender." "The Colored Museum" is a collage of sketches satirizing and debunking the internalized stereotypes of African-Americans.

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From "our schizoid culture," the play chooses the shallow smiles and empty faces of African-American fashion models from a well-known magazine to illustrate this point.

http://www.lycos.com/loc/search?q=1800fromkinscape&x=NETSCAPE&query=%2525The%252520Colored%252520Museum%252520%252520"
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"The Colored Museum" is showing Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m., and Sundays at 2 p.m. until April 27. Tickets can be ordered through the Weathervane Community Playhouse at (330) 836-2626.
Productions

Interviews

Drama into Film

Archives

*The Colored Museum*
Paperback (May 1987)
Broadway Play Pub;

http://www.b16.uni-bremen.de/anglistik/kennroth/ContempDrama/WolfGeorgeC.htm
A frenzied stage in Wolfe's life: 'Noise/Funk' theatrical wizard's influence stretches in all directions

(The Dallas Morning News)

Theatrical master-of-all-trades George C. Wolfe seems the latest victim of the Leonard Bernstein syndrome — letting his gifts as an interpreter and administrator get in the way of writing his own stuff. But, for the time being at least, he appears content simply to be the American theater's most powerful human being.

Back in the 1960s, Bernstein ran the artistic side of the New York Philharmonic and conducted orchestras all over the world, thus leaving himself little time to write classical pieces or Broadway shows. Mr. Wolfe, 43, currently runs the country's most influential not-for-profit stage company, the Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival. He also maintains a full directing schedule. But it's been a while since he exercised his formidable gifts as a writer.

"The main thing that has suffered is the meditation time I need to create," Mr. Wolfe says. "But I'm not really worrying about it. I wind up doing a lot of 'conceiving.'"

It has been hard for Texans to get a sense of just how important and overbooked he has become on the national theater scene. This changes Tuesday, when the Dallas Summer Musicals opens his 1996 musical megahit, Bring in 'da Noise. Bring in 'da Funk.

Till now, the only major sample of his work Dallas had seen is his early play The Colored Museum, repeatedly produced by area companies. The tour of his lauded 1992 musical Jelly's Last Jam, for which he wrote the book as well as directing it, never made it here. Nor have his two most important directorial triumphs: Anna Deavere Smith still hasn't brought her one-person Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992 to Dallas, and Angels in America was seen here in a different production.

Bring in 'da Noise. Bring in 'da Funk shows just how powerfully Mr. Wolfe's imagination can work on material, even if he never picks up a pen. It offered one way out of Mr. Wolfe's creative bind because he conceived it but didn't actually write any of it.

Jimmy Tate, who was one of the show's four original dancers and is alternating with Sean C. Fielder in the lead role for Dallas, remembers the process well.

"I've been really lucky to work with people I can call geniuses," Mr. Tate says. "I have some old footage of when we were creating Noise/Funk. Ideas were just pouring out of George's head.

"All we knew was that we wanted to build a show around [dancer-choreographer] Savion [Glover]. George would just have us sit around this round table and ask us for ideas. One day I said, "I hate it when I leave rehearsal and I can't even get a cab.""

Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Glover transformed that expression of frustration into Noise/Funk's most famous number, in which the four dancers — all young African-American men — can't find a taxi even though they're spiffily, professionally dressed.

"Once we got a couple of incidents like that, the rest was history," Mr. Tate says.

He means that literally. Noise/Funk's great achievement is to tell the story of the African-American experience while astounding its audience with innovative, thundering dance.

Binding force

Mr. Wolfe's was the intelligence that put it all together.

"It was like a factory. People were doing research. Savion and the dancers were creating their steps. Ann Duquesnay, Daryl Waters and Zane Mark were writing the music and Reg E. Gaines the text. It was all very noisy and chaotic — energies burning off of other energies," Mr. Wolfe says.

http://www.8b10.url-bremen.de/anglistik/kenkhoff/ContempDrama/WolfeGeorgeC.htm
Noise/Funk is Mr. Wolfe's most original achievement since taking over the Public Theater five years ago. There are reasons for that: The Public represented an even bigger challenge than most other major artistic companies, and Mr. Wolfe has worked through some health problems during this time as well. (He has had a successful kidney transplant in the last year.)

The problems at the Public Theater were twofold. Founder Joseph Papp, for whom the institution was renamed, was a hard act to follow because he was one of the seminal figures in modern American theater. His hand-picked successor, JoAnne Akalaitis, proved too experimental and controversial for a company that has spawned mainstream hits such as A Chorus Line in addition to introducing many of the best contemporary playwrights, native and foreign, to American audiences.

"Day to day, the first year took an impossible amount of energy," Mr. Wolfe says. "It was a very fractured organization with a not-very-supportive staff. Finding out how it actually worked was like going on some archaeological dig - unearthing what had been crafted by other people. I didn't want just to cover the facade with fresh paint and pretend we had changed the theater."

It took him a while to get his feet on the ground.

"I was just busy learning this new thing called being a producer - in one of the most difficult of cities, New York. I was consumed by the task and the obstacles."

One of a producer's tasks, of course, is to find the money. Mr. Wolfe-the-director has been Mr. Wolfe-the-producer's best friend in this. Noise/Funk has been filling the Public Theater's coffers nicely. Mr. Wolfe says the financial returns aren't on the scale of A Chorus Line's, but they're still formidable.

Back to directing

Except for medical interruptions, Mr. Wolfe has passionately thrown himself back into directing since the success of Noise/Funk. Last summer he directed for the New York Shakespeare Festival a much-heralded revival of Bernstein's first musical, On the Town. The Broadway transfer announced for last season will finally happen this fall.

Currently he's directing the workshop of a new musical called Wild Party by Michael John La-Chi-usa, who was the Public Theater's artist in residence this season. A full production is planned for the spring.

From Mr. Wolfe's description of the show, you can see how it would appeal to this artist who constantly grapples with the paradoxes of American history.

"It's based on a jazz poem, a slice of life from 1920s New York culture. I like working on the early part of our century because it bears the seeds of who we are and who we aren't. When I read Wild Party, I said to myself, 'Oh, I think I need to direct this.' It's dangerous, highly theatrical and emotional. Just what draws me to the theater."

It has been a while since Mr. Wolfe directed a new drama, as opposed to a musical, but he supposes he'll get around to one soon.

"I loved doing Macbeth, but there's something I miss about working on a new play," he says.

Still, he's satisfied to be working on a string of musicals.

"Sometimes people say, 'Everything he does should be Angels in America,' " he says. "Puh-leeze."

PERFORMANCE INFORMATION

The Dallas Summer Musicals presents Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk at the Music Hall at Fair Park Tuesday through July 29. Performances Tuesday-Sunday at 8 p.m. with 2 p.m. matinees Saturdays, Sundays and July 23. Tickets $7 to 50. Call Ticketmaster at (214) 373-8000 or metro (972) 647-5700.

PHOTO(S): (Michal Daniel) BRINGIN IT: George C. Wolfe observes Bring in 'da Noise, Bring in 'da Funk star Savion Glover work on his moves. LOCATION NOTE: This photo was not sent to the library for archiving.
theatrical wizard’s influence stretches in all directions. , The Dallas Morning News , 07-12-1998, pp 1C.

Reference

Links

http://www.ib10.url-breman.de/anglistik/kenhold/ContempDrama/WolfGeorgeC.htm
The Colored Museum

Department of Theatre Series
Lisa Gaye Dixon, director
By George C. Wolfe

In a series of short sketches and wildly theatrical vignettes, The Colored Museum traces the history of Black people in America from the middle passage to the present day. Biting and satiric, both comic and tragic, these fractured stories of African-Americans touch on everything from slavery and ethnic stereotypes to Black self-discovery and empowerment.

This is sophisticated and fearless humor with sharp, sharp teeth, and a challenging look at how we view ourselves and the white world around us through the filter of our own experience.

Thursday-Saturday, March 22-24 at 8pm
Wednesday-Saturday, March 28-31 at 8pm
Sunday, April 1 at 3pm

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Single: $11 / SC $10 / UI $5 / Yth $6

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Related genre(s):
Theatre
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Jason Wetzel
Staff Writer

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The sign in front of Leeds theater announces that the exhibits open at 8:00. The "exhibits" make up George C. Wolfe's "The Colored Museum," which plays at Leeds through the weekend.

The play is made up of a series of skits that satirize racial stereotypes, inviting us to laugh at something we're usually afraid to talk about. This is a real concept for a play, and Wolfe manages to deepen it by examining the serious implications of these stereotypes. The play is very complex, and this eloquent production, directed by Telia Anderson, succeeds in bringing out this complexity.

His play definitely involves the audience. A drummer, Gigi Otavaro, is perched on a catwalk above the stage, and along with speakers in the rear of the theater he surrounds the audience with the sounds of the play.

The actors invite the audience to repeat sayings, clap their hands and answer questions. This heightens the humor of the play, especially in the first scene, when a perky stewardess shows her enslaved passengers the proper procedure for putting shackles on. The controversial nature of this bit is defused because the audience members are put at ease and allowed to laugh at things without worrying if they're being politically correct.

In any play broken up into skits, the scenes have different tones and vary somewhat in quality. While none are bad, a few are overlong, especially one with a drag queen named Miss Roj. Some are hilarious, like a send-up of Ebony magazine, and some are serious, as when a soldier addresses the audience and talks of the horror of war and its relation to race.

It's a little unnerving to have funny, satirical skits interspersed with heavy and disturbing material. But as the play nears its climax, when five characters from the play come together on stage and all talk at once, the many ways the play is told come together and create a rich dramatic tapestry, overcoming the play's sometimes fragmented nature.

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Lot is going on in "The Colored Museum." Stereotypes are both lampooned and used to examine race, and at times this production falters under Wolfe's dense meaning. But on the whole the actors, each playing a multitude of roles, succeed in being both funny and serious.

Five players (Anitra Brooks, Charmaine P. Dennis, Guy-Mark Foster, Markita Morris and Antony Uy) act out their parts in a remarkably similar style that is effective and energetic but never quite realistic. I assume this subtle overplaying is intentional, but at times it confuses the themes of the play, leaving the meaning and tone of certain lines unclear.

In all, despite the dense interweaving of meaning in the play and the sometimes schizophrenic layering of humor and drama, "The Colored Museum" is entertaining in addition to being a thought-provoking examination of race in America.

The greatest success of the play and this production is moving its audience to laugh at its complicated and difficult subject matter.
Ebony and Irony
The Colored Museum at the Alliance

BY CURT HOLMAN

George C. Wolfe's *The Colored Museum* takes a tour through African-American stereotypes and self-perceptions. Exhibits on display include an Aunt Jemima-style domestic, a fabulous couple from the pages of *Ebony* magazine, and a mini-play that seems to simultaneously spoof *Raisin in the Sun*, for colored girls who have considered suicide, and those raucous comedies that tour on the so-called "chitlin circuit."

But *The Colored Museum* itself may be becoming something of a museum piece. It dates back to 1986, and though Wolfe's vision retains its clarity, some of its satire seems less biting than it would have a decade ago. The play still provokes plenty of laughter and reflection, especially with the lavish treatment director Kenny Leon gives it at the Alliance.

Most of *The Colored Museum*'s monologues and sketches are comic, none more so than the first, "Git On Board." Like every Delta airline stewardess you've ever seen, Miss Pat (Rosalyn Coleman) welcomes the audience to a transatlantic trip on "Celebrity Slaveship," making note of the Fasten Your Shackles sign, and prohibiting drums. En route to Savannah, Miss Pat explains the cultural advantages that will come from generations of slavery, such as song and dance. "And just think what you're going to mean to William Faulkner!"

The thread running through each "exhibit" is pain (particularly the pain of race) and how to counter it. "Cookie" with Aunt Ethel" (Natalie Carter) offers a musical recipe not for food but the black psyche. A comic highlight, "The Hair-Piece," involves two wigs -- one Afro and one straight "chocolate Barbie" -- bickering over which of them should be worn by their owner. Outrageously funny, it also indicates the pressures between embracing black American culture and assimilating.

"Symbiosis" picks up this same theme, and seemed to strike the deepest chord with the Alliance audience. A black professional (Ray Ford) on his way up throws out all of his "black" effects, including pomade, *Soul on Ice* and classic pop music records. A younger self (Hassan El-Amin) tries to get him to hang on to such things as his Temptations album: "My Girl" is who we are. It's a way of life!" "Symbiosis" best negotiates *The Colored Museum* 's balancing act between comedy and commentary.

The more straight-faced monologues rarely pack the same punch, with the museum format (the rotating set brings the actors in) undercutting the attempts at seriousness. "A Soldier With a Secret" is told by an undead Vietnam Vet (Ford), while the unwed mother (Coleman) in "Permutations" lays an all-too-symbolic egg. "Lala's Opening" begins with a frivolous black chanteuse, Lala Lamazing Grace (Crystal Fox) making her American debut after being the toast of Europe. Her French accent is as phony as the rest of her. But the poignancy of the playlet's resolution seems forced.

The cast is uniformly terrific (Coleman especially impresses), showing off eloquent body language and deft physical comedy. The dialogue and movements of "The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play" are all intentionally and hilariously over the top, particularly when the proud, angry son (El-Amin) is gunned down by "The Man" and Mama (Carter) laments "If only he'd been born in an all-black musical!

Rochelle Barker's set nicely evokes a typical museum's Grecian architecture, although missing the opportunity to imitate the adjacent High Museum. Hilariously, the props of "Mama-on-the-Couch" -- couch, housedsress, curtains, welcome mat -- are all the same floral pattern. Leon periodically employs a slide show of black history to add texture to the play (and help fill out its brisk 95 minutes), although the inclusion of Atlanta Mayor Bill Campbell and playwright Pearl Cleage seems a bit gratuitous.

Wolfe is mostly renowned as the Tony Award-winning director of shows like *Angels in America* and *Jelly's Last Jam*, and for co-creating *Bring in Da Noise, Bring in Da Funk*. In writing *Museum*, Wolfe's mixture of irreverence and righteousness helped set the tone for such African-American works as *Tongues United* and Regina Taylor's *The Ties That Bind*. And it's hard to imagine the sketch comedy of "In Living Color" being the same without its influence.

But because of the popularity of comparable projects, *Museum* exhibits like "The Gospel According to Miss Roj," a monologue from a flamboyant "snap queen" (El-Amin) seems familiar, especially compared to Ru Paul and the "Men on Film" segments on "Living Color." "Miss Roj" and the climactic "Party" both play on the image of dancing through pain and turmoil, which seems very much a 1980s conceit.
Race lingers as a problem in America and has taken numerous permutations since The Colored Museum’s debut. The play leaves you wondering what Wolfe could do with the O.J. Simpson trial or the Ebonics debate. Some of Wolfe’s satirical exhibits seem dated, but The Colored Museum remains relevant enough to be funny, and funny enough to be relevant.

The Colored Museum plays through Feb. 8 at the Alliance Theatre, in the Woodruff Arts Center at 1280 Peachtree St., with performances at 8 p.m. Tuesday-Saturday, and 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Sunday. $16-36. Call 404-733-5000.
The Colored Museum

Department of Theatre Series
Lisa Gaye Dixon, director
By George C. Wolfe
Special scenic effects made possible, in part, by the Rohlen Fund for Excellence and Innovation in Performance, College of Fine and Applied Arts.

In a series of short sketches and wildly theatrical vignettes, The Colored Museum traces the history of Black people in America from the middle passage to the present day. Biting and satiric, both comic and tragic, these fractured stories of African-Americans touch on everything from slavery and ethnic stereotypes to Black self-discovery and empowerment.

This is sophisticated and fearless humor with sharp, sharp teeth, and a challenging look at how we view ourselves and the white world around us through the filter of our own experience.

Thursday-Saturday, March 22-24 at 8pm
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Theater

'Museum' is studded with satirical gems

Tuesday, February 20, 2001

By JOE ADCOCK
SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER THEATER CRITIC

"The Colored Museum," which is currently playing at the Langston Hughes Cultural Arts Center, is a monument of black history. But it isn't the kind of monument that civic leaders had in mind when February was designated as Black History Month.

Playwright George C. Wolfe thinks a lot of things in African American culture are hilarious. Wolfe called his "Colored Museum" a place where "the myths and madness of black/Negro/colored Americans are stored."

The museum's displays include the gay "snap queen," the success-obsessed buppy (black urban professional), the jolly mammy, the ultra-sophisticated pop diva and the simple-minded soldier.

When "The Colored Museum" debuted at the Crossroads Theatre in New Brunswick, N.J., in 1986, there were a few boos from dignified black leaders who saw no benefit in revealing amusing cultural idiosyncrasies to society at large.

But most audiences were delighted by Wolfe's audacity.

As L. Kenneth Richardson, the director of that premiere production,

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wrote, "Here was a work that dared to satirize the sacred cows of black culture."

The novelty of Wolfe's 1986 achievement is impossible to revive in 2001. And Wolfe has gone on to become something of a cultural icon himself. He now heads the New York Shakespeare Festival.

It is fun, however, to take another peek into "The Colored Museum." The Empty Space Theatre produced the show in 1988. A member of that cast, Kibibi Monie, is now in charge of an organization called Nu Black Arts West, which is producing the revival at Langston Hughes.

Monie directs the show. She also acts in it. One of her parts is the title role in a skit called "The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play." That is, Monie plays the mama, not the couch. But one of costume designer Demene Hall's jokes is to make Mama's dress and the couch's slipcover out of the same washed-out floral print.

In this skit, Wolfe satirizes the whole of contemporary black theater. Serious playwrights Lorraine Hansberry, James Baldwin and Ntozake Shange come in for ridicule as do cheery black musical entertainments such as "Eubie" and "Ain't Misbehavin'."

In a satire of Hansberry's "Raisin in the Sun," Gael Tomas Jones, in the role of Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie, is very funny as he rants about "The Man."

In another skit, Jones is effective as the snap queen, Miss Roj, who ridicules anyone who dares to ridicule him/her.

The funniest skit in the show is about a distraught woman (Georgi Page) who cannot decide on which of two wigs to wear: her Angela Davis Afro or her Diana Ross bouncy curls. Her wig stands come to life. Monie in the Afro argues for strength. Mya Brown in the Ross number recommends flirtatiousness. The three actresses get into a hilarious squabble.

As Wolfe notes in his introduction to "The Colored Museum," quick transitions from scene to scene are essential. This necessity is ignored at Langston Hughes. Long blackouts separate scenes. The show never gathers momentum. And within scenes, Monie's actors tend to adopt and maintain a single manner of speaking. That can get monotonous.

Kevin Krist's set includes slide projections that show blacks as victims of lynchings, Jim Crow laws and economic exclusion.

All that is pertinent in terms of black history.

But the victim experience is exactly what Wolfe is abandoning in his
'Museum' is studded with satirical gems

audacious take on autonomous black culture.
Calvin to Present Award-Winning Play

A troupe of Calvin College students will present George C. Wolfe’s award-winning play, "The Colored Museum," at 8 p.m. on both February 18 and February 19 in Calvin’s Lab Theatre, as part of the school’s Black History Month and Homecoming 1999 celebrations. Tickets are $6 for adults and $3 for students.

The troupe also plans a performance on February 25 at Grand Rapids Community College at a time to be announced.

The company will be under the direction of Michael Travis, Calvin’s director of multicultural student development and an accomplished local actor. “This play represents the beginning of a tradition for Black History Month here at Calvin,” said Travis. "Last year, the Multicultural Student Development Office produced the play ‘The Meeting’ with local actors. Following the success of that production, the need for students to be involved was recognized. This specific play, consisting of separate vignettes, was chosen because of its adaptability to rehearsal schedules and number of characters needed as well as the fact that it has a powerful and important message."

Added Travis: "The Calvin community needs exposure to Black theatre and Black history, even if it’s presented in a satirical or comical manner. Black theatre is an effective avenue for disseminating educational information."

Travis notes that the company has little stage experience, but tremendous potential. Rehearsals are on-going and Travis says the cast is growing individually and coming closer together as an ensemble – an extra benefit from his perspective.

"The Colored Museum" had its world premiere in 1986 and since then has been produced in venues big and small. Its satirical stories continue to strike a responsive chord with audiences.

Using vignettes or playlets some of "The Colored Museum" satirizes and lampoons various elements of African American culture. Other parts of the play deal with the search for identity, and the pain of lost identity, on the part of some African Americans.

"Symbiosis" relates a middle-class black man’s attempt to throw away his past identity in order to properly assimilate into the white dominated society. The struggle for identity also is lampooned in "The Hairpiece" as a nearly bald black woman decides which wig to wear, an Afro wig or a long flowing one.

The first playlet is "Git on Board," which takes a satirical look at the involuntary African American voyage to America – using pseudo-sophisticated black flight attendant and images of slaves as baggage to be discarded if not claimed.

http://www.calvin.edu/news/releases/cm.htm
A New York Times review said that the play addresses the theme of how African Americans can "at once honor and escape the legacy of suffering that is the baggage of their past." A reviewer for New York Magazine added that "this is a sophisticated, satirical, seriously funny show that spoofs white and black America alike." But an African American reviewer for The Village Voice disagreed. She called the play disturbing and added that Wolfe's laughter is "...a sign of how very deep self-hatred has run in the black psyche."

The playwright himself has said: "Black American culture is a very fragmented thing. We're all trying to come up with some definition of what we are."
THE COLORED MUSEUM

by George C. Wolfe
Music by Kysia Bostic

September 26-29, October 3-5, 1996 at 8 pm
October 6, 1996 at 3 pm

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Antony Uy

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THE EXHIBITS
Git On Board
Cookin' With Aunt Ethel
The Photo Session
Soldier With A Secret
The Gospel According to Miss Roj
The Hairpiece
The Last Mama-On-The-Couch Play
Symbiosis
Lala's Opening
Permutations
The Party

There is no intermission in this production.

Drummer: Gigi Otalvaro
Matt McCarrell, Conductor

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

"There's madness in me and that madness sets me free. That's why when I walk down the street my hips just sashay all over the place. 'Cause I'm dancing to the music of the madness in me."
-Topsy, The Colored Museum

In this subversive tragicomic discourse, Wolfe invokes the spirit of counterhegemonic performance in a celebration of cultural madness. Topsy, from a storehouse of static iconography come-to-life, defines and delineates a performance that ruptures the boundaries and circumscriptions of societal order. Wolfe reaches for an African aesthetic creating a personal ontology of spiritual power and simultaneously forging a space of resistance using

http://www.brown.edu/Departments/Theatre_Speech_Dance/PlaybillsMuseum.html 12/10/00
Topsy's dance. Exposing the metonymic and paradigmatic connections between madness and power, the playwright urges us to embrace the contradictions that would set us free. In our brief strut across the stage, we attempt to unsettle and de-naturalize valorized paradigms by exposing the museum for its absurdity at the same time that we recuperate its possibilities for survival.

-Telia Anderson

PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager - Nicole Mylona  
Assistant Technical Director - David P. Crowley  
Technical Assistants - Jonathan Doughty, R. Channing Moore III, Joshua Waldman, Matthew F. Woods  
Assistant Director - Brijen Shah  
Assistant Stage Managers - Aatish Salvi, Hillary King  
Musical Director - Kate Matsutani  
Vocal Coaches - Yi-mei Chng, Kelly Mancini  
Choreographic Assistance - Sumayah Taliaferro  
Dance Captain - Markita Morris  
Dimmerboard Operator - Lizzy Davis  
Sound Operator - Mike Boilen  
Slide Designer/Follow Spot Operator - Leah Williams  
Assistant Slide Designer - Courtney Kemp  
Set Crew - TA25, TA3  
Costume Design Advisor - Phillip Contic  
Costume Shop Manager - Ann S. Smith  
Costume Shop Assistants - Xochitl Gonzalez, Chelsea Harper, Alexandra Huttinger, Juman Malouf  
Costume Construction - TA 27  
Dressers - Leah Chalofsky, Thea Grant  
Front of House/Box Office Manager - Karen Longest  
Box Office Assistants - Zac Cunha, Ann Gellert  
Poster Design - Emily Jan  
Publicity Photographer - Jess Brakeley

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS


THE COLORED MUSEUM previewed at Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival on October 7, 1986 and opened on November 2, 1986.

Produced through special arrangement with Broadway Play Publishing Inc., 56 E 81st St., NY, NY 10028. The script to this play may be purchased through BPPI.

SOCK & BUSKIN BOARD

Ann Gellert (Chair), Peter Nachtrieb (Vice-Chair), Anitra Brooks (Secretary), Valerie Bernstein, Dana Goldberg, Amanda Margulies, Margaret Marx, Megan McCrudden, Josh Mellars, Michael Schreiber, Meredith Smith

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February 6, 2001

Contact:
Sue Hinz, 509/335-3583, hinz@wsu.edu
WSU Theatre Office, 509/335-8524

WSU Theatre Department Celebrates Black History Month with the Play 'The Colored Museum,' Feb. 8-10

PULLMAN, Wash. — The play "The Colored Museum" will be performed at Washington State University Feb. 8-10 in honor of Black History Month.

The show is set for 8 p.m. in Jones Theatre, Daggy Hall, with an additional showing at 2 p.m. Feb. 10.

The play, written by George C. Wolfe, is a satire that reveals the myth and madness of the African American culture and uses whimsical and sometimes graphic views to awaken, enlighten, remind and warn society of the effects of a purely stereotypical environment, said director Phyllis Gooden-Young.

The show is organized in a series of playlets with various elements of the African American culture. "Get on board," the first exhibit in the "museum," establishes the basic premise as it mocks African Americans' involuntary voyage to America, said Gooden-Young.

The cast includes Damen Burns of Tacoma, Charina Corothers of Spokane, Alix Chapman of Yakima, Israel Massallo of Tacoma, Senait Mengsteb of Seattle, Condry "C.J." Robbins of Tacoma, Kadeen T. Shaw of Miami and Corrine Williams of Seattle.

The cost is $8 for adults, $6 for seniors and $4 for students and youth. The Visual, Performing and Literary Arts Committee funds WSU student discounts. Graduate students' tickets are free, courtesy of the Graduate and Professional Students Association. A discussion with the director, cast and crew will be open to all audience members after the Feb. 8 performance.

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UCSD THEATRE AND DANCE ANNOUNCES

THE COLORED MUSEUM
by George C. Wolfe
November 17 - 21, 1999
MandeU Weiss Forum

The University of California, San Diego Department of Theatre and Dance is pleased to present THE COLORED MUSEUM by George C. Wolfe. Directed by guest faculty member Loni Berry and starring a cast of talented MFA Acting candidates, THE COLORED MUSEUM opens the 1999-2000 Subscription Season.

THE COLORED MUSEUM opens on Wednesday, November 17th and plays through Sunday, November 21st. Performances begin at 8:00PM Wednesday through Saturday, and at 7:00PM on Sunday.

Through a series of "exhibits," George C. Wolfe challenges stereotypes old and new with hilarious historical juxtapositions and startling political observations. From a perky stewardess giving "fasten your shackle" directions on a slave ship to a modern black couple abandoning the complexities of the real world to live inside Ebony magazine, Wolfe paints a multi-faceted portrait of the African-American experience. His take-no-prisoners style of satire highlights his characters' search for cultural and


4/25/01
individual identity. *THE COLORED MUSEUM* electrifies, surprises and delights audiences of all races as it redefines what it means to be black in America.

Playwright George C. Wolfe is the Artistic Director of the New York Shakespeare Festival and the Joseph Papp Public Theatre. As a director, he received the Tony Award in 1993 for *ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES* and again in 1996 for *BRING IN 'DA NOISE, BRING IN 'DA FUNK*. Other directing credits include: the NYSF production of *THE TEMPEST* starring Patrick Stewart; the Broadway production of Anna Deveare Smith's *TWILIGHT: LOS ANGELES*; and *JELLY'S LAST JAM* in Los Angeles and on Broadway, where it won three Tony Awards. Other notable recognitions include Drama Desk, Outer Critics Circle, Dramalogue and Obie Awards, as well as being named "Person of the Year" by the National Theatre Conference and "a living landmark" by the New York Landmarks Conservancy. Mr. Wolfe received a CBS/Foundation of the Dramatist Guild Playwriting Award for *THE COLORED MUSEUM*, which he co-directed for Great Performances on PBS. Originally from Frankfort, Kentucky, Mr. Wolfe holds a BA in Directing from Pomona College and an MFA in Dramatic Writing/Musical Theatre from NYU.

Director Loni Berry is a graduate of Brown University, where he studied playwriting with George Bass and Pulitzer Prize-winner Paula Vogel. As a student at the Yale School of Drama, he assisted Lloyd Richards on August Wilson's *TWO TRAINS RUNNING*. Mr. Berry went on to teach at Williams College and is currently on the faculty of California State University, San Marcos. As the recipient of a Theatre Communications Group/National Endowment for the Arts Director Fellowship, he studied with Tadashi Suzuki in Japan, Peter Minshall in Trinidad and George C. Wolfe in New York. Mr. Berry's play *LOVE, LANGSTON* (a collage of poetry and short stories by Langston Hughes) has been performed at Seattle Repertory Theatre and the Hartford Stage Company. His play *BRER RABBIT* has been produced by six theatres. He has directed for both Africa Arts Theatre and the Public Theatre in New York, as well as for the National Black Theatre Festival in Winston-Salem, NC. Most recently, Loni Berry was named Artistic Director of Southeastern Community Theatre in San Diego.

*THE COLORED MUSEUM* is part of the fall graduate season of the Department of Theatre and Dance and features the design work of the following MFA candidates: Scenic Designer Donna Marque!, Costume Designer Christal Weatherley, Assistant Costume Designer Liam O'Brien, Lighting Designer Gwen Grossman and Assistant Lighting Designer Shao Ann Yo. The Production Stage Manager is MFA candidate Kyle Rudgers and the Assistant Stage Managers are MFA candidates Erin Nelson and Rachel Perlman.

Performances will be held in the Mandell Weiss Forum on the UCSD campus. Tickets can be purchased at the door or by calling the Box Office at 858.534.4574. General Admission is $12, the UCSD Affiliate Rate is $10.
and the Student Rate is $6. Please call Steven Box, Director of Promotions, at 858.822.3152 for additional information.

Parking passes are required and can be purchased on site or at the Gilman Entrance to the UCSD campus. Parking passes are $3 for weekday evenings (including Fridays). No parking passes are required on weekends.

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The UCSD Department of Theatre and Dance is the third-ranked graduate theatre training program in the nation (U.S. News and World Report, 1997). The Master of Fine Arts Program in Theatre was created in 1974, celebrating its 25th anniversary in 1999. We offer programs in Acting, Design, Directing, Playwriting, and Stage Management, and have begun accepting students for our newly established PhD program. The department has a unique professional relationship with La Jolla Playhouse (Tony Award for Outstanding Regional Theatre, 1993) which is in residence at UCSD for extended seasons each year in our shared facilities at the Mandell Weiss Center for the Performing Arts. MFA students get at least one professional residency with La Jolla Playhouse. The joint PhD program in Theatre and Drama offered through the UCSD and UC Irvine campuses provides doctoral students with an innovative curriculum, a custom designed program of instruction, and access to the faculty and research resources of two nationally ranked theatre departments. The UCSD Department of Theatre and Dance also offers an extensive undergraduate program, with majors leading to Bachelor of Arts degrees in Theatre and in Dance. The minor offered by the Department of Theatre and Dance is one of the most popular at UCSD

For more information about the UCSD Department of Theatre and Dance please call Director of Promotions, Steven Box at 858.822.3152
Git On Board

"Welcome aboard Celebrity Slaveship."

Imagine you are about to sail across the sea, leaving your home for a new country that’s never been seen by anyone you’ve known. It has only been verbalized and pondered on in conversations. But instead of the exhilaration feeling one tends to experience under these circumstances, you feel a sense of remorse, for you have been denied the privilege of the average tourist. You are more like the long-term exchange student given an extreme case of the "cream" method.

The shackle that bond your arms and feet serve as an incessant reminder of the liberty you’ve lost; the life melancholically stolen from you.

"Hi, I’m Miss Pat..."

On board the Celebrity Slaveship, with the hosting of Miss Pat, the stereotype-mixed "future" of Black America will be revealed to you. Freedom is just an old griot’s tale; you can only sit back and wait for the world to wake up from their trance and allow you to show them that Black people are a great people.

American Revolution  Havana
Atlantic                  Martin Luther King, Jr.
Bahia                    Korean War
James Brown              Martha and the Vandellas
Cabin A (stereotypes)    Mary
Diahann Carroll          "Nobody Knows the Trouble I’ve Seen"
Civil War                F.D. Roosevelt
Conversion               Savannah
Drums                    Shackles
Fabulous Flames          "Summertime"
William Faulkner         The Supremes
Four Little Girls of Alabama
Funky Chicken            Nat Turner
George Gerswhin           Denmark Vessey
“Get on Board, Little Children”
“Go Down, Moses”          Vietnam
Gold Coast               Wastusi
Great Depression          World War I
                                      World War II
Cookin' With Aunt Ethel

This scene combines the blatantly harsh reality of the slave life with stereotypes such as Aunt Jemima and the new revolutionary cultures characteristics into a cauldron to form the conglomeration we call the African American life. By sitting in Aunt Ethel's kitchen, we find the quintessentials of the African American culture and the characteristics of “a batch of negroes”.

40 acres and a mule
Blues
Chitterlings
Comedians
Hair and Beauty Culture
Grits
Jazz
Minstrel Shows
Murray's Pomade
“Negroes”
(see also stereotypes)
"Smile/click..."

"The Photo Session" is a scene that exhibits one of the many ways people chose to handle their pain; or rather not handle it. This way is to pretend that it is not happening at all. By doing so, these people live in a make-believe world in their heads where the reality is not noticed; everything is perfect.

In this particular "exhibit," there is a couple who "gave away their life" to be beautiful, living inside *Ebony Magazine*. They are models; they don't think, live, or feel only pose and smile for the camera. The models, Guy and Girl, respectively, are granting their wish by living inside "a world where everyone is beautiful, and wears fabulous clothes." For them, they have achieved the ultimate status although they now have no life and are no longer human, in a sense. The Guy and Girl have a life of no pain.

*Ebony Magazine*

*Jet Magazine*
The Gospel According to Miss Roj

In searching through the rich history of the African American culture, a concentration should be placed on the impact of homosexuals, in this case the Snap Queens. If being an African American in America didn’t already pose a problem of acceptance, to be gay or lesbian, made the road harder to travel.

*Miss Roj* represents this group of people who are not only forced to see the color of their skin but have their sexual preferences thrown in their faces. However, placing the emphasis on the race and sexuality of a person often places a veil over the eyes when it comes down to issues in life that are more important such as poverty and the increasing homicide rate.

125th Street
Bacardi and Coke
“Beach Blanket Bingo”
Brooklyn
Corn rows
Flatbush
Go-go boots
Aretha Franklin (see also Lala)
Annette Funicello
Jherri-curl
Jones Beach
Kool-Aid
New York Post
Patio pants
Respect
Snap Queens
The Hairpiece

There is one thing everyone can relate to be it great or small, big or little; that is the importance of the hairstyle. In magazines, on television and even on the radio there are ads for all sorts or hair products from clippers to texturizers, colors to relaxers. Over the years in the African-American neighborhood, the dilemma is slightly different. The question is “straight” or “kinky.”

In this piece, Lawanda, a straight-haired wig, and Janine, a kinky-haired wig, discuss the significance of each texture and what it represents. Their mission; to get their Woman, to understand that “...it’s about the hair. It’s all about the hair.”

Hair
Wigs
Taiwan
Madame C. J. Walker
The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play

From the 1970's on, African American playwrights produced a new type of drama, chronicling the struggles of the African American family. The Women's movement, including both the emergence of literary contributors such as playwrights Lorraine Hansbury and Ntozake Shange, and the recognition of women’s role as the backbone of the household in figures such as Mama and the wife.

In this sitcom, Mr. Wolfe relies on the portrayal of these women, and their strengths to keep a dying world together, while they wonder they couldn't have had the lives of actors in all-black musicals.

A Raisin in the Sun

For Colored Girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf
Lorraine Hansbury
Carmen Jones
Juliard
Hestia
Gospel Music
Medea
Ntozake Shange
Symbiosis

Often times, in order to succeed, African Americans have been known to go through terrible struggles. Not only physically and verbally, as experienced in the workplace, but also spiritually and emotionally. Some find that by “throwing away” their pasts, they can be “accepted” easier, feeling that this is the ultimate solution.

In this piece, The Man is in such a position. Although he feels that it would be best for his life, his conscience, The Kid, won’t allow him simply allow his past to become extinct. What he finds is that no matter what happens, you can’t get rid of your past, for it will always follow you.

Afro-comb Afro-sheen “Ain’t Too Proud to Beg” Cambodia Stokley Carmichael Eldridge Cleaver The Color Purple Converse All-Stars Curl Relaxer Dashiki Angela Davis Detroit (see also Lala) Fingertips Part 2 “I Want You Back” The Jackson Five Michael Jackson Jimi Hendricks Jomo Kenyatta Murray’s Pomade Newark Huey Newton “Huey, Duey and Louie” “Papa was a Rolling Stone “Purple Haze” “My Girl” Bobby Seal Soul On Ice Sly Stone Donna Summer The Temptations The Temptations Greatest Hits “There’s a Riot Going On” Vietnam “white lines”
Lala’s Opening

African Americans were striving to succeed not only in the business aspects of the nation, but also in entertainment. Many times, famous African Americans such as Josephine Baker, Marion Anderson, James Baldwin, and Paul Robeson, as mentioned, fled the country to Europe because they were more appreciated. After they became appreciated in Europe, they would sometimes come back to America to give their openings, often discovering that nothing had changed since they left and they were better off in Europe.

In Lala’s Opening, Lala Lamazing Grace, is not only faced with going back to the racism but also the past she tried to disclaim. As her façade is slowly uncovered, the world becomes aware of her family and companion issues, displaying significantly how delving into the personal life can tell so much more about a person than a name.

James Baldwin
CLA
Sammy Davis, Jr
Detroit
FBI
Aretha Franklin
Gone With The Wind
Billy Holiday
Hottentot Siamese Twins
Left Bank
Mississippi

“Nazis”
Paris
Prague
Rangoon
Paul Robeson
Pomade (see also Symbiosis)
Rome
Diana Ross
Sadie
Bessie Smith
Svengali
Permutations

Often time, people base things on the visual aspects of different circumstances. The words that are given to label the people are what they are known as and how they are viewed. This is a particular true scenario when discussing the issue of teenage pregnancy. Often times the “solution” is to “lock” or send the girl away in order to not embarrass the family.

In this scene, Normal Jean Reynolds, a southern country girl, is pregnant and shunned by her mother because of her condition. The verbal abuse on the behalf of the child is evident but not matter what, she is determined to have and keep her babies. Normal Jean’s faith helps her retain the mind frame that her babies are going to “...fly.”

Marilyn Monroe
Debbi Reynolds
The Party

From a speck of hope and determination, a nation, and even an entire culture can change their way of life. In looking to the future for African Americana, they must realize that you can’t go forward without knowing what happened in the past in order for the undetermined to be a new dawn. Being cognizant is the first step, because from identifying the problem, so to speak, a solution can be formed.

*Topsy Washington* is representative of this new culture whose motto is “...whereas I can’t live inside of yesterday’s pain, I can’t live without it.” What they have found is the madness of their pasts is what sets them free.

125th Street
Louis Armstrong
Count Basie
Angela Davis (see also *Symbiosis*)
Miles Davis
Edward “Duke” Ellington
Existentialism
Ella Fitzgerald
Jimi Hendricks
Lightnin’ Hopkins
Aunt Jemima
Eartha Kitt
Shuffle-ball change
Nat Turner
Fats Waller
Bert Williams
South Africa
Stevie Wonder
Malcolm X
What would you have done?

YES'MA AN QUIT DAT JOB. DAT WERE DE MOS' RIDICULOUS PLACE I'VE EBBED BEEN IN!
DEV PLAYED A GAME CALLED BRIDGE, AN' LAS' NIGHT DERE WERE
LOTS O' FELLAS AN' GALS DERE. JES' AS AH WAS FIXIN' T' SERVE
FRESMINTS AN' HEAMS DIS MAN SAY TO A WOMAN, "TAKE YO' HANDS OFF MAN TRICK!"

AH JES' NEAH DRAPPED RAID WHEN, BLESS MAN BONES, AH HEAMS
AN' NOODDER MAN SAY, "YOU SURE GOT A NICE BURT!"
DEN AN' NOODDER MAN SAY, "LAY DOWN AN' LET ME SEE WHAT YOU GOT!"
DEN' AN' HEAMS' DIS WOMAN SAY, "YOU FORCED ME AN' AH MAD TO TAKE
YOU OUT WHEN AH'D ALREADY BEEN DOWN TWICE!"

DEN' DIS' LADY WOMAN SAY "YOU JUMPED ME TWICE WHEN YOU
DIDN'T HAVE STUFF ENNUF FO' ONE GOOD RAISE."

AN' DEN' SOME WOMAN SAY SOMP'N 'BOUT 'COVERIN' HER HONOR.'
WELL, AH JUST UPS 'AN' GITS MAN HAT 'CAUSE AH KNOWED DAT AIN'T
NO FITTIN' PLACE FO' ME. AH JUST' AS AH WAS LEAVIN', AH HOP TO
DIE EF DIS WOMAN DIDN'T SAY, "WELL, AH GUESS WE'LL STOP NOW,
AS DIS IS MAN'S LAST RUBBER' AN' DEN' DORBONE EF SHE DAIN'T
SAY, "LAY DOWN YO DUMMY AN' LET ME PLAY ON IT!"

NO'MAM, AH' S A LADY AN' AH JES' COULDN'T STAY THERE!

Postcard highlighting mammy’s unkempt appearance and substandard English
Bahia, a state in northeastern Brazil, considered the cradle of Afro-Brazilian culture.

Of all the states in Brazil, Bahia has maintained the strongest ties with Africa and African culture. During the first two centuries of the colonial era, Bahia absorbed most of the slaves who were imported to Brazil. At this time, the slaves came to constitute a majority of Bahia’s population and exerted a proportional effect on the developing character of the state. Today, Bahia’s traditions and customs are living testimony to the enormous influence of Africans and their descendants.

**BAHIA: AN OVERVIEW**

Bahia is divided into three distinct regions: the **reconcavo**, the **serraó**, and the **litoral**. The reconcavo is the hot, humid area surrounding the Baía de Todos os Santos (Bay of All Saints), on which the city of Salvador is located. Its principal cities are Carboeira, Santo Amaro, Maragogipe, and Nazaré, formerly the sugar and tobacco centers that brought wealth to Salvador during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The serrão is a vast, dry stretch of land in the state’s interior. It is sparsely populated by cattle raisers and farmers, who are sometimes forced by droughts to migrate. The litoral is the expansive cocoa-producing region to the south of the Baía de Todos os Santos.

Bahia is a state of more than 12.5 million inhabitants. Nearly 60 percent of the population is urban. People of African descent predominate in Bahia and are concentrated in urban centers along the coast. There are also more than 10,000 native Indians representing almost 20 different tribes, most residing on government-protected land.

Bahia’s capital, Salvador, was the colonial capital from 1549 to 1763 and the center of the sugar industry that sustained the country’s prosperity through the late eighteenth century. During the colonial period, it was one of the most important ports in the New World, carrying on a prosperous trade with Europe, Asia, and Africa. Today, Salvador is Bahia’s most important and most populous city, with some 2.5 million inhabitants. Eighty percent are of African descent.

The historic district of the city was constructed in two levels—the cidade alta (upper city) and the cidade baixa (lower city). In the cidade alta, the neighborhood known as Pelourinho contains some of the finest examples of colonial architecture in all of South America, in addition to many art galleries, where African-style art flourishes. It is the home of the famous Afro-Brazilian Carnival groups ODOROM and FILHOS DE GANDHI as well as the black brotherhood of Nossa Senhora do Rosário dos Pretos, a church constructed by slaves in the eighteenth century. In colonial times, slaves were sold and publicly punished an open, steeply inclined part of the neighborhood known as the Largo do Pelourinho.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were Bahia’s golden age. With the growing international market for sugar, Bahia’s sugar industry expanded and the state prospered. The cultivation of tobacco, often traded for slaves in Africa, also contributed to the province’s wealth. The growth of agriculture stimulated the settlement of the interior, where cattle ranching developed on the serrão. In the late eighteenth century, coffee cultivation flourished in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, which displaced Bahia as the center of Brazil’s economy. As a result of this shift, a significant number of slaves in Bahia were sold to coffee growers in these southeastern states.
The discovery of gold and diamonds in 1822 in Lencóis, part of the region today known as the Chapada Diamantina, briefly boosted Bahia's economy. In the late eighteenth century, however, Bahia's economy declined suddenly due to the collapse of the mining industry and the abolition of slavery in 1888. Bahia's economy was later reinvigorated by the introduction of the coca crop into the littoral region surrounding the city of Ilhéus. In recent years, the federal organization Superintendence for the Development of the Northeast (SUDENE) has focused on ways to develop industry in that part of the country. Despite these efforts and the existence of sizable oil deposits in northeastern states, the region continues to be characterized by a high level of poverty.

**Black History in Colonial Bahia**

Salvador was the principal point of entry for African slaves from the sixteenth through the late eighteenth century. The first slaves were brought from Guinea in 1538. Statistical information on the importation of slaves to Bahia is incomplete for some years and can only be estimated by looking at a variety of slave trade records collectively. According to this information, some 1.1 million to 1.3 million slaves entered Bahia between the sixteenth century and 1850, the year the slave trade was effectively abolished. This number represents about one-quarter of all the slaves imported to Brazil. It is estimated that 20,000 were imported in the sixteenth century; 205,000 in the seventeenth century; 655,000 in the eighteenth century; and 425,000 between 1800 and 1850. During the sixteenth century, the slaves brought to Bahia came primarily from the Guinea region, including the present-day countries of Cape Verde, Senegal, and the Gambia. During the seventeenth century, they came primarily from the Angola region, including the countries of the Republic of the Congo and former Zaire (now the Democratic Republic of the Congo). From the eighteenth century through 1830, they came primarily from the Mina Coast and the Gulf of Benin, including Togo, Benin, and Nigeria.

Most of Bahia's slaves were concentrated in the coastal regions of Bahia, principally on the engenhos (sugar mills) and fazendas (plantations) of the sugar and tobacco-growing recôncavo region, where they constituted the majority. With the exception of the mining regions, where return profits were great enough to justify investing in slaves, slaves were not dispensed into the interior. The serrão was not conducive to plantation agriculture, and cattle ranching was not lucrative enough to enable ranchers to purchase slaves. Indians, less expensive to purchase and with an intimate knowledge of the land, were more often used as slaves by people living in the serrão.

In Bahia, as in the rest of Brazil, enslaved and free blacks played an active role in the defense of the nation. In the early colonial period, African slaves fought against the indigenous populations on Bahia's coast. Later, they helped put an end to the Dutch invasion of Bahia, which lasted from 1624 to 1625. Blacks from Bahia also participated in the Paraguayan War (1865-1870). While some were forced to fight in these wars against their will, others voluntarily enlisted, as military service offered an escape from bondage and an opportunity to win freedom.

Although blacks in Bahia contributed to the cause of the state or nation as soldiers, they more often rebelled against their own enslavement. During the colonial era, most of Brazil's slave revolts (see Slave Rebellions most notorious of their uprisings occurred in 1835 in Salvador. Their plan to abolish slavery and take over the government was revealed to local police, who quelled the insurrection in its early stage. Fearing that similar rebellions could potentially establish a black republic, as had happened in Haiti in 1804, colonial officials sentenced many of the insurgents to death.

Afro-Brazilians also participated in the Sabinada Rebellion in Salvador, which lasted from November 17, 1837, to March 16, 1838. Led by the mulatto Francisco Sabino Alves da Rocha Viera, this rebellion was a reaction against the centralization of power in Rio de Janeiro. Large numbers of slaves escaped bondage and joined the rebel army, which seized control of the city in 1837. Restorationist forces, however,
sent to eliminate them. The escaped slaves who were captured were usually either killed or reenslaved.

The African Legacy in Contemporary Bahia

African slaves brought to Brazil preserved their traditions in a hostile environment characterized by political and social oppression and economic exploitation. The African traditions that developed in Brazil were the result of cultural negotiation between slaves of various ethnic backgrounds and the dominant Portuguese class. This process occurred both on the fazendas and in the quilombos. In the religious practices of the slaves in Bahia, Yoruban deities and rituals predominated (see Yoruba). After being converted to Catholicism, slaves preserved their African deities, known as orixas, by identifying them with Catholic saints. This resulted in the creation of Candomblé, a religion in which members worship the orixas through African-based music, song, and dance.

Salvador, and Bahia in general, is often referred to as the Terra de Todos os Santos, or Terra dos Orixás (Land of All Saints or Land of African Gods). Although a popular saying holds that Salvador has 365 churches, one for every day of the year, the city is home to hundreds more terreiros ("houses of Candomblé"), arguably making Candomblé Salvador's principal religion. The oldest and most celebrated terreiros in Salvador include Casa Branca, which is over 450 years old; Gantois; and Azé Opó Afonjá.

While there are many monuments and historic places of significance to black Brazilians in Bahia, it is the vibrancy of living African-based traditions that distinguishes the state. For example, Salvador annually celebrates a number of festivals, most of which are a blend of European and African traditions. Several of these festivals are rooted in Candomblé and usually involve a religious service, a mass procession, a cleansing ritual, and a celebration complete with music, food, and drink.

First on the calendar of celebrations, the Lavagem do Bomfim occurs on the second Thursday of January. This event is attended by many mães and filhos de santo (Candomblé priestesses and initiates) who, clothed in flowing white dresses, bring clay vases filled with water and flowers to wash the Bomfim church. The Festival de São Lázaro, which is dedicated to the Candomblé orixa Omulú (the African god of disease and epidemics, who is often symbolized by Saint Lazarus), is another important occasion and is celebrated on the last Sunday in January. The biggest Candomblé-related festival is the Festa de Iemanjá. Thousands of people gather on the beach in the early hours of February 2 to honor Iemanjá, the queen of the ocean, by tossing baskets of flowers and perfumes into the sea. If their offerings are accepted
During the colonial era, slaves constituted a majority of the population in Bahia, a state in northeastern Brazil. Today, Bahia is a center of Afro-Brazilian culture and maintains closer ties to Africa than the rest of the country. Sue Cunningham, S.C.P.

Ilemânciu and carried out to sea, they can expect good fortune for the rest of the year. To ensure that their offerings are not rejected and do not float back to the shore, some people carry them far out to sea. Ilemânciu is also honored during the Festa de Nossa Senhora da Conceição (Our Lady of Concepcion, the saint identified with Ilemânciu) on December 8.

Candomblé celebrations are not exclusive to Salvador. In Cachoeira, for example, members of the Irmandade da Boa Morte (Brotherhood of Good Death) host the Festa da Nossa Senhora da Boa Morte, a three-day festival in mid-August that is attended by numerous black Brazilians and Candomblé members. Candomblé celebrations, however, are not exclusive to people of African descent or Candomblé members, but are attended by all races and social classes. In Bahia, it is not uncommon to see people of European descent recognizing Candomblé customs, such as the wearing of white on Fridays in honor of Oxalá, the African deity of procreation and the harvest, who is sometimes symbolized by Jesus Christ. This is only one example of the way in which African traditions have permeated the social fabric of Bahia.

Although many of Bahia's holidays have a syncretic character, the African traditions have exerted the strongest influence. This is reflected in Bahia's most famous festival, the annual Carnival celebration from February 15 to 21. The city of Salvador is the center of the Bahian Carnival, which features numerous predominantly black Carnival organizations whose members develop costumes, music, and floats around African and Afro-Brazilian themes. These African groups include the blocos Afros and the afoxés. The blocos Afros emerged during the abertura, Brazil's transition to democracy in the mid-1970s that facilitated the creation of black political organizations. The most famous blocos Afros are Ilê Aiyé (the first bloco Afro, established in 1974) and Oxum. The 1994 Carnival theme for Ilê-Aiyé was Black America - The African Dream. Members of the group were dressed as Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., Marcus Garvey, and Fannie Lou Hamer.

Afoxés are the oldest black organizations to parade in Bahia's Carnival, dating to the end of the nineteenth century. Closely tied to Candomblé and the African religious traditions in Brazil, the afoxés sing and dance to African-derived rhythms such as ijéba in celebration of the orixás. Filhos do Gantois is the most traditional and most famous afoxé. While some blocos Afros and afoxés parade in the historic district of Salvador, others, such as Ilê-Aiyé, perform in Liberdade, Salvador's largest black district.

The African slaves brought to Bahia, especially those of the Bantu ethnic group, developed musical and dance traditions. Most originated in the recôncavo region during the colonial era and are still practiced today. Some, such as samba and capoeira, have gained international popularity. The samba-de-rodó is a dance done by soloists in the center of a circle. Capoeira is an intricate dance-martial art created by slaves for the purpose of defending themselves. It is performed within a circle, which its participants enter in pairs, to the rhythm of a bow-like instrument called the berimbau. Closely related to capoeira is maculelé, an acrobatic warrior dance. In maculelé, people dance in pairs, cross-striking either sugar canes or machetes to the beat of the atabaque (a long cylindrical drum).

Bahia is also known for its African-derived culinary tradition. Slaves introduced new ways of cooking and seasoning meat, fish, and chicken. Bahian food is usually cooked with peppers, spices, and the dark oil of the dendé palm tree. One example is acarajé, a fried bean fritter stuffed with dried, peppered shrimp. Women known as baianas sell acarajé on street corners throughout Bahia. Other dishes of African origin include caruru, moqueca, and vatapá. Caruru is a mix of broiled okra and onions, shrimp, and pepper that is traditionally served with fried fish such as grouper. Moqueca is a type of stew that usually contains fish, shrimp, oyster, or crab cooked in dendé oil and coconut milk. Perhaps the most famous dish of African origin in Bahia is vatapá, a seafood dish served in a thick manioc-based sauce.

African-derived traditions have long been Bahia's source of vitality. Historically, however, they have been repressed by state and federal governments. Afro-Brazilian practices such as Candomblé and capoeira were not widely accepted and embraced until the 1970s. At that time, Bahia was "re-Africanized" through a surge of black pride influenced by the black freedom movements in the United States and Africa. The afoxés and blocos Afros that emerged in the 1970s in Bahia organized blacks not only to celebrate African and Afro-Brazilian history, but to work for political change. While blacks in Bahia still lag behind other segments of the state's population in a host of socioeconomic categories, their mobilization around issues of race is creating conditions for improving the lives of people of African descent throughout Brazil.

Aaron Myers

See also

Bantu: Dispersion and Settlement; Congo. Republic of the; Garvey, Marcus Mosiah: King, Martin Luther, Jr.; Afoxés/Blocos Afros; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Abolition and Emancipation in Latin America and the Caribbean; Art in Latin America and the Caribbean; Carnivals in Latin America and the Caribbean; Catholic Church in Latin America and the Caribbean; Orishas; Slave Laws in Colonial Spanish America.

For many people, Josephine Baker’s name will always evoke a familiar, controversial image: the “black Venus” naked onstage, except for a string of bananas around her waist, dancing to African drums before her white Parisian audiences. It was this image that first made Baker a star, one whose international fame lasted for five decades. But the picture of the exotic dancer does not fully capture the complexity of the woman who was one of the first black performers to transcend race and appeal to audiences of all colors from around the world.

Baker was born Freda Josephine MacDonald (the name Baker came from her second husband). Her parents were not married; her father was a drummer in a local band, and her mother, a washerwoman, rarely had enough money to support Baker and her three younger half-siblings. At age 8, Baker began working as a maid in white homes, and by age 14 she had left home, married and separated from her first of five husbands, and begun working with a traveling vaudeville troupe. Her first break came when she was featured in Shuffle Along, Broadway’s first black musical, in 1921.

Originally rejected from the show for being too young, too thin, and too dark, she eventually won the role of the comic “end girl” in the chorus line – the one too confused to keep up with the moves – and wound up stealing the show. Four years later she was offered the opportunity to go to Paris and perform in La Revue Nègre. By then her teenaged body had fully matured, and her show-stopping finale, “Danse sauvage” – in which she danced the Charleston wearing nothing but a girdle of feathers – made her an overnight sensation.

Baker became the living embodiment of everything European audiences found exotic and provocative about black women’s sexuality.

Similar stage and film roles across Europe soon followed. Baker’s act was most notorious for its nudity, but its innovative techniques also introduced many popular African American dance styles to European audiences. The unique blend of comedy, sensuality, passion, and exuberance present in her jazz-inspired performances also spilled over into her personal life. Baker and her leopard, Chiquita, were a common sight on Paris streets. Her stable of animals also included dogs, monkeys, birds, rabbits, snakes, a turkey, and a pig named Albert. Christian Dior designed her clothing; her admirers included Ernest Hemingway (who called her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen) and Pablo Picasso; and she was known for her many lovers, both male and female.

In the midst of all this adulation, however, American audiences were still cool. Baker returned to the United States to appear with the Ziegfeld Folies in 1936 and received terrible reviews. Her stage show had evolved by then into a more glamorous, refined act, and white America did not seem ready to see a sophisticated black star on stage. In 1937, after returning to Paris, Baker legally became a French citizen. During World War II she served as an intelligence liaison and an ambulance driver for the French Resistance and was awarded the Medal of the Resistance and the Legion of Honor.

Soon after the war Baker toured the United States again, and this time she won respect and praise from African Americans for her support of the Civil Rights Movement. She refused to play to segregated audiences or stay in segregated hotels during a 1951 American tour, and as a result the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) named her its Most Outstanding Woman of the Year. She also participated in the 1963 March on Washington, and later that year gave a benefit concert at Carnegie Hall for the NAACP, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and the Congress of Racial Equality.

By then, she had taken on another of her most important roles, that of mother. Baker's life after the 1942 birth of a stillborn child, and she never had biological children. But between 1954 and 1965 she adopted ten sons and two daughters of various races and nationalities – the family she called her Rainbow Tribe. Baker planned to retire from show business to raise her children at Les Milandes, her French chateau, but her savings were not enough to support the entire family in the style to which she was accustomed. The expenses eventually sent her into deep debt, and when her beloved chateau was seized in 1968, the family was forced to move into a much smaller villa given to them by Princess Grace of Monaco.

The last five years of her life were marked by an ironic mix of public adoration and personal poverty. At home in France, she was sometimes reduced to begging on the streets for her children – unrecognizable without her makeup, wig, and costumes. Her health also began to decline, and she suffered two heart attacks and a stroke. But she continued to perform, and onstage she was as glamorous as ever. A 1973 tour of the United States brought widespread acclaim, although some African American audiences were upset by Baker’s condemnation of the Black Power Movement (which she saw as too separatist). In 1974 she starred in a Monaco production of Josephine, a show based on her life, and the performances were so successful that the show came to Paris in April 1975.

That year marked the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in Paris, and on April 8 there was a huge gala in a Paris hotel to celebrate both that anniversary and Josephine’s opening night. Four days later, however, Baker suffered a fatal cerebral hemorrhage during a nap. Twenty thousand people attended her Paris funeral in a massive show of devotion to an African American performer whose boldness and unconventional style had taken France and the world by storm.
Baldwin, James (b. August 2, 1924, Harlem, N.Y.; d. December 1, 1987, St.-Paul-de-Vence, France), African American novelist, essayist, playwright, and poet known especially for his astute commentary on American race relations.

"We are responsible for the world in which we find ourselves, if only because we are the only sentient force which can change it." In this statement from his collection of essays, No Name in the Street, James Baldwin sums up a philosophy that drove much of his work. Baldwin was continually conscious of the hypocrisies and injustices in the world around him, and as a writer, he strove to make his audiences aware of the possibility that people could do and be better. An expatriate most of his adult life, Baldwin nevertheless wrote tirelessly about the contradictions inherent in American identity, and especially about the state of American race relations. He came to be respected as one of the sagest intellectuals in the Civil Rights Movement and as a leading figure in the African American literary tradition.

Baldwin was born in Harlem in 1924. Shortly after his out-of-wedlock birth his mother married David Baldwin, a factory worker and Pentecostal minister, and Baldwin was raised in their home along with seven younger half-siblings. His troubled relationship with his strict, domineering stepfather colored much of his childhood, and he turned to reading as a means of escape. At Frederick Douglass Junior High School Baldwin edited the school paper and belonged to the literary club, whose adviser was poet Countee Cullen. At 14, his literary career was temporarily challenged by a new vocation when he became a junior minister at a Harlem storefront church, drawing crowds bigger than his stepfather's. Three years later he decided to leave the church and Christianity, but throughout his career he was described as a prophet, and his work is ripe with biblical cadences and imagery.

After his high school graduation in 1942, Baldwin took a series of odd jobs in New Jersey. But when his stepfather's death and the Harlem riots occurred during the same 24-hour period in the summer of 1943, the trauma of the two events spurred him to return to New York, where he settled in Greenwich Village, determined to concentrate on his writing. During the winter of 1944-1945 he met the celebrated black writer Richard Wright, who became a mentor and father figure to
him and who recommended him for the Eugene Saxton Fellowship that he received in 1945. Until 1948 Baldwin had been working only on an unpublished draft of a novel, but in 1946 he published his first essay in the Nation. He soon became well known as an essayist, publishing in the New Leader, Commentary, and Partisan Review. In 1948 Baldwin was awarded a Rosenwald Fellowship and used the prize money to buy a one-way ticket to Paris. He left New York on November 11, 1948. As an openly gay African American, Baldwin had long felt stifled by the prevailing racial and sexual prejudices in the United States. The 1948 trip marked the beginning of his career as an expatriate writer, and while his writing often returned to American subjects, he was based abroad for most of the next 40 years. In Paris, though he lived as a struggling artist, his friends included French writers Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir and fellow American expatriates Saul Bellow, Truman Capote, Beauford Delaney, and Wright.

Baldwin's 1949 essay "Everybody's Protest Novel" and 1951 essay "Many Thousands Gone," however, both of which criticized Wright's Native Son, created a lasting break in that friendship. But by then Baldwin was well on his way to establishing his own identity as a writer.

Baldwin finished his long-awaited first book, Go Tell it on the Mountain, during a stay in his companion's Swiss home-town, and published it in 1953. The novel, a largely autobiographical account of his teenage years, received critical acclaim, but his next two novels caused controversy. Giovanni's Room (1956) and Another Country (1962) featured characters struggling to define sexual, racial, and national identities, and the matter-of-fact depictions of gay relationships in both books surprised many readers. During the same period, however, Baldwin also published three collections of essays, and it was the non-fiction books—Notes of a Native Son (1955), Nobody Knows My Name (1961), and The Fire Next Time (1963)—that secured his reputation as an important American writer and social critic.

Through his essays, Baldwin developed a reputation for being a shrewd and prophetic commentator on American culture, particularly on racial identity. As one critic explains, these three books—each of which sold more than a million copies at publication—"won Baldwin a popularity and acclaim as the 'conscience of the nation,'" who brought to racial discourse a passion and honesty that demanded notice.... Baldwin's knife-edged criticism of the failed promises of American democracy, and the consequent social injustices, is unrelenting and demonstrates a piercing understanding of the function of blacks in the white racial imagination."

During this period, Baldwin's trips to the United States became more frequent. He visited the American South for the first time in 1957, and during the 1960s was one of the most public intellectuals in the Civil Rights Movement, lecturing and speaking out at such forums as a meeting he arranged between Attorney General Robert Kennedy and black celebrities including Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne, and Lorraine Hansberry. It was The Fire Next Time, whose publication coincided with the 1963 March on Washington and the hundredth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, that earned Baldwin his national reputation as a prophet. Baldwin took the book's title from the lines of an old spiritual—"God gave Noah the rainbow sign / No more water, the fire next time"—as he argued that American race relations were in danger of reaching violent conclusions. Many readers interpreted the riots that occurred in American cities throughout the late 1960s as the fulfillment of Baldwin's warnings.

But Baldwin had concluded that essay on a hopeful note, suggesting that "if we [blacks and whites] do not falter in our duty now, we may be able... to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world." This optimism about the possibility of reconciliation in American race relations had been expressed even more strongly in some of his earlier essays, and it created a rift between Baldwin and many younger African Americans—mostly not black—nationalists such as Eldridge Cleaver and the more militant black writers who were associated with the Black Arts Movement. But even as his politics began to be criticized, Baldwin kept writing.

Baldwin's 1955 play The Amen Corner and 1964 play Blues for Mr. Charlie were both successfully produced on Broadway. Baldwin's other publications in the 1960s included Going to Meet the Man (1965), a collection of short stories, and the novel Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone (1968). In the 1970s his books included the essay collection No Name in the Street (1972) and the novels If Beale Street Could Talk (1974) and Just Above My Head (1979). By then, Baldwin was again recognized and embraced as a major figure in African American literature and he lectured and taught at several American colleges and universities between the late 1970s and mid-1980s. In 1985 he published The Evidence of Things Not Seen, a collection of essays on the 1980-1981 Atlanta child murders, and The Price of the Ticket: Collected Nonfiction, 1948-1985.

When Baldwin died in France of stomach cancer on December 1, 1987, he was at work on a play and a biography of Martin Luther King Jr. Baldwin's memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City drew thousands of mourners, and writers from Maya Angelou to Toni Morrison spoke of his profound impact on their own work. As Amiri Baraka said in his eulogy, "This man traveled the earth like history and its biographer. He reported, criticized, made beautiful, analyzed, cajoled, lyricized, attacked, sang, made us think, made us better, made us consciously human."—Lisa Clayton Robinson

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The writer James Baldwin (1922-1987), photographed in Paris in 1966. CORBIS/Peter Turnley

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The daughter of Mary E. and Peter L. Baldwin, Maria Baldwin was educated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and also taught there, at the Agassiz Grammar School, where she became principal in 1869.

In 1897 Baldwin was the first black woman to address the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, where she delivered her well-known speech, "The Life and Services of the Late Harriet Beecher Stowe." She lectured around the country on both women's suffrage and notable African Americans. While giving an address in Boston in 1922, Baldwin collapsed and died from heart failure.

Baldwin, Maria Louise 169

The writer James Baldwin (1922-1987), photographed in Paris in 1966. CORBIS/Peter Turnley

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In 1897 Baldwin was the first black woman to address the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, where she delivered her well-known speech, "The Life and Services of the Late Harriet Beecher Stowe." She lectured around the country on both women's suffrage and notable African Americans. While giving an address in Boston in 1922, Baldwin collapsed and died from heart failure.
Basie, William James

Though white clarinetist Benny Goodman was proclaimed the "King of Swing," by all rights the title belonged to Count Basie. For nearly half a century, with the exception of a brief interruption between 1949 and 1952, Basie headed one of the finest big bands in jazz, one that has enjoyed an unrivaled longevity. No other jazz orchestra has continued so long under the same leadership. In fact, Basie led two distinct bands, which some critics designate the Old Testament and New Testament bands. The Old Testament band was Basie's aggregation from the mid-1930s through the 1940s; the New Testament band encompasses the Basie band since the early 1950s.

The earlier band played a hard-swinging, rough-around-the-edges Kansas City jazz and often used head arrangements rather than written charts. It featured brilliant musical stylists, including tenor saxophonist Lester Young, trumpeters Buck Clayton and Harry "Sweets" Edison, vocalist Jimmy "Mr. Five by Five" Rushing, drummer Jo Jones, and Basie himself on piano. Basie's later band — although it featured such soloists as trumpeters Thad Jones and Joe Newman, tenor saxophonists Frank Foster and Frank Wess, and vocalist Joe Williams — was above all an arranger's orchestra, skillfully performing the arrangements of Frank Foster, Neal Hefti, Quincy Jones, and Ernie Wilkins. The one constant in the Basie band was Basie himself.

As a boy, Basie dreamed of becoming a drummer, but watching future Duke Ellington drummer Sonny Greer convinced him that he should choose another instrument. Though always modest about his abilities, he was performing locally from the time he left junior high school. In 1924 he went to New York City to try his luck and fell under the influence of the three great Harlem stride pianists, James P. Johnson, Willie "the Lion" Smith, and Thomas...
"Fats" Waller. Waller, who also played the organ at the Lincoln Theater in Harlem, gave Basie his first instruction in that instrument while the day's movies were shown, helping to inspire his long-standing interest in organ playing.

Basie is rightly known as a pianist, and his playing remained rooted in the stride tradition of 1920s Harlem. Stride piano essentially divides the piano keyboard into three ranges. The pianist's left hand covers the two lower ranges, alternating single bass notes at the bottom with chord clusters struck higher up. The style takes its name from the characteristic bouncing "oom-pah, oom-pah" produced by the pianist's "striding" left hand. While the left hand establishes a propulsive beat and outlines the tune's harmonic structure, the pianist's right hand plays the melody, adds ornamentation, and improvises solo lines.

In 1924 and 1925 Basie toured with Hip Hop, a burlesque show on the Columbia Circuit, which took the young pianist as far afield as Montreal, Canada; Omaha, Nebraska; and Kansas City, Missouri. On his second visit to Kansas City, Basie had more time to take part in the night life. Years later, he remembered the experience vividly: "Everywhere you went, there was at least a piano player and somebody singing; if not a combo or maybe a jam session. There was so much going on that I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears.... There we were, way out there in the middle of nowhere... and wham... the action was greater than anything I'd ever heard."

In 1926 and 1927 Basie signed on with a vaudeville show on the Theater Owners Booking Association (TOBA), the nationwide circuit of blacks-only theaters. But when the financially strapped TOBA dissolved, Basie's show was stranded and broke up in Kansas City.

As a jazz musician, Basie could not have asked for a better spot to be marooned. Soon he joined a territory band, Walter Page's Blue Devils, out of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. After two years he became part of Benny Moten's Kansas City Orchestra. Basie played with Moten from 1929 to 1932, including a famed 1932 Victor recording session highlighted by a classic version of "Blue Room" that presaged the swing sound that Goodman would make famous in 1935. When Moten died in 1935, his band broke up and Basie formed his own, mainly comprising members of the Blue Devils and Moten's band. It was initially known as the Barons of Rhythm.

In 1936 a small group of Basie band members recorded one of the most important sessions in jazz history for producer John Hammond. For legal reasons, the Basie-led group was identified as Jones-Smith Incorporated. It brilliantly captured the smooth sound and subtle interplay of Kansas City jazz. Years later Hammond would recall that date as "one of the only perfect sessions I ever had." It was also noteworthy for being Lester Young's first recording session. All four sides, especially Young's lyrical solos on "Shoe Shine Boy," "Oh, Lady Be Good," were superb.

According to musicologist Gunther Schuller, Young's two choruses on the latter demonstrate a "harmonic freeing up of the language of jazz" that was essential to all subsequent developments in jazz history.

Between 1937 and 1939 the Basie band made a memorable series of recordings for Decca Records, including "One O'Clock Jump," "Jumpin' at the Woodside," and "Sent for You Yesterday." These recordings clearly demonstrate the unrivalled swing of Basie's rhythm section, which consisted of Basie (piano), Walter Page (bass), Freddie Greene (rhythm guitar), and Jo Jones (drums). That rhythm section propelled the shouting unison passages, cushioned the solos, and drove the music forward both gently and relentlessly. Indeed it was so strong that Basie began to simplify his piano style, deemphasizing the instrument's timekeeping role and concentrating on brief treble fills and punctuations. In so doing, he prepared the way for the more radical transformations that would be wrought by modern jazz pianists Thelonious Monk and Earl "Bud" Powell.

In 1939 the Basie band began a long association with Columbia Records. By the late 1940s, however, the big-band era was nearly over, and like many other groups, Basie's folded around the end of the decade. Basie spent three years touring with small groups that ranged in size from sextets to nonets, but in 1952, disregarding the conventional wisdom, he decided to reform his big band. He signed his new band with Verve Records (1952-1957) and Roulette (1957-1962) and made some of the most successful recordings of his career, in particular the Verve albums Count Basie Swings, Joe Williams Sings (1955), and April in Paris (1956).

After a series of less memorable recordings in the 1960s, the band joined Pablo Records in 1972, an association that continued until the leader's death. Although Basie performed and recorded in many musical contexts besides his big band, that band unquestionably constitutes his lasting legacy. It is fitting, then, that since Basie's death, his band has maintained its creativity and financial health. Indeed, it is the only such "ghost" band - one that keeps on performing after the death of its leader - that continues to play new music of undiminished vitality.

James Clyde Sellman

William James "Count" Basie, seen here at the piano, delighted nightclub and concert audiences with Kansas City jazz for 50 years. Color Picture

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James Clyde Sellman

William James "Count" Basie, seen here at the piano, delighted nightclub and concert audiences with Kansas City jazz for 50 years. Color Picture
Count Basie
(born William Basie)

August 21, 1904 - April 26, 1984
Red Bank, New Jersey

Count Basie cultivated one of the warmest relationships with the blues. Not only did he employ great blues and blues-based singers in his bands - Jimmy Rushing, Helen Humes, Billie Holiday, and later, Big Joe Williams - all sang for Basie - but virtually all of his catalogue was woven with bluesy rhythmic threads, and his piano playing almost always contained strong blues notions.

Basie learned the rudiments of the blues as a youth in New York, where he often backed blues singers in Harlem clubs. By his early '20s, young William began playing piano in vaudeville troupes that toured the South. He joined Walter Page's Blue Devils in 1928, the hottest of the Kansas City blues-based swing bands, after being stranded in Kansas City and meeting Jimmy Rushing, the band's vocalist. However, Basie soon jumped to Bennie Moten's band, another Kansas City group with strong blues ties. In 1935, after Moten's sudden death, Basie started his own band with musicians from Moten's outfit. From the beginning, Basie integrated elements of the blues into his band's repertoire. With top-notch soloists, such as the saxophone players Herschel Evans and Lester Young, trumpeter Buck Clayton, trombonist Dickie Wells; a rhythm section that included drummer Jo Jones, bass player Walter Page, and rhythm guitarist Freddie Green, and the blues singers out in front of the band, Basie broadly defined the jazz-blues link.

Basie's relationship with the blues became more apparent to his mainstream audience when Joe Williams joined the band. In 1955, with Williams singing, the Basie Band cut its one and only hit single, "Everyday I Have the Blues." The song made it to number 2 on the R&B charts.

The Count continued leading his band through the 1960s and early 1970s. In 1976 he suffered a heart attack, and though he recovered, Basie performed only when his health permitted. In 1984 he died of cancer. His band has continued on under the leadership of Thad Jones and then Frank Foster, both longtime members of the Basie Orchestra.
Basie, Count

Basie, Count (1904-1984), American jazz pianist and bandleader, a leading musician of the swing era (1930s and early 1940s). Basie led one of the foremost jazz big bands, which featured a number of outstanding soloists and arrangers and became an enduring musical institution. The Basie band was famous for its rhythm section, composed of guitarist Freddie Green, bass player Walter Page, drummer Jo Jones, and pianist Basie. Together, the foursome produced a light but relentlessly forward-moving rhythmic propulsion, or "swing," that influenced the sound of jazz and jazz accompaniment. Basie's rhythm section inspired other rhythm members to play with more flexibility and more responsiveness to the horn players.

Born William Basie in Red Bank, New Jersey, he played drums as a child before taking up piano. In 1924 Basie moved to New York City. There he was influenced by the ragtime-derived style of Harlem jazz pianists James P. Johnson and Fats Waller and began touring on the vaudeville circuit as pianist and accompanist. When a tour collapsed in 1927, stranding him in Kansas City, Missouri, Basie secured work there playing theater organ for silent movies. He soon joined the Blue Devils, a band led by bassist Walter Page. In 1929 Basie joined the Kansas City Orchestra of pianist Bennie Moten, the leading jazz band in the region at that time. After the death of Moten in 1935, Basie formed a new band called Count Basie and His Barons of Rhythm with several members of Moten's band. In 1936 the band moved to New York City, and a year later began recording as Count Basie and His Orchestra. By 1939 the band was made up of 15 instrumentalists and 2 singers, Helen Humes and Jimmy Rushing. Humes replaced the great jazz singer Billie Holiday in the band.

Basie's band of the late 1930s was dominated by great soloists: tenor saxophonists Lester Young and Herschel Evans; trumpeters Buck Clayton and Harry "Sweets" Edison; trombonist Dicky Wells; and Basie himself. At first Basie performed in a two-handed ragtime style; but in the mid-1930s, he switched to a relaxed, spare style—imbued with subtlety and wit—that led beautifully into the solos of his instrumentalists.

Musical arrangements of the early Basie band, by guitarist Eddie Durham, trumpeter Buck Clayton, and others, were written in a relatively straightforward manner compared to the more intricate scores of bandleaders Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson. Some of the Basie band pieces, such as "One O'Clock Jump" (1937), are so-called head arrangements—they were made up in rehearsal and memorized, rather than written out. The band often made up riffs—short, repeated phrases—that were usually played as a background for soloists. Another musical hallmark of the Basie style is its reliance on the blues, both blues chord progressions and blue notes, certain flatted notes in a musical scale.

After World War II ended in 1945, changes in the economy and in Americans' musical tastes sent most of the big bands into commercial decline. Eventually, the changed economic realities of touring with a band affected Basie, and in 1950 he was forced to
dissolve his large ensemble. For a time he toured with a small group of six to nine players, but by 1952, he had reassembled his big band. This time, written arrangements were the norm, and the band had a different sound and style than it had in the 1930s and 1940s. His arrangers now included Neil Hefti, Ernie Wilkins, Benny Carter, Thad Jones, and Quincy Jones. Hefti's "Lil' Darlin'" (1957) became a jazz classic, demonstrating how well the Basie band could swing at a very slow tempo. Wild Bill Davis's arrangement of "April in Paris" (1955) became a perennial favorite among audiences, as did "Shiny Stockings" (1956), written by Basie's tenor saxophonist Frank Foster.

In the 1950s the band featured new soloists, including trumpeters Thad Jones, Joe Newman, and Clark Terry; tenor saxophonists Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Foster, and Frank Wess; and alto saxophonist Marshall Royal. Whereas the earlier band emphasized the sound of the soloists over that of the ensemble, the later band favored the ensemble sound of a well-rehearsed, tightly controlled group. From 1954 to 1961 singer Joe Williams performed with the band. Among his best-known recordings with Basie are "Every Day I Have the Blues" and "In the Evening (When the Sun Goes Down)" (both 1955).

Basie continued to lead his band in the 1970s and 1980s, although he sometimes did so from a wheelchair in his later years. Basie and his orchestra won numerous Grammy Awards. In 1981 Basie won a Grammy Trustees Award from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS). In 1983 the National Endowment for the Arts named Basie a recipient of an American Jazz Masters award. After his death, the band continued to tour, first under the leadership of Thad Jones, then from 1986 to 1995 under Foster. In 1995 trombonist Grover Mitchell became the leader of the orchestra.

Contributed By: John Edward Hasse, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

Microsoft VBScript runtime error '800a01f4'

Variable is undefined: 'T_COPY_RIGHT/footer'

/index/conciseindex/28/print.asp, line 142

http://encarta.msn.com/index/conciseindex/28/print.asp?&pg=8&ti=761561924&sc=0&pt=1 1/21/01
Track Title: Good Morning Blues
Album Title: Ella Wishes You A Swinging Christmas
Prime Artist: Ella Fitzgerald
Producer: Norman Granz
Written by: Count Basie (William)
Written by: Jimmy Rushing
Written by: Eddie Durham

Lyrics:
Good morning blues, blues how do you do
Good morning blues, blues how do you do
Babe, I feel alright but I come to worry you

Baby, it's Christmas time and I wanna see Santa Claus
Baby, it's Christmas time and I wanna see Santa Claus
Don't show me my pretty baby, I'll break all of the laws

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, listen to my plea
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, listen to my plea
Don't send me nothing for Christmas but my baby back to me

Transcription by Bluesman Harry
http://blueslyrics.tripod.com/

http://www.thepeaches.com/music/ella/GoodMorningBlues.txt 1/21/01
Black Church, The, a simplified way of referring to the more than 65,000 Christian churches that have a predominance of African American members and black clerical leadership; the Black Church has served as a major institutional foundation of African American spiritual and community life.

The Black Church emerged from the period of slavery as the most stable and dominant institutional sphere in black communities in the United States. This centrality of religion was achieved through a gradual historical process that involved several factors. First, prior to and during the rise of the transatlantic slave trade, the traditional worldviews and societies of the Africans themselves were permeated by religion, with no division between sacred and secular, especially between religion and politics. The Africans who were brought as slaves to the New World came as human beings who were already socialized in their own African traditions and values. It is estimated that between 10 and 15 percent of the slaves came from Muslim-dominated parts of Africa or areas that were undergoing the transition to Islam.

Early Influences
While there has been a debate about how much of the traditional African religious culture or African Islam survived in the New World, especially in the United States, there has also been a consensus that a homegrown, indigenous African American culture, a fusion of elements from Africa, Europe, and the United States, was created during the several centuries of slavery and the period of Jim Crow segregation that followed it.
HISTORY PROTESTANTISM AND SLAVERY
A second important factor in the development of the institutional centrality of black churches involved the great ambivalence among white colonists toward religion and toward the conversion of slaves. Most of the early colonies were founded by religious groups like the Puritans, who were seeking the freedom to practice their religion without persecution. Although Native Americans and Africans were viewed as subhuman, various groups were pressing toward their conversion. As early as 1667 the Virginia colony passed laws, which other colonies followed, that permitted the baptism and conversion of African slaves without setting them free. In 1701 the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts began their missionary efforts among the slaves and Native Americans (see American Indians). But it was not until the early decades of the nineteenth century, during the Second Great Awakening, or national religious revival, that many of the slaves became converted. While some slaves were converted to Christianity in the North during the First Awakening (1740-1780), it was the Second Awakening (1790-1830) that swept through the plantations of the South, bringing with it an emotional, evangelical form of Protestant piety that became embodied among Baptists and Methodists. But for most whites, Christianity was largely viewed as an instrument of social control, to produce "obedient and docile" slaves.

SLAVE RELIGION: "THE INVISIBLE INSTITUTION"
While the social-control aspects of Christianity were quite effective when intermeshed with other constraints such as laws and black codes, illiteracy, and an omnipresent threat of extermination, religion became the only institutional area in which African slaves exercised a measure of freedom, despite the many efforts to hinder or control their religious life. Sometimes sneaking off to the backwoods and bayous of Southern plantations, or meeting clandestinely in the slave quarters, and at times even openly in services with whites present, they performed their own rituals, songs, and other cultural forms of religious worship. They also developed their own leaders so that the "invisible institution"—the underground slave religion—could effectively merge with the rise of institutional black churches in the latter half of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries.

As a consequence of these historical factors, religion among black people became the only institutional area that was permitted to develop to any significant degree. During several centuries of slavery, political, economic, educational, and other cultural and social institutions were deemed illegal and remained relatively undeveloped. Finally, as the only significant social institution other than the black family, the Black Church took on multiple roles and burdens that differed from those of its white counterpart.

THE FIRST BLACK CHURCHES: BAPTIST CHURCHES IN THE SOUTH
Emerging from the "invisible institution" of slave religion, the first known black churches arose before the American Revolution, with the African Baptist or "Bluestone" Church on the William Byrd plantation near the Bluestone River in Mecklenburg, Virginia, in 1758, and the Silver Bluff Baptist Church on the South Carolina bank of the Savannah River, founded sometime between 1750 and 1775. These first churches were of Baptist origin, which meant that they believed that only adult baptism and baptism by total immersion in water were doctrinally correct. They also supported a congregational polity that asserted the autonomy of a congregation to choose its own pastor and to make its decisions independently of any larger association. Early Baptist preachers George Lile, Andrew Bryan, and Jesse Peters (also called Jesse Galphin) were instrumental in founding the Springfield Baptist Church of Augusta, Georgia, and the First African Baptist and First Bryan Baptist churches of Savannah, Georgia. Lile became a missionary to Jamaica in 1783 and established the first Baptist churches there.

PHILADELPHIA'S "NEW AFRICAN" CHURCHES
While the Baptists founded the first black churches, it was the Methodists who organized the first black denominations, which also became the first national associations for African Americans. In 1787 former slaves Richard Allen and Absalom Jones established the Free African Society of Philadelphia, a mutual aid and benevolent society that assumed both secular and religious functions. Allen, Jones, and several black worshipers withdrew from the St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia after being pulled from their knees during worship in a gallery they did not know was closed to black Christians. In protest, "All went out of the church in a body," according to Allen, and they were no more plagued with (with) in that church. Two black churches arose out of the Free African Society. In 1790 Richard Allen founded the "African Church," which eventually was called the Mother Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church, while Absalom Jones became the rector of the St. Thomas African Episcopal Church in 1794.

NEW YORK'S FIRST BLACK CHURCH
In New York City, similar incidents of racism and segregation during worship, where blacks were forced to sit in the upper galleries or back pews, led black members to withdraw from the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church near Wall Street. Peter Williams Sr. and Francis Jacobs of New York City and James Varick of Newburgh, New York, helped to establish a New African church. Jealousy and competition for new members resulted in the inability of both black Methodist movements on the East Coast to unite in one body.

METHODIST CHURCHES: AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL AND AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION CHURCHES
The central questions of the full ordination of black preachers as clergy, the election of blacks as bishops (episcopacy), the desire to worship in their own cultural style, and the issues of black independence and control of their own religious institutions finally led to the establishment of two black Methodist denominations. The "Allenesites" of Philadelphia and Baltimore established the African Methodist Episcopal Church (AME) as a denomination in 1816 and elected Richard Allen as its first bishop. The Reverend Daniel Coker became the first AME missionary to Africa in 1820. The New Yorkers founded the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church (AMEZ) in 1821, led by Bishop James Varick. Both denominations became the institutional base of an incipient black middle class of free Negroes.
The AME Church distinguished itself in the field of education with the founding of Wilberforce University in 1857 by Bishop Daniel Payne, its first president. While the AME also participated in the abolitionist movement, with Richard Allen using Mother Bethel as a hiding place for escaped slaves in the Underground Railroad. It was the Zionites who became the leaders of abolitionism. Long known as the Freedom Church, AME Zion claimed such abolitionist luminaries as Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, the Reverend Jermain Loguen, Catherine Harris, the Reverend Thomas James, and Frederick Douglass, who was licensed as a local AME Zion preacher in Rochester, New York. The Zion denomination was also the first of all Christian denominations, black or white, to extend the vote and full clerical ordination to women in 1868. Although both the AME Church and the AME Zion Church originated as Northern black denominations, during the Civil War they sent missionaries to follow the Union army's march through the South and recruit blacks and their churches to their fold. As a result, South Carolina has the most AME churches and North Carolina has emerged as the AME Zion stronghold.

Christian Methodist Episcopal Church

In 1844 the issue of slavery split the Methodist Episcopal Church into Northern and Southern branches. In 1866 the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—in response to the twin pressures of blacks who wanted autonomy and whites who wanted to dispense with the black membership—made arrangements for the eventual withdrawal of its black constituents at their petition. The third black Methodist denomination, the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, was founded in 1870 by bishops William H. Miles and Richard H. Vanderborst. Headquartered in Jackson, Tennessee, the denomination replaced the word “Colored” with “Christian” in 1954.

Baptist Churches

Although they had the earliest churches and the largest constituency of African American congregants, the black Baptists did not organize a national denomination until 1895, when the National Baptist Convention, USA, Inc. (NBC, USA) was established. Its first president was the Reverend E. C. Morris. However, the principle of congregational autonomy, combined with the charismatic force of strong-willed pastors, led to denominational schisms. In 1897 the Lott Carey Foreign Missionary Convention broke away. Two schisms occurred in the twentieth century, once in 1915 with the formation of the National Baptist Convention of America in a dispute over the control and ownership of a publishing house in Nashville, Tennessee, and again in 1961 with the organizing of the Progressive National Baptist Convention (PNBC).

The PNBC arose out of disagreement over the proclaimed “lifetime tenure” of President J. H. Jackson and the denomination’s participation in the Civil Rights Movement. Led by the Reverend Dr. Gardner Taylor, the supporters of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. challenged the status quo of the NBC, USA, and eventually withdrew to form their own more politically progressive denomination.

Pentecostal Movements

In his last memoirs, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, claimed that the attainment of “spiritual perfection” is possible in this life.
This belief fueled the quest of the Holiness/Pentecostal movement among blacks and whites that arose in 1867 with the National Camp Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness. Holiness members believed that a second blessing of the Holy Spirit, or experience of sanctification, was required beyond the act of individual salvation, or "being saved." This blessing was manifested in a cathartic emotional experience that left some believers rolling in spasms on the floor, or "falling out," while others engaged in the uncontrollable movements of the "holy dance." In the quest to become more holy, a rigid and disciplined lifestyle evolved. Among African Americans, the Holiness/Pentecostal movement also became the major carrier of black folk cultural practices that middle-class Baptists and Methodists attempted to discard in their desire to achieve the "order and decorum" found in worship services of their white counterparts. More foot stomping, hand clapping, tambourine banging, and shouting occurred in the emotional cauldrons of the "sanctified people."

The massive black urban migrations of the twentieth century also gave rise to numerous sanctified church storefronts in Northern cities, with names such as the Fire Baptized Holiness Church. Since the sanctified churches allowed horns, guitars, drums, and other musical instruments into their services, they became the musical training grounds for many African American blues and jazz musicians. There was a dynamic interaction between the storefront church and the nightclub. For example, learning to play the piano in church, Thomas Dorsey, or Georgia Tom as he was known on the nightclub circuit, eventually brought the blues back to the churches in the form of gospel music in the 1920s.

The modern Pentecostal movement in the United States, inclusive of both black and white people, dates from the Azusa Street Revival held in Los Angeles from 1906 to 1909 under the leadership of William J. Seymour, a black Holiness preacher. Pentecostalism, in turn, as suggested by Seymour's background, had roots in the Holiness movement of the late nineteenth century. Pentecostalists believed in the need for a "third work of grace" called the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," which is manifested in glossolalia, or speaking in tongues. Although the line between Holiness and Pentecostal churches increasingly blurred in the late twentieth century, there are some Holiness groups that do not accept the need for speaking in tongues. After attending the Azusa Street Revival in 1907, Charles Harrison Mason, a black preacher from Memphis, Tennessee, led his Holiness group into Pentecostalism. Bishop Mason became the founder of the largest black Pentecostal denomination, the CHURCH OF GOD IN CHRIST. Pentecostalism has become the fastest-growing sector of Christianity in the world, especially in the United States among African Americans and Latinos and in Third World countries in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. From a few hundred members in 1907, the Church of God in Christ has increased to more than 5 million members.

The Church and Community Development: Political Leadership

As the most educated and best trained in leadership skills, black clergy emerged as the prime leaders of black communities nationwide in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, not only in religious matters but also in the secular spheres of politics, economics, education, and sociocultural activities. During the period of slavery, efforts at liberation and abolitionism were often led by religious leaders, as exemplified by the three largest slave revolts in American history, led by Gabriel Prosser in 1801 in Richmond, Virginia; Denmark Vesey in 1822 in Charleston, South Carolina; and Nat Turner in 1831 in Southampton County, Virginia. Black churches were not only used as secret meeting places to plot slave
century black churches became the largest in Florida. A highly segregated society resulted as North Carolina Mutual, Atlanta We Insurance Company, and the Afro-American. A highly segregated society resulted as North Carolina Mutual, Atlanta We Insurance Company, and the Afro-American.

Money cooperation required funds from the churches themselves, other projects were created. In 1866 five lay leaders of the Bethel AME Church in Baltimore pooled their funds to develop the first black-owned dry dock company and joint stock institution after black ship caulkers were fired because whites had protested their job competition. After the collapse of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company in 1874, whick resulted in the loss of the bounties paid to black Civil War soldiers and the savings accounts of many black people, the churches helped to develop some 50 black-owned banks beginning in 1888 and lasting until the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Economic development
Black churches have long been involved in economic development enterprises and in creating economic institutions. As W. E. B. Du Bois wrote in 1907, the study of "economic cooperation among Negroes must begin with the Church group." Beyond the economic cooperation required in building the churches themselves, other projects were created. In 1866 five lay leaders of the Bethel AME Church in Baltimore pooled their funds to develop the first black-owned dry dock company and joint stock institution after black ship caulkers were fired because whites had protested their job competition. After the collapse of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company in 1874, which resulted in the loss of the bounties paid to black Civil War soldiers and the savings accounts of many black people, the churches helped to develop some 50 black-owned banks beginning in 1888 and lasting until the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Education
Even more than economic projects, black clergy and churches have always viewed education as the key to upward mobility in American society. Churches have often doubled as schools, beginning with church school on Sunday morning for children and adults. The first lessons in reading and writing often occurred in Sunday school. Morehouse College began as a school in the basement of the Springfield Baptist Church in Augusta, Georgia, while Spelman College was founded in the basement of the Friendship Baptist Church of Atlanta. Tuskegee Institute also started as a school in the basement of the AME Church in Tuskegee, Alabama. Just as Harvard and Yale universities were founded for the education of the clergy, the curricula of many of the best black colleges, like Fisk and Howard universities, were steeped in religious and moral instruction. All of the black denominations founded their own schools and seminaries.

Besides serving as places of worship, black churches have performed other functions. The first black newspaper in the United States, Freedom's Journal, was started by the Reverend Samuel Cornish in 1827. The first speeches or musical recitals in public for black children occurred in the sanctuaries of black churches. Black artists often exhibited their work in the dining halls of the churches because the public art museums and private galleries were closed to them. However, the true genius of the black Church resides in the fact that it has given status, dignity, and respect to common people who were often invisible in American society.

Lawrence Mamiya

See also
Slavery in the United States: Baltimore, Maryland; Baptists; Black Codes in the United States; Civil War, American; Denmark Vesey Conspiracy; Du Bois, William Edward Burghardt (W. E. B.); Fisk University; Freedom's Journal; Gabriel Prosser Conspiracy; Gray, William Herbert, III; Great Migration, The: Howard University; Jackson, Jesse Louis: Williams, Peter, Sr.: King, Martin Luther, Jr.; Memphis, Tennessee: New York, New York; North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company; Payne, Daniel Alexander; Pentecostalism; Powell, Adam Clayton, Jr.; Reverend Hiram Rhodes: Seymour: William Joseph, Taylor, Gardner Calvin, Tubman, Harriet Ross; Tuskegee University; Jackson, Joseph Harrison.
Brown, James (b. May 3, 1933, Augusta, Ga.), American soul and funk singer, known as the Godfather of Soul, Soul Brother Number One, Mr. Dynamite, and the Hardest Working Man in Show Business.

James Brown grew up in Augusta, Georgia, where he did a little of everything: picked cotton, shined shoes, danced, and served time for armed robbery. Brown boxed and played pro baseball before an injury made him turn to music. After dabbling in gospel, he renamed his group, from the Swans to the Famous Flames. The group’s local popularity attracted the attention of Federal Records, which signed them to a contract in 1955. Their first record, “Please Please Please,” did well, and “Try Me” topped the rhythm-and-blues charts in 1955.

As his band’s fame spread beyond Georgia, Brown became ambitious. He staged elaborate dances, formed the James Brown Revue, and created a Carnival atmosphere at his live shows. An emcee worked the crowd into a frenzy before the singer came onstage, and Brown allegedly lost seven pounds each night through dancing. Soon he had a backup band (the J.B.s) in addition to the Flames, who were largely a vocal group. Although Brown wanted to record with the J.B.s, Federal Records refused. In response, Brown recorded the hit instrumental “Mashed Potatoes” under a pseudonym. This ruse attracted the attention of Federal Record’s parent company: King Records, who allowed Brown and the J.B.s to record together. With King this group began a long and fruitful relationship. In 1962 the album Live at the Apollo Volume 2, sold 1 million copies.

In 1965 Brown achieved artistic control of his records, and the result was unprecedented in popular music. Under Brown’s tight direction, he recorded one hit after another. The music was notable for its irresistible grooves, precision timing, and Brown’s impassioned vocals. Brown specialized in an insistent dance music that was deeply charged with sexual electricity. In many ways, he pioneered the sound that evolved into funk and disco. Starting with “Papa’s Got a Brand New Bag,” Brown’s string of hits continued through the 1960s with such songs as “I Got You,” “Cold Sweat,” and “Say It Loud. I’m Black and I’m Proud.”

Through the late 1960s and into the 1970s, Brown became a spokesman among African American youth, and he targeted more of his songs toward disaffected ghetto youth. Not only did he preach responsibility in songs like “King Heroin,” “Funky President,” and “Don’t Be a Drop-Out,” he also invested in black businesses, bought several radio stations, and inspired kids with his tough but uplifting message. Other activities included traveling to Africa and writing music for several films.

Brown’s success has been accompanied by personal difficulties. He faced legal trouble for failing to pay taxes and for allegedly assaulting his wife. Despite reorganizing his bands many times, Brown has had relatively few hits since the mid-1970s. Nevertheless, as he nears his fifth decade in music, Brown remains an inspirational performer who has influenced countless younger musicians. Hip hop bands have extensively appropriated funky grooves from his 1970s records in the sampling practices of the 1980s and 1990s.
Diahann Carroll: Julia and so much more!

The exclusion of African-American females in the television industry has been a long lasting problem which has spanned time since television became accessible for a majority of Americans. The absence of African-Americans has not changed drastically since the early 50s and 60s when more middle and working class whites were capable of investing in television sets. Even in the year 2000 the National Association for Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) has waged a boycott against networks that still have few or no blacks involved in their programming. The lack of scripts, that included African-American actors, was and still continues to make opportunities for work extremely rare.

During a period in time when it seemed that the only blacks on television programs were maids, butlers, or sidekicks, a television show appeared that starred a non-domestic working-class African-American woman. In 1968, Diahann Carroll starred in "Julia", the first black situation comedy with an African-American female as its lead role. The show was produced by NBC and created by Hal Kanter. For the three seasons the show aired
it was credited for not exhibiting the usual stereotypes of black women, like the "Jezebel" or the "Mammy". However, there was controversy over the lack of male role models on the show, and the social relevance of the sitcom. "Julia" was a widow with a small son, and at the time was too involved with work, and motherhood to find a male role model for her son.

"Julia" was quite an achievement for Diahann Carroll who was born in Harlem, New York in 1935. She was the first child of John and Mabel Johnson who like many other blacks migrated North to escape the South’s various threats, and its stifling environment. Mabel (Faulk) Johnson migrated from the south to acquire a job to support herself and the remainder of her family who lived on a farm with their widowed mother who ran the farm single handedly. John Johnson was a train conductor, a job not easily accessible to blacks during the 1920s. For black men jobs like porters or domestics for the train were more obtainable.

Carol Diann Johnson was blessed with having a doting mother and father who thought it was important to raise their children rather than the streets, which meant for Mabel Johnson to be at home and work only as a home maker. They were what was considered black middle-class for the 1930s and 1940s, and
experienced luxuries that later would allow Carol Diann to gain the much needed culture capital to thrive in society. Carroll would take piano lessons every week, and participate in pageants supported by her parents' Black Masonic Temple of New York.

By attending the High School of Music and Art, one of two schools that was used as a basis for the movie *Fame*, Carol Diann was capable of experiencing "a whole new world, unlike anything [she] had ever seen or imagined possible" (Carroll 1986, 27). The school was very demanding and required students to take classes of voice and music theory beyond academics. Already in love with the spotlight and center stage Diahann Carroll branched out from singing in her church choir to auditioning for *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. This audition was the beginning of her career as a professional performer, allowing her to repeatedly return to the show and then later obtain an agent. Also during her popularity on the show she began modeling for *Ebony, Jet*, and *Sepia* the only magazines available for African-Americans that featured African-American models.

Carol's musical career took off when she began performing in nightclubs where she would be vastly popular among whites until her fame in "Julia". After high school Carroll enrolled
in New York University to study psychology, but dropped out in order to pursue her musical career full time.

Carroll married early to Monte Kay at age 21 in 1956, and was met with family troubles because of her husband's race. Kay was a talent scout and a nightclub co-owner, and Carroll's father had problems accepting. John Johnson had experienced very traumatic racial occurrences throughout his life, for example at the age of 10 he had escaped being lynched by a white mob that had thought he walked a white girl home from school. These circumstances made it difficult to accept his daughter marrying someone from whom he had tried to protect with little success because of his stature as a black man.

Carroll met Kay when she co-starred on Broadway in *House of Flowers* in the role of Ottilie, in 1954. Carroll then went on to have a small role in the movie *Carmen Jones*. *Carmen* movie with an all black cast, at that moment, in the United States, such moves were in vogue. Carroll noticed that even though the movie had a black cast it still was filled with stereotypes and unrealistic dialogue making blacks seem backwards and only concerned with sex and money.
Still performing in nightclubs Carroll built up her stage persona as a glamorous singer. With another small role in the movie *Porgy and Bess*, Diahann Carroll entered into the movie media, which would continue with her doing more films no longer in small roles, but as the lead.

Dealing with a shaky marriage and a nine year romance with Sidney Poitier Carroll divorced Monte Kay taking her daughter Suzanne to live with her. Returning to theater to do *No Strings* brought Carroll into the mainstream media giving her a mixed reputation because of the racial tension a potential movie deal had raised. The movie was going to star a Eurasian lead rather than the original black lead.

Throughout Carroll's life and career she was forced to deal with overt and subtle racism by whites. Carroll performed in clubs where her own parents were not allowed to sit in the audience, and she dealt with producers telling her she couldn't play certain parts because of her race. The lack of scripts and modeling opportunities made it obvious that blacks were still not welcome into the film, music, and/or television industry.

By the mid-1960s Carroll became a regular on the talk show and variety show circuits allowing for a broader audience to
know her name. The phenomenon of producing television programming with blacks as sidekicks or butlers started to change into blacks' having roles that allowed them to be co-stars, like Bill Cosby's role in "I Spy".

Diahann Carroll initially was enthusiastic about the middle-class role and the relationship that "Julia" could obtain between television and black representation. Over the three years that she played the role she was constantly put on the spot to explain how the show was racially fundamental, if the character she portrayed was black enough, and dispute the often racist ideology involved in the script. Carroll writes in her autobiography about the critics and reviews that she faced constantly because of the show's little concern with creating a black family that was modeled after the white nuclear family:

In April 1968, Robert Lewis Shagam, the television writer for the Saturday Review, devoted his entire column to an attack on the show. Its plush, suburban setting was, he wrote, "a far, far cry from the bitter realities of Negro life in the urban ghetto, the pit of America's explosion potential." Even worse, there was "no adult Negro male as an effective role model" for the character of Corey, the young son. (Diahann 1986, 144)
The stress and wear on Carroll provoked her to demand that a black psychologist be made a consultant to the show. "Julia" was also criticized for lacking social relevance.

For some, Julia was "an exquisite Bronze Barbie doll," a "Doris-Day-in-blackface," whose "speech dress, mannerism, looks, and life style represented the great white ideal". (Bogel 1973, 210-11).

She could no longer deal with carrying her ethnicity as a banner and needed to concentrate on her own life rather than trying to become a spokesperson for the entire black race. Still, in the end, she was forced to represent her race and become politically active in the television industry when all other support failed. After three years of media scrutiny Diahann Carroll asked to be released from her contract and the show was canceled leaving her to try and revamp her personality into nightclub entertainer.
References


The Civil War
The immediate and primary cause of the Civil War was the South's support for and the North's increasing opposition to slavery; however, several other economic and political factors conspired to make the issue of slavery potent.

**Economic Causes**

Since its settlement, the southern United States had received most of its income from farming, which depended heavily on slave labor. By 1860, cotton—King Cotton, as it became known—was the chief crop of the South and totaled 57 percent of all United States exports. Largely because of the dominance of cotton, the South resisted the industrialization that swept the North in the nineteenth century. Thus the South manufactured little. Most manufactured goods had to be bought from the North or imported from overseas. Meanwhile, the North by the eve of the Civil War had become an established industrial society. For economic and moral reasons the North did not use slave labor, instead relying on its own workers and European immigrants to power its factories, build its railroads, and settle the West.

Northerners demanded high tariffs on imports to protect their goods from cheaper foreign competition. The South, however, wanted just the opposite: low tariffs on the many goods it imported. The persistent conflict over the tariff was crucial because at the time, the federal government had few other sources of revenue—neither personal nor corporate income taxes existed. Thus the tariffs funded the turnpikes, railroads, and canals that were so important to Northern industrialization and Western expansion. The South preferred to do without these improvements in return for lower tariffs. The conflict was never fully resolved until after the Civil War.

**Compromise over Slavery**

In 1819, Alabama was admitted to the Union, balancing the number of free states and slave states. As long as the balance held, Congress would be forced to compromise on questions involving slavery; however, both free and slave states were loath to find out what would happen if the other side gained the upper hand. The balance was threatened almost as soon as it was achieved. In 1820, the United States had completed the Louisiana Purchase, and by about 1820 many of the settlers of the Purchase, and particularly in the area known as Missouri, were petitioning for statehood. Under the U.S. Constitution, a federal government could not interfere with slavery inside a state; however, the government was free to refuse to admit a state whose constitution allowed slavery. A two-year struggle ensued in Congress over Missouri, as Northerners tried to ban slavery in the territory while Southerners argued that the territory should decide for itself whether to allow slavery. The result was the Missouri Compromise, which passed Congress in 1820. Under compromise, Missouri was admitted to the Union as a slave state and Maine as a free state. In the rest of the Purchase, slavery was prohibited north of Missouri's southern boundary (with the exception of Missouri) and allowed.

Taylor, drummer with the Seventy-Eighth New York United States infantry, poses with his drum. **CORBIS**
The Missouri Compromise, held until the United States acquired vast new western lands in the Mexican-American War (1846-1848) and thereafter, gold was discovered in the new territory. California in particular received a large number of settlers, who were petitioning for statehood. Again Northerners wanted slavery banned while Southerners pressed for their share of slave states. Because tensions over slavery had been mounting since the Missouri Compromise, secession or civil war, or both, seemed a possible outcome of the conflict. Instead, the outcome was the Compromise of 1850. Under the new compromise, Congress admitted California to the Union as a free state, and decreed that other territories could decide the question of slavery for themselves. A harsh new Fugitive Slave Law, also part of the compromise, required Northerners to return escaped slaves to the South.

The Compromise of 1850 did little to ease tensions. Many Northerners called openly for people to disobey the Fugitive Slave Law, and the harshness of the law itself played a large role in making abolitionism — then considered an extreme position — respectable. Abolitionists such as Frederick Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison gained more influence in the North. In the South, many people believed that Northerners would go to any lengths, including subversion of the Constitution, to undermine slavery.

From Compromise to Confrontation

In the following year, the country was further stirred by the serial publication of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. Published as a book in 1852, the antislavery novel was widely read in the North, West, and South: many Northern and Western readers became more accepting of abolitionism, while Southerners angrily denounced the book.

In 1854 U.S. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Democrat of Illinois, introduced and Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The act repealed the Missouri Compromise, allowing territories to decide the issue of slavery for themselves. Many Northerners were outraged, and both Northerners and Southerners responded by sending settlers into the territories to oppose or promote slavery. Tensions escalated and a series of conflicts known as the Border War broke out. Combined with the Compromise of 1850 and the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, the dispute over Kansas and Nebraska triggered a massive political shift in American politics that allowed and slave groups to found the Republican Party.

By 1856 the party had enough support to run a candidate for president, and by 1860 the party had supplanted the once-popular Whig Party.

In 1857 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in Dred Scott v. Sanford that Congress had no power to exclude slavery from the territories. The Court's ill-constructed reasoning and the polemical nature of its opinion further galvanized abolitionists. The following year Republican Abraham Lincoln challenged Douglas for his seat in the U.S. Senate. In a series of debates, Lincoln argued eloquently against extending slavery to the territories, swaying many Northerners and provoking fears in many Southerners. Although the Illinois legislature reelected Douglas, the Republican Party swept the state and gained considerable influence nationally. In 1859 John Brown conducted his ill-fated raid on a federal outpost at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, from which he intended to march an army of liberation to free slaves in the South. Captured, convicted, and executed, Brown became a martyr for Northern abolitionists and a reminder to the South that abolitionists were increasingly willing to fight to end slavery.

The final blow to national unity was the presidential election of 1860, which focused almost exclusively on slavery. Southern Democrats at the nominating convention in April, refused to support Northerner Stephen Douglas because of his moderate position on slavery. The Southerners walked out of the convention and nominated their own presidential candidate, John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. Northern Democrats rallied behind Douglas. The Republicans nominated Lincoln, who won easily in November against the divided Democrats. Several leading Southerners had cautioned that if the Republicans won the election, the South might secede. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina made good on the promise. In January and February, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, and Texas also seceded. Shortly after Lincoln took office in March, he called on states to send militias to suppress the rebellion. The remaining Southern states — Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee — refused to send troops and seceded between April and June. Lincoln apparently hoped that the states would rejoin the Union without coercion, but this hope vanished on April 12.
African Americans Volunteer to Fight

Led by Frederick Douglass and other prominent abolitionists, most African Americans in the North viewed the Civil War as a fight to overthrow slavery. By the thousands, blacks volunteered for service in the Union army, only to be refused by President Lincoln. He argued repeatedly that the war was not being fought to end slavery but rather to restore the Union. Hoping that the war would be short-lived and that the Union would be quickly restored, he did not want to unnecessarily antagonize the South by enlisting black troops to fight against Confederate soldiers—a sure sign that Lincoln accorded African Americans equality with white Americans. Lincoln was also concerned about maintaining the support of two other groups: the slave-owning border states—Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware—that remained loyal to the Union; and the large number of proslavery, or at least nonabolitionist, Northern Democrats.

A few Northern states, notably Massachusetts, disagreed with Lincoln’s policy and pressured him to allow blacks to serve; however, many other states enacted laws banning blacks from state militias.

Many African Americans reacted to Lincoln’s opposition by declaring that the blood of blacks was not worth spilling for a racist United States. Others, however, argued that African Americans had an obligation to demand equal treatment for themselves and to put an end to slavery for their Southern brothers and sisters. In the end, this voice won out and many Northern blacks supported the war effort in nonmilitary roles, such as working in munitions factories and hospitals. Still others enlisted in the Union navy, which had always allowed blacks to serve. By the end of the war, roughly 9000 blacks fought as sailors, but sailors were necessarily a small part of the 2.2 million men in uniform.

Blacks behind Confederate Lines

Of the 9 million people living in the South at the time of secession, more than 3.5 million were African American slaves. Although slaves did not fight for the South—the Confederacy even forbade a group of free black Louisianians from volunteering for service—every slave who contributed to the Confederate economy made it possible for a white Southerner to leave the plantation or the factory for the battlefront. While hundreds of thousands of slaves continued the plantation work they had always done, thousands more were forced into other roles. They built forts and bridges, assembled munitions, drove horse teams to transport troops and supplies, cooked meals, nursed the wounded and ill, and served as blacksmiths and laundresses. Because of black labor, an estimated 80 percent of military-age Southern men were able to serve in uniform.

Throughout the war, Southerners feared slave revolts and increased patrols of rural areas accordingly; however, their fears were never fulfilled.

Slaves suffered from many of the wartime conditions that afflicted all Southerners, though more acutely. Food was scarce, and malnutrition and sickness grew with the war. Manufacturing Northern clothes and tools also dwindled with time and were replaced with less reliable homemade articles. As slave holders faced increasing financial burdens, slaves were sold more frequently, causing the separation of families; however, as more slaves were sold, their prices fell. Though many thousands of slaves fled to the protection of Union troops when the opportunity arose, many thousands more were herded by their owners farther into the Southern interior. Other slaves stayed with their owners out of simple affection, while still others felt too dependent on their owners to too frightened of the consequences to leave. For large numbers of these dislodgments provided them with their first glance at the world beyond the plantations where they had lived their entire lives.

Momentum for Abolitionism

The arguments of Northern abolitionists gained ground as the war continued, in part because of the value of slaves to the South, but also because Northerners were stunned at the lengths to which Southerners would go to fight for slavery. The North was also interested in denying the South imports and other aid from foreign countries, especially from Great Britain. One way to do this was to declare that the purpose of the war was to end slavery; Britain, having abolished slavery decades earlier, would have a difficult time helping a nation that was fighting to preserve slavery. For these and other reasons, Frederick Douglass’s vocal campaign to change the war to a fight against slavery was increasingly supported by prominent white Northerners.

In the summer of 1862 Congress finally authorized Union troops to confiscate Southern property, including slaves, who could then be used in military-support roles. Free slaves still could not fight, but Congress hoped that the act would give them an incentive to free toward advancing Union troops. No longer hopeful of luring the South back into the Union, Congress also put an end to slavery in Washington, D.C., and banned slavery in the territories. In September 1862 Lincoln issued a preliminary Emancipation Proclamation freeing slaves in the South (though not in Northern border states, where slavery was still protected by the Constitution). The Emancipation Proclamation also finally permitted Southern freedpeople and Northern blacks to enter the armed services. Not everyone was pleased with the proclamation. Many whites still believed the war should be fought only to restore the Union, not to free slaves. Combined with Lincoln’s controversy over the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus (by which accused criminals are brought before a court to determine whether their detention is lawful), with mounting losses on the battlefield, and with an unpopular military draft (beginning in 1863), the Emancipation Proclamation helped to bring about minor and major rebellions in the North.
SLAVE AND FREE STATES
AFTER THE COMPROMISE OF 1850

- Free States and Territories
- Slave States
- Decision Left to Territory
if they did, about whether they would fight capably. Although the few African Americans who had fought thus far in the Civil War had often done so with distinction, their service was little publicized. Initially, then, most of the newly recruited black regiments were confined to support roles. Only after the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts made a heroic and widely publicized assault in July 1863 on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, were blacks given a wider role in fighting. Even then blacks were almost never allowed to become officers. Black soldiers were also paid lower wages than whites until a protest by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts prompted Congress in 1864 to equalize salaries and issue back pay—now, however, before William Walker of the Third South Carolina Volunteers was court-martialed, convicted of mutiny, and executed; he had led black soldiers in refusing to fight until pay was equalized. In all, African Americans fought in roughly 40 major and 400 minor battles. These included Port Hudson, Louisiana (May 1863), where blacks made several bold assaults against devastating Confederate fire; Milliken's Bend, Mississippi (June 1863), where blacks fended off Confederates in hand-to-hand fighting; Fort Wagner (July 1863); Petersburg, Virginia (1864), where blacks endured terrible casualties as part of the siege of that city; and Richmond, Virginia (1865), the Confederate capital, which blacks were among the first troops to occupy.

The Confederacy treated all black soldiers, whether freedpeople by birth or by emancipation, as slaves subject to reenlistment and punishment. In several instances, Confederate troops simply murdered surrendering blacks, the most notorious example being Tennessee's Fort Pillow Massacre. On April 12, 1864, three years to the day after the start of the Civil War, Union troops at Fort Pillow were surprised by an overwhelming Confederate force. As African Americans surrendered, Confederates shot men, women, and children indiscriminately. They also burned wounded black soldiers in their tents and nailed several African American sergeants to logs before setting them afame. In all, about 200 African Americans were killed. After a government inquiry, Lincoln ordered a retaliation, but no action was taken.

By the end of the war almost 179,000 African Americans had served in the Union army and navy. Almost 3000 died from battle wounds, while 33,000 more died of disease. Among the important achievements for black soldiers was the promotion of Major Robert Gould Shaw, a doctor and writer, to the rank of major, the first African American to become a field officer. Black women, too, played important roles for the army; for example, Harriet Tubman served as a guide and
and Elizabeth Bowser, a slave in the Confederate White House in Richmond, served as a Union spy.

**END OF THE WAR: THE NORTH**

As the end of the war approached, Republican abolitionists were concerned that the Emancipation Proclamation would be viewed as a war act and thus unconstitutional once fighting ended. They were also increasingly anxious to secure the freedom of all African Americans, not just those freed by the Emancipation Proclamation. Thus pressed, Lincoln staked a large part of his 1864 presidential campaign on an amendment to the constitution that would abolish slavery throughout the United States. The president’s campaign was bolstered by separate votes in both Maryland and Missouri to abolish slavery in their states. Winning re-election in November, Lincoln pressed the lame-duck Congress to amend the Constitution immediately rather than wait for the incoming Congress to act in April. On January 11, 1865, Congress approved the Thirteenth Amendment banning slavery in all U.S. states and territories. The amendment was ratified by the states in December.

In the last years of the war, the enactment of the Emancipation Proclamation, the service of blacks in the army, and the movement for the Thirteenth Amendment created an environment that allowed African Americans to demand broader equality. In Philadelphia, where streetscars were segregated before the war, African Americans secured a desegregation law from the state legislature. In Illinois, statutes preventing testimony from blacks in state courts were overturned. After protests by African Americans, segregated schools in Detroit and Rhode Island were desegregated. In several states, laws requiring blacks to own property before they could vote were seriously challenged for the first time. Many such activities would continue during Reconstruction.

**END OF THE WAR: THE SOUTH**

The Confederacy, near the war’s end, debated whether to enlist slaves as soldiers and, if so, whether slave-soldiers should be granted their freedom. In early 1865 the Confederate Congress passed a law that allowed a limited number of black soldiers to be conscripted. States were left to decide whether slaves who fought would be freed. Confederate president Jefferson Davis, however, allowed only slaves whose owners had volunteered them to serve in the Confederate army. By the end of the war, a few hundred were enlisted, but very few saw any significant action.

After the Confederacy was defeated, Southern blacks were confronted with freedom and the challenge of securing food and shelter. Some continued, out of necessity or choice, to work the land they had worked as slaves. Occasionally such African Americans worked out agreements with their former masters for wages or other forms of compensation like food and shelter; however, only in a few cases were their conditions much improved over slavery. Other former slaves migrated to towns and cities, hoping for work, education, or relief distributed by Northern freedpeople’s aid societies and Union troops. Still others traveled more broadly, testing their freedom and seeking relatives from whom they had been separated by war or slavery. In the post-war Reconstruction years the United States would be forced to confront these and many other issues arising from the legacy of slavery.
Cleaver, Eldridge Leroy
(b. August 31, 1935, Wabbaseka, Ark.;
d. May 1, 1998, Pomona, Calif.), African American writer, political activist, and former minister of information for the Black Panther Party.

After growing up in Wabbaseka, Arkansas, and Los Angeles, California, Eldridge Cleaver spent much of his young adulthood in the California state penitentiary system. Convicted on drug and rape charges in 1953 and 1958, he used his prison time to broaden his education. During this time, Cleaver studied the teachings of the Nation of Islam and became a devoted supporter of Malcolm X. With the assassination of Malcolm X in 1965, Cleaver broke his ties to the Nation of Islam and sought to carry on the mission of Malcolm X's Organization of Afro-American Unity.

Paroled in 1966, Cleaver went to work as an editor and writer for Ramparts magazine. Soon after his introduction to Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, cofounders of the Black Panther Party, in Oakland, California, Cleaver joined the Panthers and became the party's minister of information. In this role, he called on black men to "pick up the gun" against the United States government.

The year 1966 was one of turning points for Cleaver. He established himself as a gifted essayist and cultural critic with the publication of Soul on Ice, a collection of prison writings that earned him the Martin Luther King Memorial Prize in 1970. Also in 1968, Cleaver was selected as the presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party. After a shoot-out in Oakland that left Cleaver and a police officer wounded and 17-year-old Bobby Hutton dead, Cleaver was charged with assault and attempted murder. His parole was revoked. Believing his life was in danger, Cleaver fled the country in November 1968.

He spent the next seven years in Cuba, France, and Algeria with his wife, Kathleen Neal Cleaver. Still actively involved with the Panthers, Cleaver published essays in Black Scholar, Ramparts, and the Black Panther, and served as the head of the International Section of the Black Panther Party in Algeria. After visits to North Korea, North Vietnam, and the People's Republic of China, however, Cleaver became increasingly critical of Marxist governments. A deal with the FBI allowed him to return to the United States in 1975 with a sentence of more than one thousand hours of community service.

After returning to the United States, his commitments shifted toward conservative politics and fundamentalist Christianity. He describes this transformation in Soul on Fire, which appeared in 1978. Cleaver lectured on religion and politics in the 1980s and ran as an independent candidate for Ronald Dellen's seat in the House of Representatives in 1984. After dropping out of the congressional race, Cleaver ran for a seat on the Berkeley, California, City Council. His ongoing struggle with drugs became public in 1994, when Cleaver was arrested in Berkeley.

A varied and prolific writer, Cleaver authored numerous political pamphlets, short stories, and poetry. His books Eldridge Cleaver: Post-Prison Writings and Speeches and Eldridge Cleaver's Black Papers both appeared in 1969. The Black Panther Leaders Speak: Huey P. Newton, Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver, and Candy S. Speaks Out Through the Black Panther Party's Official Newspaper was published seven years later.

Laurie Balfour
Eldridge Cleaver, once minister of information in the Black Panther Party, puts final touches on a ceramic pot in his Berkeley, Calif., studio (left). In the 60s (bottom left) he called for Black liberation through militant revolution. From Moscow (bottom right) he displays FBI poster while en route to Algiers where he was granted political exile in 1969.
If you're not a part of the solution, you're a part of the problem.
—Eldridge Cleaver in the 1960s

As the charismatic Information Minister of the Black Panther Party, Eldridge Cleaver was one of the most dazzling and controversial fixtures of the '60s. For more than a decade, the Arkansas-born writer-activist mesmerized audiences with his calls for revolutionary violence against the agents of racism, capitalism and Christianity. During this period, he was reportedly involved in a shootout with the Oakland police and was jailed for that and other acts.

The militant writer fled the United States in 1969 while he was being sought on a weapons charge. During his six-year exile, he changed his religious affiliation from Christianity to Mormonism. The changes, he says, were the result of seeing first hand the harshness of dictatorships. "I found the systems of dictatorships and communism to be absolutely unacceptable. Living in those countries put an end to my advocacy of communism." Rather than call himself naive, he says the entire episode was all part of his growing experience.

Just before returning, he also underwent a religious conversion. "As part of this whole thing that I went through, I changed from really being a communist or atheist, basically someone who does not believe in God, to someone who does."

During the eight years that I was away from the United States, I underwent a change in my whole philosophy based on my observations," he says. "I spent time in China, Algeria and North Vietnam. I stopped believing in a communist or socialist and developed an understanding and respect for free enterprise and the democratic political system." The changes, he says, were the result of seeing first hand the harshness of dictatorships. "I found the systems of dictatorships and communism to be absolutely unacceptable. Living in those countries put an end to my advocacy of communism." Rather than call himself naive, he says the entire episode was all part of his growing experience.

Just before returning, he also underwent a religious conversion. "As part of this whole thing that I went through, I changed from really being a communist or atheist, basically someone who does not believe in God, to someone who does." After spending several years looking for a church home, he joined the Mormons in 1982. The fact that few Blacks had been attracted to the religion did not bother him. "They [the Mormons] have organized an adherence to the gospel and I feel that they have a very positive program for human beings, for families and so forth," he says. The fact that Black people were not traditionally members of this particular church was something that was obvious to me."

Continued on Next Page
ELDRIDGE CLEAVER continued

Politically, there were also dramatic changes. After voting for Jimmy Carter for President in 1976, he regretted it by 1980 “because of his do-nothing policy on every level.” By 1980, Cleaver was equally as disenchanted with the nation’s Black leadership for almost rubber-stamping everything the Democrats did.

Reagan impressed him because of his attempt to dramatically change the welfare system, a system Blacks had become too dependent on, Cleaver contends. Republicans, too, have failed to deliver for Blacks, he acknowledges, “because Blacks have not really been a factor in their politics.”

Cleaver says that, since the early 70s, he has had virtually no contact with former Panther leaders Bobby Seale and Huey Newton. “The Black Panther Party went through a very traumatic split around 1969,” he recalls. “It was the so-called left wing and the right. I was part of the left. Bobby and Huey were on the other side. When I came back to the country, Huey was still feuding with me. Bobby Seale refused to communicate with me all of that time.” Several years ago, he says, Seale did call him and asked him to participate in a national speaking tour. The project did not work out. “I haven’t heard from Bobby Seale since. The only thing I hear from Bobby is some criticism of me which he does now and then in public.”

Despite the rift between him and the Panther leaders, Cleaver still has positive feelings about the organization. “I think the Black Panther Party played a very positive role at a decisive moment toward the liberation of Black people in America,” he says.

Those days, however, are now entries in history books and Cleaver would like to unshackle himself from some events of the past. He is distressed by what he perceives as a rigid unwillingness on the part of the American public to accept the fact that he has grown and changed. He blames the media for perpetuation of his “radical” image. While he is still viewed as a somewhat confused radical, he says other 1960s activists such as Seale and Jane Fonda have been allowed to blend into the mainstream. “They try to make it look like I’m doing flip-flops all over the ocean,” he complains. “I have a very good track record of being ahead of other people in understanding certain truths and taking political positions far in advance of the crowd and turn out to be vindicated by subsequent experience. Yet, when I take these experiences, I have been attacked for taking them.”

Except for a recent cocaine-possession charge, life has been fairly quiet for Cleaver over the last few years. He lives alone in Berkeley, Calif., and earns money by lecturing and by making and selling ceramic objects. He and his former wife Kathleen, from whom he had been separated for many years, recently divorced. She is in law school at Yale. His son Maceo, 18, is a college student in Virginia. He and his wife have joint custody of their 17-year-old daughter Jojuviungni (Korean for “female freedom fighter”).

While he is cautious and distrustful of many around him, Cleaver is still optimistic and eager about his future. He still wants to be a politician and even aspires to someday make a run for the U.S. presidency. In spite of the setbacks he’s experienced in his life, he says, “In this heart of mine, hope always springs eternal.”

EBONY • March, 1988
Davis, Angela Yvonne
(b. Jan. 26, 1944, Birmingham, Ala.), African American political activist, philosopher, and educator whose imprisonment for murder generated worldwide protest.

Angela Davis was, in several ways, born into the heart of the civil rights struggle. Her family lived in the middle-class section of Birmingham, Alabama, that came to be known as Dynamite Hill because there were so many Ku Klux Klan bombings. Davis attended segregated schools where children were taught black history but at the same time were denied adequate school supplies and facilities. Her mother and grandmother encouraged Davis to fight for civil rights while she was still in elementary school. As a high school student, Davis helped organize interracial study groups that were broken up by the police.

When she was 15, Davis left Birmingham to attend the Elizabeth Irwin School in New York City. Teachers at the politically progressive school introduced Davis to the socialist ideas that informed her later activism. From 1961 to 1965 Davis attended Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts, and graduated with honors. She spent her junior year in Paris, where her contact with Algerian students provided her with a global perspective on the struggle against colonialism and oppression. Her political commitments intensified in 1963, when four girls whom Davis had known were killed in the 16th Street Baptist Church bombing in Birmingham.

Davis began her doctoral studies in philosophy at the Johann Wolfgang von Goethe University in Frankfurt, Germany, but returned to the United States in 1967 when she decided that she could no longer stay away from the growing American racial conflict. She enrolled at the University of California at Santa Cruz, where she continued to work with her undergraduate advisor, philosopher Herbert Marcuse. She earned her master's degree in philosophy in 1969, and within a year completed the requirements for the Ph.D., except for the dissertation.

While in graduate school Davis became increasingly politically active. At a workshop sponsored by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), Davis met Frank and Kendra Alexander, both active members of SNCC, the Black Panthers, and the Communist party. Davis moved to Los Angeles to join the Alexanders in their work and in 1968 joined the Communist Party. Davis was hired by the University of California at Los Angeles to teach philosophy in 1969. Despite the popularity of her course and the positive recommendations of the faculty, she was fired by the state board of regents at the behest of Governor Ronald Reagan once her Communist affiliation became known. A court overturned the dismissal, but the regents refused to renew Davis's contract at the end of the 1969-1970 academic year.

Davis's political activities earned her international attention in 1970. Through the Black Panthers, Davis became an advocate for black political prisoners and spoke out in defense of the inmates known as the Soledad Brothers. After the killing of inmate George Jackson by guards at Soledad Prison, his younger brother, Jonathan, attempted to free another prisoner from a Marin County, California, courthouse by taking hostages.

Four people were killed in the shoot-out that followed. The guns Jackson used belonged to Davis. Even though she was not at the courthouse at the time, she was charged with kidnaping, conspiracy, and murder. When Davis defied the arrest warrant and went into hiding, she was placed on the FBI's most-wanted list. Her capture in a New York motel room and subsequent imprisonment inspired "Free Angela" rallies around the world. Davis spent 16 months in jail before being released on bail in 1972; she was acquitted of all charges.

From the "Free Angela" movement, Davis and others established the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression. She ran for office in 1980 and 1984 as the Communist Party candidate for vice president and she continues to lecture widely on social justice issues. Currently, Davis is a professor of the history of consciousness at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

She is the author of several books, including The Meaning of Freedom (1970), Women, Race, and Class (1985), and Women, Culture and Politics (1989).
Davis, Anthony (b. Paterson, N.J., February 20, 1951), African American composer and pianist whose innovations in modern classical music confine jazz styles and global rhythms.

The son of the first African American professor in music, Anthony Davis studied classical music as a child in New York, and an undergraduate at Yale University he played free-jazz with Anthony Braxton. After earning his B.A. at Yale in 1975, Davis moved to New York City, where he supported himself as a jazz pianist. As he developed musically, his compositions deviated from traditional jazz. He often abandoned improvisation and drew elements from Western classical music and African and South Asian rhythms. His recordings from this period include Hidden (1979) and Lady of the Mirrors (1981). In 1981 he formed an eight-piece ensemble, a combo whose repertoire included a combination of improvised and scored music, blurring the distinction between jazz and classical music. In the 1980s Davis began focusing much of his work on historical subjects. Middle Passage (1984) examined the degradation and despair of the slave ships (see Middle Passage, The) and was performed both by pianist Ussua Oppens and Davis himself. Since 1981 he has collaborated with his brother Christopher and cousin Thulani Davis on an opera about black nationalism. X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X premiered in Philadelphia in 1985 and was performed by the New York City Opera in 1986. Davis's second opera, Under the Double Moon (1989), included a science fiction libretto written by Deborah Aherton. In 1991 two subsequent operas, Tanja (1992) and Amistad (1997), dramatized historical events (see AMISTAD MUTINY).

Davis has taught at Yale and Columbia universities, composed scores for numerous dance companies, and written music for several films. His symphonic works have been performed by the New York Philharmonic, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, and the San Francisco Symphony. He won a Pulitzer Prize for his piano concerto Wayang no. 5 (1984).

Eric Bennett


Benjamin Oliver Davis Jr. was the son of Elvira and Benjamin Oliver Davis Sr., the first black general of the U.S. Army. After living on a number of military bases during his childhood, Davis entered a predominantly white high school in Cleveland, Ohio. He was elected president of his class and went on to attend Cleveland's Western Reserve University. He transferred to the University of Chicago but hoped to enroll in the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. At the time, the academy actively discouraged blacks from applying. With the help of black Chicago congressman Oscar DePriest, however, Davis took the entrance examinations and entered the academy in 1932. At West Point, because he was black, Davis was subjected to four years of a campaign called silencing: no one ate with him, roomed with him, answered his questions, or spoke to him unless issuing an order. He nonetheless graduated in the top 15 percent of his class and became West Point's first African American graduate since RECONSTRUCTION. Because of his high class ranking, he should have been allowed to choose which branch of service to enter; however, when he requested the air corps (then a branch of the army), he was told that there were no black squadrons and that the government had no intention of assigning a black lieutenant to a white squadron. Instead he and his new bride, Agatha Scott, were sent to Fort Benning, Georgia. They found base facilities both there and in future postings racially segregated, and Davis was assigned several insignificant duties.

In the early 1940s President Franklin D. Roosevelt, seeking wider support among African Americans, approved several changes that gave blacks greater roles in the armed services. One such change was the promotion of Benjamin Davis Sr. as the first black general. Another was allowing African Americans into the air corps on an experimental basis. A training program for black pilots was established at the historically black Tuskegee Institute and Benjamin Davis Jr. was ordered to command the first class (see TUSKEGEE AIRMEN). Completing the training in 1942, Davis was given charge of the Ninety-ninth Pursuit Squadron, the first black air unit, and was sent the following year to North Africa to serve in World War II. Davis and his pilots were given little of the introductory training that young white pilots received from veterans at the front. Most of the Ninety-ninth's missions in North Africa were routine and combat-free, allowing Davis's superior officers to report to Washington that black pilots were not as capable as whites.

Late in 1943 Davis was placed in command of the 332nd Fighter Group, a larger black unit. Now a lieutenant colonel, Davis lobbied the Pentagon for combat assignments, and by early 1944 the 332nd received them. The group proved highly effective in the skies above Italy, and by mid-year a closely guarded report concluded that the 332nd was the equal of any unit fighting above southern Europe. Among Davis's awards from this period was the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After the war Davis argued for an end to segregation in the armed services, which Harry S. Truman promulgated in 1948. Davis then helped the air force, which had separated from the army, design plans for desegregating its bases. During the KOREAN WAR, he commanded a racially integrated flying unit and was afterward promoted to brigadier general, the first black to reach that rank in the air force. In 1965 he became the first African American in any military branch to reach the rank of lieutenant general. In 1970, after commanding the Thirteenth Air Force in the VIETNAM WAR, he retired.

Beginning in mid-1970 Davis served as an assistant secretary at the Department of Transportation under President Richard M. Nixon. Overseeing the development of airport security and highway safety, Davis was one of the chief proponents of the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit to save gas and lives. He retired from the Department of Transportation in 1975 and in 1978 served on the American Battle Monuments Commission, on which his father had served decades before. In 1991 he published his autobiography.

Eric Bennett


Benjamin Oliver Davis was the youngest of three children of Henrietta, a nurse, and Louis, a messenger for the federal government. Shortly after completing high school in Washington, D.C., he volunteered to serve in the army, which was then fighting the SPANISH-CUBAN-AMERICAN WAR (1898-1899). He was given a temporary posting as a second lieutenant and after the war decided to continue his military career, enlisting as a private in the Ninth Cavalry. Sent to the Philippines, he became a sergeant-major, the highest enlisted rank in the army. Although blacks who tried to reach higher ranks were routinely thwarted by racism, in 1901 he took and passed examinations to become an officer. As a second lieutenant, he served at Fort Washakie in Wyoming.
In 1902 Davis married Elonra Dickerson, his high school girlfriend. The Davises were the only black couple at Washakie and were essentially shunned by the white officers and their families. In 1905 Davis received a transfer to Wilberforce University, an all-black college in Ohio, where he taught military science. He was reportedly frustrated by a lack of discipline among the students and the low esteem with which administrators regarded military science. After four years of teaching, Davis served in Liberia as a military advisor. Finding Liberia's troops poorly trained and in disarray, he hoped to oversee a sweeping reform; however, the U.S. government was not yet ready to become so involved in the military affairs of other countries.

Davis's next posting was along the Mexican-American border, where he became a captain, though by 1915 he was again teaching at Wilberforce. Elonra died there while giving birth to a daughter, also named Elonra. Their two previous children were Olive and Benjamin D. Davis Jr., who became the first black general in the U.S. Air Force. In 1917 Davis returned to the Philippines, where he spent most of World War I overseeing supply operations. He married Sadie Overton and in 1920 was transferred to another teaching position, this time at Alabama's historically black Tuskegee Institute. Davis by now clearly understood that discrimination was responsible for several of his less significant postings. After he was transferred to another teaching position in Ohio, then promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1930 and returned to Tuskegee, black journalists began to ask why a high-ranking officer with more than three decades of service was in a classroom. Not until 1937 did Davis get his command, taking charge of the 369th Cavalry of the New York National Guard, a regiment of black troops. At Davis's prodding, the army redesignated the regiment from noncombat to combat status.

During the election year of 1940 President Franklin D. Roosevelt sought to show up his wavering support among African Americans by promoting Davis to the rank of brigadier general, the first black to reach that position. To do so, Roosevelt overrode the army's ban against promoting officers over the age of 58. During World War II the army recruited more than 100,000 black troops; only a few years before, fewer than 5000 blacks were serving. Davis was appointed to oversee race relations among troops. He traveled the United States receiving complaints from black troops and calling attention to such things as discrimination in assignments and the racial segregation of donated food. Davis also helped produce an educational film about black soldiers that received wide distribution and was followed by a postwar sequel on the role that black soldiers played in the war.

He spent much of 1942, 1944, and 1945 in Great Britain, where he discovered that despite a shortage of troops at the front, most black soldiers were not sent into combat positions. Davis recommended not only that Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower use more black troops in combat but that he allow blacks to fill the ranks of fallen whites, which would have meant allowing blacks to serve shoulder-to-shoulder with whites. Eisenhower agreed to give blacks more combat positions but insisted that segregation continue, at least at the platoon level. Black platoons, however, were thereafter common in previously all-white battalions. Davis retired in 1948, later serving on the American Battle Monuments Commission.

See Also

Davis, Danny K. (b. 1941, Parkdale, Ark.), Democratic member of the United States House of Representatives from Illinois (1997–).

Danny K. Davis received a bachelor's degree from Arkansas A.M. & N. College (now the University of Arkansas) in Pine Bluff in 1961, and a master's degree from Chicago State University in Chicago, Illinois, in 1966. In 1977 he received a Ph.D. from Union Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio. His political career began in 1979 when he was elected to the Chicago City Council, a position he held for 11 years. In 1984 and 1986 Davis unsuccessfully sought the Democratic nomination for representative of the First Congressional District in Illinois. He was named to the Cook County Board of Commissioners in 1990 and held the position until 1997. In 1991 he made an unsuccessful bid for mayor of Chicago. Davis was elected to the U.S. House from Illinois's First Congres­sional District in November 1996.

The First District includes Chicago's downtown business district and the residential area on the city's west side. The Sears Tower and the Magnificent Mile—the home of high-end department stores and businesses—are downtown attractions, while the district's northern and western sections include the Cabrini-Green and Robert Taylor Homes housing projects.

In 1997 Davis served on the Government Reform and Oversight Committee and the Small Business Committee. He is also a member of Congressional Black Caucus.


John Henry Davis won his first world title in 1938 at age 17, competing in the heavyweight class. In the years when he was competing, there were three lifts in weightlifting competition: the snatch, the clean and jerk. The press was eliminated from international competition after the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, West Germany. The three lifts then compiled together to determine overall lift. At the 1948 Olympic Games in London, Davis won the Gold Medal in heavyweight class, setting world (and Olympic) records in the clean and jerk and the total lift and establishing Olympic records in press and the three-lift total. Davis, who trimmer and more fit than many of his competitors, became a hero in Europe for his performance and was known in France as L'Hercule Noir (the Black Hercules).

Davis triumphed again at the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki, Finland, breaking eight own Olympic marks in the press, the clean and jerk and the three-lift total. He dominated heavyweight weightlifting during his career, capturing 10 United States national titles (1941-1943, 1946-1948, 1950-1953), five world titles (1946, 1947, 1949-1951), and the American Games title in 1951 in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

After leg injuries ended his hopes of competing in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia, Davis worked for the New York City Department of Corrections, where he established weightlifting programs for juvenile delinquents. He was posthumously inducted into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame in 1980.

Davis, Miles Dewey, III (b. May 23, 1926, Alton, Ill.; d. September 13, 1991, Santa Monica, Calif.), African American trumpet player and bandleader who contributed significantly to bebop, jazz, modal jazz, and fusion or jazz-rock.

The role of Miles Davis is unparalleled in the history of jazz. Many great jazz musicians have drawn inspiration from his music over the years. Davis's compositions and performances influenced many jazz musicians including Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, and Dizzy Gillespie—gain renown for their technical mastery and distinctive approaches to improvisation. Others, such as Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, and Ornette Coleman, achieved greatness through instrumental prowess and unique compositions and performances in a distinctive style. Davis is unique in having made his mark through both technical mastery and the ability to transcend the technical limitations of the jazz style. His innovations have had a profound impact on the evolution of jazz, leading to the development of bebop, modal jazz, and fusion. Since his death, his influence has continued to be greater than that of any other jazz musician.
Davis, Ossie
Cogdell, Ga., a former American actor, is a director who he and leader with.

The son of a rail

568

Davis grew up in a middle-class home in East St. Louis.

Davis's mother, Cleota Henry Davis, was a classically trained musician who could play a mean blues on the banjo. He recalled, "I was the only one of the four kids who played music." He received his first trumpet at age 13 and by his mid-teens was playing in the Louis area. In the process befriending tenor jazz trumpeter Clark Terry. Shortly thereafter graduating from high school in 1944, Davis substituted for a sick third trumpet player in Billy Eckstine's orchestra during its week gig in St. Louis.

The Eckstine band was then the most exciting group in jazz. It featured a number of the young lions of bebop, most notably Max Roach, son of Charlie Parker - Bird - on alto sax, but also tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons and Lucky Thompson. Drummer Art Blakey and bassist Willy Dixon were also members. "Bird's band changed my life," Davis recalled. "I decided right then and there that I had to leave St. Louis and head for New York City where all these badasses were at." He was accepted by the Juilliard School of Music, which provided Davis with a pretext for moving that his parents were enthusiastic about.

Davis did attend Juilliard but never graduated; he gained far more of his musical education in the jazz clubs of 52nd Street. He quickly established himself in the jazz community: playing with tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, pianist and composer Bud Powell and the Honorable Monk. During 1946 and 1947 he became a regular member of the Eckstine band.

Davis's first encounter with cocaine was during his stint with Eckstine, and tenor Harry "Gloves" Ammons introduced him to heroin. In late 1947 business, heroin use was rampant among younger jazz musicians. Davis recalled, "The idea was going around that to use heroin might make you play as great as Bird. Who was known to be an addict. "A lot of musicians did it for that. I guess I might have tried it just waiting for his genius to hit me."

Davis had the chance to work with his musical idol on a steady basis. In 1947 he joined Parker's great quintet - which also included Duke Jordan (piano), Tommy Potter (bass) and Max Roach (drums). During his stay with Parker, Davis perfected his bebop style. By 1949, however, he had acquired a heroin addiction that increasingly hindered his ability to play. In 1953 Davis returned to Illinois and, alone on a farm owned by his father, kicked his habit by sheer force of will. In part, that steely resolve reflected a lifelong struggle to control a tightly disciplined life. Davis was never one to refuse a challenge, whether it was overcoming addiction or meeting a personal insult. He had a number of unpleasant encounters with white authorities, including a notorious police beating in 1959 outside Birdland, the New York City jazz club.

Over the course of 45 years, Davis's playing fell into five distinct, sometimes overlapping phases: bebop (1945-1948), cool jazz (1948-1958), hard bop (1952-1963), modal (1959, 1964-1966), and electronic or fusion (1967-1980). After journeyman beginnings in bebop, Davis led the way for all of jazz music. His pathbreaking Birth of the Cool recordings of 1949-1950 established the conventions of cool jazz. A series of recordings in the early 1950s with trombonist J. J. Johnson, also player Jackie McLean, and pianist Horace Silver heralded the hard bop movement, which simplified the musical universe of bebop and gave it harder rhythmical undertakings.

In the mid-1950s Davis organized the first of his two classic quintets, featuring John Coltrane (tenor sax). Red Garland (piano), Paul Chambers (bass), and Philly Joe Jones (drums). This group alternated playing uptempo hard bop numbers and ballads that featured Davis's sensitive trumpet. In his ballad playing, Davis often used a harmonic mute to achieve a distinctly poignant sound. During these years, he simplified his playing. On ballads, in particular, he made deliberate use of space, increasing the emotional depth of his solos by the silences that he left between notes and phrases.

Davis's quintet also inaugurated the next major phase of jazz with its increasingly modal playing. Modal jazz replaces standard diatonic scales and chords with other note sequences played in more open, harmonically diatonic scales and chords. During these years, he used Garland and featured soloist - pianist Bill Evans replacing Garland and with the addition of alto player Cannonball Adderley, Davis's band recorded Kind of Blue, one of the most influential and most popular recordings in jazz history. The album, the first significant example of modal jazz, continues to exert a profound influence on young jazz musicians.

Further exploring the cool side of jazz, Davis collaborated with composer and arranger Gil Evans - who had first worked with the trumpeter on the Birth of the Cool sessions - on a series of memorable recordings that epitomize modern orchestral jazz, including Miles Ahead (1957), Porgy and Bess (1958), and most notably Sketches of Spain (1959-1960). During the same period, Davis's small group continued to play hard bop with blazing intensity. In 1964 Davis formed the second of his great quintets, this one featuring Wayne Shorter (tenor), Herbie Hancock (piano), Ron Carter (bass), and Tony Williams (drums).

The creative achievements of Davis's 1960s quintet quickly placed it at the musical forefront. The group's probing modal music drew jazz ever further in the direction of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic freedom. On the other hand, Davis resisted what he saw as the anarchy of free jazz. "Look," he said, "you don't need to think to play weird.

That ain't no freedom.

That ain't no freedom.

The late 1960s and early 1970s were a time of experimentation with electric rock-based rhythms and, his albums Filles de Kil and In a Silent Way (1969)

Davis shook the jazz sequent album, Birth

Introduction of fusion or layered jazz improvisation. Davis's new direction - a sidemen as drummers - Billy Cobham, electric k Corea and Keith Jarrett, John McLaughlin - all fans but attracted a lazier younger listeners. In the ensuing years, he disbanded his quartet, using rhythm section to provide a more solid foundation for his ensemble, and featured soloist - pianist and composer like Donal leer. John Zeke and saxophonist - Julius Hemphill, alto saxophonist.

In his autobiography, years before his death, Davis wrote, "I have to always be on the things because that's just how it is."

But Davis wrote it all down.

It is an easy way to write. It is a way of expression, a way of communicating thoughts and ideas. It is a way of expressing the self.

In the 1970s and early 1980s, Davis was successful in his new direction - a fusion of jazz and rock.

In 1980, Davis's quintet was nominated for a Grammy Award for Best Jazz Album.

Daviscontinued to perform until his death in 1991.
African Drum. Virginia, ca. 18th century (prior to 1753).

http://www.andrew.cmu.edu/course/79-326/slave03.htm
AN especially happy event in regard to race was the birth of EBONY in the autumn of 1945—a new young and handsome journalistic child of which to be proud.

I liked EBONY from its very beginning, and only a few times during its adolescent period did I get a bit put out with it—as often happens to parents with children who, in the puberty years, are inclined to try even a saint’s soul ...

Today Negro America finds in EBONY an increasingly well-rounded picture of itself in a handsome frame. The format is attractive, its layout eye-catching, and its paper good. This latter fact is of great importance, lest our picture history crumble into dust within a few years. Many of the magazines of twenty years ago are now sear, yellow, dry and falling apart. Not so with the early editions of EBONY which I have managed to keep in spite of my travelling hither and yon. And bound volumes I have seen preserved in libraries are in good shape.

From the start EBONY has had consistently eye-catching and interesting covers, racial as well as interracial, beginning with Rev. Ritchie’s seven boys of the Children’s Crusade on the first issue, followed by lovely Hilda Simms of Anna Lucasta fame on the second cover, with the most beautiful and talented of women getting an especially handsome print job on the inside and outside of the magazine ... From Lena Horne and the late Dorothy Dandridge to the sepia-toned international beauties Vera Lucia Couto dos Santos of Brazil and Monique Cartright of Haiti, EBONY covers have presented pulchritude par excellence. High fashion model Janie Burdette in the briefest of bikinis to Helen Williams in a winter coat, the Supremes all in red, sweet and simple Ruby Dee in a plain and simple blouse against the background of her husky husband, actor-playwright Ossie Davis; blonde May Britt and family, its head being Sammy Davis Jr., domesticated. And the lustiest beauty of them all, Miss Pearl Bailey.

But not by any means have all of EBONY’s covers been devoted to pulchritude. Two covers that I remember well are the massed faces, Negro and white, of a portion of the crowd surging forward in the great March on Washington of 1963; and Pope Paul VI canonizing the Uganda Martyrs with the assistance of African Cardinal Laurian Rugambwa at a Pontifical Mass in St. Peters. If we had had no EBONY, we would not have such photographs in dramatic color piled on thousands of newsstands throughout the country for our white fellow citizens to see at a glance the new roles Negroes play in today’s world. One picture is sometimes worth a million words, and much easier to take in quickly.

Passersby who might never buy a copy of EBONY see these vividly effective photographs as they purchase their newspapers. On the few times that EBONY
has departed from photographic covers, striking drawings have served to attract attention—the sharp black and white of the recent "White Problem in America" issue, and the striking sketch of Frederick Douglass on the issue devoted to the 100th Anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, an occasion on which a whole magazine became a historical document that might well be printed between book covers.

The files of EBONY from its inception in 1945 to this 1965 issue could well serve as an overall history of the American Negro during the past twenty years—and on back beyond the Mayflower, since some articles have been devoted to past as well as contemporary happenings, such as Lerone Bennett's splendid pieces. While the main emphasis has been on the presentation of the positive side of Negro achievement, EBONY has not hesitated to face the grim realities of such ugly episodes in American life as the Emmett Till lynching or the Birmingham brutalities and to present them in all their horror. The careless charge some critics have made that EBONY presents only successful Negroes, colorful sports and entertainment personalities and pretty fashion models is not true. Even if it were true, there has been such a need in Negro lives to see themselves pictured beautifully, to view on the printed page something other than slums, and to learn that at least some Black men and women can be successful in this highly competitive world, that a magazine presenting nothing but the positive side would still be of value, even if the balance were a bit overboard. I do not feel that EBONY has gone overboard.

To "accent the positive" as EBONY has done, is to give Negro America a sorely needed psychic lift. Nowhere is this lift more in evidence today than in the advertisements of high calibre which it has attracted to its pages within the last decade. When EBONY first began publication, it had never occurred to most national manufacturers of commodities which millions of Negroes as well as whites buy, to place advertisements in Negro publications. When major firms did advertise in the Negro press, which was very seldom, it never crossed their minds to use Negro faces in the ads, or to picture Black youngsters eating national brand cereals, or colored people riding in an automobile, be it Ford or Lincoln, or buying a soft drink for their children. Now in EBONY there are strikingly beautiful ads of Negroes doing all these things.

Look at the handsome young brownskin couple or ... Negro families now pictured getting into sleek and shining cars. Twenty years ago, to expect to see such advertisements in a colored magazine would have been unthinkable. In the field of the American commercial, EBONY has been so much of a pioneer as was brownskin Matt Henson when he became the first man to set foot on the North Pole. That EBONY can now afford not only to have color covers, but feature articles in color inside the magazine, is due to its determined dogged assault on the white battlements of Madison Avenue advertising. It was not easy to make "the walls come tumbling down." But they did. Result: now even The New York Times, Life and The New Yorker picture Negro models in ads—not of the once popular "ham what am" variety, either.

Five years after the birth of EBONY, its publisher presented a series of authenticated facts to the advertising agencies that helped open their eyes to the dollar value of the Negro market. Nine out of ten EBONY readers carried life insurance. Four out of ten EBONY readers owned cars. Two out of ten in 1950 possessed television sets, and the same percentage bought pianos. One out of four had graduated from college and were potential culture buyers.
EBONY had its circulation authenticated by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, and its contents indexed in the Readers’ Guide to Periodical Literature. The result is that today EBONY's advertising is voluminous, the format of the ads most attractive and, if they were to be one hundred percent visually believed, all Negro Americans are good looking. (Typical example, the charming Café au lait couple at their lovely dining table advertising Simplicity patterns). To see ourselves presented so handsomely in commercial advertising (which now has spread to other national publications) is a great achievement on the positive side due, I believe, largely to EBONY.

In 1945, the year that EBONY was born, the world lay in shambles. Europe had been devastated by war. Hiroshima was in ruins. The atom bomb had been dropped. Most of Berlin was a mass of rubble. Hitler had committed suicide, Musolini was hanged, and that year Franklin D. Roosevelt died. But World War II had ended with the Japanese surrender in September. Then at San Francisco the triumphant powers gathered to create the United Nations. Among those present at its beginnings were Dr. Ralph Bunche, Walter White of the NAACP, Mary McLeod Bethune of the National Council of Negro Women, and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. Negroes were as interested in the world of tomorrow as anybody else, and wanted to make it more than a mint of blood and sorrow. There had been only one lynching in the United States in 1945, but in other ways race prejudice was still rampant. And there was the perennial problem of Negroes and jobs. The very first issue of EBONY contained an article entitled, "60 Million Jobs or Else," and another on "Catholics and Color."

On the surface in 1945, American life, of course, went on more or less as usual. Amos and Andy in dialect was the most popular show on radio. Ex-GI Joe Louis was anticipating his return bout with Billy Conn. Teen-age movie star Shirley Temple got married. Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Eckstine and Charlie Parker were giving birth to be-bop. Richard Wright's Black Boy appeared in the bookshops. Jackie Robinson became the first authenticated Negro signed for Major League Baseball. Adam Powell was elected to the House of Representatives. Segregation in the Navy ended. The Spingarn Medal was awarded to Thurgood Marshall, and Nat King Cole was singing "Straighten Up And Fly Right" which lots of Negroes took as being directed at white folks. Certainly, Negroes were ripe for change in the American status quo, and things were not changing fast enough for them. The war was over in Europe and Asia. Black soldiers would soon be coming home. Question—To the same old Jim Crow they had known before?

The Negro soldier had been to many lands, seen many peoples, and been treated with a dignity and sensibility, even by his foes, that was alien to him in his own country. The die cast, he could never return in spirit to racial complacency in America, and certainly not to the old days of Uncle Tom—even though Booker T. Washington was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1945. In fact, Uncle Tom was probably slain in Normandy, at Anzio or Iwo Jima, never to be resurrected with a new sense of freedom and purpose. The year EBONY was born marked not only the beginning of the Negro's broader horizon, but that of America itself. Our country could no longer stand alone in lofty isolation as it had tried to do before the war. The United States could no longer insulate itself from world problems. And, willingly or unwillingly, it had to start practicing what it preached in regard to liberty and freedom and democracy, both at home and abroad.

http://www.findarticles.com/cf_0/m1077/1_56/66455747/print.jhtml
Though America was slow to realize it, the world was not entirely white. It was predominantly colored—and what is right for the white nations is not always right for the colored nations. Indeed, in 1945 America was being forced for the first time to carefully examine the values of human dignity proclaimed in its own constitution, and to begin practicing, however grudgingly, those ideals to which it had been giving lip service for generation. As to that world within a world of Black-Americans, new understandings had to be developed. At this crucial period, fortunately, along came EBONY, whose very name means Black, to help America better understand ourselves and—itself.

* Reprinted from November 1965 EBONY

Langston Hughes Poet Laureate of Black America

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THERE were no rappers then, no music videos and no MTV. There were no Blacks in the National Football League, and White experts said in all seriousness that Black men were biologically incapable of competing in the NBA.

Back there, at the crossroads of worlds following the ending of World War II, soldiers and sailors were coming home again and the lights, the song said, were going on again all over the world, everywhere except in the Deep South (and the Deep North), where almost everything was segregated. You couldn't try on clothes in department stores then. You couldn't ride on the front seat of buses. You couldn't eat in downtown restaurants in D.C., and you couldn't sleep in most downtown hotels in New York.

That was the situation in November 1945, when a young Chicagoan named John H. Johnson published the first issue of a magazine called EBONY, which immediately became the largest circulated Black magazine in the world and which said, among other things, that a new world was coming, and that a Michael Jordan and a Martin Luther King Jr. and a Tiger and a Venus were on the way. Fifty-five Novembers later, EBONY is still heralding a new world. It is still fresh, it is still exciting and it is still No. 1. During these years, African-Americans have made undeniable progress on every front, but the struggle is far from over, and the EBONY message, Publisher John H. Johnson says, is still the same: "Today, as in the beginning, we believe that hard work, dedication and perseverance will overcome almost any prejudice and open almost any door. In November 2000, as in November 1945, we believe that the greater the obstacle, the greater the triumph and the greater the glory."

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| | NDA, NBA statistics |
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http://www.findarticles.com/cf_0/m1077/1_56/66455748/print.jhtml

1/16/01
Duke's Biography

By the time of his passing, he was considered amongst the world's greatest composers and musicians. The French government honored him with their highest award, the Legion of Honor, while the government of the United States bestowed upon him the highest civil honor, the Presidential Medal of Freedom. He played for the royalty and for the common people and by the end of his fifty-year career, he had played over 20,000 performances worldwide. He was the Duke. Duke Ellington

Edward Kennedy Ellington was born into the world on April 28, 1899 in Washington, D.C. Duke's parents Daisy Kennedy Ellington and James Edward Ellington served as ideal role models for young Duke and taught him everything from proper table manners to an understanding of the emotional power of music. Duke's first piano lessons came around the age of seven or eight and appeared to not have that much lasting effect upon him. It seemed as if young Duke was more inclined to baseball at a young age. Duke got his first job selling peanuts at Washington Senator's baseball games. This was the first time Duke was placed as a "performer" for a crowd and had to first get over his stage fright. At the age of fourteen, Duke began sneaking into Frank Holliday's poolroom. His experiences from the poolroom taught him to appreciate the value in mixing with a wide range of people. As Duke's piano lessons faded into the past, Duke began to show a flare for the artistic. Duke attended Armstrong Manual Training School to study commercial art instead of an academically-oriented school. Duke began to seek out and listen to ragtime pianists in Washington and during the summers, where he and his mother vacationed in Philadelphia or Atlantic City. While vacationing in Asbury Park, Duke heard of a hot pianist named Harvey Brooks. At the end of his vacation Duke sought Harvey out in Philadelphia where Harvey showed Duke some pianistic tricks and shortcuts. Duke later recounted that, "When I got home I had a real yearning to play. I hadn't been able to get off the ground before. but after hearing him I said to myself, 'Man you're going to have to do it.'" Thus the music career of Duke Ellington was born. Duke was taken under the wings of Oliver "Doc" Perry and Louis Brown who taught Duke how to read music and helped improve his overall piano playing skills. Duke found piano playing jobs at clubs and cafes throughout the Washington area. Three months shy of graduation, Duke dropped out of school and began his professional music career.

In late 1917, Duke formed his first group: The Duke's Serenaders. Between 1918 and 1919, Duke made three significant steps towards independence. First, he moved out of his parents' home and into a home he bought for himself. Second, Duke became his own booking agent for his band. By doing so, Ellington's band was able to play throughout the Washington area and into Virginia for private society balls and embassy parties. Finally, Duke married Edna Thompson and on March 11, 1919, Mercer Kennedy Ellington was born.
In 1923, Duke left the security that Washington offered him and moved to New York. Through the power of radio, listeners throughout New York had heard of Duke Ellington, making him quite a popular musician. It is also in that year that Duke made his first recording. Ellington and his renamed band, The Washingtonians, established themselves during the prohibition era by playing at places like the Exclusive Club, Connie's Inn, the Hollywood Club (Club Kentucky), Ciro's, the Plantation Club, and most importantly the Cotton Club. Thanks to the rise in radio receivers and the industry itself, Duke's band was broadcast across the nation live on "From the Cotton Club." The band's music along with their popularity spread rapidly.

In 1928, Ellington and Irving Mills signed an agreement in which Mills produced and published Ellington's music. Recording companies like Brunswick, Columbia, and Victor came calling. Duke's band became the most sought after band in the United States and even throughout the world.

Some of Ellington's greatest works include, Rockin' in Rhythm, Satin Doll, New Orleans, A Drum is a Women, Take the "A" Train, Happy-Go-Lucky Local, The Mooche, and Crescendo in Blue.

Duke Ellington and his band went on to play everywhere from New York to New Delhi, Chicago to Cairo, and Los Angeles to London. Ellington and his band played with such greats as Miles Davis, Cab Calloway, Dizzy Gillespie, Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett, and Louis Armstrong. They entertained everyone from Queen Elizabeth II to President Nixon. Before passing away in 1974, Duke Ellington wrote and recorded hundreds of musical compositions, all of which continue to have a lasting effect upon people worldwide for a long time to come.

A Poem About Duke Ellington

He didn't sleep at night He liked to eat large meals - steak, vegetables, and grapefruit He drank Coca-Cola with sugar in it He hated the color green, especially wallpaper Duke Ellington liked to eat ice cream He was constantly clean - sartorially speaking He was the greatest flirt - ever He respected his elders He thought that the 13th was a lucky day and Friday the 13th was an especially lucky day He loved the differences in people and revered originality above all else He liked kangaroos Duke Ellington remembered people's birthdays He was patriotic He worshiped his mother He was a very good dancer He liked blue, royal blue, especially curtains He had good manners and loved New Orleans Duke Ellington was always calm, even though he was the leader of an orchestra of 16 musicians - all character-ready, willing, and inclined to express themselves Duke Ellington touched more people than confetti He captured the sound of trains, planes, baby(s), lions, and elephants He liked simple songs with complicated developments and pretty endings He didn't change with the style; he developed He invented a new system of harmony based on the blues - whole musical forms that have yet to be imitated He invented new logics of part writing and orchestration for each composition In other words, he was slave to no systems Duke Ellington combined the sensuality of the blues with the naivete of society music to create blue mood pieces He understood that music is neither new or old He believed that there were two kinds of music: the good kind and the other kind He was the world's most prolific composer of blues, blueses of all shapes and sizes Duke Ellington wrote music based on Shakespeare's themes Wrote music to accompany the paintings of Degas Wrote thousands of inventive arrangements for instrumentalists and vocalists of various levels of sophistication Wrote music in all 12 known keys and some keys that are still unknown Wrote music about romantic life under Paris skies Wrote music about little bus and other Night Creatures Wrote music about countries all over the world from Nippon to Togo Wrote music to accompany movies, television shows, ballets, Broadway shows, and the exercise of horizontal options Wrote music to be played in gymnasiums, street parades, and charades Wrote sacred music Wrote music about the human experience; if it was experienced, he stylized it In other words, Duke Ellington had a lot on his mind.

- Wynton Marsalis

http://www-music.duke.edu/jazz_archive/artists/ellington duke/75/
Legendary composer and orchestra leader defines the music of beauty

By Duke Ellington*

AN EXCITING woman is a lot of things.

She is like that lost chord which is a favorite device of mine in creating music. Actually there really is such a thing as a lost chord and it reminds me of an exciting woman because this chord has an intriguing sound—and a holding value. It arrests your attention. It is dominant wherever it turns up. It seems about to conclude, yet it never does.

"Pretty isn't as pretty looks. Pretty is as pretty is."

An exciting woman is also like a train. A train always looks as though it is going somewhere—even when it is standing still. A plane on the ground is a plane on the ground and that is all. It doesn't give you the feeling of velocity, but a train always does. That feeling of velocity is the same feeling an exciting woman arouses with her chic and dash and every other attribute of her feminine appeal. She sways seductively through your consciousness with the same subtle power with which a train moves through the night. And when she leaves you, you have that same desolate, abandoned sensation which you get watching the twin red lights of a train disappearing over the horizon.

An exciting woman has no race. She has no age, There is no formula for her creation, no pattern for her mannerisms or her conduct.

Physically, she appeals to all the senses.

The contours of her legs, hips and ankles, the lines of her face are pleasant to the sight. Her words are believable to the sound. She is a fuzzy piece of fluff gratifying to the touch. The delicate, delightful, flower-like fragrance of her is enchanting. The taste of her lips is the nectar which can make every man a god.

Spiritually, she is even prettier inside than the glitter and veneer of her attractive face and form. The greatest thing that makes her exciting is a nameless, internal thing. It is the quality with which she has affected history from the dawn of the ages down to six o'clock this evening.

But all that is the history of yesterday. Who are the most exciting women of our own day and what makes them exciting? Of course, every man has—in his arms, his heart, or his memory—his own choice of the ultimate woman. But there are women today who have the mystic qualities which give them...
head in shame when those who called themselves real Americans denied the world the right to see her in the nation's capital. . . . Yes, Marian Anderson is an exciting woman, so exciting that the very range of that perfect voice is a range impossible to measure, running the gamut from sweet and low to full-toned profundity—she sounds as pretty as she looks and nobody could carry beauty with more authority.

One of the most exciting woman of today is the mate of one of the most exciting men. Poppy Cannon—Mrs. Walter White—is a rare woman who has the mystical quality with which I am dealing here. She is more than just a woman. She is an influence. She has the genius of dealing with situations without seeming to exert a great deal of effort.

Can you speak of exciting women without mention of Josephine Baker, who came along to give us the inevitable definition of the term "fabulous?" I spoke of the train and how it gives the impression always of going somewhere. You always know Josephine is going somewhere. You never know where. But wherever it turns out to be, you will love it. You will find it intriguing and wonderfully exhausting. She is the performer's performer whom we all love so madly.

If you could see her offstage, it would be the same. You would see her primp one minute and pout the next. You would feel the warmth of her sunny personality now and in a flash she would be storming about something which has displeased her. She is so completely the star—Josephine. She is mathematically calculated as one bolt of lightning wrapped in many sensuous contours, exploding her comedy, tragedy, ballet and jitterbug in five languages—or is it seven? She is an inestimable quantity of quality.

Now, I think of Katherine Dunham, who is as famous for her skill as an artist as she is for the attraction she weaves for men who are accustomed to feminine luxury. Oh, yes, Katherine is exciting as a dancer, as a mistress of the dance, as a molder of fine, new young talent. She is exciting because she has spread the warm ray of her charm across continents and raced the imagination, fired the blood and tingled the pulses of folk all around the world. To see her when she is performing, look over her shoulders at her regal derriere is to become immediately aware of which of her attributes ought to be flashing from the marquee. Ivie Anderson stands out on my list as exciting. Ivie Anderson who was sent by Earl Hines to audition for my orchestra in 1931 and who immortalized my song, It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing, was a great artist.

Thinking of Ivie's racial militancy makes it simple to cross over to the next woman on my list. She is Mary McLeod Bethune. I have known few more exciting women. Mrs. Bethune throbs with powerful magnetism as surely as an organ throbs with beautiful sounds. And she sounds beautiful, too. That voice of hers seems to promise to fill more than just the auditoriums in which she speaks. It seems to promise to flow out across the whole world and to stimulate positive action on the part of people who are hungry for inspiration. I never wonder that thousands and thousands of women have listened for that voice and its leadership. I have never wondered that there was a green light for her on the front door of the White House. I have never wondered that she was able to build a school in the heart of the South.

Yes, Mary McLeod Bethune is so exciting that she has become the mother of her race and ennobled beyond any incident or circumstance. . . . She is a maker of blueprints which are practical and possible. She is an engineer of projects which can happen. She is identical with the original plan for a beautiful woman, an excitingly beautiful woman.

There is another exciting woman who makes wonderful music for all of us. She has wonderful shoulders, a pretty petulant mouth and an awful lot of talent. I'm talking about Hazel Scott Powell.

I like the way Hazel has stayed on top with her talent and with her brains. I like the forthright way she fought for causes of her people and fought for herself when some of the things she had done were misunderstood as subversive.

I guess you've been wondering what happened to Lena Horne in this shuffle. No, she wasn't forgotten. You save good things for the end. I think Lena is very exciting. I first saw her when she was a kid in the Cotton Club line. I thought she was exciting then because she was beautiful physically. She had a cafe au lait complexion. She had a throaty, pulsing voice. She had a lovely body, young and eager.
EXCITING WOMEN  Continued

But Lena wasn't as exciting then as she is now. Or, rather, I should say, I have better reasons to say that she is. Because, since those days when she started out at the Cotton Club, I have watched her develop a maturity of talent, of mind and of soul. Lena is a tremendous person today. There are several Lenas, all exciting. There is the Lena who makes every individual she encounters, great or small, fellow entertainer or autograph hound, feel important because of the way she greets, meets and accepts him. There is the Lena in conversation, incisive, determined and thinking on her own. There is the Lena who can seduce the mind, who can advertise to the world that her people can be beautiful, inside and out.

Then there is the Lena who is a reassurance to all of us who share her racial heritage. She won't take no for an answer. She won't accept a barrier or a closed door. Maybe she uses charm this minute. Maybe she uses anger the next. Maybe she pleads or perhaps she reasons. But whatever happens, you can bet that Lena is always representing her own people. She does that even if she's only being Lena. Being Lena means being pretty...

I have met people who object to the fact that our friends of the other race use Lena Horne as a measure for beauty. They say: "Gosh, that colored girl is as pretty as Lena Horne." I don't object to that really. Just as Joe Louis became a symbol of his race, I think Lena deserved to become a symbol. She is as ravishing to see as a tropical plant growing in the jungle, something that God made and none touched. She is the combination of all the mysterious things which make up excitement in a woman. For she is as pretty inside as she is outside. That makes her inside awful pretty: Lena is good. She is wise. She is spiritual. She is sex. She is beauty and the beast. Lena is, because she is the good in us all and the animal in us all. And her beauty—inside and out—makes the beast she represents—physical warmth—beautiful.

I have learned from personal experience that many of us have the wrong idea of what is glamorous in a woman.... That's the reason many of us, looking only for what is obviously physically beautiful, often disregard or ignore women who are perfect gems because they are so beautiful inside. I've learned that pretty isn't as pretty looks. Pretty is as pretty is. I've known some of the most wonderful women who wouldn't cause the slightest ripple entering a room or cause a head to turn when they pass by. But they are pretty because of their inner selves.

To wrap it all up, my conception of exciting women is that they have a certain something which can't be defined, but which can be appreciated—physically and spiritually. And I love them madly—I want you to know that I couldn't love them more—madly.
HER LYRICS

PRELUDE TO A KISS
Duke Ellington / Irving Gordon / Irving Mills

If you hear a song in blue like a flower crying for the dew
That was my heart serenading you
My PRELUDE TO A KISS
If you hear a song that grows from my tender sentimental woes
That was my heart trying to compose
A PRELUDE TO A KISS

Though it's just a simple melody with nothing fancy, nothing much
You could turn it to a symphony a Schubert tune with a Gershwin touch
Oh! How My love song gently cries for the tenderness within your eyes
My love is a prelude that never dies
A PRELUDE TO A KISS.

http://users.bart.nl/~ecduzit/billy/song/song194.html
HER LYRICS

SOLITUDE
Duke Ellington / Eddie DeLange / Irving Mills

In my solitude
You haunt me
With dreadful ease
Of days gone by

In my solitude
You taunt me
With memories
That never die

I sit in my chair
And filled with despair
There's no one could be so sad
With gloom everywhere
I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad

In my solitude
I'm afraid
Dear Lord above
Send back my love
HER LYRICS

SOPHISTICATED LADY
Duke Ellington / Mitchell Parish / Irving Mills

They say into your early life romance came
And this heart of yours burned a flame
A flame that flickered one day and died away
Then, with disillusion deep in your eyes
You learned that fools in love soon grow wise
The years have changed you, somehow
I see you now
Smoking, drinking, never thinking of tomorrow, nonchalant
Diamonds shining, dancing, dining with some man in a restaurant
Is that all you really want?
No, sophisticated lady,
I know, you miss the love you lost long ago
And when nobody is nigh you cry

http://users.bart.nl/~ecduzit/billy/song/song210.html 1/8/01
Ella - Brief Bio

In 1934, an awkward sixteen-year-old girl made her singing debut at the the Harlem Apollo Theatre amateur night in New York City. She intended to dance, but she lost her nerve when she got on stage. "The man said, 'do something while you're out there,' the singer later recalled. "So I tried to sing 'Object of My Affection' and 'Judy,' and I won first prize." She drew the attention of the bandleader Chick Webb. After personally coaching the shy performer, Webb introduced her at the Savoy Theatre one evening as his orchestra's singer *. That evening marked the beginning of Ella Fitzgerald's singing career. One of the great compliments paid to Ella was from Ira Gershwin who said 'I didn't realise our songs were so good until Ella sang them'.

Ella's life was marked both by extreme highs and lows. Born in Newport News, Virginia in 1917 and orphaned at the age of 15, Ella was placed in the Colored Orphan Asylum in Riverdale, one of the few orphanages at the time that accepted Afro-American children. From there, she was transferred to the New York State Training School for Girls, a reformatory at which State investigations later revealed widespread physical abuse. Having escaped from the reformatory, Ella was literally living in the streets of Harlem when she was discovered by Webb. She was married twice, first at the age of 24 to a shady character by the name of Benjamin Kornegay, and then again to bass player Ray Brown at the age of 30. Both marriages ended in divorce. A diabetic for many years, the disease compromised her vision as well as her circulatory system before taking her life. In 1992, both of her legs were amputated below the knee due to diabetes related circulatory problems. As an artist, however, Ella achieved legendary success in a career that spanned six decades, yielded recordings numbering into the thousands, and earned the singer countless awards including a Kennedy Center Award for her contributions to the performing arts, honorary doctorate degrees from Dartmouth and Yale, and thirteen Grammy Awards.

Despite never having received formal vocal training, Ella's technique and range rivalled that of the conservatory trained singer. Throughout her three-octave vocal range, Ella's voice remained uniform in its clarity and child-like timbre. Her diction was unfallingly crisp, and her intonation was absolutely flawless. Coupled with this textbook-perfect technique, Ella had an improvisational talent on par with that of the best jazz instrumentalists. Her spontaneous, often pyrotechnic scat vocalisations, in fact, were a trademark of her style.

In looking back upon Ella's rich catalogue of recordings, the name of Norman Granz consistently emerges in conjunction with that of Ella's. Ella met the record producer and founder of both the Verve and Pablo jazz labels in 1949, after which the two developed a working relationship which lasted forty years. Under the direction of Norman Granz, Ella recorded her legendary "songbook" albums — a series of albums each devoted to the songs of a particular American composer. Between the years of 1956 and 1964, Ella recorded songbook albums featuring the music of Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, Duke Ellington, Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Jerome Kern and Johnny Mercer. Collectively, these are one of Ella's crowning achievements. Granz also produced Ella's phenomenal collaborations with Count Basie and Duke Ellington, respectively.

http://www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~mcon名义ella/ellabio.html

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almost straight, she can't resist one baroque decoration, and then begins to improvise with her own
lyrics. On the third chorus, she's scatting with the accuracy and drive that distinguishes her work,
singing hornlike lines that have led some critics to define jazz singing as any that sounds like a jazz
instrumental. (In a sense, jazz singing does always sound instrumental. The instrument is the voice.)

On Gershwin's "Oh, Lady Be Good" from March 1947, her wit is abundant too. After the first chorus,
where she sings the song basically as written but fast, she begins her scat solo with a quotation from a
march. (It's the "National Emblem March" by Bagley.) The second phrase takes a little idea and
makes a sequence out of it, moving down each time. The second A section of this AABA choral
begins like Rossini's "William Tell Overture," then moves into more sequences and a bebop phrase
ending. The bridge begins with hard riffing, and ends with the most complicated sequence of all, a
three-note idea that she keeps changing harmonically. The chorus ends with a phrase that sounds like
it's from "The Three Stooges."

Fitzgerald's career took off. Her style, which moved between bop and swing, meant that she could
sing with almost anybody, and she improvised with the best. She had been touring with Norman
Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic since 1948. In 1956, Granz signed her to his Verve label, and she is
at her peak on a number of live recordings made over the next ten years, including a hair-raising
up-tempo "Oh, Lady Be Good" from Los Angeles (not Chicago, as sometimes listed) in 1957. She also
began a celebrated series of recordings, the so-called "Songbooks," each dedicated to a single
composer or lyricist. On these recordings, Fitzgerald proves herself a storyteller, beginning "Oh, Lady
Be Good" this time with the rarely heard verse that tells a "tale of woe." On the Gershwin Songbook
(1959), Fitzgerald sings this song convincingly as a ballad, her gentle plea for pity in the bridge is
even touching. She infuses new life into "Over the Rainbow" and introduces to jazz fans, many less
well known classics of American song. She's mostly respectful of the lyrics and melodies, but on the
Duke Ellington SongBook (1957), where she was accompanied at times by the Ellington orchestra,
she was able to let loose. She scats through "Rockin' in Rhythm" with the bubbling, joyous sound of
her best live performances. The songbooks feature large orchestras, but occasionally Fitzgerald sang in
more intimate contexts. For the soundtrack of a now obscure movie, Let No Man Write My Epitaph
(1960), she sang beautifully, accompanied only by pianist Paul Smith. She treats songs such as the
blues "Black Coffee", even "I Can't Give You Anything But Love", as late-night meditations. Then
there's the beautifully contained "In My Solitude" from the Duke Ellington Song Book in which she's
accompanied only by guitarist Barney Kessel.

She must have liked that sound and feeling. Some of her best recordings of the seventies were made
with guitarist Joe Pass for Pablo Records. These include the 1973 "You're Blase" and the 1976
remake of "Solitude." But there were signs of trouble even on these recordings: the slight wobble in
her vibrato in the verse of "You're Blase." In the eighties, plagued by ill health, Fitzgerald lost most
of the bloom of her voice, but yet she could still improvise with aplomb.

Compton's - A Jazz History is referenced.

The Ella Fitzgerald Homepage

http://www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~mcgoni/ella/critbio.html
On June 12, 1935 Ella Fitzgerald made her first recordings with Chick Webb's powerful big band, beginning with "I'll Chase the Blues Away." It was a suggestive choice to launch one of the most illustrious careers in American music. She spent a career chasing the blues away. (In fact, one of her least attractive albums is the misconceived These are the Blues from 1963.) She would become known for her ability to infuse joy into the most trivial lyrics, to sound uplifting where Billie Holiday would be dramatic and intense. Holiday said she was influenced by Armstrong and Bessie Smith. Fitzgerald spoke of Armstrong as well, but among women she looked to the lively upbeat work of Connee Boswell and the Boswell Sisters, three white women from New Orleans who were recording in the early thirties.

Fitzgerald had a distinctive voice: flexible, shaded, bright but with a gritty edge. She brought to jazz singing the glowing bounce of her rhythm and the infectious good cheer of a voice that sounded buoyantly girlish in its natural range. Above that range she strained, but her agility and perfect pitch made the strain as expressive as a saxophonist's growl. She managed to sound endearing even when reaching for a low note, as in her version of "This Time the Dream's On Me" from the Johnny Mercer Songbook of 1964. With her ability to improvise, her uncanny swing, "rhythm and romance", as one of her early recordings has it, have been the staples of her career. But on "My Last Affair" from November 1936, recorded with members of the Chick Webb band, she sounds unaffected by the supposed tragedy that she is narrating. She uses blues inflections as a device, which doesn't interfere with the general impression of a singer at odds with her material. That may be why her biggest hits with Webb were tunes like the light-hearted novelty "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," from 1938. Still a teenager, she sounds more comfortable with a song about a lost basket than with one about a lost lover. What is particularly remarkable about this performance is her blithely swinging approach to the last choruses, in which she trades phrases with the band, improvising with the ingratiating assurance of an old pro.

When Chick Webb died the next year, Ella began fronting the band, which foundered in the middle of the war. Fitzgerald found the rhythms of bebop uplifting. She started to scat, to improvise wordlessly, using her own invented language of nonsense syllables. One can hear the beginning of this develop in numbers she made during the war, such as the remarkably poised "Cow Cow Boogie," a country-western boogie-woogie number she recorded in 1943 with the Ink Spots, a popular black vocal group. In her most cheerful manner, Fitzgerald scats briefly. She sounds like she's singing to herself, behind the recitation of Orville "Hoppy" Jones. Bebop brought scatting to the fore. Fitzgerald internalised some of the harmonic intricacies of bop and thrilled in its rhythms, as can be heard in her December 1947 "How High the Moon," recorded with the band she co-led with bassist Ray Brown. With its logical changes, based on the circle of fifths, "How High the Moon" became the foundation of hundreds of bop performances. Fitzgerald sings the first chorus

http://www.users.globalnet.co.uk/~megoni/ella/critbio.html
entitled "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "Ella at Duke's Place." All of these recordings are on the Verve label, and are available on CD. After founding the Pablo label, Granz recorded the four Ella Fitzgerald/Joe Pass duet albums, each of which are deservedly considered jazz classics.

As amazing as Ella's musical talents were, equally amazing was the fact that she managed not to fall through the cracks of the segregated child welfare system of the 1930's. A victim of poverty and abuse, Ella was able to transcend circumstance and develop into one of the greatest singers that America produced. Ella died on June 15th of complications associated with diabetes. She was 79 years old. Despite suffering poor health Ella remained an active performer until 1992.

Michael L. Maliner is referenced.

* Armando Tirado emailed saying that Bardu Ali conducted the Chick Webb Savoy Swing Orchestra the night of the talent show. He brought Ella to Chick Webb's attention and persuaded him to put her on, with no pay, at an upcoming event at Yale University. It was the success of this show that persuaded Chick to take on Ella as his first female singer.

The Ella Fitzgerald Homepage
Tales from Ella's Fellas


by John McDonough

Fitzgerald, now age 77, has not performed since 1992 due to failing health. Her longtime producer Norman Granz, along with prominent musicians such Oscar Peterson, Joe Williams, Urbie Green, Paul Smith, and Milt Jackson, comment on her talent and on the joy of accompanying her.

During this spring's "Ultimate Caribbean Jazz Spectacular" aboard the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line's Majesty of the Seas, a quintet of famous fellows who have known and worked with Ella Fitzgerald over the years gathered in a lounge as the ship lay at anchor off Ocho Rios, Jamaica. There they shared some stories and feelings about their famous friend. The panel, assembled by producer Hank O'Neal, included pianist Oscar Peterson, vibraharpist Milt Jackson, reedman Frank Wess, trombonist Urbie Green and singer Joe Williams, who helped moderate at the request of *Down Beat*. Here are some of the stories they told.

Also, comments on Ella from her manager, Norman Granz, pianist Paul Smith and bandleader Billy May (who arranged and conducted her Harold Arlen songbook album) are inserted. Although these men were not part of the conversation in the tropics, two years ago they shared their observations on Ella for a portion of the book that accompanied Verve's double-Grammy-winning collection *The Complete Ella Fitzgerald Song Books*.

Because some of their comments amplify points made by those aboard the ship, it seems proper to include them here. Ella's career slowed to an effective end in the fall of 1992 with a concert in West Palm Beach, Fla. Her last recording, *All That Jazz* (Pablo), was made in March 1989; a subsequent session later that year with trumpeter Harry Edison and guitarist Joe Pass remains unreleased. Since then, her public appearances have been rare as declining health has restricted her to her home in Beverly Hills, Calif., where she sees friends and family but has given no interviews. Yet, at 77, she remains an object of great interest and even greater worship as an American icon.

As Williams asked his colleagues to recall some of their experiences with Fitzgerald, the audience applauded spontaneously. Oscar Peterson led off.

**OSCAR PETERSON:** She never called me her accompanist. She used to call me her lawyer. I was with her until practically the very end of her singing career. Right now, I have to be very honest with you: she is incapable of making public appearances. But I know the voice is still there. But, unfortunately, we'll never get to hear it in person again.

I have never truthfully played with a musician — and that includes an awful lot of them — who frightened me as much as playing for Ella. Because she has the kind of gift you can't describe.

I'll give you one instance of her talent. When we first did the *Jazz at the Philharmonic* tours in America [1949-57], we used to do them by bus. The guys would keep some of their instruments in the back of the bus. Ray [Brown] would have his bass. And Ella would say, "Go get your bass, Ray." Herbie [Ellis] would get out his guitar and Buddy Rich would grab a pair of brushes, and they would form a rhythm section. Ella pulled out a harmonica one day and wasted everybody. She really did! Roy Eldridge had his horn out, but he put it away. Because she has that kind of talent, believe me. It's http://www.geocities.com/Swing4243/Library/talesfromellasfellas.html

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a special talent, and those who have not been fortunate enough to play for her would not realize how
deeply God gifted her.

JOE WILLIAMS: You said she won't sing again. But [the USC School of Music] threw a [party] for
her in Hollywood [in May 1992], and she was sitting there at the head table with her doctor and
Quincy Jones. [Fitzgerald received the school's Magnum Opus Award for lifetime achievement.] I
came down off the stage with the microphone and knelt down beside her. She was in a wheelchair by
then. I had the piano player play an intro to "Lady Be Good." So I start singing, and I get into the
second chorus, and Ella leans over to Quincy and says, "Give me a piece of ice." Quincy reaches over
and gave her a piece of ice. So I just kept going—"I'm just a lonesome babe in the woods...." And the
next thing I know, I hear these bright, clear notes—"Scooooooobie oobie da da doobie..." as Ella pulls
my microphone toward her.

Wow! The crowd went wild. People cried. She hadn't sung a note in months. Mary Jane Outwater
[Ella's assistant of 35 years] said to me later she never would forget that.

MILT JACKSON: The most memorable experience I had with Ella was in 1947, playing with
Dizzy's band. She was headlining and we were doing a tour around the country with her. Finally we
played Detroit, which is my home. My mother and father were the kind of parents who always said,
"You can't make no money as a musician, man. Get yourself a job where you can get paid every
week." So they were not into what music was about. [But they] knew about Ella. So I decided to take
Ella home for dinner. I invited her and any members of the band that wanted to come. And when my
mother found out I was bringing Ella Fitzgerald home for dinner, it was all over. She called up
everyone she knew in Detroit and said, "My son is bringing Ella Fitzgerald to the house for dinner."

After that she thought playing music might be pretty good.

URBIE GREEN: My experience with Ella was mostly in the studios, where she hit about everything
she did in one take, and also on some tours with Woody Herman. When Basie would record with her,
they would add me onto the band for some of the arrangements Quincy Jones and some others would
write.

FRANK WESS: That was a good session with Ella. I actually met Ella about the time of that session.
Before that, I lived in Washington and was off the road for about five years before joining Basie.
Whenever Ella would come to the Howard Theater, I'd be there. And she'd say, "There's that man I
like." She was a ball to work with.

JW: Sis was a doll.

OP: People don't realize it, but Ella had one of the biggest hearts of anyone I've ever met. I remember
once I played a joke on her; or I thought I was playing a joke on her. We were working at the Carter
Baron Theater, and Norman Granz had just gifted her with a brand-spanking new ermine coat. I
would hang out in her dressing room, of course, because we used to talk about what tune she was
going to do and all the rest. The coat was sitting up on a little alcove stand she had in her dressing
room. Earlier in the day I had gone off and bought one of those trick bottles of ink to play a joke on
someone else. It had the plastic blot you put next to this spilled bottle. It looked very real.

So I told her secretary at the time not to say anything and told her what I was going to do. I was in the
dressing room when Ella left to do the first part of the concert, and I made sure I was writing
something as she walked out. She said, "O.P., now you be careful with that pen. That's my new coat
over there."

"Don't worry about it, Fitz," I said. "Nothing's gonna happen." So she went out to listen to somebody,
and I, of course, turned the bottle over and put the blot on her coat.

When she came back in, I pretended to cry as if something awful happened. I was able to cry real
tears. "Oh, my God, O.P.," she said. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, Fitz," I said sobbing. "You won't believe this, but your coat...your coat...."

"What's the matter?" she says. "There's nothing wrong with my coat." Then she looks and sees this
ink blot, and tears start streaming down her eyes.

But it wasn't for the coat. It was for me.

"Oh, that's alright, sweetheart," she says. "Don't you worry about it. Don't cry. I hate to see you
cry." [laughter]

She was more concerned about me than the coat. I should have put that one in my book. She was --
she is -- such a sweet person.

DOWN BEAT: After all the years you men have known Ella, do any of you feel she had a clear
vision of her own talent and where it could take her? Or was this kind of focus provided by Norman
Granz? In other words, what role has management played in creating the Ella the world honors?

OP: Ella had a natural innocence about her. She was totally naive about life in many ways. And she
was the same way about her talent. I don't want to get into a commercial for Norman. But in many
ways Norman forced her to see herself in a much truer context by asking her to do things she didn't
want to do. Then after she did them, she'd come back and she was glad he made her do it.

PAUL SMITH: Norman made about 99 percent of the decisions. It was a Svengali relationship. To
her, he was the one who took her out of clubs and got her into concerts. He made her millions. So she
rarely bucked him.

He guided her on material. He never liked anything Stephen Sondheim wrote. Once, she did a
beautiful Benny Carter arrangement of a Sondheim number, and Norman came roaring backstage
saying he hated the tune. Rather than get her blood pressure up and hassle with him, she just cut it
out.

She rarely got involved in decisions over musicians or bookings. She was only fussy in that she liked
to work with people she knew, and Norman was pretty sensitive to this. It was like a family thing
with her. Keter Betts was like the old friend on the gig. But if Norman fired him, she wouldn't have
batted an eye.

Her interests outside of music are almost nil. No one worked as hard as she did. It didn't make any
difference about days off, holidays or how many shows in one day. It made no difference whether it
was Detroit or Iowa. They'd give her an allowance from the office. Her life revolved around the stage.

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NORMAN GRANZ: On the Svengali business, no, she didn't always agree with me. And, in some cases, rather than push it, I thought she should do what she wanted. If she was wrong, she'd realize it. I wouldn't press the issue. She was very sensitive about things like that.

I wasn't always happy. When we did the Rodgers and Hart album, Ella refused to do "Have You Met Miss Jones" because it was a woman's song. She changed it to "Have You Met Sir Jones." I was very unhappy about that. But we were in the midst of recording and Ella [was adamant].

BILLY MAY: When we did the Harold Arlen songbook, Ella was very upset that Norman insisted on doing "Over The Rainbow." She said Judy Garland had done it so definitively. When we got to the bridge, she started [goofing around] a little. So Norman called me into the booth and said, "Look, she's blowing it off, and I know why. But I don't want to get into a thing. So I'm going to tell her the pickup on the drums was bad and we have to do it again. But don't tell her I didn't like the performance."

So I went into the studio and said we had to do another one. Then Ella comes over to me and says, "I know what he said. He said the drums were too loud and we gotta do another one. But he didn't like the way I sang it."

She read him perfectly. That kind of shit was going on the whole time.

DB: On the Cole Porter tune "Always True To You Darling," Ella drops the vaguely risque verse — it may be the only unperformed verse in the entire songbook series — and substitutes the word "Tex" for "sex" in the chorus.

PS: She's like a little girl.

OP: The only time I saw Ella react with a really powerful and self-directed assertion of her talent was if somebody challenged her [musically]. She would rise to that with a vengeance. There was once a female vocalist — I won't mention any names — who came in one night when Ella was playing Basin Street and just walked up when Ella was performing and started to sing [laughter]. It must have taken months to clean the blood off the floor. It was pitiful for that poor singer. But I can truthfully say that that's the only time I've ever seen Ella come out of herself.

As for Norman, I think he did a great deal to help her realize part of her gift. I don't think to this day she really knows.

JW: I wish I'd been there to watch her rain on that girl's parade. Woooooooosee-Wee!
The First Lady of Song on Celluloid

Last Updated: February 20, 2000
Compiled by: Ted Nesi
With help from: The Internet Movie Database

This page features a listing of Ella's films, and pertinent information about them. In parentheses next to the musical numbers are the last names (or full name if it's a sole composer) of the composers of the number, then a slash, then the name of whoever performs it in the film. If you have any extra information to send me, please do at swing4243@yahoo.com!

Ride 'Em Cowboy (1942, Universal Pictures, B&W)

- **Running Time**: 82 minutes
- **Cast**: Bud Abbott (Duke), Lou Costello (Willoughby), Dick Foran ("Bronco Bob" Mitchell), Anne Gwynne (Anne Shaw), Johnny Mack Brown (Alabam Brewster), Judd McMichael (Tom), Ted McMichael (Harry), Joe McMichael (Dick) ... Ella Fitzgerald (Ruby).
- **Musical Numbers**: "Give Me My Saddle" (Raye-de Paul), "Wake Up, Jacob" (Raye-de Paul), "Beside the Rio Tonto Shore" (Raye-de Paul), "I'll Remember April" (Raye-de Paul), "Ride 'em Cowboy" (Raye-de Paul), "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" (Fitzgerald-Feldman / Ella Fitzgerald & the Merry-Macs)
- **Writers**: Edmund L. Hartmann, True Boardman, John Grant & Harold Schumate
- **Musical Director**: Charles Previn
- **Producer**: Alex Gottlieb
- **Director**: Arthur Lubin
- **Reviews**
  - "Good combination of Western, comedy, and musical in A&C vehicle, with Ella and the Merry Macs singing tunes including 'A Tisket A Tasket,' Foran crooning 'I'll Remember April.' **1/2." (Leonard Maltin)
  - "Abbott and Costello play peanut and hot dog vendors who end up as cowhands on a dude ranch with the pair going through their usual antics. What separates Ride 'Em, Cowboy from their other films is the unusual quality of the musical talent. Ella Fitzgerald, of all people, is a featured singer, doing some marvelous numbers, including a rousing version of 'A Tisket, a Tasket.' ***." (The Motion Picture Guide)

- **Video Available?** Yes! Click here to order from Amazon.com.
- **Soundtrack Available?** No.
Pete Kelly's Blues (1955, Warner Bros., Color)

- **Running Time:** 95 minutes
- **Cast:** Jack Webb (Pete Kelly), Janet Leigh (Ivy Conrad), Edmond O'Brien (Fran McCarg), Peggy Lee (Rose Hopkins), Andy Devine (George Tenell), Lee Marvin (Al Gannaway), Ella Fitzgerald (Maggie Jackson), Martin Milner (Joey Firestone).
- **Musical Numbers:** "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" (Greer-Davis / performed by choir of Israelite Spiritual Church, New Orleans), "Sugar (That Sugar Baby of Mine)" (Pinkard-Mitchell-Alexander / Peggy Lee), "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now" (Greer-Davis / Janet Leigh), "Somebody Loves Me" (Gershwin-DeSylva-MacDonald / Peggy & the "Big 7"), "Bye Bye Blackbird" (Henderson-Dixon / Martin Milner, Lee Marvin & other cast members), "Hard Hearted Hannah" (Ager-Yellen-Bieglow-Bates / Ella Fitzgerald), "He Needs Me" (Arthur Hamilton / Peggy & the "Big 7"), "Sing a Rainbow" (Arthur Hamilton / Peggy), "Pete Kelly's Blues" (Heindorf-Cahn / Ella), "Ella Hums the Blues" (Ella Fitzgerald / Ella).
- **Writer:** Richard L. Breen
- **Music Arranger:** Marty Matlock
- **Producer:** Jack Webb
- **Director:** Jack Webb
- **Reviews**

  - "Realistic to the point of tedium. Recreates the 1920's jazz age and musicians involved. Cast perks goings-on, despite Webb. Peggy Lee, in a rare dramatic role, was nominated for an Academy Award. CinemaScope. **1/2." (Leonard Maltin)

  - "Webb directs, produces, and stars in this interesting tale of jazz and gangsters in Prohibition-era Kansas City.... Webb's direction is craftsmanlike and exciting in a blunt way.... By far the best reason to check out this late-night TV perennial, though, is the impressive collection of top jazzmen like Matty Matlock, Moe Schneider, and George Van Eps. Also contributing are Ella Fitzgerald, who sings two songs and does a small supporting turn, and Peggy Lee, surprisingly effective as a singer on the skids and on the bottle who is eventually beaten into insanity by O'Brien, a performance that garnered her an Oscar nomination. The film has a certain edgy realism and unsentimentality not usually found in films about jazz before this time (the bars where the band plays are crowded and smoky, and the drinks are probably overpriced), and the music is good." (The Motion Picture Guide)

- **Video Available?** Yes! Click here to order from Amazon.com.
- **Soundtrack Available?** Sort of... Ella and Peggy Lee's studio recordings of the soundtrack's songs for Decca Records are available from Japan. Click here to order that CD. There's also a disc of instrumental music from the soundtrack on Collectors' Choice Music. Click here to http://www.geocities.com/Swing4243/Movies/ 1/21/01
St. Louis Blues (1958, Paramount, B&W)

- **Running Time:** 93 minutes
- **Cast:** Nat "King" Cole (W.C. Handy), Eartha Kitt (GoGo Germaine), Cab Calloway (Blade), Ella Fitzgerald (Singer), Mahalia Jackson (Bessie May), Ruby Dee (Elizabeth) ... Pearl Bailey (Aunt Hagar).
- **Musical Numbers:** "St. Louis Blues" (W.C. Handy), "Morning Star" (Handy-David), "Sheriff Honest John Bailey" (Handy-David), "Careless Love" (Handy-Koenig-Williams), "Friendless Blues" (Handy-Gilbert), "Hesitating Blues (W.C. Handy), "Chapter Lee Bas" (W.C. Handy), "Beale Street Blues" (W.C. Handy), "Way Down South Where the Blues Began" (Handy-Brymn), "Mr. Bayle" (Handy-Brymn), "Aunt Hagar's Blues" (Handy-Brymn), "They That Sow" (hymn), "Going to See My Sarah" (spiritual).
- **Writers:** Ted Sherdeman and Robert Smith (based on the life & music of W.C. Handy)
- **Musical Director:** Nelson Riddle
- **Producer:** Robert Smith
- **Director:** Allen Reisner
- **Reviews**
  
  - "Treaclely dramas interspersed with outstanding musical performances in this so-called biography of W. C. Handy (Cole, in his lone starring role), who composed the title tune. Billy Preston plays Handy as a boy. VistaVision." **" (Leonard Maltin)
  
  - "St. Louis Blues is short on fact and conviction, with an unimaginative direction that merely records the action. The only reason to see this film is its wonderful cast of popular musicians and their renditions of Handy's work. Cole's voice is at its lyrical best, and there are fine performances by Calloway, Jackson, and Fitzgerald." (The Motion Picture Guide)

Let No Man Write My Epitaph (1960, Columbia, B&W)

- **Running Time:** 105 minutes
- **Cast:** Burl Ives (Judge Bruce Mallory Sullivan), Shelley Winters (Nellie Romano), James Darren (Nick Romano), Jean Seberg (Barbara Holloway), Ricardo Montalban (Louie Ramponi), Ella Fitzgerald (Flora), Rodolfo Acosta (Max), Philip Ober (Grant Holloway).
- **Writer:** Robert Presnell Jr. (based on a novel by Willard Motley)
- **Producer:** Boris D. Kaplan
- **Director:** Philip Leacock
- **Reviews**
  
  - "Bizarre account of slum life, focusing on Darren and his dope-addicted mother involved with a variety of corrupt individuals. Sequel to Knock On Any Door. 

  "**" (Leonard Maltin)
  
  - "Adapted from Willard Motley's novel about life on Chicago's South Side, this is a heavy-handed drama further dragged down by weak performances. Winters plays a
junkie mother trying to raise her kid right. Darren is her son, who becomes a concert pianist. Ives is the local force for morality who takes on sleazy drug dealer Montalhan. ...Director Leacock did manage to create a properly gritty mood for the film, and many of the lesser characters are well drawn. " (The Motion Picture Guide)

- **Video Available?** No.
- **Soundtrack Available?** Sort of. The CD currently known as *The Intimate Ella* was originally titled *Sings Songs from "Let No Man Write My Epitaph"* (1960, Verve). It features Ella — with solo piano accompaniment by Paul Smith — singing a variety of songs, most of which were not featured in *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*. Click here to order *The Intimate Ella*.

First Lady of Song | swing4243@yahoo.com

http://www.geocities.com/Swing4243/Movies/
"Extraordinary and wonderful... Ntozake Shange writes with such exquisite care and beauty that anyone can relate to her message." — The New York Times

For Colored Girls who have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf
If a tree falls in the forest,

Aretha Franklin

Aretha Franklin is one of the giants of soul music, and indeed of American pop as a whole. More than any other performer, she epitomized soul at its most gospel-charged. Her astonishing run of late-'60s hits with Atlantic Records—"Respect," "I Never Loved a Man," "Chain of Fools," "Baby I Love You," "I Say a Little Prayer," "Think," "The House That Jack Built," and several others—earned her the title "Lady Soul," which she has worn uncontested ever since. Yet as much of an international institution as she's become, much of her work—outside of her recordings for Atlantic in the late '60s and early '70s—is erratic and only fitfully inspired, making discretion a necessity when collecting her records.

Franklin's roots in gospel ran extremely deep. With her sisters Carolyn and Erma (both of whom would also have recording careers), she sang at the Detroit Church of her father, Reverend C.L. Franklin, while growing up in the 1950s. In fact, she made her first recordings as a gospel artist at the age of 14. It has also been reported that Motown was interested in signing Aretha back in the days when it was a tiny start-up. Ultimately, however, Franklin ended up with Columbia, to which she was signed by the renowned talent scout John Hammond.

Franklin would record for Columbia constantly throughout the first half of the '60s, notching occasional R&B hits (and one Top Forty single, "Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody"), but never truly breaking out as a star. The Columbia period continues to generate considerable controversy among critics, many of whom feel that Aretha's true aspirations were being blunted by pop-oriented material and production. In fact there's a reasonable amount of fine turns to be found on the Columbia sides, including the occasional song ("Lee Cross," "Soulville") where she belts out soul with real gusto. It's undeniably true, though, that her work at Columbia was considerably tamer than what was to follow, and suffered in general from a lack of direction and an apparent emphasis on trying to develop her as an all-around entertainer, rather than as an R&B/soul singer.

When Franklin left Columbia for Atlantic, producer Jerry Wexler was determined to bring out her most soulful, fiery traits. As part of that plan, he had her record her first single, "I Never Loved a Man (The Way I Love You)", at Muscle Shoals in Alabama with esteemed Southern R&B musicians. In fact, that was to be her only session actually at Muscle Shoals, but much of the remainder of her '60s work would be recorded with the Muscle Shoals Sound Rhythm Section, although the sessions would actually take place in New York City. The combination was one of those magic instances of musical alchemy in pop: the backup musicians provided a much grittier, soulful, and R&B-based accompaniment for Aretha's voice, which soared with a passion and intensity suggesting a spirit that had been allowed to fly loose for the first time.

In the late '60s, Franklin became one of the biggest international recording stars in all of pop. Many also saw Franklin as a symbol of Black America itself, reflecting the increased confidence and pride of African-Americans in the decade of the civil rights movements and other triumphs for the Black community. The chart statistics are impressive in and of themselves: ten Top Ten hits in a roughly 18-month span between early 1967 and late 1968, for instance, and a steady stream of solid mid-chart fare for the next five years afterwards. Her Atlantic album sales also...
Aretha Franklin's commercial and artistic success was unabated in the early '70s, during which she landed more huge hits with "Spanish Harlem," "Bridge Over Troubled Water," and "Day Dreaming." She also produced two of her most respected, and earthiest, album releases with Live at Fillmore West and Amazing Grace. The latter, a 1972 double LP, was a reinvestigation of her gospel roots, recorded with James Cleveland & the Southern California Community Choir. Remarkably, it made the Top Ten, counting as one of the greatest gospel-pop crossover smash of all time.

Franklin had a few more hits over the next few years---"Angel" and the Stevie Wonder cover "Until You Come Back to Me"---being the most notable---but generally her artistic inspiration seemed to be tapering off, and her focus drifting toward more pop-oriented material. Her Atlantic contract ended at the end of the 1970s, and since then she's managed to get intermittent hits --- "Who's Zooming Who" and "Jump to It" are among the most famous --- without remaining anything like the superstar she was at her peak. Many of her successes were duets, or crafted with the assistance of newer, glossier-minded contemporaries such as Luther Vandross. There was also another return to gospel in 1987 with One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism.

Critically, as is the case with many '60s rock legends, there have been mixed responses to her later work. Some view it as little more than a magnificent voice wasted on mediocre material, and production. Others seem to grasp for any excuse to praise her whenever there seems to be some kind of resurgence of her soul leanings. Most would agree that her post-mid-'70s recordings are fairly inconsequential when judged against her prime Atlantic era. The blame is often laid at the hands of unsuitable material, but it should also be remembered that --- like Elvis Presley and Ray Charles --- Franklin never thought of herself as confined to one genre. She always loved to sing straight pop songs, even if her early Atlantic records gave one the impression that her true home was earthy soul music. If for some reason she returned to straight soul shouting in the future, it's doubtful that the phase would last for more than an album or two. In the meantime, despite her lukewarm recent sales record, she's an institution, assured of the ability to draw live audiences and immense respect for the rest of her lifetime, regardless of whether there are any more triumphs on record in store.

Riche Unterberger

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**DISCOGRAPHY**

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**RELATED ARTISTS**

Ann Peebles, Etta James, Gladys Knight, King Curtis, Otis Redding, Ray Charles, Sam & Dave, Wilson Pickett, Esther Phillips, Rotary Connection, James Carr, Dee Dee Warwick, The Sweet Inspirations, Chris Batti, And Martin, Bernard "Pretty" Purdie, Cornell Dupree, Jimmy Johnson, Margaret Branch, Quincy Jones, Tom Dowd
ARETHA FRANKLIN
NEWS & REVIEWS


**Biography**

In a career spanning more than forty years, the woman Time magazine named "one of the most influential people of the last century," The Wall Street Journal called "the most powerful singer alive" and VH1, "the greatest woman in rock 'n' roll," continues to find new ways to inspire and amaze. And on her recent Gold-plus album, *A Rose Is Still A Rose*, Rolling Stone says Aretha Franklin has never been in better form.

The Queen of Soul's songs, the magazine says, are fresh, the hooks seductive and the album from start to finish filled with many pleasures and happy surprises.

*A Rose Is Still A Rose* teams Aretha with some of the hottest producers around, including Sean "Puffy" Combs, Lauryn Hill, Jermaine Dupri, Dallas Austin, Daryl Simmons, Michael Powell and Narada Michael Walden. The results? A dynamic, smooth synthesis of classic soul and cutting-edge pop.

At the same time, *A Rose Is Still A Rose* reflects the wisdom and wit of someone who has lived the life of her songs. This is Aretha at the top of her game, singing with the emotional intensity that turned her into an international superstar.

Starting in the sixties, when she defined the Golden Age of Soul, her highly personal gospel-inspired sound brought her status as one of the Greats of American Music. She has won virtually every award there is to win, scoring dozens of smash hits, a truckload of Grammy's and lifetime Achievement Awards. She is the youngest recipient in the history of the Kennedy Center Honors as well as the first woman elected to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

But it's not the legendary icon who greets you at Vanguard Studios in Detroit; this isn't the fabled diva or hallowed Queen. This is simply Aretha, real and ready to sing. In between work sessions, she was delighted to discuss *A Rose Is Still A Rose*.

Her dress is sporty, her style all-the-way relaxed. A hip jogging suit and sequined baseball cap, sneakers and cool tinted glasses. My working outfit, she explains. I've come to sing.

And sing she does. The effortlessness with which she soars over Puffy's smooth track has you shaking your head with wonder. In the vocal booth, eyes squeezed tight, she reaches the heavens. Before scatting a few bars in the bridge, she discusses the nature of scat singing. There are others who do this better than me, she declares. Minutes later, though, she proves herself wrong. Her scat solo is a gem of sweet soul-jazz - imaginative, whimsical and wholly satisfying.

She explains during a break, 'I like a lyric that's saying, 'The hunter gets capture by the game.' I also like the idea of a woman saying things to a man that, at a different time, only a man would say to a woman. I like the

http://www.aristarec.com/aristaweb/ArethaFranklin/info.html  1/19/01
Aretha herself has attitude to spare. Her down-to-earth demeanor is refreshing and endearing. She exudes confidence without being cocky; she's smart without being pretentious, strong but not overbearing. In the studio, she seeks others' advice. But when it gets down to the getting-down, Aretha delivers with the thrilling efficiency of a consummate pro. Her art is elevating.

"To sing a song," she says, "I must find meaning in the lyric. And of course I must feel the groove. That's why I was so excited about this album. The meanings are deep and the grooves are cooking."

The title cut, "A Rose is Still a Rose," is a case in point. The hip-hop tinged tune, with its dazzling overdubs, spins Aretha in a new direction. Lauryn Hill brought me the track, Aretha recalls. And it was love at first hearing. Lauryn reminds me of myself in the studio — very kicked-back. We clicked. I liked the role the song put me in. I felt comfortable giving advice to a woman who's being taken advantage of. It's a positive sister-to-sister, friend-to-friend affirmation: You've got the power. Don't be misused. You're in control. Go on, girl!

Aretha goes on to delineate her attitude about modern music. "I'm interested in modern attitudes. Take "Here We Go Again," a smash song," she says, referring to the sizzling Jermaine Dupri production. "The story says that the man will do better, but he comes back with the same old same old. They're going nowhere fast. He's been playing, and he's busted. Well, baby, I can relate."

The counterpoint may be "I'll Dip," Dallas Austin's spirited contribution. It's a saucy little song, says Aretha, with an extra-hip bounce. "This is a woman who's dependent on no man. She'll split in a sec. She'll move ahead and beyond him. She's strong."

There are times, though," adds Aretha, "when we can't always be so sure of ourselves. That's why I feel the truth of "In the Morning,"Aretha refers to the production by Daryl Simmons, former partner of Babyface and L.A. Reid. "The question is will you love me in the morning? It takes a beautiful ballad to give such a question the right emotional framework. And, at least to my ears, "In the Morning" is a very beautiful ballad."

Simmons also produced "In Case U Forgot," a mid-tempo romp that catches Aretha in an especially assertive posture. She sings the socks off the song. "I mean what I sing," she insists. Here's a woman who, like all women, wants her men to remember that she was there when he had nothing. She was his anchor, and she wants respect."

Respect is a lifetime theme of the great Aretha Franklin. Personal respect and professional respect. Respect is the cornerstone of real relationships of any kind. "Every Little Bit Hurts," she says, pointing to another smokin' Jermaine Dupri production, "shows how intimacy depends on respect. Understanding is based on respect."

Every generation cherishes enduring love ballads, and "How Many Times" will surely endure as another Aretha classic. Produced by her long-time collaborator Narada Michael Walden (the man responsible for "Freeway of Love"), the song is a heartbreaker. Aretha explains: "I'm telling my man, 'When will you wake up and smell the coffee?' I've been there for you through thick and thin. But you got your blinders on. You can't see the forest for the trees. You can't see the truth that every woman has a breaking point."

Narada also produced "Watch My Back." "The writer is a new young talent from Detroit," says Aretha, "a discovery of mine. Mr. Norman West. He customized these lyrics for a woman. It's a funky track and highly danceable. A sister's saying, 'I'm for you and you're for me, and let's keep it that way.' I don't mind broadcasting that message at all."

Detroiter Michael Powell produced "Love pang." "That's another song I brought to the party," Aretha announces. "It was written by Myra Waters, a friend of mine from the old days. The sound and sentiment are very today. I find the ballad haunting, the genuine sentiments of a woman in love and the various scenarios she lives through."

Aretha has lived through a lot of love and a lot of music. Her self-penned "The Woman," with its arresting melody, attests to her ability as a writer as well as vocalist supreme. Sensitive to the subtleties of human emotion, she is the rarest of artists, one whose artistry actually heals the heart.

As the session ends, as Aretha says her goodbyes and heads to her limo, her new songs stay on your mind. Her voice stays in your head. That voice, one of the glories of American culture, conveys, as the poet once put it, all the aching joys and dizzy raptures of romantic love. Through the miracle of melody, her gift is renewed on what
many are already calling a masterpiece

On A Rose Is Still A Rose, Aretha is still Aretha.
And we couldn't be happier.
By David Ritz

Aretha Franklin Queen of Soul
by Leslie Lockhart

Whether she's singing about a no-good man or the "friend we have in Jesus," for 43 years and nearly 50 albums Aretha Franklin has made generations of fans testify. With her gritty, yet sweet soulful voice, the first woman inducted into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, is still the undisputed Queen of Soul.

The fourth child of legendary Baptist preacher C.L. Franklin and his gospel singer wife, Barbara, Aretha Louise Franklin was born on March 25, 1942, in Memphis, Tennessee. Her mother, for reasons unknown, left the family when Aretha was six and never returned. After a brief stay in Buffalo, New York, Aretha and her four siblings went to Detroit, where their father was pastor at the New Bethel Baptist Church.

Guests at Franklin's church and home included jazz great Art Tatum, popular singer Arthur Prysock and gospel legend Mahalia Jackson. Thus, Aretha Franklin's musical influences were vast. The Reverend James Cleveland and gospel singer turned pop star Sam Cooke were both friends and inspirations. Aretha's vocal role model, however, was gospel singer Clara Ward, whom she credits for making her want to play the piano and sing. One of her greatest mentors, however, was her father. At an early age, he gave Aretha records to emulate. In fact, Aretha sang her first solo at her father's church at age 12.

Summers traveling the country with her father's revival tour resulted in the 1956 release of Songs of Faith, recorded at New Bethel, for Chess Records (her father's distributor) when Aretha was just 14. After becoming a mother at age 15, with the first of her four children, Aretha left school. Leaving two children in the care of family, at age 18 Aretha left Detroit for New York.

Signed to Columbia, Aretha was marketed as a jazz singer, even though her roots were in gospel and she admired Dinah Washington's blues. And while she recorded ten albums between 1960 and 1966, Aretha never had a big hit. Managed by then husband and Detroit native Ted White (who cowrote "Dr. Feelgood" with her), Aretha signed with Atlantic in 1966. Working with producer Jerry Wexler, Aretha, encouraged to let loose, scored big with 1967's million-seller "I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You," (boasting "Do-Right Woman, Do-Right Man" on the B-side). With sisters Carolyn (who penned "Ain't No Way") and Erma in the background, the hits kept coming; the soul classic "Respect" (Otis Redding's 1965 hit) went gold as did "Baby, I Love You," "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman," "Chain of Fools" and "Since You've Been Gone." In addition, Aretha won at least one Grammy eight years straight.

In 1972, Aretha's outstanding To Be Young, Gifted and Black, featuring "Daydreaming" (recently covered by Mary J. Blige) and Donny Hathaway playing electric organ and piano on several songs, was followed with Amazing Grace. Aretha's return to gospel, featuring old friend Reverend James Cleveland, her father and Clara Ward wailing in the background, won a Grammy. Sparkle, her 1976 gold soundtrack with composer/producer Curtis Mayfield, spawned several hits, including "Something He Can Feel," also an En Vogue hit. Whitney Houston, whose mother Cissy Houston sang background for Aretha, and Lauryn Hill, who wrote and produced Aretha's 1998 hit "A Rose Is Still a Rose," also count her as an inspiration.

In 1978, Aretha married actor Glynn Turman (Preach in Cooley High) but returned to Detroit when her father, shot by house burglars in 1979, lapsed into a coma. Aretha's 1980 showstopping cameo in The Blues Brothers was followed with the 1982 hit "Jump to It" (written and produced by Luther Vandross) on Arista, and the 1985 hit album Who's Zoomin' Who?, featuring "Freeway of Love." She also recorded with pop artists Annie Lennox and George Michael.

Despite personal tragedies (the deaths of her father, sister Carolyn and her brother Cecil) and financial problems in recent decades, the Queen of Soul continues to reign supreme.
by Lynell George

With her 'A Rose Is Still a Rose' up for two awards, the queen of the Grammys is more worried about issues other than her career.

Hers is the voice that has grown up with us: Transistor-size, we tucked under our pillow; 45-rpm-size, we stacked on our changers for backyard parties; crisp and clear digital size; it's bellowed out; not just full bloom, but full of memories.

In a career that has spanned four decades and garnered more Grammys (15) than any other female artist, Aretha Franklin -- The Queen of Soul -- has gone the full stretch, with juice to spare.

Her hit 1998 album, A Rose Is Still A Rose, is another laurel. The collection, whose title track was written and produced by Lauryn Hill, has brought her still more Grammy nominations -- best female R&B vocal and best R&B album.

And Franklin, at 56, isn't ready to rest. She has just finished her autobiography, and she hopes to produce a documentary on the Rev. Jesse Jackson, develop a line of cooking videos and someday start a chain of restaurants in the Detroit area... Aretha's Chicken and Waffles!

But on the eve of this year's Grammys, Aretha Franklin has a cold -- brought on by the weather. And on top of that, she's been weatherring a lot more than a sore throat.

Last week, the Detroit Free Press reported that more than 30 lawsuits, totaling "just over $1 million" and mostly involving such matters as unpaid hotel and catering bills, have been filed against her since 1988.

Branding the report "malicious" in a written statement, she declared, "No one is owed anything today and I have no knowledge ... of any suits with the state of Michigan... I am very sorry that it had to come to the suit status; however this was not intentional... I have never purchased any goods or services without the intention of paying my bills in a timely and responsible manner."

Hoarse but recovering from it all, Franklin spoke from her home in Detroit about her gospel roots, her role in defining soul music in the '60s and all those Grammys.

Question: Just how cold is it?

Answer: Oh, it was wretched. Everybody in the group was sick. All of the singers. I had to cancel my pre-Grammy TV appearance on CBS and stay in bed.

Q: Looking back at your career, was there a particular moment -- a concert, a day an the recording studio, an award, when it hit you: "I've made It"?

A: Mmmm, I think probably more a collection of events, but certainly a high point would have been the lifetime achievement award at the Grammys (in 1994). What a splendid night.

Q: What do you remember about it?

A: Oh, everything, just the award in itself. The fact that Danny Glover presented it to me, and my sons were there. And the standing ovation from the audience. Just everything...

Q: You're mentioned by so many artists -- male, female, young, old -- as a role model, a goal to work toward, an inspiration. But what has it been like for you to live up to your own expectations? At this point in your career, what are the goals that you set for yourself?

A: I think the hardest thing is losing the weight. That's the hardest thing more than anything else -- especially when you stop smoking. It just isn't easy. And the thing that has really thrown a monkey wrench in it is the fact that I travel so much -- once you get regularly going with the diet, it's disrupted leaving and being in concert with a completely different kind of scheduling.... But I'm managing to keep it down to a fruit plate and a glass of orange juice now. I've come all the way from a couple of cheeseburgers after a concert (she laughs). So I'm working, I'm working on it.

Q: And as for the smoking, what made you decide that now was finally the time to stop?

A: I wasn't liking what I was hearing with my voice for one thing. I knew I just needed to stop. And of course

http://www.aristarec.com/aristaweb/ArethaFranklin/info.html
now (my voice) is different as night and day -- the range, the clarity. Everything. I heard it immediately. It took more discipline to quit than anything else.

Q: It’s been said that you took a strong hand in creating and developing your own sound in the '60s. Was that considered bold or taboo for a woman at that time, to try to take hold of her image that way?

A: Probably at that time, the only other singer I can think of who was doing her own productions was Deniece Williams maybe. Perhaps Nick and Val (Nicholas Ashford and Valerie Simpson), where a woman was involved in the production. They just let me do what I wanted to do. I was just grateful that I was not dictated to for one thing, but my contract gave me the room to not be dictated to. That they believed in my music and what it was I had to offer. And they let me fully and freely express that. It was just fate that I went to Atlantic, and that Atlantic was the kind of company that it was. Many of my favorite singers had been on their roster... like Ruth Brown, Clyde McPhatter, the Clovers. So I think the fact that they were there and (executive) Jerry Wexler made the overture for me to come to the label was all a part of the master plan.

Q: Part of the lore is that you were spurred toward exploring secular music by Sam Cooke’s example.

A: Yes.

Q: What was your road like venturing out of sacred music and toward a recording contract? Was your family -- most particularly your father -- supportive?

A: My father was very supportive of whatever it was I wanted to do. And he certainly appreciated Sam as well as a vocalist. My father had a very broad appreciation for artists of genius. He had friends who would visit the church - like Art Tatum, who was a genius, undoubtedly, no question about it. One of the world’s greatest pianists, certainly second to none. And Lionel Hampton... was a friend of his. So he certainly had musical acumen and savoir-faire as an artist himself, as a singer. he didn’t sing a lot, but he could have sung with the best of them. He sang at home and at church.

Q: Did he help guide through the first years as you were trying to make decisions?

A: Yes. Just with his support and taking me to New York and getting me situated there to begin with at the YWCA. I stayed at the Y for about two weeks, and then I moved into a small hotel there... then I moved in with my manager. And at that point Sam had signed with RCA Victor and I had signed with Columbia. And I only understood much later that he had fought to get me to sign with RCA but I was not aware of that.... Columbia was the biggest record company in the world. They were national and international, and I didn’t need to go any further than right there.

Q: What made you decide to leave Columbia?

A: I left after about seven years. They picked up options that they had. And after about seven years and the invitation from Jerry (Wexler), we went to Atlantic.

Q: And that’s when everything started to take off for you. Was the response a surprise?

A: We were blown away. We were all blown away when the hits came rolling in. "Respect" and "I Never Loved a Man," because we had recorded for about seven years with not very much of anything. And to hear that I had actually had a gold record was really mind-blowing. I just know we did a lot of jumping and screaming.

Q: Through your recordings, you brought a spiritual passion to pop music. How did you learn to balance both the sacred and secular worlds?

A: Hmmm. I don’t know if I did learn to balance both. I just do what I do.

Q: What advice do you have for contemporary gospel artists like Kirk Franklin or John P. Kee who walk that line?

A: Yeah. I love what they are doing as far as being contemporary. I really like John P. Kee and Kirk Franklin a lot. They have beautiful melodies. Great rhythms and things like that. But just don’t forget to respect the tradition of gospel. And what has been traditionally gospel and what has been and is and will be traditionally gospel. After they have come and gone, it will be there. There are certain artists who are going to carry on that tradition, and I’m one of them.

Q: With your last album charting in the Top 40, the fourth in as many decades, what did that mean to you on not just a professional but an emotional level?

http://www.aristarec.com/aristaweb/ArthraFranklin/info.html

1/19/01
A: It was great! A rose is still a rose -- and I had some great writers like Lauryn Hill who wrote (the title single) and produced it and did a great video.

Q: What was it like to work with her?

A: It was cool. She's very professional, as I am, and so we certainly had common ground there. And just basically nice people. Very aware young lady. Very conscientious.

Q: There are so many purists out there -- die-hard R&B babies -- who dismiss rap and hip-hop. What are your feelings about the genre?

A: Oh, I like some of it. Some of it I like. You know, of course, I come from the old school of R&B. Which is the old school and the new school and going to be some of the future school when hip-hop is not here. R&B is still going to be around. But some of the hip-hop I like. I think you have some very talented people in it, like (Sean) Puffy (Combs).... He does just great videos. They are so colorful and exciting I would love for him to do my next video.

Lauryn and Mariah and I like this girl Kelly Price and I like Brandy. I think that Brandy is going to be one of the best young artists out there. Erykah Badu is good. I love her material and I love her wit. Her wit is really cute and sharp. Jermaine Dupri I like. But those to me are the really hottest and the most together artists of the hip-hop generation. I don't know everybody, but of the ones that I have met and heard. And Mary J. Blige. She's really cool.

Q: Is there a form or style of music that you haven't explored yet that you would like to?

A: Yes, well, I'm working on the arias now. I just performed with the Fort Wayne Symphony, and I have an aria album coming out almost immediately.

Q: What was it like last year to sub for Pavarotti at the Grammys at the last minute?

A: It was tremendous! I met him in New York at the MusicCares dinner, which is where I first sang "Nessun dorma," from Puccini's "Turandot."

Q: And Grammy night you only had eight minutes to prepare?

A: It was about that, somewhere about six to eight minutes. We were running around like wild backstage. Running into each other. Bumping heads. Shouting -- "Where is the boom box? Anybody have a boom box back here?" -- because they had something on track that I could hear. The producer was running up and down the steps and it was a really wild scene. Thank goodness I had sung it the week before and I pretty much knew it. And I just had to try to pull it off.

Q: Will you make it to the Grammys this year?

A: I wish that I were. I probably won't. But I will be watching and I'll be rooting -- for myself! (she laughs) Other people in other categories. But when you get in my category, I'm rooting for me.

From: Entertainment Weekly; 1998 YEAR-END SPECIAL
GREAT PERFORMANCES
Aretha FRANKLIN

This was the year soulstress Aretha Franklin recaptured our R-E-S-P-E-C-T. At February's Grammy awards, she subbed for tenor Luciano Pavarotti (who canceled 45 minutes into the live telecast), pretty much nailing his signature song, the devilishly tricky Puccini arioso "Nessun Dorma." We knew she had chops--but Italian opera? Her encore: At April's VH1 Divas Live, the 56-year-old soul mama effortlessly out-belted Mariah Carey, Gloria Estefan, Shania Twain, and Celine Dion. Now we know what D-I-V-A really stands for: Divine Incomparable Virtuoso Aretha.
Walt Disney Records:
Biography of Annette Funicello

The release of Walt Disney Records' *Annette: A Musical Reunion with America's Girl Next Door* serves as a tribute to Annette Funicello's successful career, which spans the business spectrum from television to film to records. She readily admits that her debut on the original "Mickey Mouse Club" was fateful: "I owe everything to those ears," she confesses.

Born in Utica, New York, Annette and her family relocated to Southern California when she was four years old. After settling down in L.A.'s San Fernando Valley, the budding performer began taking music and dancing lessons.

Walt Disney discovered Annette while she was dancing the lead in "Swan Lake" at the Starlight Bowl in Burbank. She was called into the Disney Studios to audition for a new show called "The Mickey Mouse Club." The rest, of course, is history as Annette became the most popular Mouseketeer on the well-remembered series.

Following her tenure as a Mouseketeer, Annette remained under contract to Disney and appeared in a number of television shows, including "Zorro" and "Elmer Fudd," as well as starring in the feature films "The Shaggy Dog," "Bahes in Toyland," "The Misadventures of Merlin Jones" and "The Monkeys Uncle."

A successful recording career also coincided with Annette's acting chores. Her singles, including "Tall Paul," "First Name Initial," "How Will I Know My Love," and "Pineapple Princess" topped the recording charts. Her career flourishing, the multi-faceted performer went on to star in several popular beach party movies with Frankie Avalon.

In 1987, Annette re-teamed once again with her beach party buddy, Frankie Avalon, to co-produce and star in Paramount Pictures' "Back to the Beach," a tongue-in-cheek comedy which paired the famous duo as parents of two worrysome teenagers. A year-long "Frankie and Annette" concert tour followed in 1989 and 1990, and featured nostalgic live performances recalling popular beach party music of the '60s, along with performances of their chart-topping hit songs of that era.

Annette's life took a more serious turn in 1992, when she publicly disclosed that she has been battling multiple sclerosis, a crippling disease of the central nervous system. With no intention of altering her lifestyle, Annette explained, "I think you only have two choices in this kind of situation. Either you give in to it or you fight it. I intend to fight."

A testament to that statement, Annette recently embarked upon two new business ventures that could become the most exciting new endeavors of her career: the creation of The Annette Funicello Teddy Bear Company, which markets a line of collectible bears, and the development (in conjunction with Baywood International, Inc.) of her own fragrance, "Cello by Annette."

A portion of sales from "Cello by Annette." launched at Disneyland's Park and Walt
Disney World Resort in 1993, will go to The Annette Funicello Research Fund for Neurological Diseases, a private fund set up by the actress to benefit a broad spectrum of neurological disorders.

In October, 1992, The Walt Disney Company presented Annette with its Disney Legends Award, a special distinction given only to those whose body of work has made a significant impact on the Disney legacy. Without question, Annette Funicello has definitely left her imprint as a legend in the Disney history books.
George Gershwin

George Gershwin, as photographed by Edward Steichen.
Gershwin, George (1898-1937), an American composer, became famous for his musical comedies, popular songs, symphonic works, and the opera *Porgy and Bess*. His *Rhapsody in Blue* is probably the best-known orchestral piece by an American.

Gershwin was born in the Brooklyn section of New York City, of Russian immigrant parents. He began writing popular songs at 15, but he studied composition and orchestration all his life. He wanted to be a successful popular composer and to follow in the footsteps of the great masters.

In 1919, Gershwin wrote his first successful popular song, "Swanee." This was a tremendous hit as sung by Al Jolson. In the same year, Gershwin worked on a string quartet with a blues theme called *Lullaby*.

Gershwin rose to fame on Broadway in the 1920s. His sparkling musical comedies include *Lady, Be Good* (1924), *Tip Toe* (1925), *Oh, Kay!* (1926), *Funny Face* (1927), and *Girl Crazy* (1930). He then turned to political satire with the musical comedies *Strike Up the Band* (1930), *Of Thee I Sing* (1931), a spoof on presidential elections; and *Let 'Em Eat Cake* (1933). *Of Thee I Sing* was the first musical comedy to win a Pulitzer Prize. All of Gershwin's musicals had tunes of lasting fame. Examples include "Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm," "Love Walked In," "Soon," and "S Wonderful." The words for most of his songs were written by his brother Ira.

Meanwhile, Gershwin was writing successful concert hall music, beginning with *Rhapsody in Blue* (1924). This piece was written for piano and jazz band and arranged by American composer Erle Grofe. Grofe later arranged the piece for symphony orchestra. It combined jazz elements with the romantic tradition in classical music. The *Concerto in F* for piano and orchestra (1925), a larger work in three movements, also used blues and jazzlike effects. Gershwin, an excellent pianist, was the soloist in the first performance of both works.

Gershwin continued to display his varied talents with *American in Paris* (1928). This symphonic poem is colorful, rhythmically exciting, effectively orchestrated, and thoroughly American. Gershwin's last symphonic work consists of variations on "I Got Rhythm" for piano and orchestra. In 1933, Gershwin completed the black "opera" *Porgy and Bess*, the most popular opera ever written by an American.

See also: Heyward, Du Bose; Gershwin, Ira; Grofe, Erle.

Additional resources

- 1993.
448. Go Down, Moses

Text: Afro-American spiritual (Ex. 3:7-12)
Music: Afro-American spiritual; adapt. and arr. by William Farley Smith, 1986
Tune: TUBMAN, Meter: 85.85 with Refrain

1. When Israel was in Egypt's land,
   let my people go;
oppressed so hard they could not stand,
   let my people go.
Refrain:
Go down, (go down) Moses, (Moses)
way down in Egypt's land;
tell old Pharaoh
to let my people go!

2. "Thus saith the Lord," bold Moses said,
   let my people go;
"if not, I'll smite your first-born dead,"
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

3. No more shall they in bondage toil,
   let my people go;
let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

4. We need not always weep and mourn,
   let my people go;
and wear those slavery chains no more,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

5. Come, Moses, you will not get lost,
   let my people go;
stretch out your rod and come across,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

6. As Israel stood by the water's side,
   let my people go;
at God's command it did divide,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

7. When they had reached the other shore,
   let my people go;
they sang a song of triumph o'er,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

8. O Moses, the cloud shall cleave the way,
   let my people go;
  a fire by night, a shade by day,
   let my people go.
(Refrain)

9. Your foes shall not before you stand,
let my people go;
and you'll possess fair Canaan's land,
let my people go.
(Refrain)

10. This world's a wilderness of woe,
let my people go;
O let us on to Canaan go,
let my people go.
(Refrain)

11. O let us all from bondage flee,
let my people go;
and let us all in Christ be free,
let my people go.
(Refrain)

Choose an instrument: Piano | Organ | Bells

Links for downloading:
Text file
Vegetation and Animal Life. Natural vegetation in Ghana is tropical rain forest in the southwest and savanna—mostly grasslands with scattered trees—in the drier north. The savanna zone extends south to the coast around Accra, the only place in West Africa where this occurs, because of the low rainfall in that area. Much of the tropical forest has been cleared for agriculture, and the formerly rich African fauna has been depleted because of human population pressure.

PEOPLE

Of the more than 75 ethnic groups in Ghana, the Akan, Ewe, Ga, and Mole-Dagbane are the largest. Although broad cultural similarities exist, ethnic groups are separated by varying rules of descent systems and residence patterns. Languages fall into the Gur or Kwa groups of the Niger-Congo family, but each ethnic group is associated with a separate dialect. English is the official language and is taught in the schools. About 21% of the population maintain traditional animistic beliefs. Christianity is the religion of some 63% of the population—two-thirds Protestant, one-third Roman Catholic. About 16% of the population are Muslim.

Urban centers are experiencing rapid growth. The largest cities, in descending order, are Accra, Kumasi, Tema, and Sekondi-Takoradi. High population densities are found in two areas: in the south—a triangular area, with its base along the coast and its apex at Kumasi—which contains about one-third of the population, and in the northeast, a strip along the border with Burkina Faso. Elsewhere population densities are low, reflecting the extensive (rather than intensive) agricultural methods.

In 1974, free, mandatory primary and middle-school education was introduced in state schools and in government-supported missionary schools. The resulting education system is considered one of the best in Black Africa. The University of Ghana (1948) at Legon, near Accra, is considered one of the best in Black Africa. The University of Ghana (1948) at Legon, near Accra, is considered one of the best in Black Africa. The University of Ghana (1948) at Legon, near Accra, is considered one of the best in Black Africa. The University of Ghana (1948) at Legon, near Accra, is considered one of the best in Black Africa.

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The arts are closely allied to traditional religions. The visual arts are dominated by wood carving, especially masks, and the most important performing arts are dancing and music. Important institutions are the National Cultural Centre in Kumasi and the Arts Council of Ghana, located in Accra.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITY

At independence, in 1957, Ghana was the world's largest producer of cocoa and had substantial cocoa reserves. In an effort to create a socialist state as rapidly as possible, large sums of money were spent on industrialization, state farms, and public works projects, and by 1966 the country was badly in debt. Governmental programs have since been considerably curtailed. Aging trees, low prices paid to growers, and adverse weather conditions contributed to a decline in total cocoa production since the 1970s. Government attempts to revitalize the cocoa industry have met with little success, and the overall lack of economic growth has led many Ghanaians to seek employment outside the country.

Annual climate charts for two cities in Ghana illustrate the major climate zones in that West African nation. Bars indicate monthly ranges of temperatures (in °C) and precipitation (in mm). Accra, the nation's capital and leading seaport, has a steppe climate moderated by a tropical rainy season. Kumasi, a regional capital located 185 km (115 mi) northwest of Accra, has a tropical wet-dry climate.
Brief History

Forts were settled by traders from 1631. They were placed under Crown rule and administered from Sierra Leone from 1821 to 1874 with an interval under merchant control from 1828 to 1843. A protectorate was extended inland from 1830. In 1874 the colony of the Gold Coast was created. Further territory was added until its final boundaries were fixed in 1904. Part of German Togoland was included in 1919. It became independent as Ghana in 1957.
the coast at varying distances, between 15 and 240 km (35 and 150 mi) inland in eastern Africa. The valley of the Limpopo River in South Africa and Zimbabwe is the widest such break along its 5000 km (3100 mi) length. The escarpment varies greatly from a relatively subdued feature on parts of Angola and Namibia and in northern South Africa. The Great Escarpment incorporates numerous local ranges, from the Serra da Cheta in equatorial central Angola, the Khoas Hochland and Tsarits in Namibia; the Roggeveldberge, Swartberge, and Drakensberg in South Africa, and the Chimanimani Mountains along the Mozambique-Zimbabwe border. It is a major drainage divide, separating rivers flowing to the coast, often through deep gorges, from those that flow inland, usually along the Limpopo or Orange River. Several prominent or following off the escarpment have considerable, mostly undeveloped, potential for hydroelectric projects. The escarpment has been a major impediment to the development of rail and road linkages between the coast and the interior.

Great Migration, The, mass movement by black Americans in the early twentieth century from the predominantly rural, segregated South to the urban North and West, where they sought greater economic, social, and political freedom.

At the end of the Civil War (1861-1865) and the abolition of slavery, 80 percent of American 1 million African Americans lived in the Southern states, roughly the same percentage as in 1790. Blacks made up 36 percent of the total Southern population (as compared with 1 percent of the total Northern population) and worked mostly as sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and domestic servants. Very few owned property. Most black farmers were heavily in debt and struggled to pay rents. Other forms of labor open to blacks were similarly low-paying and exploitative. The Reconstruction era (1865-1877), which kept protective Union troops in the South and brought blacks the constitutional promise of full citizenship, raised hopes and expectations for better jobs and civil rights. A small but important minority of blacks found work in industries such as coal mining, timber, and railroads, and others received a limited education. As Reconstruction drew to a close, however, and with the emergence of Northern dominance over Southern life, white legislatures in the South began to pass Jim Crow laws codifying race and local segregation and discrimination. Blacks, especially those attempting to exercise the franchise, were the victims of lynchings and other terrorism. Opportunities in school, work, and politics dwindled. Some blacks responded by migrating to Northern border states, especially Kansas (see Exodus). Their numbers, however, were limited to a few tens of thousands, and the migration was mostly to rural areas. In 1910, nearly 50 years after the war had ended slavery, 89 percent of all blacks remained in the South, and nearly 80 percent of those lived in rural areas.

Several events early in the second decade of the twentieth century coalesced to change black patterns of settlement. From 1913 to 1915 falling cotton prices brought on an economic depression that seriously hurt Southern farmers, both black and white. Just as they began to recover, they were struck by an overwhelming infestation of boll weevils, insects that destroyed much of the cotton crop between 1914 and 1917. In the Mississippi Valley, farmers suffered an additional plague: severe floods in 1915 ruined crops and homes.

At the start of the Great Migration, most African Americans lived in the South and did agricultural work. Those who migrated north often found themselves working in industrial settings, such as this man, photographed at the Buckeye Steel Casting Company in the 1920s. Ohio Historical Society.
(NAACP) struggled to secure a federal antilynching law. The Communist Party of the United States of America (CPUSA) also played an active role in fighting for black rights, for example, in the 1931 Scottsboro Case and the 1932 case of Angelo Herndon, a black Communist who led a protest of unemployed workers in Atlanta, Georgia. It was the driving force in the National Negro Congress (1936-1946) and in the Southern Negro Youth Congress (1937-1948). Other examples of Depression-era black radicalism include the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, founded in 1934, and the 1935 Harlem Riot.

On occasion white liberals actively supported black rights. The Congress of Industrial Organizations unionized thousands of black industrial workers in integrated unions such as the United Auto Workers and the United Steel Workers. In 1939 First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt helped arrange an Easter Sunday recital at the White House. A. Philip Randolph helped develop the idea for a March on Washington that would lead to the formation of the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom (1941).

But African Americans found themselves shorthanded by Roosevelt's New Deal. The National Recovery Administration permitted lower wages for blacks than for whites doing the same work. Racial discrimination was evident in the hiring and housing policies of the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) as well as in the segregated camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Many landowners, rather than share Agricultural Adjustment Administration subsidies with their black sharecroppers, had their tenants evicted and kept the entire payment for themselves.

Although a 1935 executive order banned discrimination in Works Progress Administration (WPA) projects, a subsequent cut in the WPA budget brought a sharp economic downturn, the so-called Roosevelt Recession, that jeopardized many black families. WPA policies were the subject of widespread protest, as seen in topical blues such as "Casey Bill Weldon's "WPA Blues" (1936) and Porter Grainger's "Pink Slip Blues," sung by Ida Cox in 1939. Furthermore, Roosevelt refused to endorse two key black political goals—a federal antilynching law and abolition of the poll tax.

Nonetheless, in 1936 African Americans rallied around Roosevelt and the New Deal. This support represented an electoral shift of historic proportions—for the first time since Emancipation a majority of black voters cast their ballots for the Democratic Party. On the other hand, this political support was not unquestioning, as a number of Depression-era black protests made clear. Paradoxically, the key protest of these years never took place. In 1941, as increased defense spending rapidly lifted the country out of depression, blacks found themselves almost wholly excluded from the new defense jobs. For example, the head of North American Aviation, then greatly expanding its work force, announced that blacks would be considered for jobs "as janitors and similar capacities."

African Americans answered with a first March on Washington, more than a decade before the better-known protest led by Rev. Martin Luther King. The strategy behind the march was that of the future Civil Rights Movement, particularly its use of large-scale direct protest in a powerfully symbolic setting. The focus on influencing the federal government and its careful orchestration of national news coverage to multiply the impact of the planned demonstration.

The key forces behind the 1941 March on Washington were the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters (a black labor union); and the Communist-led National Negro Congress. A. Philip Randolph, president of both organizations, proposed a gathering of at least 100,000 African Americans in the nation's capital to protest unfair Defense industry hiring practices. Never had capital faced such a massive demonstration, and a nervous Roosevelt wanted to put it altogether.

The result was a signal victory for Randolph. In June 1941 Roosevelt signed Executive Order 8802, prohibiting discrimination throughout the federal government as well as in defense work and established Fair Employment Practices Committees to oversee the new policy. In response, Randolph called off the march, but he maintained a March on Washington organization to ensure Roosevelt not to neglect black Americans.

James Clyde Scott

See Also

World War I and African Americans; American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations; Antilynching Movement; Labor and the Great Depression; Migration; The Harlem Riots of 1935; The Chicago Massacre of 1937; William Henry; King, Martin Luther, Jr.; New York, New York; Philadelphia; Pennsylvania; Randolph, A. Philip; Weaver, Robert C.; Works Progress Administration; Communist Party of the United States of America; African Americans and the March on Washington, 1963; March on Washington, 1963.

Afrika

Great Escarpment, dividing the continent into two zones. Crossing Angola, Namibia, South Africa, Lesotho, Swaziland, and Mozambique, the Great Escarpment separates the high plateaus of the southern African Interior, including the vast Plateau Veld, from the coastal lowlands.

The Great Escarpment appears as a U-shaped feature on a map, extending from east central Angola south to the boundary between South Africa and the Western Cape and Northern Cape provinces, then east, and finally north, ending south of the Zambezi Valley in Zimbabwe.
In his 1942 poem "Harlem Sweetlets," Langston Hughes rhapsodizes about the rich variety of black beauty visible on the streets through Harlem’s famed Sugar Hill. His list captures the spectrum of colors which African Americans come in, from a "honey-gold baby Sweet enough to eat" to a "cocoa brown Pomegranate-lipped / Pride of the town."

The history of African American hair and beauty culture is rich and complicated, reflecting the complexities of African American connections to both African and American cultures. At times, African American hair and beauty culture has been associated with larger social trends toward assimilation. At other times, African Americans have used their West African heritage and their own artistry to create styles and standards that reflect a uniquely black culture. Hairstyles have come to have cultural significance, and hairdressers serve a unique function in the African American community.

The slogan "Black is beautiful" became a catch phrase during the 1960s, and it is a common notion that it has become almost a cliché. But the argument that black is beautiful - and in fact, that dark skin is stereotypically "black" features reflects the exact opposite of beauty - was once
...the white American myth of black and African culture. When African slaves were brought to the Americas, they encountered a culture that privileged fair skin, straight hair, and thin features, in contrast with their dark skin, curly hair, and wider bodies and mouths. Some slaves became skilled barbers or beauticians for their masters, and some free blacks in both the North and the South made their living as barbershops for white customers. For their beauty and grooming rituals, however, black slaves chose to refer to African traditions, which included braiding hair and using African patterns and buns for skin-care preparations.

After emancipation, the demand for professional hair and beauty care within the black community began to grow. Some barbershops worked out of their own homes, while full-time or in their spare time as a source of earning extra income. Kitchen beauticians are one of the most established types of African American entrepreneurs, often several black women owned their own barbershops by the 1870s, and by 1885 there were over 900 black barbers in Philadelphia alone.

The number of commercial establishments, barbershops and beauty parlors became largely important in the economic and social structure of black communities. Not simply a place to get a haircut, barbershops and beauty parlors provided a place for people to gather and talk, sharing political gossip, town gossip, and whatever else was on their minds. Because these shops were often single-sex, they also provided their customers with a rare opportunity for gender bonding. A first visit to the hairdresser became a standard coming-of-age ritual, and as black men congregated in their barbershops and black women in their beauty parlors, the opposite sex became a celebrated topic of lively conversation. In these ways, beauty salons and barbershops came to provide a unique social function. Because their workplaces were gathering points in many black communities, many black owners and hairdressers became well-known community leaders. For example, Reconstruction congressman Robert DeLarge and Joseph Rainey were both former barbers, and insurance company founders John Merrick and Alonso Herndon had owned barbershops. Many hairdressers became known for the wisdom they dispensed with their services, assuming the role of town gossp and, whose advice was best to follow. The rise in professional shops coincided with a rise in commercial beauty products and treatments designed specifically for African American hair and skin. Some were welcomed innovations, such as the development of chemical depilatories for men's shaving needs, because razor shaves often came in brown hairs in black men's curly beards. For much of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, however, many of the new products seemed designed to make African Americans more European in appearance. Hairdresser and entrepreneur Madame C.J. Walker was the first self-made American woman millionaire; her empire included perfumes, toothpaste, soap, powders, and rouge in addition to shampoo, hair dressings, and hair pomades. Much of her fortune, however, was made from the Walker System, a hair-straightening technique that used hot combs to meet her customers' demand for straighter, smoother hair. The turn-of-the-century hair cream No-Kink advertised its purpose as clearly as contemporary products such as Bone Strait and Pretty-N-Silky, and the advent of chemical hair straighteners (or "relaxers") made it even easier for black women and men to approximate more closely European hair styles.

At the same time that No-Kink conquered naturally curly black hair, Black-No-More, Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener, Shure White, and Black Skin Remover went after a larger target. The popularity of products claiming to make black hair straighter and black skin whiter— even when those claims proved patently false—pointed to troubling divisions within the black community. On the one hand, blacks were not the only consumers buying these products; many white Americans, both immigrant and native-born, used them to attain similar ideals. But for African Americans, anxieties over skin color were rooted in a national system that had first enslaved them based solely on color and then proved slightly less hostile to those whose appearance was closer to European standards.

Such discrimination began in slavery, when lighter-skinned blacks, often the owners' own children, were given favored jobs as house servants or plantation artisans while darker slaves served as field hands. Lighter-skinned African Americans were dispar-proportionately represented in the number of free blacks, and continued to be represented disproportionately among the educational, social, and economic elite of African Americans. Many blacks even argued that approximating European standards of beauty and grooming was necessary for African Americans to be accepted by white culture—and especially by potential white employers.

Some Black Nationalist leaders, such as the Universal Negro Improvement Association's Marcus Garvey, denounced this colorism within the black community: Garvey even refused to allow advertisements for hair straighteners and skin bleaches in the UNIA's newspaper, the Negor World. But the fact that many of the first black entertainers received "crossover" approval for litl = beauty and hair products, such as Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne, and Dorothy Dandridge, only reinforced the notion that lighter skin and straighter hair defined black beauty. The loudest protests against the use of European standards for black beauty ideals finally came during the 1960s as a direct result of the Civil Rights and Black Power movements.

As black suddenly became beautiful, African Americans across the country began embracing hairstyles and beauty techniques that emphasized African American characteristics. Most memorable was the Afro, an extremely popular hairstyle for both men and women in the late 1960s and early 1970s that allowed natural, unrelaxed hair to grow in a crown above the head. For the first time, appearing as "black" as possible became a mark of status within the community, especially among younger African Americans. Hairstyles in particular were no longer regarded as personal aesthetic choices, but as political statements about how connected their wearers was to the black community and the black cause, and the size of an Afro became a source of pride. Although the popularity of Afros eventually declined, the notion of hairstyle as a political litmus test introduced a new tension into African American hair and beauty culture that remains unresolved. Contemporary black women authors Alice Walker and bell hooks eloquently discussed the continuing cultural significance of black hairstyles in their essays, "Oppressed Hair Puts a Ceiling on the Brain" (Walker, 1988) and "Straightening Our Hair" (hooks, 1992); filmmaker Spike Lee's movie School Daze (1988) portrayed contemporary attitudes toward both hair and skin color. But the most important legacy of the "Black is beautiful" movement has been a new appreciation of the range of black beauty—all colors, shapes, textures, and styles.

The 1980s and 1990s saw a broad spectrum of African American hair and beauty styles. This included the resurgence of braids, often in designs that imitated traditional West African styles. Relaxed hair became popular again in a wide range of short and long styles. And while the new jheri curl used a different chemical process to create loose, wet curls for both men and women. Women and men chose dreadlocks, twists, corkscrews, fades, and other styles that took advantage of black hair's natural texture. These decades also saw a growth in beauty care products designed for African Americans, especially in the number of mainstream cosmetic companies creating makeup that flattered black skin tone, and fashion magazines and runways finally showcased African American models with dark skin and natural hair.

Through all of the changes in African American hair and beauty culture, barbershops and beauty salons have retained their cultural status in the black community. Despite the economic depression in many black neighborhoods, hair salons remain among the most successful black businesses in most cities, and even African Americans who have moved to predominately white suburbs often return to black urban neighborhoods to get their hair done. Once they are
there, the salon provides them with welcome reconnections to the black community.

In short, throughout centuries of changes in Haiti, the care and beauty ideals, African American hair and beauty culture has been a vibrant, dynamic representation of the creativity and beauty inherent in African American culture.

Lisa Clayton Robinson

See Also


Latin America and the Caribbean

Haiti, independent republic in the Caribbean, occupying the western third of the island of Hispaniola. Haiti is bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east by the Dominican Republic, on the south by the Caribbean Sea, and on the west by the Windward Passage, which separates it from Cuba.

Legend has it that Haitian hougan (or priest) BoulOMN spoke the following words at a Vodou ceremony in August 1791 as he prayed for Haiti's black slaves to rise against their French masters: "Hidden god in a cloud is there, watching us. He sees all the whites do... [and] our god that is so good orders our tears; listen to freedom that speaks from our hearts." One week later, the Haitian Revolution began. By the time it ended 13 years later. In 1804, Haiti had become the first black republic in the world, the second independent country in the Western Hemisphere, and the first country in the Western Hemisphere to abolish slavery and grant full citizenship to nonwhites. Haiti's former slaves became an inspiration for people of African descent across the world, particularly those who remained in slavery.

Early History

The Arawaks, the original inhabitants of the island Haiti shares with the Dominican Republic, called the island Ayti, meaning "land of mountains." When he arrived in 1492 Christopher Columbus named the island La Isla Española (the Spanish Island) in honor of his Spanish sponsors. The name later evolved into the present-day name Hispaniola. After an early settlement near Cap-Haïtien was destroyed by Native Americans, the Spanish settled the eastern half of the island and left the west unsettled.

French pirates operating from the island of Torna hunted wild boar and other animals in Hispaniola to sell as food to passing ships. During their visits, the French recognized Hispaniola's potential as an agricultural center, and like the Spanish before them, they began importing African slaves to serve as forced labor. By 1697, when Spain formally ceded the western third of Hispaniola - the portion that later became Haiti - to France, the French had established a flourishing slave-plantation system throughout the colony. By the end of the next century Saint-Domingue (the French colonial term for Haiti) was the world's richest colony. By 1781 "the Pearl of the Antilles," as it was called, produced 60 percent of the world's coffee and 40 percent of its sugar.

Saint-Domingue's population at that time consisted of more than 450,000 black slaves, about 30,000 white French planters, and more than 25,000 free biracial people, who formed an important class in Saint-Domingue society. These gens de couleur or mulattos - who were also called agacou, grie, marabout, jaune, quateron, and other terms, depending on their proportion of black or white ancestry - were descendants of French slaveholders and their black slaves. Many of them were wealthy landowners and slaveholders themselves, and shared more cultural connections with the French than they did with the slaves. But while they were initially accepted by French colonists, their affluence eventually threatened the whites.

By the 1780s new laws had been passed prohibiting free people of color from carrying firearms, excluding them from many political offices and occupations, and placing similar restrictions on their freedom. These laws were met with widespread resentment. Free people of color were caught between their distrust and dislike of whites and their desire to distance themselves from black slaves. As a result, tensions and suspicions ran high among all three colors and classes.

News of the 1789 French Revolution set off widespread marvels and visions among the free mulattos and their black slaves. For the first time, the black people of Saint-Domingue saw in the French Revolution a way to escape the rigors of their lives and to gain the freedom to make Saint-Domingue an independent country, absolutely and forever free. The first battle between these two came in early 1791, when free mulatto Ogé led a demonstration against the French government and was captured and massacred. But neither the whites nor the free mulattos were fully aware of how the revolution for freedom had affected the black majority. As the two segments of the population struggled for control, it was the mulattos who took definitive action.

People shop in the markets of Port-au-Prince, Haiti's capital and chief commercial center. Haitian Revolution

In late August a slave insurrection broke out in the north of the island. Within months, murdering many white clerics and forcing the surviving whites to flee. Several leaders quickly emerged from the rebellion: Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe, Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès Pétion, and above all, François Dominique de L'Ouverture. Toussaint was the grandson of an African chief who had fought for French revolutionary leader General Jean-Jacques Dessalines Christophe. Alexandre Sabès
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- Duke Curl and Wave Texturizer kit for men creates and gives a soft wave pattern.

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E. Carson Products Co., Savannah, GA 31403
Havana, Spanish LA HABANA, city, capital of the Republic of Cuba and of the Ciudad de La Habana provincia, with which it is coterminous. The city is located toward the western end of the long northern coast of the island of Cuba and is Cuba’s economic, political, and cultural centre. A brief treatment of Havana follows. For full treatment, see MACROPAEDIA: Havana.

Havana is situated on the western side of a bottleneck harbour, the narrow entrance of which leads to a broad interior bay consisting of three smaller bays. The city’s boundaries were extended in an administrative reorganization in 1976. Contemporary Havana is an urban, political, and administrative unit composed of the old cities of Havana, Marianao, Regla, Guanabacoa, Santiago de las Vegas, and Santa Maria del Rosario.

Some of the city’s food supply comes from the adjacent Havana Cordon, or Green Belt, of major importance in this area are the growing of plantains, root crops, coffee, and fruits; dairying; and livestock production. Havana is Cuba’s industrial, importing, and distributing centre. A considerable part of the country’s manufacturing and processing industries are concentrated in Havana’s environs. Dominant industries include food processing (largely sugar), shipbuilding, fishing, and automotive production. Beverage and cigar production, textile manufacture, and the pharmaceutical and chemical industries are also important. Much of Cuba’s import and export trade passes through the port of Havana.

Vestiges of Havana’s colonial past blend in with the modern city. Old Havana, the original urban nucleus next to the port, is characterized by history-laden buildings in pure colonial style; the most outstanding of these is the Palace of the Captains General, completed in 1793. Some of the city’s most imposing modern architecture is located around the Plaza de la Revolución. Havana’s historic ruined walls are still visible, as are old military buildings such as Morro Castle. Fine colonial churches and public parks are numerous.

Havana is the seat of the government and of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Cuba. The chief centre of instruction is the University of Havana, which was founded in 1728 (reorganized 1976). The city is the home of an outstanding national library. Havana has almost 1,000 separate facilities for holding sporting events.

Inner-city transportation consists primarily of buses traveling Havana’s broad avenues. Railways and bus lines link Havana with the provincial capitals and other cities. The José Martí International Airport is located 8 miles (13 km) south of the harbour. Area 281 square miles (727 square km). Pop. (1989 est.) 2,077,938.
Although Jimi Hendrix will be remembered as rock's most innovative and revolutionary guitarist, he had the natural instincts of a bluesman and in fact built much of his early repertoire from the blues. Live, Hendrix played plenty of blues; his sets were almost always filled with long, extended jams based on blues chord progressions heard in such gems as "Red House" and "California Night."

Some of what Hendrix did with feedback, fuzz tones, distortion, and volume elaborated on the styles of blues guitarists Pat Hare and Guitar Slim. With his screeching solos, Hendrix shattered rock and blues traditions regarding how long and in what capacity solos should be delivered. He broke down barriers between blues and rock so that his guitar ideas flowed freely from one idiom to the other. His influence can be heard in the guitar styles of bluesmen Magic Sam, Buddy Guy, and, later on, Stevie Ray Vaughan.

Hendrix's earliest influences came from Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Guitar Slim, and Chuck Berry. After a stint in the army from 1959 to 1961, Hendrix, working under the name Jimmy James, became a respected sideman, playing behind such soul and R&B artists as Little Richard, King Curtis, and the Isley Brothers. In 1964 Hendrix moved to New York City and formed his own band, Jimmy James and Blue Flames, which mostly played Jimmy Reed, Memphis Slim, Muddy Waters, and Robert Johnson covers. Barely surviving in the Greenwich Village folk and blues scene, Hendrix nonetheless became a regular at the Cafe What. For a brief spell, he played with blues guitarist and singer John Hammond, Jr. before he was approached by Chas Chandler, the former bass player of the English blues-rock group the Animals. Chandler invited Hendrix to go to London and start a new group, which Chandler would manage. Hendrix took the offer, moved to London in 1966, and formed the Jimi Hendrix Experience with drummer Mitch Mitchell and bass player Noel Redding.

The Experience's debut album, *Are You Experienced?*, contained a number of Hendrix classics, including "Purple Haze," "Manic Depression," and "Foxy Lady." On this album, Hendrix introduced to the rock world his awesome guitar prowess and proceeded to redefine the standards by which all other rock guitarists would subsequently be judged. Hendrix's legendary performance at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967, at which he burned his guitar in an orgiastic climax, only increased the hoopla surrounding him and his band.

*Are You Experienced?* was a startling work that still ranks as one of the greatest debut.
albums in rock history. On his two 1968 releases, *Axis: Bold as Love* and *Electric Ladyland*, Hendrix continued his probe into psychedelia and the sonic stratosphere, yet still managed to keep his relationship with the blues solid.

In 1969 Hendrix dissolved the Experience. After playing the Woodstock festival, Hendrix formed the Band of Gypsies with old army chum and bass player Billy Cox and former Electric Flag drummer Buddy Miles. Hendrix had built own recording studio, Electric Ladyland, in Greenwich Village and recorded regularly in 1970. Going off in a jazz direction, Hendrix played with guitarists John McLaughlin and Larry Coryell and planned to record with trumpet player Miles Davis.

After a performance at the Isle of Wight rock festival in late summer of 1970, Hendrix went to London. There on September 18 he died in his sleep, choking on vomit after ingesting a heavy dose of barbiturates. He was twenty-seven years Hendrix was inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame in 1992.

Check out Jimi's bio from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

[rockhall.com](http://rockhall.com)

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http://www.blueflamecafe.com/Jimi_Hendrix.html  
1/22/01
Lightnin' Hopkins was a Texas blues great whose career spanned six decades and who, in all probability, made more recordings than any other blues artist. His was a prolific songwriter, a master raconteur, and a convincing performer. His guitar style, with its ragged rhythms and carefree collection of meter and structure could never be considered conventional. But it did possess a remarkable and authenticity, and it almost always seemed the ideal vehicle to carry his and complement his dry, sagebrush-scratched vocals.

When it came to recording or performing, Hopkins often improvised with and humor. He made up verses as he went along, or else altered lyrics as he saw fit. Hopkins was, in the end, a tremendously important blues figure one of the most influential country blues artists of the post-World War II period. In Texas only Blind Lemon Jefferson and T-Bone Walker have had as much impact on be state's blues legacy.

Hopkins was born in Centerville, Texas, and learned guitar from his older brother Joel, himself a blues musician. In 1920, when he was eight years old, Hopkins met and performed with Blind Lemon Jefferson at a country picnic. The opportunity to play alongside Jefferson left a profound mark on the young Hopkins. The incident so strengthened his desire to become a blues musician that by the time he was in his early teens he was accompanying his popular blues vocalist cousin, Texas Alexander, at house parties and picnics and traveling all over East Texas. Hopkins continued to perform on and off with Alexander until the mid-'30s when Hopkins was sent to a prison work farm for an unknown offense.

Upon his release, Hopkins resumed his partnership with Alexander. They performed on Houston street corners and in small clubs, and periodically traveled to Mississippi and other southern states to play parties and juke joints. In 1946 a talent scout for Aladdin Records discovered the duo in Houston and offered them a recording contract. Hopkins followed up on the offer; Alexander didn't. When Hopkins cut his first songs later that year in Los Angeles, it was with Wilson "Thunder" Smith, a Houston pianist, not his cousin. During Hopkins's debut recording session, he was given the nickname "Lightnin' " and Aladdin billed the duo as Thunder and Lightnin' on its first releases.

Hopkins tasted success with the song "Katie May," which became a hit in the Southwest.

http://www.blueflamecafe.com/Lightnin_Hopkins.html

1/22/01
Aladdin called Hopkins and Smith back to Los Angeles the following year to make more recordings. A second session later in 1947 was scheduled just with Hopkins. Given his erratic approach to singing and playing the blues, Hopkins was at his best when he performed with no accompaniment.

In all, Hopkins recorded forty-three sides for Aladdin. At the same time he was also making records for Gold Star in Houston, occasionally recording the exact same songs he cut in L.A. with Aladdin. During his career, Hopkins recorded for more than twenty labels, making his discography one of the longest and most complicated in blues history.

Hopkins recorded regularly from 1946 to 1954, cutting dozens of songs, not only with Aladdin and Gold Star but also with Mainstream, Mercury, Herald, and other labels. But because none of Hopkins's releases ever sold remarkably well, his first recording phase ended as interest in electric blues, particularly Chicago-made, picked up. Hopkins went back to playing Houston clubs and parties until he was rediscovered by blues historian and record producer Sam Charters in 1959. Under Charters' guidance, Hopkins resumed his recording career, this time cutting material for Folkways, Prestige/Bluesville, Arhoolie, and other labels in the 1960s.

Though Hopkins continued to work out of Houston and played there often, he broadened his popularity considerably during the folk-blues revival of the early '60s. In the year after meeting Charters, Hopkins went from playing small blues joints in Houston to sharing a bill at Carnegie Hall in New York with Pete Seeger and Joan Baez. His raw blues sound and narrative talents made him a popular performer on the concert and coffeehouse circuit and a regular at folk and blues festivals. In 1964 he toured with the American Folk Blues Festival package in England and continental Europe and afterwards returned to Carnegie Hall. The following year he was a featured performer at the Newport Folk Festival.

His simple, traditional interpretation of the blues influenced a number of white folk-blues artists. By the late 1960s, Hopkins's appeal had even begun to pour over into rock territory. For one Bay Area concert, Hopkins headlined over the popular acid-rock group Jefferson Airplane. At another he performed with the Grateful Dead. All along, Hopkins kept on recording for practically any label that would pay him cash up front.

Hopkins remained busy as both a recording and performing artist in the 1970s. He contributed to the soundtrack of the movie Sounder in 1972, appeared in a number of blues documentaries, played the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival and Carnegie Hall again, toured Europe, recorded for the Sonet label, and continued to maintain his traditionalist blues style, even though interest in his brand of country blues had, by the late '70s, all but dried up. Hopkins was inducted into the Blues Foundation's Hall of Fame in 1980. He died of cancer in 1982.
A letter to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover from actress Tallulah Bankhead describes Holiday as a "child at heart whose troubles have made her psychologically unable to cope with the world in which she finds herself."

Summary:
Despite never receiving any formal training, Holiday's unique singing technique and trademark white gardenias elevated her well above other jazz singers of her day.

"Lady Day," as she came to be known, also fought racial discrimination throughout her career. These FBI files briefly touch on an opium raid that occurred 10 years before her death. Some of the accompanying newspaper clippings, which describe "Lady Day" as a "chubby negro songstress" and "colored song enchantress," note her acquittal in that case.
SUBJECT  Billie Holiday
APBOnline: Billie Holiday FBI File Page 0002

FBI, SAN FRANCISCO: 1-25-48. FBI, SAN FRANCISCO. 6:35 P.M. PST

DIRECTOR

F. J. CLARK, INFIRMARY, IMMEDIATE ATTENTION INSPECTOR JONES, JR.

BILLIE HOLIDAY, NARCOTICS NURSE. NEED TELEPHONE CONVERSATION TODAY.

A CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE IN THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS BUREAU ADVISES THAT BILLIE HOLIDAY AND HER MISTRESS, JOSEPH LEVY, REARRESTED AT THE FIFTY FIVE PARK, JANUARY TWENTY THREE LAST. SOURCE STATES THAT HOLIDAY AND LEVY ARE KNOWN USERS OF NARCOTICS AND HAVE BEEN UNDER CLOSE OBSERVATION BY FEDERAL BUREAU OF NARCOTICS DURING THEIR TOUR IN UTAH.

JUNE CALIFORNIA. INSTANT RAID LED BY [REDACTED] DISTRICT SUPERVISOR, FEDERAL BUREAU OF NARCOTICS, AND PARTICIPATED IN BY AGENTS AND SFPD SPECIAL SERVICE DETAIL OFFICERS.


BILLIE HOLIDAY AND JOSEPH LEVY WHEN IT WAS KNOWN BY THE NARCOTICS BUREAU AT SAN FRANCISCO. THAT THE NEXT TIME BILLIE APPEARED AT AN INSTANT HOTEL.

PUBLIC RECORD REPORT

USSEARCH.com


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next >
PAGE TWO

OF ANY NARCOTICS IN THEIR POSSESSION BUT PRECISED THAT SINCE THEY WERE TOGETHER THEY PROBABLY POSSESSED SOME NARCOTICS, AND ACCORDINGLY THEY REQUESTED THE ASSISTANCE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT IN CONDUCTING THIS RAID BECAUSE OF MORE LIBERAL STATE LAWS COVERING SEARCHES AND SEIZURES. THE SOURCE STATES THAT BECAUSE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF HOLIDAY IT HAS BEEN THE POLICY OF HIS AGENCY TO DISPENSE INDIVIDUALS OF THIS CALIBER USING NARCOTICS, BECAUSE OF THEIR NOTORIETY IT OFFERED EXCUSES TO MINOR USERS. SOURCE STATES THAT RAID WAS A LEGITIMATE RAID BASED ON ABOVE AND THAT CLAIMED CUSTODY THOSE NARCOTICS WAS AS MUCH FOR PUBLICITY PURPOSES AS IT WAS TO AVOID THE SUSPICION OF GUILT FROM HER INJURIES AS SHE HAS CAUGHT IN POSSESSION OF THE NARCOTIC PIPE. [REDACTED] HEAD OF SPECIAL SERVICES DETAIL, TOGETHER WITH OFFICER [REDACTED] WERE CONTACTED AND THEY ADVISED SUBSTANTIALLY THE SAME INFORMATION AS SET FORTH ABOVE. HOLIDAY IS CHARGED WITH POSSESSION OF OPIUM AND IS BEING TRIED IN MUNICIPAL COURT. HER HEARING IS SET FOR FEBRUARY 20th NEXT. NO FURTHER ACTION BEING TAKEN.

KIMBALL

[Signature]

END AND ACK FLIS
1615PM OR FBI WA LS

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WASHINGTON FROM STRAN S2 1-27-49 12-33 PM

DIRECTOR -ROUTINE -REPEAT-

ATTENTION - INSPECTOR JOHN MORE

BILLIE HOLIDAY, NARCOTICS MATTES. REMITEL JAN. TWENTY FIVE LAST.

A SQUIB IN THE COLUMN OF HERB CAW, LOCAL GOSSIP COLUMNIST
OF SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, ISSUE OF JAN. TWENTY SEVEN READS
"CHANTOOS BILLIE HOLIDAY, OUT ON BAIL AFTER BEING HARRIED ON A
NARCOTICS CHARGE SAT., HAD A PACKED HOUSE AS USUAL AT CAFE
SOCIETY UPTOWN TUES. NIGHT -- BUT THE CUSTOMER WHO MUST-VE IN-
TRIGUED HER MOST WAS A GENT WHO SAT AT RINGSIDE THROUGH TWO
SHOWS AND EVEN MADE A COUPLE OF REQUESTS. COL. GEORGE
H. WARREN WHITE, BOSS OF THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS BUREAU HERE."

<PREV

http://www.apbonline.com/media/files/holiday/holidayreport1.htm?currentPage=0004
Hotel Elysee
60 East 54th Street
New York, N. Y.
February 2, 1949

J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I am ashamed of my unpardonable delay in writing to thank you a thousand times for the kindness, consideration and courtesy, in fact all the nicest adjectives in the book, for the trouble you took re our telephone conversation in connection with Billie Holiday.

I tremble when I think of my audacity in approaching you at all with so little to recommend me except the esteem, admiration and high regard my father held for you. I would never have dared to ask him or you a favor for myself but knowing your true humanitarian spirit it seemed quite natural at the time to go to the top man. As my Negro mammy used to say - "When you pray you pray to God, don't you?"

I have met Billie Holiday but twice in my life but admire her immensely as an artist and feel the most profound compassion for her knowing as I do the unfortunate circumstances of her background. Although my intention is not to conceal her weaknesses I certainly understand the eccentricities of her behavior because she is essentially a child at heart whose troubles have made her psychologically unable to cope with the world in which she finds herself. Her vital need is more medical than the confinement of four walls.

However guilty she may be, whatever her frailties, you I know did everything within the law to lighten her burden. Bless you for this.

Kindest regards,

Tallulah Bankhead

February 11, 1949

Miss Tallulah Hanoh
Hotel Elysee
60 East 56th Street
New York, New York

Dear Tallulah:

I have received your kind letter of February 9 and was very glad indeed to hear from you. Your kind comments are greatly appreciated, and I trust that you will not hesitate to call on me at any time you think I might be of assistance to you.

Hoping to see you in the not too distant future and with kindest regards,

Sincerely,

J. E. [Signature]

COMMISSIONER SICOT
MAILING 3
TO: FEB 11 1949 PM
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

APBNLONLINE: Billie Holiday FBI File Page 0006
Share friendship with americangreetings.com

APBOnline: Billie Holiday FBI File Page 0007

Share friendship with americangreetings.com

Billie Holiday, singer, held in Coast Dope Raid

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23 (UPI) — Billie Holiday was arrested in San Francisco by federal agents yesterday and charged with possession of narcotics.

The well-known jazz singer was held in the Alcatraz prison, where she faces a charge of possession of narcotics. She is being held in connection with a raid on her apartment in New York City.

In San Francisco, Holiday was arrested by a combined team of federal agents, including the Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Holiday, 42, is currently in custody at the Alcatraz prison. She faces up to 15 years in prison if convicted on the charge of possession of narcotics.

A Billie Holiday FBI File

Re: Billie Holiday

Date: 62 APR 1949

62 April 1949

Re: Billie Holiday

Miscellaneous Report Concerning

Bill Holiday

Barbary Coast Examination

Mar 4, 1949

< prev


The Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
U.S. Department of Justice,
WASHINGTON, D.C. U.S.A.

Dear Sir;

Re: Miss Billy Holiday

I am hereby requested to request you to have an investigation made into the matter of any information you may have concerning Miss Holiday.

Yours truly,

[Handwritten date: 5-0 AUG 10 1949]
Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- Deletions were made pursuant to the exemptions indicated below with no segregable material available for release to you.

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- (b)(1)
- (b)(2)
- (b)(3)

**Section 572a**

- (b)(7)(A)
- (b)(7)(B)
- (b)(7)(C)

**Section 572b**

- (b)(7)(D)

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12-17 20-4 ENCLOSED

X DELETED PAGE(S)
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X FOR THIS PAGE
X FOR THIS PAGE

< Prev
DATE:    July 25, 1949

TO:       [Redacted]

Attention: [Redacted]

FROM:    John Edgar Hoover - Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

SUBJECT: Billie Holiday

Reference is made to your letter dated June 28, 1949 requesting information regarding the above-captioned individual.

Enclosed herewith are two copies of the Identification Record of Billie Holiday as it appears in the files of the Identification Division under FBI 48-53389.

[Identification Record]

[Handwritten Notes]

#389,497  

SP501658

http://www.apbonline.com/media/hiby/holiday/holidayreport1.htm?currentPage=0012
HER LYRICS

FINE AND MELLOW
Billie Holiday

My man don't love me
Treats me oh so mean
My man he don't love me
Treats me awfully
He's the, lowest man
That I've ever see

He wears high trimmed pan
Stripes are really yellow
He wears high trimmed pan
Stripes are really yellow

But when he starts in to love me
He's so fine and mellow

Love will make you drink and gamble
Make you stay out all night long repeat
Love will make you drink and gamble
Make you stay out all night long repeat

Love will make you do things
That you know is wrong

But if you treat me right baby
I'll stay home everyday
But if you treat me right baby
I'll stay home everyday

But you're so mean to me baby
I know you're gonna drive me away

Love is just like the faucet
It turns off and on
Love is just like the faucet
It turns off and on

Sometimes when you think it's on baby
It has turned off and gone
EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST
Billie Holiday / T. Smith

Always blue all in a mist
It's plain as can be
You're so mean to me
But everything happens for the best
You always play around
You're running my heart so deep in the ground
That O.K. everything happens for the best
I loved you so madly
Knew you would be true
Now this thing has happened dear
It's over all over because we're through
So sorry dear it end this way
Since the world begin
The old folks say
Everything happens for the best

I loved you so madly
Knew you would be true
Now this thing has happened dear
It's over all over because we're through
So sorry dear it end this way
Since the world begin
The old folks say
Everything happens for the best

http://users.bart.nl/~ecduzt/billy/song/song53.html 1/18/01
HER LYRICS

DON'T EXPLAIN
Billie Holiday / Arthur Herzog Jr.

Hush now, don't explain
Just say you'll remain
I'm glad your back, don't explain

Quiet, don't explain
What is there to gain
Skip that lipstick
Don't explain

You know that I love you
And what endures
All my thoughts of you
For I'm so completely yours

Cry to hear folks chatter
And I know you cheat
Right or wrong, don't matter
When you're with me, sweet

Hush now, don't explain
You're my joy and pain
My life's yours love
Don't explain

http://users.bart.nl/~ecduzit/billy/song/song44.html
HER LYRICS

BILLIE'S BLUES
Billie Holiday

Lord I love my man, tell the world I do
I love my man, tell the world I do
But when he mistreats me
Makes me feel so blue

My man wouldn't give me no breakfast
Wouldn't give me no dinner
Fought about my supper and put me outdoors
Had the dark clay make black spots on my clothes
I didn't have so many
But I had a long, long way to go

Some men like me talkin' happy
Some calls it snappy
Some call me honey
Others think I got money
Some tell me baby you're built for speed
Now if you put that all together
Makes me everthing a good man needs

http://users.bart.nl/~ecduzit/billy/song/song25.html
When World War II ended in 1945, Hollywood had been used for several years as a powerful propaganda and cheerleading machine to support the war effort. This extended to the production of Black films, which were extremely popular with Black GIs overseas as well as with audiences at home. Two pictures, *Cabin in the Sky* and *Stormy Weather*, provided me with starring roles in which I sang and acted.

However, my Hollywood career got off to a rocky start, centering on the two questions that we are still dealing with today—artistic control and economic power. I was the first Black artist ever signed to a featured player contract by a major studio, and my father had announced that I would not play stereotypical Black roles. I wasn’t prepared for the angry backlash from a group of Black actors who had to play such parts. They felt that if I refused to do so, soon no films would be produced that called for them, and they would be out of work.

The publicity from this controversy gave the Urban League and the NAACP the wedge they wanted to make inroads into Hollywood’s all-White technical unions. They took me in hand and used me as a symbol to promote the hiring of Blacks. But it didn’t happen; it took the Civil Rights Movement, two decades later, to begin to do that.

To add to the unreality of Hollywood in the early ’40s, there were no Black leading men who were not “characters,” which led to my being co-starred with the comic actor Eddie (Rochester) Anderson and the dancer Bill Robinson. Both were marvelous talents, but far from the romantic leading men of my dreams. Bill Robinson was 65 years old to my 26 years. Sadly, the one actor who might have been a likely co-star for me, Paul Robeson, with his powerful presence and magnificent speaking and singing voice, made his last film in 1942, just after I got to Hollywood.

I had entered the movie world reluctantly, but after completing the two...
Ibt, the legendary singer and father of pop singer Natalie Cole, was the first Black to host a major TV variety show (1956-57). Stars of The Cosby Show embrace executive producer Bill Cosby on set of popular TV series that changed the viewing habits of Black and White America. 

Talk-show hosts Oprah Winfrey and Arsenio Hall are among the most popular entertainers on TV today. In 1970 Flip Wilson (center, as "Geraldine") was the first Black to host a successful prime-time, comedy-variety TV series. Julia, starring Diahann Carroll and Marc Copage (below, left), was the first TV sitcom to star a Black woman (1968-71). Sanford and Son, with Demond Wilson and Redd Foxx, was the most-watched sitcom in the 70s.

ENTERTAINMENT Continued

musicals, I just knew there would be more movie work. I remember how we all thought optimistically that Stormy Weather, considering how much money it had made for the studio, was the beginning of a cycle of Black films we could work in with pride. But that was not to be. The early effort to integrate the unions was an important attempt to give Blacks a share of Hollywood's economic pie. But there was no one (since there were no Black cinematographers, cameramen or stagehands) who could do anything to help or protect me—when I really needed it.

My activism meant the sacrifice of
Among the entertainers who have touched the world with their exceptional talent over the past 45 years are (clockwise from top) Michael Jackson, Sammy Davis Jr., Sarah Vaughan and Whitney Houston.

Entertainment Continued

berg, there has yet to be a Black female superstar. Movies also continue to be a male-dominated medium. The “buddy” picture has taken over, featuring two guys who will do anything for each other. And Hollywood, seeking the broadest possible audience, often casts these films with one Black and one White actor. Women often appear in secondary roles, and there are not enough portrayals of loving, lasting partnerships between men and women—and consequently not enough employment of actresses. In fact, television, which earlier on had been treated like a poor relation of film, has taken the lead in presenting more realistic portrayals of Blacks. Not only are women starred or prominently featured in series, but important topics in Black history are covered in miniseries and films.

Sidney Poitier arrived in Hollywood in the early '50s and began an acting and directing career that is unique among Black artists. He has always appealed to a broad audience, Black and White. And Hollywood, reflecting society, is kinder to its male stars than its female stars. All leading men, including Sidney, have been co-starred with younger and younger women. I waited patiently for many years to have someone I could give an on-screen kiss to besides Rochester and Bill Robinson. Then, at last, Sidney came along... and I still waited. And waited... but it looks like I'm too late. (But, Sidney, I want you to know that my feelings for you are not grandmotherly!)

If the most important thing to happen for Blacks in this century was the Civil Rights Movement, the film industry's dismal follow-up to it was simply to show a whole new range of Black stereotypes: the pimp, hustler, addict, rogue cop, hooker. Thus during the '70s we had a decade of so-called “blaxploitation” films. Many fine actors and actresses were employed in these films, which finally created jobs for Black directors and technicians. Several of these pictures were top-grossing hits, but few had any lasting value, and much of what they portrayed saddled us for a time with negative images we are still trying to undo. However, White Hollywood, which had produced most of the blaxploitation pictures, and reaped the profits from them, adapted the winning formula of the Black action picture to create a whole new cycle of White action pictures, which is still running today. In the process, the Black films were
phased out and once again, Black performers found less and less work.

Earlier when we were hired, it was for our acting, singing, dancing and comedic abilities. Finally we broke through in writing. Little by little there were more Black technicians than ever before—cinematographers, cameramen, grips, electricians and stagehands. We also began to have many fine Black directors. But it's really only in the last few years that Blacks have been able to control the content of films because—in a few cases, at least—they are able to control the financing of films. Theoretically it is now possible to make any kind of picture—about street Blacks, about intellectual Blacks, and adventure stories, both current and historical.

What is most exciting is that a new kind of Black entrepreneur who produces, directs, writes and performs has now arrived, and Spike Lee is a prime example. This young man has learned his craft, and has tackled topics that are (or should be) of concern to everyone, but especially to Black audiences. Eddie Murphy, whose popu-
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ENTERTAINMENT Continued

larity on television paved the way for his Hollywood career, is another example of a Black actor with artistic and economic control of his flourishing career. And Bill Cosby has had ground-breaking success in a number of fields, leading up to television's The Cosby Show, over which he has total control. Oprah Winfrey has shown us how she has used her entrepreneurial abilities and high visibility as a television personality to let us see—hallelujah!—that a Black woman can do anything she wants when she is a producer.

We have the performing, writing, directing and technical talent to create the whole range of art and entertainment. But all that talent means nothing without the all-important element of economic power. We need more producers who have the power to make decisions about what gets produced.

Black audiences have helped support the White film industry for decades. But as we strive to create and distribute Black popular entertainment, we tread a slippery path. We are a minority in the statistical and unemotional sense of the word; we represent less than 15 percent of the country’s population. Yet costs for Black productions are the same as those for White productions. If we each bought every Black record, attended every Black movie and play, and watched every Black television show, it still would not generate enough income to keep Black producers in business. And so, while remaining true to our vision of how we present ourselves to the world, we also have to create and control the business networks that enable us to distribute our product to the largest possible audience, at home and around the world.

During the '50s, after my Hollywood days were just about over, I was in the musical Jamaica on Broadway. Once again, we were sure that this show would be the beginning of a cycle of Black plays and musicals. Once again we were wrong. Jamaica was the first show to feature a racially mixed cast in roles of comparable importance. We had a Black stage manager and assistant stage manager—another Broadway first. And we certainly had the audiences; the show was a hit with both Blacks and Whites and ran for a year and a half. But Broadway has yet to develop Black producers who can underwrite a steady stream of productions to use all the talent we know exists. The saddest part is that the audiences are out there waiting, as can be seen whenever a fine Black production does make it to Broadway.

And yet, for once in my lifetime, I found out how it feels to do the best work you can possibly do. I wish all my show business colleagues could have the same joyful experience—without having to wait until they reach the age of 63! My Broadway show, Lena Horne. The Lady and Her Music, which told the story of my life in narrative and song, was the most rewarding event in my entire career. For the first time in my performing life, all the pieces came together. We had Black and White producers—and Black and White money. Most of all, I had a strong Black executive producer, who fought for me to have complete creative control, and approval of every aspect of the production. His name was Sherman Sneed. He created the show with me, and monitored every detail of the Broadway run, the tours that followed, the video production and the recording.

I may know a little bit about selling a song, but when it comes to commenting on the future of Blacks in the entertainment industry in general, and in the motion picture business in particular, I have to say that the more I see the less I understand. In the past, whenever I've been sure I knew what was coming next, I was disappointed. So at this point all I can do is sit back and look with amazement and wait for the denouement—because this time I'm sure of just one thing—that I know nothing whatever any more about it.
I hate the word diversity. The need to come up with a term to express the inclusion of people is based on the absurd fact that in America, European culture is held up as the only true legitimate culture. Consequently, when cultural institutions decide to invite people of color or what I like to call the "others," to the party, a word needs to be crafted and that word has become diversity.

Point of fact, the whole scenario should be reversed. Cultural institutions should be forced to explain why they are excluding people. I would love to hear theaters explain why, in their whole histories, they haven't presented stories of people of color from this country — and not "Negroes" from somewhere else. I'd really like to hear why. How do you rationalize that in a city like New York? Because if you are not telling my story, not telling the stories of all the different people in this country, then you can't call yourself an American theater. You are an elitist white institution and should hang a banner outside calling yourself that.

I think, by and large, people in the theater are liberal. But liberal intentions or not, they don't want to share the power. There has been a long history of white artists extolling the cultures of non-whites. But, ultimately, when you strip it down, it's cultural colonization. Until the people from those cultures are involved in making decisions as directors, writers, producers, artistic directors — and there are very few of them — there will be no substantial change.

As a person of color with power in the American theater, I am a rare creature. I've been successful, I've been applauded. (Though I still can't get a cab in New York.) The fact that I am a rare thing is a reflection of how rigid the systems are and how much more rigid they are becoming.

When I became head of the Public Theater, it was very interesting to be exposed to certain reactionary thought processes. There was the presumption that once I got into power, I would "kill off all the white people." That I would create my own world of exclusion in reverse. But that's the kind of structure I have always rebelled against. I want to see a world where differences are celebrated, explored, examined, smashed up against each other. It is the range of those voices that makes the Public Theater what it is; that makes America what it is. To have only one voice — of any kind — is creating an artificial reality.

I don't know where all this will lead. People in the theater are searching, which is good. They are asking questions, trying to form new relationships. At the same time, intolerance and fear are intensifying in society. There's also, within the theater community, so-called "liberal intellectuals" who are using their mental prowess to dismantle and discredit so-called multicultural programming, which they dismiss as social work and not real art, i.e. not European. Ultimately, it's all about sharing the power. And for a large number of white Americans, this is a very frightening prospect. That's what this past election was about. Power equals comfort and for many, comfort, not freedom, is an inalienable right. But in the end, they will have to give it up because the opening of the doors is not noble — it's inevitable.
THE most beautiful and important thing a people can do is create an art form. An art form can influence your thinking, your feeling, the way you dress, the way you walk, how you talk, what you do with yourself. It has that power because it contains structure, development, contrast, emotion and soul. An art form is complete: it sets a standard for performance and it expresses standards for living.

Jazz is an art form and it expresses a Negroid point of view about life in the 20th century. It is the most modern and profound expression of the way Black people look at the world. It is not like what Black people did in sports, where they reinterpreted the way the games could be played, bringing new dimensions to competitive expression in boxing, basketball, and so forth. Jazz is something Negroes invented and it said the most profound things not only about us and the way we look at things, but about what modern democratic life is really about. It is the nobility of the race put into sound: it is the sensuousness of romance in our dialect; it is the picture of the people in all their glory, which is what swinging is. Jazz has all of the elements, from the spare and penetrating to the complex and en-

"Jazz is the nobility of the race put into sound; it is the sensuousness of romance in our dialect; it is the picture of the people in all their glory."
Our Jazz Heritage continued

That's why you see so many people all over the world influenced by the way Negroes put things into style. When people talk about the international influence of America, they're talking about us as much as anybody, but too often we accept the idea that when you put the word Black in front of something, it ceases being connected to anything, except itself. When the Wright brothers invented the airplane or Edison invented the electric light, those became American inventions.

Things we do are often rejected or pushed into a corner or devalued because we did them, and when we accept the idea that we aren't part of the modern age or part of America—a central part of America—we assist those who work to keep us in a position where we can be taken advantage of, sometimes gratefully.

Jazz is opposed to all of that. Jazz is about not being satisfied with mediocrity. Jazz is about being yourself and working your hardest to live up to the responsibility of developing your gift. Jazz is serious business and it is also the noble joy that Louis Armstrong embodied and projected with his horn. He raised the level of individual confidence. The same recognition of deep human values that you hear in Beethoven, you hear in Louis Armstrong. As one Black poet said to a friend of mine recently, "We, since the Revolutionary War and the Constitutional Congress, have been the arbiters of the honor of the Constitution." You hear that honor upheld in the work of Louis Armstrong. He realized every democratic ideal in the quality of his music. From those ideals turned into sound and from our experience in this country with limitations wrongly imposed, Negroes have been more concerned with freedom and the quality it can provide than any other group in this country, perhaps more than any other group in the Western World. What is so remarkable, however, is that Negroes invented a form based on freedom, a great art form. Suffering has

You have a war going on out here where your ammunition is your imagination and your technique."
OUR JAZZ HERITAGE Continued

always existed in the world and people have always been taken advantage of, but the creation of the art form that is jazz is so remarkable that it can't be accounted for through sociological factors, which Albert Murray nails down over and over in his The Omni-Americans, a book every person interested in the realities of American culture should read. What Murray makes clear is that there was a body of ideas about human life that Black Americans brought into functional human expression with such vitality that their version changed the society and the image of the society in the rest of the world. That's the center of the issue: Negros didn't accept what was handed down to them, they put those things together in the symbolic form of art and proved that you can use those same principles of respect for the individual and collective expression in artistic performance. That was a major event in the history of the world and in the history of art.

But you have to have serious people to make serious art, and there were no more serious artists than those who made jazz so great. Louis Armstrong played things that were functional and became timeless at the same moment. We know that because of recordings. Duke Ellington, learning from Armstrong and from Fletcher Henderson and anybody else who had something to say, went about the business of laying out a legacy. He was determined to show how many different ways humanity could be expressed in a Negroid fashion. Ellington created the largest body of work of any jazz musician in this century and probably the largest of any composer of this century. In his art you hear everything, from the most subtle expression of dreamy sensuousness to roaring, hollering excitement. Every time he put in a new color or worked out a unique approach to the combination of melody, harmony and rhythm, he was showing how rich and broad Negroid art could be. By the end of his life, he had taken the music to the highest levels, performing for everything from dancers to kings and queens, accepting medals from distinguished appreciators of art the world over. He was dead serious and he was also humorous and he was also romantic and he also knew you have a war going on out here where your ammunition is your imagination and your technique. When you bring off a good piece of work, you have taken a victorious position in the struggle with falsehoods, regardless of where those falsehoods come from, White people or Black people. Ellington wasn't intimidated by any ideas about Negroes that are based in lies and he never accepted the idea that complexity was foreign to the Black American culture or mentality. What Ellington saw was this panorama of life he wanted to capture in his music. Check out the fact that one of his pieces was entitled Sepia Panorama. Ellington made demands of himself first, then of his musicians, then of his listeners. That is why he was great—he was neither afraid to think nor act upon his thoughts.

Charlie Parker took Negroid improvisation to the highest level it has achieved. No one before or after played as well as he did. His conception was perfect, his execution was perfect, and he had deep soul and a wide emotional range. It is obvious in the way he played the saxophone that he was a very attentive person and that he thought long and deep about things, never just accepting surfaces. He also was a lot like Beethoven because he galvanized the music and took it into
OUR JAZZ HERITAGE Continued

another dimension that hadn’t been reached by anybody else. It wasn’t better in the sense of a horse race; it was an addition to the aesthetic. Parker played melody, harmony and rhythm in a new way, and he never sacrificed swinging for what he achieved. His work was pure and totally informed by Negroid standards of expression. There is nothing European—or even African—in Charlie Parker’s music in the sense that it can be reduced by comparison to an external source. I say that because the term Black American means a synthesis and a fresh expression of all elements anyway.

Those are only three musicians, but there are many more I could name.

"There was a body of ideas about human life that Black Americans brought into... human expression with such vitality that their version changed the society and the image of that society in the rest of the world."

Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson, Lester Young, Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman. They all had one thing in common: a commitment to the highest form of Negroid expression in the style that they felt suited them. But the world they came from is almost gone now and many of the people who should be passing on the information have gone over to the other side, spreading falsehoods. We now live in an age of aesthetic skullduggery—in-side jobs, lying, back-stabbing, theft, larceny. We are now told that plastic spoons are silver and we’re supposed to believe it. Much of this results from greed and misconceptions. In the past, jazz was one of the few forms in mass media that gave a realistic image of the panorama of Negro life. Somebody might go to a movie and see a bunch of skinnying and grinning and tomming on the screen, a bunch of insulting stereotypical images, then see Duke Ellington’s band or Billy Eckstine’s band come out and turn the whole deal around by providing you with the true substance of the soul of the Negro. Or they could go home and put on a Charlie Parker record, or whomever. The point is that Negro expression in mass media used to be an antidote to the stereotypical muddy water you were asked to drink and the hollow logs you were told to live in. Now, however, with few exceptions like Bill Cosby, Black people have been pushed all the way back in minstrelsy.

I think that that got this way because people stopped believing that there were any real values to be upheld that were Negroid. When you hear Louis Armstrong play the trumpet, you hear Negro values upheld and expressed with so much soulfulness you want to go over there where he is and get some of that. The same with Ellington, with Charlie Parker. Monk—any musician who could say things that important with so much beauty. They wanted to show you that strength, knowledge, integrity and a sense of history made it possible for you to say beautiful things, for you to be beautiful, and for your beauty to be respected internationally. But before they found out what could happen outside of America, they were defining the greatness available in human terms in this society, regardless of obstacles.

We now find ourselves in a situation where everything has been confused and the true significance of Negroid expression has been cast by the way-side in favor of clown costumes, of co-signing garbage, of kissing the hind quarters of those in power in order to get grossly overpaid for grossly insignificant work. For instance, you have Black people who seem as though they believe the Norman Lear version of Negroes is more valid than Duke Ellington’s version. Then you have all of these musicians who have become so cynical that they not only continue to sell out but try to pretend that they are advancing the music because the junk they’re playing now is done at a later date than their best work.

We must realize the importance of this. Art does not continue by itself. People make it happen or people allow it to decay or allow it to die. In the past, when it was impossible to sell out and become millionaires doing it, Black musicians stuck to their craft and took pride in the fact that they were bringing fresh beauty into the world and that they were living up to the standards set by their predecessors. Now... if you take the position that you have integrity, your position is dismissed by the term “purist.” That is an interesting change. Before, if you were a purist, that meant that you didn’t believe that something should be diluted, thinned out by compromise and greed. Now that is supposed to mean somebody who is out of step with what the real deal is. If you talk about having craft, you will be accused of being academic or of being somebody who’s trying to be White. Or, worst of all, the idea of having high standards is looked upon with contempt and dismissed as old-fashioned. But, as Albert Murray points out in The Hero and the Blues, artists know that you keep up to date by dealing with the concept of timelessness, which comes from quality. Falsehoods may be in vogue but all they will mean in the future are further examples of how lies were articulated in a particular time.

If we had a better sense of art and a stronger sense of history, we wouldn’t have to accept the idea that entertainers are artists. I have nothing against...
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HONORED ON AMERICAN BLACK ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS
OUR JAZZ HERITAGE Continued
TV program. Manuelis thanks Ebony and
deplores commercialization of American music.

A lot of our problems come from the
fact that far too few of the Negroes I
encounter, regardless of class and in­
come, have any intellectual aspirations
strong enough to keep them reading
material that will put the world—and
their place in it—in perspective. Most
of them haven't read Ralph Ellison and
Albert Murray, two of the most serious
Negroes out there. But what makes
them important to this essay is the fact
that they put a lot of thought into what
the meaning of Negroid is and how that
distinctive element has been stylized.
They know that everything important
comes from thought, even if it began
accidentally. When you read some­
thing like Ellison's Invisible Man, you
encounter a work that has the same
intention as Duke Ellington had: sepia
panorama. When you read Albert
Murray's books, you come in contact
with a man who didn't accept the Nor­
man Lear version of Negroes—the
more simple-minded they are, the
more real they are. Or if you pick up
Stephen Oates's biography of Martin
Luther King, you discover how great a
man King was, how many levels he was
thinking, how much stuff he had to
deal with to bring his accomplishments
off. But in that book King is described
as a man of great concern for Negro
culture and a man who could see that
integration would pose one danger that
had to be battled: that Black people
might lose sight of what made Negroid
style important and reject it as a hold­
over from an oppressed past.

Perhaps that has happened already.
You have young musicians who don't
know how to play the blues, who don't
know how to play the blues, who don't
know about being in tune, who can't get
through any of the music Monk wrote
but try to pretend that they're what's
going on because they're playing right
now. It's like a Watusi having a dwarf
baby and the baby saying he's taller
than his father because he's younger.
But I think we can get through all of
this if we learn how to appreciate our
highest achievements and exhibit the
will to perpetuate them. For instance,
Jews would never let you confuse Bar­
ry Manilow and Itzhak Perlman, nor
would they allow somebody to say
Manilow is more important to our time
because he's sold far more records than
Perlman. One is a pop star, the other a
great concert violinist. That is what the
Black middle and upper class must do:
Take the time to learn what makes
great art and move to support it. Much
has already been lost and many of the
masters from earlier eras are dying ev­
ey year, but that might not make a
difference if we choose to aspire to
higher standards, if we become as se­
rious about our culture as Negroes
were when they went about indelibly
changing Western music by adding a
new ingredient: Negroid expression
coming from a form based in freedom
and a democratic sense of the collec­
tive. We did it before, we can do it
again. It would be cowardly to think
otherwise.
Having maintained the mystique that made them household names when EBONY was born, they have become classics in their own lifetime.

Most of the Black men and women who were prominent during EBONY's infancy have disappeared from public view—some because of death, others because of retirement. The exceptions, however, are a handful of individuals who stubbornly have defied the march of time and—like EBONY—remained young at heart. They are the SURVIVORS—veteran overachievers who were at the top of their field in 1945 and whose names have as much recognizability today as they had then. While not all of them are still occupying center stage as they used to in the past, they are for the most part still active in their respective fields.

Featured on these pages are eleven SURVIVORS whose achievements and triumphs have been repeatedly highlighted in EBONY articles and—in most cases—on EBONY covers. They are contralto and concert stage pioneer Marian Anderson, bandleader-singer-actor Cab Calloway, jazz trumpet genius Miles Davis, bandleader-singer Billy Eckstine, jazz singer Ella Fitzgerald, historian John Hope Franklin, business tycoon A.C. Gas ton, trumpeter wiz Dizzy Gillespie, bandleader and vibes virtuoso Lionel Hampton, singer-actress Lena Horne and Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall. Because of the dearth of opportunities for Blacks to gain national or even international attention in other fields during the '40s, most of the SURVIVORS happen to be members of the entertainment industry. But although Justice Marshall is the only professional civil rights pioneer in the group, each member is closely identified with, and has contributed to, Blacks' ongoing struggle for recognition and racial equality.

Marian Anderson

Contralto Marian Anderson, one of the first Black female concert singers of international note, was born on Feb. 17, 1902, in Philadelphia, Pa., where she began singing as a child in the choir of the Union Baptist Church. At age 22, she embarked on a singing career that was as much noted for its artistic triumphs as for its racial indignities. In 1939, the world spotlight was on her when the Daughters of the American Revolution barred her from singing at their Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., and the then first lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, resigned from the group in protest of the snub. With the help of Mrs. Roosevelt, the concert was moved to the steps of the Lincoln Memorial where 75,000 people made it the classical concert of the century. It was not until 1955, however, at age 52—way past her musical prime—that she was allowed to debut at the Met, thus breaking the institution's notorious color barrier. Although retired from the musical stage in 1965, Miss Anderson has continued her presence as a symbol and race pioneer during numerous appearances and tributes in her honor. Widowed and childless, the singing legend lives quietly in Darien, Conn.
Born on Dec. 24, 1907, in Rochester, N.Y., bandleader-singer-dancer-actor Cab Calloway is one of the most versatile and durable personalities in the entertainment field. The son of a lawyer who died when Cab was only eight years old, he started singing in the 1920s and eventually formed his own band.

Following his first big hit recording Minnie the Moocher in 1931, Calloway and his band remained a major attraction until the late '40s when the popularity of big bands began to decline. But not so Calloway, who appeared in motion pictures Singin' in the Rain and Stormy Weather, toured the U.S. and Europe with Porgy and Bess, appeared with Pearl Bailey in Hello Dolly and has remained an active headliner to this day. Still an avid race track habitué, he lives with his wife, Nuffie, in White Plains, N.Y.

Miles Davis

Trumpet player-composer Miles Davis is credited with being the guru of the cool and modern jazz movement, which he pioneered and led during the '50s and '60s. Born on May 25, 1926, in Alton, Ill., Davis studied music at Juilliard, played with such jazz greats as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane. During Eso's tenancy, he toured with the all-star Billy Eckstine Band. His record output includes such classics as Miles Ahead, Birth of the Cool, Live Evil and Bitches Brew. Due to a host of health problems, Davis was musically dormant during most of the '70s. He merged with new musical ideas and new recordings in the '80s, continuing his role as one of music's most important trend-setters. Divorced after a brief marriage to actress Cicely Tyson, Davis divides his time between worldwide tour and homes in Malibu, Calif., and New York City.
Billy Eckstine

Born William Clarence Eckstine in Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 8, 1914, Billy Eckstine began his career as a night club singer and emcee. Following stints as a vocalist with Earl Hines, with whose band he recorded his first million-selling hit, "Jelly Jelly," in 1938, Eckstine formed his own band with such jazz greats as Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Art Blakey and singer Sarah Vaughan. The band was an artistic success but a financial flop. In 1947, Eckstine went solo, relying entirely on his resonant bass-baritone, his good looks and debonair delivery style to put him across. The move paid off when he soared to unprecedented heights, becoming the unrivaled singing idol and crossover of the era who outpolled such White superstars as Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby. But because of his race, movie superstardom eluded him when Hollywood balked at utilizing his extraordinary sex appeal in films. Throughout the '50s, Eckstine ruled supreme as the top male vocalist, winning virtually every poll and garnering gold record after gold record, including "Fools Rush In," "Apologetic. Everything I Have Is Yours," "Prisoner Of Love," and "Cottage For Sale." He continued to make his mark as a top-rated vocalist during the '60s and '70s. Today, Eckstine is still dapper, still handsome and still enjoys performing when not relaxing at his Las Vegas home.

Ella Fitzgerald

Jazz-singing legend Ella Fitzgerald was born in Newport News, Va., on April 25, 1917. In 1933, at age 15, she entered an amateur talent contest at the Apollo Theater in Harlem as a dancer, but minutes before going on stage changed her mind and entered as a singer instead. She was heard by bandleader Chick Webb, who literally hired her on the spot. Her 1938 recording, "A-Tisket A-Tasket," became an immediate hit and made her an international star. For an unprecedented 20 years, from 1951 to 1971, Fitzgerald dominated the top female vocalist category in Downbeat magazine's annual jazz poll. Never one to rest on her laurels, the veteran singer has kept up a hectic pace performing throughout the world. Recently, she became ill during a European concert tour and was ordered by physicians to slow down her pace. The singer makes her home in Beverly Hills, Calif. Her latest record album, "All That Jazz," was released this year.
John Hope Franklin

Historian John Hope Franklin, who was born on Jan. 2, 1915, in Rentiesville, Okla., looks back on a most distinguished career as a scholar and educator that spans more than half a century. A prolific author, he regards as his most noted work *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of the American Negro*, published in 1947, two years after the birth of Ebony. The book has sold more than 2 million copies and has been translated into four languages. Dr. Franklin, who received his B.A. from Fisk (1933), and his M.A. and Ph.D. from Harvard (1936 and 1941), lent his research skill to the legal team that handled the historic school desegregation case in the early 1950s. His latest book, *Race and History: Selected Essays, 1938-1988*, has just been published. Today, between lecturing and writing books (his 12th), he fishes and raises rare orchids. Sharing his semi-retirement in their Durham, N.C., home is his wife of nearly 50 years, Aurelia.

A.G. Gaston

Birmingham, Ala., business tycoon A.G. (for Arthur George) Gaston, was born on July 4, 1892, in Demopolis, Ala., where, as a 12-year-old, he picked 100 pounds of cotton a day for 35 cents. After graduation from Tuggle Institute and serving in the Army during World War I, he went to work in a Birmingham steel mill for 31 cents an hour. Starting at the bottom, he sold peanuts to fellow workers and lent them money for 25 cent interest on the dollar. With his profits he started a burial society which in turn grew into an insurance company, a business college, several motels, a cemetery, a realty and investment firm, a mortuary and a radio station. An avid proponent of the "get smart, not angry" philosophy, Gaston recently celebrated his 98th birthday. Except for his savings and loan company, he has given his various businesses to his employees under an Employee Stock Option Plan. Although his left leg had to be amputated above the knee because of diabetes, he still works six days a week directing his Citizens Federal Savings and Loan Association which has assets of more than $70 million. He and his wife, Minnie (left), are still active in church and civic activities in Birmingham, where he literally rose from rags to riches.

Dizzy Gillespie

Jazz trumpeter John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie was born on Oct. 21, 1917, in Cheraw, S.C. Best known as co-creator (with Charlie Parker) of be-bop, he toured with several name bands during the '30s and early '40s until he formed his own group in 1946. Since then, he has maintained a dizzying pace, performing throughout the world at music fests, in nightclubs, recording studios, symphony halls, and on college campuses. This May, he and his wife, Lorraine, whom he met while she was a dancer in the Apollo Theater's chorus line, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They did so long distance since, as usual, she was at their Englewood, N.J., home and he was on the road (in Moscow). Winner of last year's Lifetime Emmy Award and the 1990 Kennedy Center Honors, the tireless entertainer has vowed never to retire, saying that if he did, boredom would kill him.
Thurgood Marshall

Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall looks back on two equally distinguished and important careers, one as the foremost legal civil rights activist of our time and the other as Black America's staunchest champion on the highest court of the land. Born on July 2, 1908, in Baltimore, Md., the son of a country club head waiter and a teacher, he received a bachelor's degree from Lincoln University (Pa.) and graduated magna cum laude from Howard University Law School before being admitted to the Maryland Bar in 1933. In private practice, he became a defender of people who were too poor to afford legal fees. In 1936 Marshall joined the staff of the NAACP, eventually becoming its chief counsel. Then, in 1939, the NAACP legal staff was reorganized as the separate NAACP Legal Defense Fund, Marshall became its director. He made one of his most important contributions as a lawyer when he helped persuade the Supreme Court that "separate but equal" public school systems violated the 14th Amendment's guarantee of equal protection of the law, causing the Court to declare segregated public schools unconstitutional. In 1961, President John F. Kennedy appointed Marshall a federal appellate judge. Four years later, President Lyndon B. Johnson elevated him to the post of solicitor general and in 1967 appointed him to the Supreme Court. The only surviving liberal on an increasingly conservative Court, Marshall has been a consistent defender of the rights of the underdog. Exceedingly publicity shy, he lives quietly with his wife of 35 years, Cecilia, in northern Virginia outside the nation's capital. They have two sons, Thurgood Jr. and John.

Lionel Hampton

Acclaimed throughout the world because of his virtuosity as a vibraphonist and drummer, Lionel Hampton was born on April 20, 1907, in Louisville, Ky. He broke into music at age ten when as a newsboy for the Chicago Defender, he beat the bass drum in the Chicago Defender's newsboy band. By the time he was 15, he moved to Los Angeles where he attended school by day and played in the Les Hite Band at night. Eventually, he wound up as a drummer in the band of Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, who talked him into switching to vibes. When, in 1936, he came to the attention of Benny Goodman, the bandleader hired him for his quartet, which also featured drummer Gene Krupa and pianist Teddy Wilson. The quartet became the rage in jazz circles and performed before packed houses until 1940 when Hampton formed his own band. Since then, the "king of the vibes" has maintained his standing as one of the most important names in jazz. A widower since the death of his wife and manager, Gladys, in 1972, he lives in New York City.

Lena Horne

Noted as much for her pioneering role as the first Black glamour star in American films as for her enduring beauty and popular appeal as a singer, Lena Horne was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on June 30, 1917. At age 17, she joined the chorus line at Harlem's famed Cotton Club, but switched to singing, first with the Noble Sissle Orchestra and later with the Charlie Barnett Band. While a Cafe Society singer, she was tapped by Hollywood for feature roles in several films, including Panama Hattie, Cabin in the Sky and Stormy Weather. That exposure made her the nation's first bona fide Black female sex symbol and the subject of Ebony's first four-color cover (March 1946). Always aware of her roots, she became a crusader against Jim Crow wherever she appeared. Since her Hollywood heydays, she has capitalized on her uniquely sultry delivery of romantic tunes. In 1980, she scored a Broadway hit with her one-woman show Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music, based on her life. A widow since 1971, the ever-glamorous grandmother of five lives in New York City.
Musical Heaven
Celebrating the Musicals of Yesterday and Today!

Book and Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II
Based on Meilliac and Halevy's adaptation of Prosper Merimee's "Carmen"
Music by Georges Bizet
Produced by Billy Rose
Directed by Hassard Short & Charles Friedman
Choreography by Eugene Loring
Opened December 2, 1943 at the Broadway Theatre and ran for 502 performances.
Movie 1954

Synopsis
In a Southern town during World War II, Joe, an army corporal, is stationed near a parachute factory where Carmen Jones is employed. This reputed hussy soon manages to steal Joe away from his fiancée, and the army as well, and they run off to Chicago together. But the fickle Carmen loses interest in Joe when she meets and successfully woos Husky Miller, a prize fighter on his way to the top. Mad with jealousy, Joe waits for Carmen outside the stadium the night of Husky's big fight to make a last desperate plea for her love. When she denies him resolutely, he stabs her to death in a rage of passion to the eerie accompaniment of the crowd inside the stadium cheering Husky's victory.

Song List
http://www.google.com/search?q=Carmen+Jones
I. INTRODUCTION

Kenyatta, Jomo (1892-1978), first prime minister (1963-1964) and then first president (1964-1978) of Kenya. Kenyatta was Kenya's founding father, a conservative nationalist who led the East African nation to independence from Britain in 1963.

II. EARLY YEARS

Kenyatta was born in Gatundu in the part of British East Africa that is now Kenya; the year of his birth is uncertain, but most scholars agree he was born in the 1890s. He was born into the Kikuyu ethnic group, Kenya's largest. Named Kamau wa Ngengi at birth, he later adopted the surname Kenyatta (from the Kikuyu word for a type of beaded belt he wore) and then the first name Jomo. Kenyatta was educated by Presbyterian missionaries and by 1921 had moved to the city of Nairobi. There he became involved in early African protest movements, joining the Kikuyu Central Association (KCA) in 1924. He quickly emerged as a leader within the KCA, and in 1928 he became editor of the movement's newspaper. In 1929 and 1931 Kenyatta visited England to present KCA demands for the return of African land lost to European settlers and for increased political and economic opportunity for Africans in Kenya, which had become a colony within British East Africa in 1920. Kenyatta had little success, however.

Kenyatta remained in Europe for almost 15 years, during which he attended various schools and universities, traveled extensively, and published numerous articles and pamphlets on Kenya and the plight of Kenyans under colonial rule. While attending the London School of Economics, Kenyatta studied under noted British anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski and published his seminal work, Facing Mount Kenya (1938). In this book, Kenyatta described traditional Kikuyu society as well-ordered and harmonious and criticized the disruptive changes brought by colonialism. Facing Mount Kenya was well received in Great Britain as a defense of African culture, and it established Kenyatta's credentials as spokesperson for his people.

III. RISE TO POWER

Following World War II (1939-1945), Kenyatta became an outspoken nationalist, demanding Kenyan self-government and independence from Great Britain. Together with other prominent African nationalist figures, such as Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, Kenyatta helped organize the fifth Pan-African Congress in Great Britain in 1945. The congress, modeled after the four congresses organized by black American intellectual W. E. B. Du Bois between 1919 and 1927 and attended by black leaders and intellectuals from around the world, affirmed the goals of African nationalism and unity. In September 1946 Kenyatta returned to Kenya, and in June 1947 he became president of the first colony-wide African political organization, the Kenya African Union (KAU), which had been formed more than two years earlier. Recruiting both Kikuyu and non-Kikuyu support, Kenyatta devoted considerable energy to KAU's efforts to win self-government under African leadership. KAU was unsuccessful, however, and African resistance to colonial policies and the supremacy of European settlers in Kenya took on a more
militant tone. In 1952 an extremist Kikuyu guerrilla movement called Mau Mau began advocating violence against the colonial government and white settlers (see Mau Mau rebellion). Never a radical, Kenyatta did not advocate violence to achieve African political goals. Nevertheless, the colonial authorities arrested him and five other KAU leaders in October 1952 for allegedly managing Mau Mau. The six leaders were tried and in April 1953, convicted.

Kenyatta spent almost nine years in jail and detention. By the time he was freed in August 1961, Kenya was moving towards self-government under African leadership, and Kenyatta had been embraced as the colony’s most important independence leader. Shortly after his release, Kenyatta assumed the leadership of the Kenya African National Union (KANU), a party founded in 1960 and supported by the Kikuyu and Luo. He led the party to victory in the pre-independence elections of May 1963 and was named prime minister of Kenya in June. Kenyatta led Kenya to formal independence in December of that year. Kenya was established as a republic in December 1964, and Kenyatta was elected Kenya’s first president the same month.

IV. PRESIDENCY

As president, Kenyatta, known affectionately to Kenyans as *mzee* (Swahili for "old man"), strove to unify the new nation of Kenya. He worked to establish harmonious race relations, safeguarding whites’ property rights and appealing to both whites and the African majority to forget past injustices. Kenyatta adopted the slogan "*Harambee*" (Swahili for "let's all pull together"), asking whites and Africans to work together for the development of Kenya. He promoted capitalist economic policies, encouraged foreign investment in Kenya, and adopted a pro-Western foreign policy. Such policies were unpopular with radicals within KANU, who advocated socialism for Kenya. However, Kenyatta isolated this element of KANU, forcing radical vice president Oginga Odinga and his supporters out of the party in 1966. Odinga formed the rival Kenya People’s Union (KPU), which drew much support from Odinga’s ethnic group, the Luo. Kenyatta used his extensive presidential powers and control of the media to counter the challenge to his leadership and appealed for Kikuyu ethnic solidarity. The 1969 assassination of cabinet minister Tom Mboya—a Luo ally of Kenyatta’s—by a Kikuyu led to months of tension and violence between the Luo and the Kikuyu. Kenyatta banned Odinga’s party, detained its leaders, and called elections in which only KANU was allowed to participate. For the remainder of his presidency, Kenya was effectively a one-party state, and Kenyatta made use of detention, appeals to ethnic loyalties, and careful appointment of government jobs to maintain his commanding position in Kenya’s political system. Kenyatta was reelected president in 1969 and 1974, unopposed each time. Until the mid-1970s Kenya maintained a high economic growth rate under Kenyatta’s leadership, due to a favorable international market for Kenya’s main exports and external economic assistance.

After 1970 Kenyatta’s advancing age kept him from the day-to-day management of government affairs. He intervened only when necessary to settle disputed issues. Critics maintained that Kenyatta’s relative isolation resulted in increasing domination of Kenya’s affairs by well-connected Kikuyu who acquired great wealth as a result. Despite such criticism, however, no serious challenge to Kenyatta’s leadership emerged. Kenyatta died
in office in 1978 and was succeeded by Kenyan vice president Daniel arap Moi. Moi
pledged to continue Kenyatta's work, labeling his own program Nyerere (Swahili for
"footsteps"). Kenyatta was revered after his death as the father of modern Kenya. His
published works include Suffering Without Bitterness (1968), a collection of
reminiscences and speeches.

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History and other books.

"Kenyatta, Jomo." Microsoft® Encarta® Online Encyclopedia 2000
http://encarta.msn.com (22 Jan. 2001)

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EDITOR'S NOTE: From September 1957 to December 1958, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. wrote an EBONY column called "Advice for Living." Here are excerpts from the columns.

**Question:** Our family has had more than its share of pain and trouble. Does God send pain and anguish to punish us for sins and the sins of our fathers?

**Answer:** You are really raising the question, "Why do men suffer?" It is often true that we suffer because of sins we consciously or unconsciously commit. There are moral laws of the universe just as abiding as the physical laws, and when we disobey these moral laws we suffer tragic consequences. It is also true that the interrelatedness of human life often necessitates our suffering for the sins of our forefathers. We must admit, however, that we are often the victims of pain and suffering that cannot be explained by sins committed by ourselves or our forefathers. We must admit that there is some mystery surrounding God's being. There are certain things that happen in our lives and in the life of the universe that we just can't explain in rational terms. You must live by the faith that all suffering has some purpose which the finite mind of man can never comprehend.

**Question:** I am a Negro, but I don't like Jews. What can I do to overcome this feeling?

**Answer:** It is very unfortunate that you dislike Jews. This is a problem which you need to solve immediately, because it is no different from the attitude that many Whites have concerning the whole Negro race. In order to deal with this problem, you must get to the roots of your dislike for the Jews. Most hate is rooted in fear, suspicion, ignorance and pride. You must be sure that all of these factors are removed from your personality where the Jews are concerned. The word prejudice means literally to prejudge, that is, to pass judgement before you have all the facts. You have probably prejudged the Jewish community and distorted ideas that you have heard circulating concerning Jews. You can only remove this by knowing the truth and realizing that no one shortcoming can characterize a whole race. I would suggest that you seek real personal fellowship with Jews and you will discover that some of the finest persons in our nation are members of the Jewish community. Through this type of personal fellowship, you will come to know them and love them and thereby transcend ... bigotry. Men hate each other because they fear each other; they fear each other because they don't know each other; they don't know each other because they are so often separated from each other.

**Question:** We have seven children and another one is on the way. Our four-room apartment is bursting at the seams and living space in Harlem is at a premium. I have suggested to my husband that we practice birth control, but he says that when God thinks we have enough children, He will put a stop to it. I've tried to reason with him, but he says that birth control is sinful. Is he right?

**Answer:** I do not think it is correct to argue that birth control is sinful. It is a serious mistake to suppose that it is a religious act to allow nature to have its way in the sex life. The truth is that the natural order is given us, not as an absolute finality, but as something to be guided and controlled. In the case of birth control the real question at issue is that between rational control and resort to chance. Another thing that must be said is that changes in social and economic conditions make smaller families desirable, if not necessary. As you suggest, the limited quarters available in our large cities and the high cost of living preclude such large families as were common a century or so ago. A final consideration is that women must be considered as more than "breeding machines." It is true that the primary obligation of the woman is that of motherhood, but an intelligent mother wants it to be a responsible motherhood—a motherhood to which she has given her consent, not a motherhood due to impulse and to chance. And this means birth control in some form. All of these factors, seem to me, to make birth control rationally and morally justifiable.

**Question:** I'm in love with a White man whom I've known for two years. We met at the company where we work. I want to marry him, although both of our parents object. I know that he loves me, too. Should we go ahead and get married anyway?

**Answer:** The decision as to whether you should marry a White man whom you have known for two years is a decision that you and your friend must make together. Properly speak-
ing. races do not marry, individuals marry. There is nothing morally wrong with an interracial marriage. There are many other things, however, that must be taken under consideration in any interracial marriage. The traditions of our society have been so set and crystallized that many social obstacles stand in the way of persons involved in an interracial marriage. If persons entering such a marriage are thoroughly aware of these obstacles and feel that they have the power and stability to stand up amid them, then there is no reason why these persons should not be married. Studies reveal that interracial couples who have come together with a thorough understanding of conditions that exist, have married and lived together very happily.

Question: Reporters say you demonstrated unusual grace after the recent (1958) attack [on you in a Harlem department store]. How can one reach the peace and inner certainty you seem to have? And what are your feelings about the repeated attacks on you and your family, despite your oft-proclaimed message of love and non-violence?

Answer: If I demonstrated unusual calm during the recent attempt on my life, it was certainly not due to any extraordinary powers that I possess. Rather, it was due to the power of God working through me. Throughout this struggle for racial justice I have constantly asked God to remove all bitterness from my heart and to give me the strength and courage to face any disaster that came my way. This consistent prayer life and feeling of dependence on God have shown me the feeling that I have divine companionship in this struggle. I know no other way to explain it. It is the fact that in the midst of external tension, God can give an inner peace. As far as the repeated attacks on me and my family, I must say that here again God gives me the strength to adjust to such acts of violence. None of these attacks came as a total surprise to me, because I counted the cost early in the struggle. To believe in nonviolence does not mean that violence will not be inflicted upon you. The believer in nonviolence is the person who will never inflict it upon another. He lives by the conviction that through his suffering, the social situation may be redeemed.

Question: I made a mistake when I was young. I had a child out of wedlock. When I got married, my husband constantly reminded me of it. So the marriage failed. And now I am right back where I started. I am the black sheep of my family and of the small town in which I live. How long must I pay for one mistake? Should I pick up and go to another town to live?

Answer: Your problem is one that must find its solution in the domains of psychology and religion. There is the danger that you will develop a morbid sense of guilt as well as an extremely sensitive attitude toward your past mistake. This would be tragic. You must somehow turn your vision toward the future rather than the past. You should concentrate on the heights which you are determined to reach, not look back into the depths in which you once fell. With this wholesome attitude you will be able to stand up amid all of the criticisms that persons in your town will direct toward you. In other words, you can so outlive your past mistake that even the most ardent critic will develop a warm respect for you. You can still live in the same town and win the respect of the community. I would also suggest that you give your life to certain high and noble pursuits. In so doing you will be able to concentrate on such challenging and ennobling ideas that you will not have the time for self-pity.

Question: I believe in integration and work for it with all my heart, but I am unable to reconcile my feelings on this point with continued support of the United Negro College Fund. Am I wrong?

Answer: I feel that you are wrong in your feelings concerning the United Negro College Fund. There is no contradiction in believing in integration and supporting the United Negro College Fund. You must remember that although Negro colleges are by and large segregated institutions, they are not segregating institutions. If these colleges are properly supported they will survive in an integrated society. Many of these colleges already have White students. It is not true to feel that as soon as integration becomes a thoroughly realty the so-called Negro private college will close down. In supporting these Negro colleges we are only seeking to make sure that the quality and caliber of these schools are of such nature that they will be appealing to all people.

"Throughout this struggle... I have constantly asked God to remove all bitterness from my heart and to give me the strength and courage to face any disaster that came my way."

Question: I am publicity director of a civic organization in Tennessee. My problem is that I find it hard to find words that will satisfy White people and Negroes at the same time. If I please the Whites, the Negroes get mad. If I please the Negroes, the Whites get mad. What should I do?

Answer: There is only one way to deal with this problem—tell the truth with sincerity and love. All people of goodwill are moved by truth when it is honestly and sincerely told. Too many public figures spend time attempting to win the admiration of certain groups of individuals by smooth words and perfunctory back slaps. Often these methods lead to the opposite effect. People soon look beneath the surface and discover signs of insincerity. So your first concern must be to tell the truth without rancor or bitterness...

Question: How can the crime wave among Negroes be reduced? Shouldn't the church take a stand on this problem?

Answer: There is both an external and an internal solution to this problem. Both must work simultaneously if the problem is to be solved. The external solution to the problem is to work passionately and unrelentingly to remove the conditions which make crime possible. The Negro is not criminal by nature. Indeed criminality is environmental, not racial. Poverty and ignorance breed crime whatever the racial group may be. So we must work to remove the system of segregation, discrimination and the existence of economic injustice if we are to solve the problem of crime in the Negro community. For these external factors are causally responsible for crime. On the other hand, the Negro must work within the community to solve the problem while the external cause factors are being removed...
Eartha Kitt is nothing less than a household name, with an enduring career that has spanned theater, film, cabaret, television, and the recording industry. An international star who has given new meaning to the word "versatility," she is one of a handful of performers to be nominated for the Tony award (twice), the Emmy Award, and the Grammy (twice).

Born on a cotton plantation in South Carolina, she learned early to overcome adversity brought on by poverty, prejudice, and familial indifference. After being given away by her mother in the South, she was sent to live with an aunt in Harlem at the age of eight. It was in New York that her distinct individuality and flair for show business manifested itself.

Ms. Kitt got her start in the business quite accidentally. At the urging of a friend, she auditioned for and was awarded a position as a featured dancer and vocalist with the famed Katherine Dunham Dance Troupe. Before she was twenty, she had toured with them all over the world.

While the Dunham Troupe was performing in Paris, she was spotted by a nightclub owner who enthusiastically signed her for her first cabaret performance. Having become one of Dunham’s star performers in no time, she decided to leave the company.

This appearance led to numerous engagements at Europe’s finest clubs, where she met one admirer, Orson Welles. Dubbing her "the most exciting woman in the world," he signed her to star with him as Helen of Troy in his acclaimed stage production of "Dr. Faust," which opened in Paris and toured Europe. Upon her return to America, Ms. Kitt played a twenty-week run at the Blue Angel -- setting a still unbroken record for cabaret artists -- before moving on the the Village Vanguard, where producer Leonard Stillman saw her and cast her in "New Faces of 1952." Her legendary performance of "Monotonous" stopped the show for a year on Broadway. A national tour, and the Twentieth Century Fox film of the same name followed.

Broadway stardom led to a recording contract and a succession of best selling records, including "Love For Sale," "The Romantic Eartha," "St. Louis Blues," and "Folk Tales of the Tribes of Africa," for which she received a Grammy Award nomination. Favorites "Santa Baby" and "C'est Si Bon" were released during this era. She also published her first autobiography, Thursday's Child, in 1954. More nightclub triumphs followed: The Persian Room, The Empire Room, The Latin Quarter, and London’s Talk of the Town, where to this day she holds the record for the longest run.

After these successes, Ms. Kitt made her return to Broadway in the dramatic play "Mrs. Patterson," for which she received a Tony Award nomination. Other stage appearances followed: "Shinbone Alley" "The Skin of Our Teeth," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and two London successes, "Bunny" and "The High Bid." After which, she graced several more films with her distinctive presence, including "The Mark of the Hawk," opposite Sydney Poitier, "St. Louis Blues," with Nat King Cole, and "Anna Lucasta," opposite Sammy Davis, Jr. In addition to her films, Ms. Kitt branched out into the medium of television. Her work included the Omnibus presentation of "Salome," and guest appearances on several series including "Mission Impossible," "I Spy," for which she received an Emmy Award nomination, and "Batman," still in international syndication, in which she was the infamous Catwoman.

Continuing to balance all of her film, television, stage, and recording work ("Thursday's Child," "I'm a Funny Dame," "In Person at the Plaza," "At Her Very Best," "Down to Eartha," "Eartha Quake," "My Way," a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the newly released "Back in Business," nominated for a Grammy
Award, among others), Ms. Kitt has found time to make concert appearances all over the world.

Concert tours have taken her through Australia and Europe several times over and have included several performances for Queen Elizabeth. In all, singing in ten different languages, she has performed in over 100 countries worldwide. She was honored with a star on Hollywood Boulevard's Walk of Fame in 1960. Ms. Kitt's career came to a sudden about-face in January 1968. While attending a White House luncheon hosted by then First Lady, Lady Bird Johnson, she bravely spoke out against the Vietnam War. Since the tide of public opinion had not yet turned against the war effort, distortions of the incident by the Administration created negative reactions among the public and the press. As a result, Ms. Kitt was immediately blacklisted by much of the U.S. entertainment community. For many years, she was forced to work abroad where her status remained undiminished.

It was not until several years later that she learned of the scope of the Administration's effort to blacklist her. Columnist Jack Anderson was instrumental in uncovering an extensive CIA dossier on Ms. Kitt, which contained a multitude of innuendo and outright lies against her character. Despite this setback, Eartha Kitt once again proved her ability to triumph over adversity. She returned to American audiences in 1974 in an acclaimed Carnegie Hall concert~ she was invited to the White House in 1978 by President Jimmy Carter, and received her second Tony Award nomination in 1978 for her starring role in the musical "Timbuktu" which ran on Broadway for two years.

Her second autobiography, Alone With Me, was published in 1976, and the third volume, I'm Still Here: Confessions of a Sex Kitten, was released in 1989. Ms. Kitt has remained as active as ever, writing, recording, and performing in film, television, and concert appearances. In 1982, a critically acclaimed feature-length documentary on her life, entitled "All By Myself," was produced by filmmaker Christian Blackwood.

In 1984, she released "I Love Men," containing the hit single "Where is My Man," which earned gold records in Sweden, France, and Germany. After a nine month stint as Carlotta in the "Follies" in London, Ms. Kitt starred opposite Tim Robbins in the Monty Python production of "Erik the Viking," which was released worldwide in the fall of 1989. Later that year, she recorded two successful dance singles ("My Discarded Men" and "Cha Cha Heels") with the English duo Bronski Beat.


In 1994, Eartha Kitt completed a star-studded engagement at New York's famed Cafe Carlyle, performing for celebrities such as Daniel Day-Lewis, Mia Farrow, and Marisa Tomei. She then sang with the Pittsburgh Symphony, performed in San Francisco, and began a tour which took her from Australia to London. In London, she performed her one-woman show "YES," based on the popular James Joyce novel "Ulysses" (music by Charles Aznavour). Ms. Kitt's fans are getting younger all the time. as Stephen Holden of "The New York Times" recently wrote, "Earth Kitt is finally being discovered by the generation that thought Madonna pioneered the image of the pop singer as a gold-digging femme fatale...Her avariciously slinky stage alter ego is as classic in its way as Mae West's shimmying blond bawd, and just as funny."

In 1995, Ms. Kitt was prominently featured in designer Isaac Mizrahi's Miramax documentary "Unzipped," along with a crop of supermodels. She also
performed in Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, St. Louis and Munich, Germany, among others. She appeared at Atlantic City's Trump Taj Mahal and sang the national anthem for the televised St. Louis Rams home game.

Ms. Kitt's new album, "Back in Business," released on DRG, was nominated for a Grammy award in 1996. The album has met with unanimous critical acclaim, and features new songs, old songs, and some of her favorite covers, including Steven Sondheim's "Back in Business" - sung by Madonna in her film "Dick Tracy."


"Now in her fifth decade of making men nervous, Eartha Kitt still electrifies audiences with her one-of-a-kind persona, peppering her flirty set with gold-digging songs about champagne, stretch limos and pearls," said the Associated Press. Ms. Kitt will continue to captivate audiences with a 12-week engagement at New York's Cafe Carlyle beginning January 2, 1998. Mark Kennedy of the Associated Press notes that "in an era when cabaret is mostly musty theatre, Kitt's shows are fresh and vibrant -- and increasingly being embraced by Gen-Xers." Ms. Kitt will also begin a 20 city tour encompassing the country as the Wicked Witch in The Wizard of Oz, beginning in March 1998. She is currently hard at work writing a book with her daughter titled "Down to Eartha," is in the studio recording a new CD, and can be found on the upcoming Ed Wood soundtrack for his final movie "I Woke Up Early the Day I Died." For Eartha Kitt her age was always a mystery, that is until recently when a group of students in her home town in South Carolina had unearthed her birth certificate which revealed that she is 70, yes 70 years old. You can also find Ms. Kitt's trademark voice in a number of voiceovers, including commercials for Milky Way Light and Skippy Peanut Butter. Eartha Kitt is the national spokesperson for Project On Growing, a program teaching homeless families to grow their own food and feed themselves. She resides in New York.

http: 205.148.236.10 christmas santababy.htm
http: www.earthakitt.com
Santa Baby

(Eartha Kitt)

Santa Baby: Just slip a sable under the tree
   For me
   Been an awful good girl
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa baby: a '54 convertible too
   Light blue
   I'll wait up for you, dear
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Think of all the fun I've missed
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed
Next year I could be just as good
If you'll check off my Christmas list...

Santa Baby, I want a yacht and really that's not
   A lot
   Been an angel all year
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa honey, one little thing I really need
   the deed
   to a platinum mine
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a duplex
   And checks
   sign your 'X' on the line
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Come and trim my Christmas tree
with some decorations bought at Tiffany
   I really do believe in you
Let's see if you believe in me

Santa Baby, forgot to mention one little thing
   A ring
   I don't mean on the phone
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight
   Hurry down the chimney tonight
   Hurry...tonight
Korean War, conflict that began in June 1950 between the Democratic People’s Republic of Korea (North Korea) and the Republic of Korea (South Korea), in which an estimated 3,000,000 persons lost their lives. The United Nations, with the United States as the principal participant, joined the war on the side of the Republic of Korea’s war. UN Security Council met in emergency session and passed a resolution calling for the assistance of all UN members in halting the North Korean invasion. (The Soviet delegate, who was absent from the Security Council in protest against the UN’s failure to admit the People’s Republic of China, was not present to veto the council’s decision.) On June 27, U.S. president Harry S. Truman, without asking Congress to declare war, ordered United States forces to come to the assistance of South Korea as part of his “police action.” Meanwhile, the South Korean army was overwhelmed by the North Korean forces, and the four ill-equipped American divisions that had been rushed into the battle were driven all the way southward across the Korean Peninsula to a small area covering the approaches to Pusan, on the peninsula’s southeastern tip. The American forces there were heavily reinforced, however, and then on September 15, troops commanded by General Douglas MacArthur made a daring amphibious landing at Inch’on, about 100 miles (160 km) below the 38th parallel and on a line with Seoul, the South Korean capital. This brilliant landing far north of the main battlefront succeeded in cutting the North Korean forces’ lines; the North Korean army was then totally shattered by the convergence of Allied forces from north and south, and more than 125,000 prisoners were captured by the Allies.

As the Allied forces now advanced northward back to the 38th parallel, the Chinese warned that the presence of UN forces in North Korea would be unacceptable to the security of the Chinese People’s Republic and would force the Chinese to intervene in the war. UN forces, however, ignored the warnings and advanced into North Korea with the expressed intention of unifying the country. By mid-November the Allied forces were nearing the Yalu River, which marked the border between North Korea and Manchuria, the northeastern part of China. The Chinese considered the approach of UN forces to the Yalu to be an unacceptable threat to Manchuria. On November 24 MacArthur announced his “Home by Christmas” offensive, in which his forces would boldly advance right up to the Yalu. The next day approximately 180,000 Chinese “volunteers” entered the war, and by December 15, after bitter winter fighting and a harrowing retreat, the Allied forces had been driven southward back to the 38th parallel. On Dec. 31, 1950, the Communists began their second invasion of South Korea with about 500,000 troops, but their attack soon faltered in the face of incessant Allied aerial bombing campaigns, and the front lines eventually stabilized along the 38th parallel.

Meanwhile, MacArthur was demanding the authority to blockade China’s coastline and bomb its Manchurian bases. Truman refused, feeling that such a course would bring the Soviet Union into the war and thus lead to a global conflict. In response, MacArthur appealed over Truman’s head directly to the American public in an effort to enlist support for his war aims. On April 11, 1951, President Truman relieved MacArthur as UN commander and as commander of U.S. forces in the Far East and replaced him with General Matthew B. Ridgway. On June 10, 1951, truce talks began while the North Koreans and Chinese vainly strove for further success on the battlefield. The negotiations dragged on for months, until after the U.S. presidential elections in the fall of 1952 and the victory of Dwight D. Eisenhower, who had criticized the unpopular war and announced his intention to visit Korea if elected. Eisenhower secretly informed the North Koreans and Chinese that he was prepared to use nuclear weapons and would also carry the war to China if a peace agreement was not reached. After a brief renewal of hostilities in June 1953, an armistice was concluded on July 27, and the front line was accepted as the de facto boundary between North and South Korea. The exchange and repatriation of prisoners soon followed. The Korean War resulted in the deaths of about 1,300,000 South Koreans, many of whom were civilians; 1,000,000 Chinese; 500,000 North Koreans; and about 54,000 Americans, with much smaller numbers of British, Australian, and Turkish casualties on the Allied side. Several million Koreans temporarily became refugees, and much of South Korea’s industrial plant was damaged, while North Korea was utterly devastated by American bombing campaigns.
McQueen, Thelma
(“Butterfly”) (b. January 8, 1911, Tampa, Fla.), African American actor and dancer known for her exaggerated roles as a domestic worker.

Thelma McQueen was born in Tampa, the child of a maid and a stevedore. In New York City she developed her interests in ballet and modern dance. Through the “Butterfly Ballet” in A Midsummer Night’s Dream, McQueen earned her nickname “Butterfly” and her major break as an actress. After this part came others, all with McQueen earning the praise of critics. It was in a Benny Goodman-Louis Armstrong musical, “Swingin’ the Dream,” that she was spotted by David O. Selznick, who cast her as Prissy the maid in Gone With The Wind (1939). The role of Prissy immortalized McQueen with her line, “Lawdy, Miz Scarlett... I don’t know nuthin’ ‘bout birthin’ babies!”

It was her comic role as the flustered maid, or some variation of it, that McQueen would continue to play for most of her career, to uniformly fine reviews. Yet, while her great talent was widely acknowledged, she could not find roles that were not demeaning stereotypes. As one film critic observed, McQueen was fated “to act stereotypes or starve.” She soon tired of playing roles that she called “dumb colored maid parts” and, in frustration, walked out of Jack Benny’s radio show. For this she was boycotted for more than a year by casting agents. Refusing to play stereotypes, McQueen left acting altogether by the early 1950s.

After leaving acting, she occasionally took small roles in projects but mainly held jobs as a waitress and a factory worker, and finally opened her own restaurant in Augusta, Georgia. In the early 1970s she returned to college to receive a bachelor of arts degree in Spanish at age 64. McQueen then dedicated herself to community-based projects in New York City that aid black and Hispanic children in Harlem. Although McQueen appeared occasionally in films in the 1970s and 1980s, such as The Mosquito Coast (1986) with Harrison Ford, she preferred to serve in roles that aided her community.

See Also
EURIPIDES

Euripides (c. 484–406 BCE) was the youngest of the three tragic playwrights whose plays remain today. Although he first competed in the City Dionysia in 455 BCE, and won his first victory in 441 BCE, he won only four victories in his lifetime and left Athens about the year 408 BCE for the court of King Archelaus of Macedon, where he died. We do not know why Euripides won so infrequently, but his tragedies are much more bitter and ironic than those of Aeschylus or Sophocles, brilliantly unfolding the selfish capriciousness of gods and heroes alike. Of the roughly ninety plays Euripides is thought to have written, eighteen survive, and most of these were written and produced during the war with Sparta: Alcestis, Medea, Heracleidae, Hippolytus, Cyclops (a satyr play), Heracles, Iphigenia in Tauris, Helen, Hecuba, Andromache, The Trojan Women, Ion, The Suppliant Women, Orpheus, Elektra, The Phoenician Women. Three additional plays—Iphigenia at Aulis, The Bacchae, and Alcestes at Corinth (now lost)—were written in Macedon and brought to Athens by the playwright's son Euripides the Younger. This trilogy, produced after Euripides' death, won him his final prize at the City Dionysia.

MEDEA

Although many Greek tragedies center on female characters—think of Clytemnestra in Aeschylus' Agamemnon, for example, or Sophocles' Antigone—Euripides was famous in Athens for centering his tragedies so frequently on women. Euripides was hardly a feminist in any modern sense, yet more than his contemporaries, he used his tragic heroines to explore the relationship between gender and the other conceptual, political, social, and aesthetic categories organizing Athenian life.

Like all roles in the Athenian theater, the role of Medea was played by a male actor; nonetheless, in many ways Medea illustrates Euripides' skeptical and ironic regard for conventional attitudes, and his tendency toward a more sensational form of tragic action. Like Shakespeare's Hamlet, Medea is a tragedy of revenge, in which Medea poisons her husband Jason's newly married wife and her father, Creon, and in the play's climactic moment executes her own children from her marriage with Jason. What sometimes seems most monstrous to modern readers and audiences is that Medea herself—in one of Euripides' most striking uses of the *maqchina*—flees Corinth alive at the end of the play, rising above the *sthen* in a dragon-drawn chariot, draped in the bodies of her dead children, taunting and reviling the impotent Jason. That is, modern audiences sometimes feel that Medea herself should die at the play's close if Medea is to be a truly tragic drama, as though by dying Medea would be "punished" for her revenge in some appalling vision of tragic "justice." But Euripides seems uninterested in such a moralized version of tragedy. Indeed, as Aristotle implies in *The Poetics*, tragedy is a deeply dialectical, contradictory way of representing human experience: tragedy arises from the unresolvable tension between pity and fear, from the relationship between the hero's actions (remembering that the tragic hero is neither a "paragon of virtue" nor inherently wicked) and their terrible, somehow fitting consequences. And while Aristotle praises Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* as the best-constructed tragedy, he also remarks that Euripides "is felt by the audience to be the most tragic, at least, of the poets." To grasp Euripides' sense of tragedy means placing Medea's execution of the children within the context of the action as a whole, an act that brings her history to bear in one exacting deed, an act like Agamemnon's treading on the carpet or Oedipus' blistering interrogation of the ancient shepherd.

At the play's opening, Medea is an outcast, a foreign exile in Corinth, and the play repeatedly stresses Medea's otherness—she is an Eastern exotic, she has little respect for
Greek culture and its institutions, and she is a sorceress as well. Medea is consistently shown to be a figure of willful passion, brought into exile through her love for Jason. Falling in love with Jason when he went to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, Medea used her sorcery to help Jason gain the Fleece, betraying her father and killing her brother in the bargain. When the play opens, Jason has returned to Greece with Medea and their children; in Corinth, however, Jason decides to marry the daughter of King Creon. Creon, no doubt recognizing that Medea and her children will pose a constant threat to his own line of succession, has ruled that Medea and her children must again be sent into exile.

Yet as Medea suggests to the Chorus, the indignity that Jason has thrust upon her—being doubly exiled, from her country and from her marriage—is in an important sense merely an extension of the state of all women in Greek culture. For once women "buy a husband and take for our bodies / A master," they are exiled from their own homes, and from the mastery of their own lives. Inasmuch as women are represented as creatures of passion, they are "exiled" as well from the organizing principles of the Greek state: reason, the law, and legitimate society are identified in the play as the preserve of men. Euripides makes Jason the spokesman for these values. When Jason first confronts Medea, he takes pride in his talents as a speaker, listing his arguments in support of taking a new wife almost as though he were arguing in the courtroom or conducting a philosophical demonstration. But while Oedipus, for instance, uses the strategies of philosophic inquiry to discover the truth, Jason's arguments seem to conceal the truth—he is betraying Medea and her children, after all—behind a smokescreen of sophist rhetoric. Having brought Medea into exile, Jason argues that she is fortunate merely to "inhabit a Greek land and understand our ways / How to live by law instead of the sweet will of force." Yet the law that Jason praises seems designed to enable him to act out his own "sweet will"—taking a second wife—while it prevents Medea from acting on hers. And the more Jason insists that he is acting reasonably, the more unreasonable his arguments become; he becomes increasingly irritating, and finally insulting: "you women have got into such a state of mind / That, if your life at night is good, you think you have / Everything." Euripides' treatment of Jason is typical of his tendency to present an ironic view of the heroes of Greek mythology. Here, in making Jason the representative of Greek values—reason, law, justice—Euripides suggests the limits of those values. For the Chorus clearly sees Jason's "reason" as a self-indulgent pretense: "though you have made this speech of yours look well, / . . . / You have betrayed your wife and are acting badly."

As Medea comes to recognize, both Jason and the masculine laws of Corinth are willing to betray her, to call her fidelity and love merely irrational, to force her again into exile. Having poisoned Creon and his daughter, Medea first claims to kill the children in order that they not be slain "by another hand less kindly to them." But it is also clear that in killing the children, Medea avenges herself on Jason in the only way open to her, he has little regard for her love for him, but the children are his property, an extension of himself, of his identity. More importantly, the children are his successors, representing his continued presence in the world. For as Jason laments, Medea has contrived a punishment for him that no Greek woman would have dared: in leaving him childless, Medea transforms Jason into an exile like herself, prophesying that he will die "without distinction."

Medea's acts epitomize the ethical ambiguity that drives Greek tragedy. Agamemnon strides on the blood-red carpet, magisterially desecrating the honor of his family as he had once done in sacrificing Iphigenia; Oedipus sentences the hidden criminal to exile, only to discover that he is the criminal he seeks. To force Jason into a childless exile, Medea commits the kind of crime that Jason has repeatedly drawn her to enact: she murders what he loves in order to insist on the priority and power of her love for him. As in other classical tragedies, the hero chooses to act in a way that is not only consistent with her past,
but a self-conscious reenactment of it. The *peripeteia*, the reversal that defines the tragic action, seems in many ways to be a kind of restoration as well, revealing destructive consequences that have been latent in the action from the beginning.

It should be clear that while Euripides interrogates the relationship between reason and passion, culture and nature, the rational and the irrational, science and magic, *Medea* does not finally disrupt or overturn this relationship. Nor does the play finally question the way that Greek culture gendered these categories as masculine and feminine, expressing the conceptual and political hierarchies of its own making as the "natural" outgrowth of some essential gender difference. Euripides exposes the destructive tension lurking in Greek conceptions of gender, power, and identity, but the language of tragedy is not the language of revolution. For although tragedy frequently exposes the values of its world as contradictory and destructive, it also accepts those values as somehow inevitable, unavoidable. Medea flees Corinth and the abusive Jason, but only by destroying herself in the same way she destroys Jason; Medea triumphs over Jason, but only by destroying her family and becoming an exile yet again. The only alternative that *Medea* offers to the way that Medea—and, she argues, all women—is positioned as an outsider, an "exile" to the governing categories of Greek life, is a deeper, more permanent isolation.
**MEDEA**

*Euripides*

TRANSLATED BY REX WARNER

---**CHARACTERS**---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MEDEA, princess of Colchis and wife of JASON, son of Aeson, king of Iolcus</td>
<td>AEGEUS, king of Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NURSE to Medea</td>
<td>TUTOR to Medea’s children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MESSENGER</td>
<td>CHORUS of Corinthian women</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATTENDANTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCENE: In front of Medea’s house in Corinth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---**TEXT**---

Enter from the house Medea’s NURSE.

NURSE: How I wish the Argo never had reached the land Of Colchis, skimming through the blue Symplegades, Nor ever had fallen in the glades of Pelion The mistress fared to furnish oars for the hands Of heroes who in Pelias’ name attempted The Golden Fleece! For then my mistress Medea Would not have sailed for the towers of the land of Iolcus, Her heart on fire with passionate love for Jason; Nor would she have persuaded the daughters of Pelias To kill their father, and now be living here In Corinth with her husband and children. She gave Pleasure to the people of her land of exile, And the herself helped Jason in every way. This is indeed the greatest salvation of all— For the wife not to stand apart from the husband But now there’s hatred everywhere. Love is diseased For, deserting his own children and my mistress, Jason has taken a royal wife to his bed. The daughter of the ruler of this land. Creon And poor Medea is slighted, and cries aloud on the views they made to each other, the right hands clasped In eternal promise. She calls upon the gods to witness What sort of return Jason has made to her love She lies without food and gives herself up to suffering, Wasting away every moment of the day in tears So it has gone since she knew herself slighted by him. Not stirring an eye, not moving her face from the ground. No more than either a rock or surging sea water She listens when she is given friendly advice. Except that sometimes she twists back her white neck and Mourns to herself, calling out on her father’s name, And her land, and her home betrayed when she came away with A man who now is determined to dishonor her. For a creature, she has discovered by her sufferings That it means to one not to have lost one’s own country.

---**TRANSLATION**---

She has turned from the children and does not like to see them. I am afraid she may think of some dreadful thing. For her heart is violent. She will never put up with The treatment she is getting. I know and fear her Least she may sharpen a sword and thrust to the heart, Stealing into the palace where the bed is made, Or even kill the king and the new-wedded groom, And thus bring a greater misfortune on herself. She’s a strange woman. I know it won’t be easy To make an enemy of her and come off best. But here the children come. They have finished playing. They have no thought at all of their mother’s trouble. Indeed it is not usual for the young to grieve.

(Enter from the right the slaves who is the TUTOR to Medea’s two small children. The children follow him.)

TUTOR: You old retainer of my mistress’ household. Why are you standing here all alone in front of the Gates and moaning to yourself over your misfortune? Medea could not wish you to leave her alone.

NURSE: Old man, and guardian of the children of Jason. If one is a good servant, it’s a terrible thing When one’s master’s luck is out; it goes to one’s heart. So I myself have got into such a state of grief That a longing steals over me to come outside here And tell the earth and air of my mistress’ sorrows.

TUTOR: Has the poor lady not yet given up her crying? NURSE: Given up? She’s at the start, not halfway through her tears.

TUTOR: Poor fool—if I may call my mistress such a name— How ignorant she is of trouble more to come.

NURSE: What do you mean, old man? You needn’t fear to speak.

TUTOR: Nothing. I take back the words which I used just now.

NURSE: Don’t, by your beard, hide this from me, your fellow-servant. If need be, I’ll keep quiet about what you tell me.

TUTOR: I heard a person saying, while I myself seemed Not to be paying attention, when I was at the place Where the old draught-players sit, by the holy fountain. That Creon, ruler of the land, intends to drive These children and their mother in exile from Corinth. But whether what he said is really true or not I do not know. I pray that it may not be true.
NURSE: I will, but I doubt if I'll manage
To win my mistress over.
But still I'll attempt it to please you.
Such a look she will dash on her servants
If any comes near with a message.
Like a lioness guarding her cubs,
It is right, I think, to consider
Both stupid and lacking in foresight
Those poets of old who wrote songs
For revels and dinners and banquets.
Pleasant sounds for men living at ease;
But none of them all has discovered
How to put an end with their singing
Or musical instruments grief,
Bitter grief, from which death and disaster
Cheat the hopes of a house. Yet how good
If music could cure men of this! But why raise
To no purpose the voice at a banquet? For there is
Already abundance of pleasure for men
With a joy of its own.

The NURSE goes into the house.)

CHORUS: I heard a shriek that is laden with sorrow,
Shrieking out her hard grief she cries out
Upon him who betrayed both her bed and her marriage
Wronged, she calls on the gods,
On the justice of Zeus, the oath sworn,
Which brought her away
To the opposite shore of the Greeks
Through the gloomy salt straits to the gateway
Of the salty unlimited sea.

MEDEA: Women of Corinthe, I have come outside to you
Lest you should be indignant with me; for I know
That many people are overproud, some when alone.
And others when in company. And those who live
Quietly, as I do, get a bad reputation.
For a just judgment is not evident in the eyes
When a man at first sight hates another, before
Learning his character, being in no way injured;
And a foreigner especially must adapt himself.
I'd not approve of even a fellow-countryman
Who by pride and want of manners offends his neighbors.
But on me this thing has fallen so unexpectedly.
It has broken my heart. I am finished. I let go
All my life's joy. My friends, I only want to die
It was everything to me to think well of one man,
And he, my own husband, has turned out wholly vile.
Of all things which are living and can form a judgment
We women are the most unfortunate creatures.
Firstly, with an excess of wealth it is required
For us to buy a husband and take for our bodies
A master, for not to take one is even worse.
And now the question is serious whether we take
A good or bad one; for there is no easy escape
For a woman, nor can she say no to her marriage.
She arrives among new modes of behavior and manners.
And needs propitiatory power, unless she has learned at home,
How best to manage him who shares the bed with her.
And if we work out all this well and carefully.
And the husband lives with us and lightly bears his yoke.
Then life is enviable. If not, I'd rather die.
A man, when he's tired of the company in his home,
Goes out of the house and puts an end to his boredom
And turns to a friend or companion of his own age.
But we are forced to keep our eyes on one alone.
What they say of us is that we have a peaceful time
Living at home, while they do the fighting in war.
How wrong they are! I would very much rather stand
Three times in the front of battle than bear one child.
Yet what applies to me does not apply to you.
You have a country. Your family home is here.
You enjoy life and the company of your friends.
But I am deserted, a refugee, thought nothing of
By my husband—something he won in a foreign land.
I have no mother or brother, nor any relation
With whom I can take refuge in this sea of woe.
This much then is the service I would beg from you:
If I can find the means or devise any scheme
To pay my husband back for what he has done to me—
Him and his father-in-law and the girl who married him—
Just to keep silent. For in other ways a woman
Is full of fear, defenseless, dreads the sight of cold
Steel; but, when once she is wronged in the matter of love,
No other soul can hold so many thoughts of blood.

CHORUS: This I will promise. You are in the right. Medea,
In paying your husband back. I am not surprised at you
For being sad.
But look! I see our King Creon
Approaching. He will tell us of some new plan.

(Enter from the right. CREON, with attendants.)

CREON: You, with that angry look, so set against your husband.
Medea, I order you to leave my territories
An exile, and take along with you your two children,
And not to waste time doing it. It is my decree.
And I will see it done. I will not return home
Until you are cast from the boundaries of my land.

MEDEA: Oh, this is the end for me. I am utterly lost.
Now I am in the full force of the storm of hate
And have no harbors from ruin to reach easily.
Yet still, in spite of it all. I'll ask the question:
What is your reason, Creon, for banishing me?

CREON: I am afraid of you—why should I dissemble it?
Aid that you may injure my daughter mortally.
Many things accumulate to support my feeling.
You are a clever woman, versed in evil arts.
And are angry at having lost your husband's love.
I hear that you are threatening, to they tell me,
To do something against my daughter and Jason.
And me, too. I shall take my precautions first.
I tell you, I prefer to earn your hatred now
Than to be soft-hearted and afterward regret it.

MEDEA: This is not the first time, Creon. Often previously
Through being considered clever I have suffered much.
A person of sense ought never to have his children
Brought up to be more clever than the average.
For, apart from cleverness bringing them no profit,
It will make them objects of envy and ill-will.
If you put new ideas before the eyes of fools
They'll think you foolish and worthless into the bargain; And if you are thought superior to those who have Some reputation for learning, you will become hated. I have some knowledge myself of how this happens; For being clever, I find that some will envy me, Others object to me. Yet all my cleverness Is not so much.

Well, then, are you frightened, Creon, That I should harm you? There is no need. It is not My way to transgress the authority of a king. How have you injured me? You gave your daughter away To the man you wanted. Oh, certainly I hate My husband, but you, I think, have acted wisely; Nor do I grudge it you that your affairs go well.

May the marriage be a lucky one! Only let me Live in this land. For even though I have been wronged, I will not raise my voice, but submit to my betters. What you say sounds gentle enough. Still in my heart I greatly dread that you are plotting some evil. And therefore I trust you even less than before. A sharp-tempered woman, or, for that matter, a man, Is easier to deal with than the clever type Who holds her tongue. No. You must go. No need for more Speeches. The thing is fixed. By no manner of means Shall you, an enemy of mine, stay in my country.

Medea: I beg you. By your knees, by your new-wedded girl. Creon: Your words are wasted. You will never persuade me.

Medea: Will you drive me out, and give no heed to my prayers?

Creon: I will, for I love my family more than you.

Medea: O my country! How bitterly now I remember you! Creon: I love my country too—next after my children.

Medea: O what an evil to men is passionate love!

Creon: That would depend on the luck that goes along with it.

Medea: O God, do not forget who is the cause of this!

Creon: Go. It is no use. Spare me the pain of forcing you.

Medea: I am spared no pain. I lack no pain to be spared me.

Creon: Then you'll be removed by force by one of my men.

Medea: No, Creon, not that! But do listen, I beg you.

Creon: Woman, you seem to want to create a disturbance.

Medea: I will go into exile. This is not what I beg for.

Creon: Why then this violence and clinging to my hand?

Medea: Allow me to remain here just for this one day, So I may consider where to live in my exile. And look for support for my children, since their father chooses to make no kind of provision for them. Have pity on them! You have children of your own. It is natural for you to look kindly on them, For myself I do not mind if I go into exile. It is the children being in trouble that I mind.

Creon: There is nothing tyrannical about my nature, And by showing mercy I have often been the loser. Even now I know that I am making a mistake. All the same you shall have your will. But this I tell you, That if the light of heaven tomorrow shall see you, You and your children in the confines of my land, You die. This word I have spoken is firmly fixed. But now, if you must stay, stay for this day alone. For in it you can do none of the things I fear.

(Exit Creon, with his attendants.)

Chorus: Oh, unfortunate one! Oh, cruel! Where will you turn? Who will help you? What house or what land to preserve you From ill can you find? Medea, a god has thrown suffering Upon you in waves of despair.

Medea: Things have gone badly every way. No doubt of that But not these things this far, and don't imagine so. There are still trials to come for the new-wedded pair, And for their relations pain that will mean something. Do you think that I would ever have favored on that man Unless I had some end to gain or profit in it? I would not even have spoken or touched him with my hands. But he has got to such a pitch of foolishness That, though he could have made nothing of all my plans By exiting me, he has given me this one day To stay here, and in this I will make dead bodies Of three of my enemies—father, the girl, and my husband. I have many ways of death which I might suit to them, And do not know, friends, which one to take in hand: Whether to set fire underneath their bridal mansion, Or sharpen a sword and thrust it to the heart. Stealing into the palace where the bed is made, It is best to go by the straight road, the one in which I am most skilled, and make away with them by poison. So be it then. And now suppose them dead. What town will receive me? What friend will offer me a refuge in his land, Or the guaranty of his house and save my own life? There is none. So I must wait a little time yet, And if some sure defense should then appear for me, In craft and silence I will set about this murder. But if my fate should drive me on without help, Even though death is certain, I will take the sword Myself and kill, and steadily advance to crime. It shall not be—I swear it by her, my mistress, Whom most I honor and have chosen as partner, Hecate, who dwells in the recesses of my heart— That any man shall be glad to have injured me. Bitter I will make their marriage for them and mournful, Bitter the alliance and the driving me out of the land. Ah, come, Medea, in your plotting and scheming Leave nothing untried of all those things which you know. Go forward to the dreadful act. The test has come For resolution. You see how you are treated. Never Shall you be mocked by Jason's Corinthian wedding. Whose father was noble, whose grandfather Helius. You have the skill. What is more, you were born a woman. And women, though most helpless in doing good deeds, Are of every evil the cleverest of contrivers.

Chorus: Flow backward to your sources, sacred rivers, And let the world's great order be reversed. It is the thoughts of men that are deceitful, Their pledges that are loose.

394 Hecate a goddess of the night 403 Helius sun god
Story shall now turn my condition to a fair one,  
Women are paid their due.  
No more shall evil-sounding fame be theirs.  

Cesse now, you muses of the ancient singers,  
To tell the tale of my unfaithfulness;  
For not on us did Phoebus, lord of music,  
Beseech the lyre’s divine  
Power, for otherwise I should have sung an answer  
To the other sex. Long time  
Has much to tell of us, and much of them.  

You sailed away from your father's home,  
With a heart on fire you passed  
The double rocks of the sea,  
And now in a foreign country  
You have lost your rest in a widowed bed,  
And are driven forth, a refugee  
In dishonor from the land.  

Good faith has gone, and no more remains  
In great Greece a sense of shame.  
It has blown away to the sky.  
No father’s house for a haven  
Is at hand for you now, and another queen  
Of your bed has dispossessed you and  
Is mistress of your home.  

(Exit JASON, with attendants.)  

JASON: This is not the first occasion that I have noticed  
How hopelessly it is to deal with a stubborn temper.  
For, with reasonable submission to our ruler’s will,  
You might have lived in this land and kept your home.  
As it is you are going to be exiled for your loose speaking  
Not that I mind myself. You are free to continue  
Telling everyone that Jason is a worthless man.  
But as to your talk about the king, consider  
Yourself most lucky that exile is your punishment;  
Nor for my part, have always tried to calm down  
The anger of the king, and wished you to remain.  
But you will not give up your folly, continually  
Speaking ill of him, and so you are going to be banished.  
As I said before, and in spite of your conduct, I’ll not desert  
My friends, but have come to make some provision for you,  
So that you and the children may not be penniless  
Or in need of anything in exile.  
Certainly  
Exile brings many troubles with it. And even  
If you have me, I cannot think badly of you.  

MEDEA: O coward in every way—that is what I call you,  
With bitterest reproach for your lack of manliness,  
You have come, you, my worst enemy, have come to me!  
It is not an example of overconfidence  
Or of boldness thus to look your friends in the face,  
Friends you have injured—no, it is the worst of all!  
Human diseases, shamelessness. But you did well  
To come, for I can speak ill of you and lighten  
My heart, and you will suffer while you are listening.  
And first I will begin from what happened first.  
I saved your life, and every Greek knows I saved it.  
Who was a shipmate of yours aboard the Argo.  

When you were sent to control the bulls that breathed fire  
And yoke them, and when you would sow that deadly field.  
Also that snake, who encircled with his many folds  
The Golden Fleece and guarded it and never slept,  
I killed, and so gave you the safety of the light.  
And I myself betrayed my father and my home,  
And came with you to Pelias’ land of Iolcus.  
And then, showing more willingness to help than wisdom,  
I killed him, Pelias, with a most dreadful death  
At his own daughters’ hands, and took away your fear.  
This is how I behaved to you, you wretched man,  
And you forsook me, took another bride to bed,  
Though you had children; for, if that had not been,  
You would have had an excuse for another wedding.  
Faith in your word has gone. Indeed, I cannot tell  
Whether you think the gods whose names you swore by then  
Have ceased to rule and that new standards are set up.  
Since you must know you have broken your word to me.  
O my right hand, and the knees which you often clasped  
In supplication, how senselessly I am treated  
By this bad man, and how my hopes have missed their mark!  
Come, I will share my thoughts as though you were a friend—  
You! Can I think that you would ever treat me well?  
But I will do it, and these questions will make you  
Appeal the baser. Where am I to go? To my fathers?  
Him I betrayed and his land when I came with you.  
To Pelias’ wretched daughters: What a fine welcome  
They would prepare for me who murdered their father!  
For this is my position—hated by my friends  
At home, I have, in kindness to you, made enemies  
Of others whom there was no need to have injured.  
And how happy among Greek women you have made me  
On your side for all this! A distinguished husband  
I have—for breaking promises. When in misery  
I am cast out of the land and go into exile.  
Quite without friends and all alone with my children,  
That will be a fine shame for the new-wedded groom.  
For his children to wander as beggars and she who saved him.  
O God, you have given to mortals a sure method  
Of telling the gold that is pure from the counterfeit;  
Why is there no mark engraved upon men’s bodies,  
By which we could know the true ones from the false ones?  

CHORUS: It is a strange form of anger, difficult to cure,  
When two friends turn upon each other in hatred.  
JASON: As for me, it seems I must be no bad speaker.  
But, like a man who has a good grip of the tiller,  
Reef up his sail, and so run away from under  
This mowing tempest, woman, of your bitter tongue.  
Since you insist on building up your kindness to me  
My view is that Cypris was alone responsible  
Of men and gods for the preserving of my life.  
You are clever enough—but really I need not enter  
Into the story of how it was love’s inescapable  
Power that compelled you to keep my person safe.  
On this I will not go into too much detail.  

416 Phoebus Apollo  
515 Cypris Aphrodite, goddess of love
In so far as you helped me, you did well enough.
But on this question of saving me, I can prove
You have certainly got from me more than you gave.
Firstly, instead of living among barbarians,
You inhabit a Greek land and understand our ways,
How to live by law instead of the sweet will of force.
And all the Greeks considered you a clever woman.
You were honored for it; while, if you were living at
The ends of the earth, nobody would have heard of you.

For my part, rather than stores of gold in my house
Or power to sing even sweeter songs than Orpheus,
I'd choose the fate that made me a distinguished man.
There is my reply to your story of my labors.
Remember it was you who started the argument.

Next for your attack on my wedding with the princess:
Here I will prove that, first, it was a clever move,
Secondly, a wise one, and, finally, that I made it
In your best interests and the children's. Please keep calm.
When I arrived here from the land of Iolcus,
Involved, as I was, in every kind of difficulty,
What luckier chance could I have come across than this,
An exile to marry the daughter of the king? It was not—the point that seems to upset you—that I
Grew tired of your bed and felt the need of a new bride;
Nor with any wish to outdo your number of children.
We have enough already. I am quite content.
But—this was the main reason—that we might live well, And not be short of anything. I know that all
A man's friends leave him stone-cold if he becomes poor.
Also that I might bring my children up worthily
Of my position, and, by producing more of them
To be brothers of yours, we would draw the families
Together and all be happy. You need no children.
And it pays me to do good to those I have now
By having others. Do you think this a bad plan?
You wouldn't if the love question hadn't upset you.
But you women have got into such a state of mind
That, if your life at night is good, you think you have
Everything; but, if in that quarter things go wrong.
You will consider your best and truest interests
Most hateful. It would have been better far for men
To have got their children in some other way, and women
Not to have existed. Then life would have been good.

Still I think, even though others do not agree,
You have betrayed your wife and are acting badly.

Surely in many ways I hold different views
From others, for I think that the plausible speaker
Who is a villain deserves the greatest punishment.
Confident in his tongue's power to adorn evil,
He stops at nothing. Yet he is not really wise.
As in your case. There is no need to put on the airs
Of a clever speaker, for one word will lay you flat.
If you were not a coward, you would not have married
Behind my back, but discussed it with me first.

And you, no doubt, would have furthered the proposal,
If I had told you of it, you who even now
Are incapable of controlling your bitter temper.

It was not that. No, you thought it was not respectable
As you got on in years to have a foreign wife.

JASON: Make sure of this: it was not because of a woman
I made the royal alliance in which I now live.
But, as I said before, I wished to preserve you
And breed a royal progeny to be brothers
To the children I have now, a sure defense to us.

MEDEA: Let me have no happy fortune that brings pain with it,
Or prosperity which is upsetting to the mind!

JASON: Change your ideas of what you want, and show more
sense.
Do not consider painful what is good for you.
Not, when you are lucky, think yourself unfortunate.

MEDEA: You can insult me. You have somewhere to turn to
But I shall go from this land into exile, friendless.

JASON: It was what you chose yourself. Don't blame others for it.

MEDEA: And how did I choose it? Did I betray my husband?

JASON: You called down wicked curses on the king's family.

MEDEA: A curse, that is what I am become to your house too.

JASON: I do not propose to go into all the rest of it;
But, if you wish for the children or for yourself
In exile to have some of my money to help you,
Say so, for I am prepared to give with open hand,
Or to provide you with introductions to my friends
Who will treat you well. You are a fool if you do not
Accept this. Cease your anger and you will profit.

MEDEA: I shall never accept the favors of friends of yours,
Nor take a thing from you, so you need not offer it.

JASON: Then, in any case, I call the gods to witness that
I wish to help you and the children in every way,
But you refuse what is good for you. Obstinately
You push away your friends. You are sure to suffer for it.

MEDEA: Go! No doubt you hanker for your virginal bride,
And are guilty of lingering too long out of her house.
Enjoy your wedding. But perhaps—with the help of God—
You will make the kind of marriage that you will regret.

JASON: gone out with his attendants

CHORUS: When love is in excess
It brings a man no honor
Nor any worthiness.
But if in moderation Cypris comes,
There is no other power at all so gracious.
O goddess, never on me lose the unerring
Shaft of your bow in the poison of desire.
Let my heart be wise.
It is the gods' best gift.
On me let mighty Cypris
Inflict no worldly wars or restless anger
To urge my passion to a different love.
But with discretion may she guide women's weddings,
Honoring most what is peaceful in the bed
O country and home,
Never, never may I be without you,
Living the hopeless life,
Hard to pass through and painful,
Most pitiful of all.
Let death first lay me low and death
Free me from this daylight,
There is no sorrow above
The loss of a native land.
I have seen it myself,
Do not tell of a secondhand story.
Neither city nor friend
Pitied you when you suffered
The worst of sufferings.
O let him die ungraced whose heart
Will not reward his friends,
Who cannot open an honest mind
No friend will he be of mine.

(Enter AEGEUS, king of Athens, an old friend of MEDEA.)

AEGEUS: Medea, greeting! This is the best introduction
Of which men know for conversation between friends.

MEDEA: Greeting to you too, Aegaeus, son of King Pandion.

AEGEUS: Where have you come to visit this country's soil?

MEDEA: I have just left the ancient oracle of Phoebus.
AEGEUS: And why did you go to earth's prophetic center?

MEDEA: I went to inquire how children might be born to me.
AEGEUS: Is it so? Your life still up to this point is childless?

MEDEA: Yes. By the face of some power we have no children.

AEGEUS: Have you a wife, or is there none to share your bed?

MEDEA: There is. Yes, I am joined to my wife in marriage.
AEGEUS: And what did Phoebus say to you about children?

MEDEA: Words too wise for a mere man to guess their meaning.

AEGEUS: It is proper for me to be told the god's reply?

MEDEA: It is. For sure what is needed is cleverness.

AEGEUS: Then what was his message? Tell me, if I may hear.

MEDEA: I am not to loosen the hanging foot of the wineskin.

AEGEUS: Until you have done something, or reached some country?

MEDEA: Until I return again to my hearth and house.

AEGEUS: And for what purpose have you journeyed to this land?

MEDEA: There is a man called Pittheus, king of Troezen.
AEGEUS: A son of Pelops, they say, a most righteous man.

MEDEA: With him I wish to discuss the reply of the god.

AEGEUS: Yes. He is wise and experienced in such matters.

AEGEUS: And to me also the dearest of all my spear-friends.

MEDEA: Well, I hope you have good luck, and achieve your will.

AEGEUS: But why this downcast eye of yours, and this pale cheek?

MEDEA: O Aegaeus, my husband has been the worst of all to me.

AEGEUS: What do you mean? Say clearly what has caused this grief.

MEDEA: Jason wrongs me, though I have never injured him.

AEGEUS: What has he done? Tell me about it in clearer words.

MEDEA: He has taken a wife to his house, supplanting me.

AEGEUS: Surely he would not dare to do a thing like that.

MEDEA: Be sure he has. Once dear, I now am slighted by him.

AEGEUS: Did he fall in love? Or is he tired of your love?

MEDEA: He was greatly in love, this traitor to his friends.

AEGEUS: Then let him go, if, as you say, he is so bad.

MEDEA: A passionate love—for an alliance with the king.

AEGEUS: And who gave him his wife? Tell me the rest of it.

MEDEA: It was Creon, he who rules this land of Corinth.

AEGEUS: Indeed, Medea, your grief was understandable.

MEDEA: I am ruined. And there is more to come. I am banished.

AEGEUS: Banished? By whom? Here you tell me of a new wrong.

MEDEA: Creon drives me an exile from the land of Corinth.

AEGEUS: Does Jason consent? I cannot approve of this.

MEDEA: He pretends not to, but he will put up with it.

AEGEUS: Ah, Aegaeus, I beg and beseech you, by your beard

And by your knees I am making myself your suppliant,

Have pity on me, have pity on your poor friend,

And do not let me go into exile destitute.

But receive me in your land and at your very hearth

So may your love, with God's help, lead to the bearing

Of children, and so may you yourself die happy.

MEDEA: You do not know what a chance you have come on here.

I will end your childlessness, and I will make you able

To beget children. The drugs I know can do this.

AEGEUS: For many reasons, woman, I am anxious to do

This favor for you. First, for the sake of the gods,

And then for the birth of children which you promise,

For in that respect I am entirely at my wife's end.

MEDEA: But this is my position: if you reach my land,
I, being in my rights, will try to befriend you.

AEGEUS: But this much I must warn you of beforehand:

I shall not agree to take you out of this country;

But if you by yourself can reach my house, then you

Shall stay there safely. To none will I give you up

But from this land you must make your escape yourself,

For I do not wish to incur blame from my friends.

MEDEA: It shall be so. But, if I might have a pledge from you

For this, then I would have from you all I desire.

AEGEUS: Do you not trust me? What is it tinkles with you?

MEDEA: I trust you, yes. But the house of Pelias hates me,

And so does Creon. If you are bound by this oath,

When they try to drag me from your land, you will not

Abandon me, but if our pact is only words,

With no oath to the gods, you will be lightly armed,

Unable to resist their summons. I am weak,

While they have wealth to help them and a royal house.

AEGEUS: You show much foresight for such negotiations.

MEDEA: Well, if you will have it so, I will not refuse.

AEGEUS: For, both on my side this will be the safest way

To have some excuse to put forward to your enemies,

And for you it is more certain. You may name the gods.

MEDEA: Swear by the plain of Earth, and Helius, father

Of my father, and name together all the gods . . .

AEGEUS: That I will act or not act in what way? Speak.

MEDEA: That you yourself will never cast me from your land,

Nor, if any of my enemies should demand me,

Will you, in your life, willingly hand me over.

AEGEUS: I swear by the Earth, by the holy light of Helius,

By all the gods, I will abide by this you say.

MEDEA: Enough. And, if you fail, what shall happen to you?

AEGEUS: What comes to those who have no regard for heaven.

MEDEA: Go on your way. Farewell. For I am satisfied.

And I will reach your city as soon as I can,

Having done the deed I have to do and gained my end.

AEGEUS goes out.)

CHORUS: May Hermes, god of travelers,

Escort you, Aegaeus, to your home!

And may you have the things you wish

So eagerly; for you.
MeDEA: If you love your mistress, if you were born a woman.

CHORUS: From old the children of Erechtheus are Splendid, the sons of blessed gods. They dwell In Athens' holy and unconquered land, Where famous Wisdom feeds them and they pass gaily Always through that most brilliant air where once, they say, That golden Harmony gave birth to the nine Pure Muses of Pieria.

And beside the sweet flow of Cephissus' stream, Where Cyprus sailed, they say, to draw the water, And mild soft breezes breathed along her path, And on her hair were hung the sweet-smelling garlands Of flowers of roses by the Lovers, the companions Of Wisdom, her escort, the helpers of men In every kind of excellence.

How then can these holy rivers Or this holy land love you, Or the city find you a home, You, who will kill your children, You, who cannot bear the rest! O think of the blow at your children And think of the blood that you shed. O, over and over I beg you, By your knees I beg you do not Be the murderess of your babes!

O where will you find the courage Or the skill of hand and heart, When you set yourself to attempt A deed so dreadful to do? How, when you look upon them, Can you tearfully hold the decision For murder? You will not able, When your children fall down and implore you, You will not be able to dip Steadfast your hand in their blood.

(Enter JASON, with attendants.)

JASON: I have come at your request. Indeed, although you are Bitter against me, this you shall have: I will listen To what new thing you want, woman, to get from me.

MeDEA: Jason, I beg you to be forgiving toward me For what I said. It is natural for you to bear with My temper, since we have had much love together. I have talked with myself about this and I have Reproached myself. "Fool" I said, "why am I so mad? Why am I set against those who have planned wisely? Why make myself an enemy of the authorities And of my husband, who does the best thing for me By marrying royalty and having children who Will be as brothers to my own? What is wrong with me?

808 children of Erechtheus the Athenians 815 beside .

stream at Athens
Let me give up anger, for the gods are kind to me. 
Have I not children, and do I not know that we 
In exile from our country must be short of friends?"
When I considered this I saw that I had shown 
Great lack of sense, and that my anger was foolish. 
Now I agree with you. I think that you are wise 
In having this other wife as well as me, and I 
Was mad. I should have helped you in these plans of yours, 
Have joined in the wedding, stood by the marriage bed, 
Have taken pleasure in attendance on your bride. 
But we women are what we are—perhaps a little 
Worthless; and you men must not be like us in this, 
Nor be foolish in return when we are foolish. 
Now, I give in, and admit that then I was wrong. 
I have come to a better understanding now. 

She turns toward the house.)

Children, come here, my children, come outdoors to us! 
Welcome your father with me, and say goodbye to him, 
And with your mother, who just now was his enemy, 
Join again in making friends with him who loves us.

(Enter the CHILDREN, attended by the TUTOR.)

We have made peace, and all our anger is over. 
Take hold of his right hand—O God, I am thinking 
Of something which may happen in the secret future. 
O children, will you just so, after a long life, 
Hold out your loving arms at the grave? O children, 
How ready to cry I am, how full of foreboding! 
I am ending at last this quarrel with your father, 
And, look my soft eyes have suddenly filled with tears. 
CHORUS: And the pale tears have started also in my eyes. 
O may the trouble not grow worse than now it is!

JASON: I approve of what you say. And I cannot blame you 
Even for what you said before. It is natural 
For a woman to be with her husband when he 
Goes in for secret love. But now your mind has turned 
To better reasoning. In the end you have come to 
The right decision, like the clever woman you are. 
And of you, children, your father is taking care. 
He has made, with God's help, ample provision for you. 
For I think that a time will come when you will be 
The leading people in Corinth with your brothers. 
You must grow up. As to the future, your father 
And those of the gods who love him will deal with that. 
I want to see you, when you have become young men, 
Healthy and strong, better men than my enemies. 
Medea, why are your eyes all wet with pale tears? 
Why is your cheek so white and turned away from me? 
Are not these words of mine pleasing for you to hear? 
MEDEA: It is nothing. I was thinking about these children. 
JASON: You must be cheerful. I shall look after them well. 
MEDEA: I will be. It is not that I distrust your words, 
But a woman is a frail thing, prone to crying. 
JASON: But why then should you grieve so much for these children? 
MEDEA: I am their mother. When you prayed that they might live 
I felt unhappy to think that these things will be. 
But come, I have said something of the things I meant 
To say to you, and now I will tell you the rest.

Since it is the king's will to banish me from here— 
And for me, too, I know that this is the best thing, 
Not to be in your way by living here or in 
The king's way, since they think me ill-disposed to them— 
I then am going into exile from this land; 
But do you, so that you may have the care of them, 
Beg Creon that the children may not be banished.

JASON: I doubt if I'll succeed, but still I'll attempt it. 
MEDEA: Then you must tell your wife to beg from her father 
That the children may be reprieved from banishment. 
JASON: I will, and with her I shall certainly succeed. 
MEDEA: If she is like the rest of us women, you will 
And I, too, will take a hand with you in this business, 
For I will send her some gifts which are far fairer, 
I am sure of it, than those which now are in fashion, 
A finely woven dress and a golden diadem. 
And the children shall present them. Quick, let one of you 
Servants bring here to me that beautiful dress.

(One of her attendants goes into the house.)

She will be happy not in one way, but in a hundred, 
Having so fine a man as you to share her bed, 
And with this beautiful dress which Helius of old 
My father's father, bestowed on his descendants.

(Enter attendant carrying the poisoned dress and diadem.)

There, children, take these wedding presents in your hands. 
Take them to the royal princess, the happy bride, 
And give them to her. She will not think little of them. 
JASON: No, don't be foolish, and empty your hands of these 
Do you think the palace is short of dresses to wear? 
Do you think there is no gold there? Keep them, don't 
give them away. If my wife considers me of any value. 
She will think more of me than money, I am sure of it. 
MEDEA: No, let me have my way. They say the gods themselves 
Are moved by gifts, and gold does more with men than words 
Here is the luck, her fortune that which god blesses; 
She is young and a princess; but for my children's reprieve 
I would give my very life, and not gold only. 
Go children, go together to that rich palace, 
Be suppliants to the new wife of your father, 
My lady, beg her not to let you be banished. 
And give her the dress—for this is of great importance, 
That she should take the gift into her hand from yours. 
Go, quick as you can. And bring your mother good news 
By your success of those things which she longs to gain 
(JASON goes out with his attendants, followed by the TUTOR and the 
CHILDREN, carrying the poisoned gifts.)

CHORUS: Now there is no hope left for the children's lives 
Now there is none. They are walking already to murder. 
The bride, poor bride, will accept the curse of the gold, 
Will accept the bright diadem. 
Around her yellow hair she will set that dress 
Of death with her own hands. 
The grace and the perfume and glow of the golden robe 
Will charm her to put them upon her and wear the wreath, 
And now her wedding will be with the dead below, 
Into such a trap she will fall,
Poor thing, into such a fate of death and never
Escape from under that curse.
You, too, O wretched bridegroom, making your match
With kings,
You do not see that you bring
Destruction on your children and on her,
Your wife, a fearful death.
Poor soul, what a fall is yours!
In your grief, too, I weep, mother of little children,
You who will murder your own.
In vengeance for the loss of married love
Which Jason has betrayed
As he lives with another wife
(Enter the TUTOr with the CHILDREN.)
TUTOR: Mistress, I tell you that these children are reprieved.
And the royal bride has been pleased to take in her hands
Your gifts. In that quarter the children are secure.
But come,
Why do you stand confused when you are fortunate?
Why have you turned round with your cheek away from me?
MEDEA: Oh, I am lost!
TUTOR: That word is not in harmony with your tidings.
MEDEA: I am lost, I am lost!
TUTOR: Am I in ignorance telling you
Of some disaster, and not the good news I thought?
MEDEA: You have told what you have told. I do not blame you.
TUTOR: Why then this downcast eye, and this weeping of tears?
MEDEA: Oh, I am forced to weep, old man. The gods and I,
I in a kind of madness, have conceived all this.
TUTOR: Courage! You, too, will be brought home by your children.
MEDEA: Ah, before that happens I shall bring others home.
TUTOR: Others before you have been parted from their children.
Mortal must bear in resignation their ill luck.
MEDEA: That is what I shall do. But go inside the house, And do for the children your usual daily work.
(Exit the TUTOR goes into the house. MEDEA turns to her children.)
O children, O my children, you have a city,
You have a home, and you can leave me behind you,
And without your mother you may live there forever.
But I am going in exile to another land
Before I have seen you happy and taken pleasure in you,
Before I have dressed your brides and made your marriage beds
And held up the torch at the ceremony of wedding.
Oh, what a wretch I am in this my self-willed thought!
What was the purpose, children, for which I reared you?
For all my travail and wearing myself away?
They were sterile, those pains I had in the bearing of you.
Oh surely once the hopes in you I had, poor me,
Were high ones: you would look after me in old age,
And when I died would deck me well with your own hands:
A thing which all would have done. Oh but now it is gone,
That lovely thought. For, once I am left without you,

Sad will be the life I'll lead and sorrowful for me.
And you will never see your mother again with
Your dear eyes, gone to another mode of living.
Why, children, do you look upon me with your eyes?
Why do you smile so sweetly that last smile of all?
Oh, Oh, what can I do? My spirit has gone from me,
Friends, when I saw that bright look in the children's eyes.
I cannot bear to do it. I renounce my plans
I had before. I'll take my children away from
This land. Why should I hurt their father with the pain
They feel, and suffer twice as much of pain myself?
No, no, I will not do it. I renounce my plans.
Ah, what is wrong with me? Do I want to let go
My enemies unhurt and be laughed at for it?
I must face this thing. Oh, but what a weak woman
Even to admit to my mind these soft arguments.
Children, go into the house. And be whom law forbids
To stand in attendance at my sacrifices,
Let him see to it. I shall not mar my handiwork.
Oh! Oh!
Do not, O my heart, you must not do these things!
Poor heart, let them go, have pity upon the children.
If they live with you in Athens they will cheer you.
No! By Hell's avenging furies it shall not be—
This shall never be, that I should suffer my children
To be the prey of my enemies' insolence.
Every way is fix set. The bride will not escape.
No, the diadem is now upon her head, and she,
The royal princess, is dying in the dresses, I know it
But—for it is the most dreadful of roads for me
To tread, and them I shall send on a more dreadful still—
I wish to speak to the children.

(Shc calls the CHILDREN to her.)

Come, children, give
Me your hands, give your mother your hands to kiss them.
Oh the dear hands, and O how dear are these lips to me.
And the generous eyes and the bearing of my children!
I wish you happiness, but not here in this world.
What is here your father took. Oh how good to hold you!
How delicate the skin, how sweet the breath of children!
Go, go! I am no longer able, no longer,
To look upon you. I am overcome by sorrow.

(ThE CHILDREN go into the house.)

I know indeed what evil I intend to do,
But stronger than all my afterthoughts is my fury.
Fury that brings upon mortals the greatest evils.

(ShE goes out to the right, toward the royal palace.)

CHORUS: Often before.
I have gone through more subtle reasons,
And have come upon questionings greater
Than a woman should strive to search out.
But we too have a goddess to help us
And accompany us into wisdom.
Not all of us. Still you will find
Among many women a few,
And our sex is not without learning.
This I say, that those who have never
Had children, who know nothing of it,
In happiness have the advantage
Over those who are parents.
The childless, who never discover
Whether children turn out as a good thing
Or as something to cause pain, are spared
Many troubles in lacking this knowledge.
And those who have in their homes
The sweet presence of children, I see that their lives
Are all wasted away by their worries.
First they must think how to bring them up well and
How to leave them something to live on.
And then after this whether all their toil
Is for those who will turn out good or bad,
Is still an unanswered question.
And of one more trouble, the last of all,
That is common to mortals I tell.
For suppose you have found them enough for their living,
Suppose that the children have grown into youth
And have turned out good, still, if God so wills it,
Death will away with your children's bodies,
And carry them off into Hades
What is our profit, then, that for the sake of
Children the gods should pile upon mortals
After all else
This most terrible grief of all?

Enter MEDEA, from the spectators' right.)

MEDEA: Friends, I can tell you that for long I have waited
For the event. I stare toward the place from where
The news will come. And now, see one of Jason's servants
Is on his way here, and that laborer breath of his
Shows he has tidings for us, and evil tidings.

Enter, also from the right the MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER: Medea, you who have done such a dreadful thing.
So outrageous, ran for your life, take what you can,
A ship to bear you hence or cherish on land.

MEDEA: And what is the reason deserves such flight as this?

MESSERNGER: She is dead, only just now, the royal princess,
And Creon dead, too, her father, by your poisons.

MEDEA: The finest words you have spoken. Now and hereafter
I shall count you among my benefactors and friends.

MESSERNGER: What! Are you right in the mind? Are you not mad,
Woman? The house of the king is outlived by you.
Do you enjoy it? Not afraid of such doings?

MEDEA: To what you say I on my side have something too
To say in answer. Do not be in a hurry, friend,
But speak. How did they die? You will delight me twice
As much again if you say they died in agony.

MESSENGER: When those two children, born of you, had entered in.
Their father with them, and passed into the bride's house,
We were pleased: we slaves who were distressed by your
wrongs.
All through the house we were talking of but one thing,
How you and your husband had made up your quarrel.
Some kissed the children's hands, and some their yellow hair,
And I myself was so full of my joy that I
Followed the children into the women's quarters.

Our mistress, whom we honor now instead of you,
Before she noticed that your two children were there,
Was keeping her eye fixed eagerly on Jason.
Afterwards, however, she covered up her eyes,
Her cheek paled, and she turned herself away from him,
So disgusted was she at the children's coming there.
But your husband tried to end the girl's bad temper,
And said "You must not look unkindly on your friends.
Cease to be angry. Turn your head to me again.
Have as your friends the same ones as your husband has.
And take these gifts, and beg your father to reprove
These children from the heart. Do it for my sake."
She, when she saw the dress, could not restrain herself.
She agreed with all her husband said, and before
He and the children had gone far from the palace,
She took the gorgeous robe and dressed herself in it,
And put the golden crown around her curly locks.
And arranged the set of the hair in a shining mirror,
And smiled at the lifeless image of herself in it.
Then she rose from her chair and walked about the room.
With her gleaming feet stepping most soft and delicate,
All overjoyed with the present. Often and often
She would stretch her foot out straight and look along it,
But after that it was a fearful thing to see.
The color of her face changed, and she staggered back,
She ran, and her legs trembled, and she only just
Managed to reach a chair without falling flat down.
An aged woman servant who, I take it, thought
This was some seizure of Pan or another god,
Cried out "God bless us," but that was before she saw
The white foam breaking through her lips and her rolling
The pupils of her eyes and her face all bloodless.
Then she raised a different cry from that "God bless us."
A huge shriek, and the women ran, one to the king,
One to the newly wedded husband to tell him
What had happened to his bride; and with frequent sound
The whole of the palace rang as they went running.
One walking quickly round the course of a race-track
Would now have turned the bend and be close to the goal.
When she, poor girl, opened her shut and speechless eye,
And with a terrible groan she came to herself.
For a twofold pain was moving up against her
The wreak of gold that was resting around her head
Let forth a fearful stream of all-devouring fire.
And the finely woven dress your children gave to her,
Was fastening on the unhappy girl's fine flesh.
She leapt up from the chair, and all on fire she ran,
Shaking her hair now this way and now that, trying
To hurl the diadem away, but fixedly
The gold preserved its grip, and, when she shook her hair.
Then more and twice as fiercely the fire blazed out.
Till, beaten by her face, she fell down to the ground,
Hard to be recognized except by a parent.
Neither the setting of her eyes was plain to see,
Nor the shapelessness of her face. From the top of
Her head there oozed our blood and fire mixed together.
Like the drops on pine-bark, so the flesh from her bones
Dropped away, torn by the hidden fang of the poison.
It was a fearful sight; and terror held us all
From touching the corpse. We had learned from what had
happened.
But her wretched father, knowing nothing of the event,
Came suddenly to the house, and fell upon the corpse, 1180 And at once cried out and folded his arms about her, And kissed her and spoke to her, saying, "O my poor child, What heavenly power has so shamefully destroyed you? And who has set me here like an ancient sepulcher, Deprived of you? O let me die with you, my child!"

And when he had made an end of his wailing and crying, Then the old man wished to raise himself to his feet; But, as the ivy clings to the twigs of the laurel, So he stuck to the fine dress, and he struggled fearfully. For he was trying to lift himself to his knee, 1190 And she was pulling him down, and when he tugged hard He would be ripping his aged flesh from his bones.

At last his life was quenched, and the unhappy man Gave up the ghost, no longer could hold up his head. There they lie close, the daughter and the old father, Dead bodies, an event he prayed for in his tears. As for your interests, I will say nothing of them. For you will find your own escape from punishment. Our human life I think and have thought a shadow. And I do not fear to say that those who are held Wise among men and who search the reasons of things Are those who bring the most sorrow on themselves. For of mortals there is no one who is happy. If wealth flows in upon one, one may be perhaps Luckier than one's neighbor, but still not happy.

(Exit.)

CHORUS: Heaven, it seems, on this day has fastened many Evils on Jason, and Jason has deserved them. Poor girl, the daughter of Creon, how I pity you And your misfortunes, you who have gone quite away. To the house of Hades because of marrying Jason. 1200 Women. my task is fixed: as quickly as I may To kill my children, and start away from this land, And not, by wasting time, to suffer my children To be slain by another hand less kindly to them. For every way will have it they must die, and since This must be so, then I, their mother, shall kill them. Oh, arm yourself in steel, my heart! Do not hang back From doing this fearful and necessary wrong. Oh, come, my hand, poor wretched hand, and take the sword. Take it, step forward to this bitter starting point. And do not be a coward, do not think of them, How sweet they are, and how you are their mother. Just for This one short day be foreful of your children, Afterward weep; for even though you will kill them, They were very dear—Oh, I am an unhappy woman! (With a cry she rushes into the house.)

CHORUS: O Earth, and the far shining Ray of the Sun, look down, look down upon This poor lost woman, look, before she raises The hand of murder against her flesh and blood. You saw the golden birth from which She sprang, and now I fear divine Blood may be shed by men, O heavenly light, hold back her hand, Check her, and drive out from the house The bloody Fury raised by friends of Hell.

Vain waste, your care of children; Was it in vain you bore the babes you loved, After you passed the inhospitable strait Between the dark blue rocks, Symplegades? O wretched one, how has it come, This heavy anger on your heart, This cruel bloody mind? For God from mortals asks a stern Price for the stain of kindred blood In like disaster falling on their homes.

(CHORUS: Do you hear the cry, do you hear the children's cry? O you hard heart, O woman fated for evil! ONE OF THE CHILDREN: (From within.) What can I do and how escape my mother's hands? ANOTHER CHILD: (From within.) O my dear brother, I cannot tell! We are lost.

CHORUS: Shall I enter the house? Oh, surely I should Defend the children from murder.

A CHILD: (From within.) O help us, in God's name, for now we need your help. Now, now we are close to it. We are trapped by the sword. CHORUS: O your heart must have been made of rock or steel. You who can kill With your own hand the fruit of your own womb. Of one alone I have heard, one woman alone Of those of old who laid her hands on her children. I no, sent mad by heaven when the wife of Zeus Drove her out from her home and made her wander. And because of the wicked shedding of blood Of her own children she threw Herself, poor wretch, into the sea and stepped away Over the sea-cliff to die with her two children What horror more can be? O women's love, So full of trouble. How many evils have you caused already!

(Enter Jason, with attendants.)

JASON: You women, standing close in front of this dwelling. Is she, Medea, she who did this dreadful deed. Still in the house, or has she run away in flight? For she will have to hide herself beneath the earth. Or raise herself on wings into the height of air. If she wishes to escape the royal vengeance. Does she imagine that, having killed our rulers, She will herself escape uninjured from this house? But I am thinking not so much of her as for The children—her the king's friends will make to suffer For what she did. So I have come to save the lives Of my boys, in case the royal house should harm them While taking vengeance for their mother's wicked deed. CHORUS: O Jason, if you but knew how deeply you are Involved in sorrow, you would not have spoken so.

JASON: What is it? That she is planning to kill me also? CHORUS: Your children are dead, and by their own mother's hand.

JASON: What? That is it? O woman, you have destroyed me! CHORUS: You must make up your mind your children are no more.

JASON: Where did she kill them? Was it here or in the house?
CHORUS: Open the gates and there you will see them murdered.

JASON: Quick as you can unlock the doors, men, and undo
The fastenings and let me see this double evil,
My children dead and her—Oh he! I will repay

(His attendants rush to the door. MEDEA appears above the house in a
drawn by dragons. She has the dead bodies of the CHILDREN
with her.)

MEDEA: Why do you batter these gates and try to unbar them,
Seeking the corpses and for who did the deed?
You may cease your trouble, and, if you have need of me,
Speak, if you wish. You will never touch me with your hand,
Such a chariot has Helenus, my father's father,
Given me to defend me from my enemies.

JASON: You hateful thing, you woman most utterly loathed
By the gods and me and by all the race of mankind,
You who have had the heart to raise a sword against
Your children, you, their mother, and left me childless—you
Have done this, and do you still look at the sun
And at the earth, after these most fearful doings?
I wish you dead. Now I see it plain, though at that time
I did not, when I took you from your foreign home
And brought you to a Greek house, you, an evil thing,
A traitress to your father and your native land.
The gods hurled the avenging curse of yours on me.
For your own brother you slew at your own heart'sided
And then came aboard that beautiful ship, the Argo,
And that was your beginning. When you were married
To me, your husband, and had borne children to me.
For the sake of pleasure in the bed you killed them.
There is no Greek woman who would have dared such deeds.

Out of all those whom I passed over and chose you
To marry instead, a bitter destructive match,
A monster, not a woman, having a nature
Wildler than that of Scylla in the Tuscan sea.
Ahi no, not if I had ten thousand words of shame
Could I sting you. You are naturally so brazen.
Go, worker in evil, stained with your children's blood.
For me remains to cry aloud upon my fate.
Who will get no pleasure from my newly wedded love,
And the boys whom I begot and brought up, never
Shall I speak to them alive. Oh, my life is over!

MEDEA: Long would be the answer which I might have made to
These words of yours, if Zeus the father did not know
How I have treated you and what you did to me.
No, it was not to be that you should scorn my love,
And pleasantly live your life through, laughing at me,
Nor would the princess, nor he who offered the mat
Crew, drive me away without paying for it.
So now you may call me a monster, if you wish.
A Scylla housed in the caves of the Tuscan sea.
I too, as I had to, have taken hold of your heart.

JASON: You feel the pain yourself. You share in my sorrow.

MEDEA: Yes, and my grief is gain when you cannot mock it.

JASON: O children, what a wicked mother she was to you!

MEDEA: They died from a disease they caught from their
father.
Middle Passage, The, term used to describe the transatlantic slave voyages between Africa and the Americas that claimed the lives of approximately 1.8 million slaves over a period of about 350 years.

The Middle Passage was a physical and psychological nightmare for an estimated 12 million slaves who were packed like animals aboard slave vessels. This middle or second leg of the TRANSATLANTIC SLAVE TRADE marked the beginning of a terrifying experience. OLAUDAH EQULANO, a former slave turned antislavery activist, captured his experience aboard a slave vessel in his autobiography: "When I looked round the ship... and saw... a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted my fate; and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted."

Typically, Equiano and others were shackled in pairs, the right arm and leg of one chained to the left leg and arm of the other. Men were separated from women, but all were confined below deck and packed into "slave quarters" throughout the ship's belly. These quarters were no more than six feet long and not high enough to allow an individual to sit upright. Conditions were miserable. Slaves were forced to lie naked on wooden planks, and many developed bruises and open sores. The unbearable heat below deck, mixed with the human waste and vomit, produced an overpowering stench. The unsanitary conditions were breeding grounds for diseases like dysentery, smallpox, and measles. Close to 5 percent of the slaves aboard these vessels died from disease, and many more died from malnutrition. Slaves were fed twice a day rations of fish, beans, or yams that were prepared in large copper vats below deck. Those who refused to eat, hoping to starve themselves to death, were force-fed.

Slaves were sometimes allowed, in small groups, to come on deck for exercise. Women and children were often permitted to roam freely, a practice that opened opportunities to the ship's crew for abuse and rape. Occasionally some slaves managed to break free from their shackles and organize mutinies. There are more than 250 documented cases of rebellion at sea, including the AMISTAD MUTINY, an unsuccessful revolt that was the subject of a film by director Steven Spielberg in the fall of 1997.

Resistance was not limited to mutiny. Instances of Africans in war canoes attacking slave vessels near the African coast are known. Eyewitness reports tell of slaves hanging or starving themselves to death during the Middle Passage. Some captives jumped overboard to escape slavery.

Millions of Africans were forced to endure the dehumanizing Middle Passage as they were transported into slavery in the New World. Of these millions, Toni Morrison wrote: "Nobody knows their names, and nobody thinks about them. In addition to that, they never survived in the love; there are no songs or dances or tales of these people. The people who arrived - there is lore about them. But nothing survives about - that."

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Marilyn Monroe

Source for this image: Marilyn Monroe and the Camera
Photographer: Frank Rizzo for Paris Match. Spring 1962
Another picture by Frank Rizzo

So do we really need one more tribute to Marilyn? Of course we do!

About this Marilyn Monroe page
What's new on these pages
Last updated: 8/7/2000

Current Marilyn

- Cursum Perlicio: Marilyn Monroe's Brentwood Hacienda is now available. This new book by Gary Vitacco-Robles details Marilyn's last months as she searches for and purchases her first home. A thoughtful and revealing work.
- A reprint of Marilyn Monroe: The Complete Last Sitting has been issued in Summer 2000. See also my Bert Stern page.
- Marilyn is on the front and back covers of the March/April 2000 issue of GQ. The issue's article, Saint Marilyn, is illustrated by a selection of photographs by Milton H. Greene.
- Marilyn gets the center spot on the cover of the April 2000 issue of Architectural Digest: Hollywood at Home. The theme of the issue, and it features a substantial illustrated story about last October's Christie's auction.
- Marilyn gets four pages of beautiful pictures in Playboy's Centerfolds of the Century, a newsstand special on sale through May 2000.
- Desperately Seeking Marilyn is the subject of Terrence Rafferty's column in the April 2000 issue of GQ. A candid 1953 photograph of Marilyn accompanies the article.
- This year's Sport's Illustrated swimsuit issue has a 1953 3D photograph of Marilyn holding a bottle of Coca-Cola.
May 1996, a new picture will be featured every month.

Marilyn Monroe, Norma Jeane Dougherty was a popular model.

MM in 3D. Silent screen star Harold Lloyd took these stereo pictures of Marilyn. These are "free view" stereo; to view, relax your eyes so that the two images merge into one. Source for these images: Suzanne Lloyd Hayes. 3-D Hollywood New York Simon & Schuster, 1992.

- 3D Marilyn 1 Marilyn in 1952 in the same white dress as her 47/52 LIFE cover.
- 3D Marilyn 2 Marilyn at poolside in 1953 in the swimsuit from How to Marry a Millionaire.

The Movie Star
Milton Greene's Marilyn See also the Archives of Milton H. Greene, L.L.C.
Bert Stern. The Last Sitting (Updated 8/7/2000) Marilyn's last formal studio session, end of June 1962. See also Bert Stern's web site:
Marilyn's birthday Marilyn would have turned 70 on June 1, 1996.

Films

Note: linking pages will be added here as I have time.

- Niagara (1953)
- Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, (1953)
- How To Marry a Millionaire (1953)
- River of No Return (1954)
- Bus Stop (1956)
- Something's Got To Give (1962, uncompleted)

Internet Movie Database entry for Marilyn Monroe
Widescreen Movie Center: Check here to look for scheduled letterbox broadcasts of Marilyn's CinemaScope films.

Marilyn the Web

- The Marilyn Reporter: Fan Club An amazing MM community
- CMG Worldwide, Inc. is the representative of Marilyn Monroe's estate. They have a home page for Marilyn Monroe.
- Where She Lived A collector's guide to Marilyn Monroe in print.
- Golden Dreams Online auctions, collecting information, images, and more, by John Shandor.
- The Archives of Milton H. Greene, L.L.C. have archival quality prints of Greene's photographs for sale. They also have available autographed copies of Milton Greene's Marilyn Monroe.
- Love, Norma Jeane is André de Dienes' official site on the web.
- David Conover. The Man Who Discovered Marilyn Monroe Site about Conover and Marilyn, with several of his prints for sale at reasonable prices.
- MM on TV this month Listing of Marilyn's films on cable, from TVNow.
- Life covers Life magazine has all their covers from 1936-1972 online; search "Marilyn Monroe" to see Marilyn's covers.
- More links to Marilyn Last updated 5/20/99

Marilyn Monroe Mailing List

Started in 1995, my Marilyn Monroe mailing list is intended as a forum for anyone with interest to discuss Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Monroe collectors and fans are especially welcome, and discussion about MM news, your collection or your interest in MM is encouraged.

To subscribe to the list, send mail to marilyn-request@mozart.lib.uchicago.edu with the word subscribe in the message body. The list is also available in a Digest format; subscribe to the Digest by sending mail to marilyn-d-request@mozart.lib.uchicago.edu with the word subscribe in the message body. You will be added to the distribution list and will receive an introductory message with information about the list.

Other Resources

- Marilyn Monroe communities on Fanpop – I can highly recommend Marilyn Reporter and Hollywoodland.
- Marilyn Monroe Fan Clubs Revised 8/9/99
- Rare Marilyn videos Revised 1/20/98
- Search my bibliography by title, author, and keyword.

Recent Publications

Get these books from your favorite bookstore, or I can definitely recommend Amazon Books as an excellent source for many books about Marilyn.

- The Marilyn Encyclopedia by Adam Victor is a thorough, accurate, amply illustrated glossy volume that puts almost any information you could want about Marilyn's life and career.

Marilyn at your fingertips

Published July 1999: Marilyn Monroe: Cover to Cover by Clark Kidder. This is an outstanding collectors guide that features color photos of Marilyn's magazine covers, along with photographer credits, collector value for each magazine, and interesting comments by Mr. Kidder's hard to find Marilyn Monroe UnCovers (Quon Editions, 1994), this book should become a highlight of any MM fan's collection and publisher (1-800-258-0929 Dept. PR99) if you can't find it at your local bookstore.

Published Spring 1999: Marilyn: A Life In Pictures by Diana Karanikas Harvey.


I also have a Rita Hayworth page.
Peggy L. Wilkins / (773)702-8780 / mozart1@uchicago.edu

Marilyn Monroe's career as an actress spanned 16 years. She made 29 films, 24 in the first 8 years of her career.

Born as Norma Jeane Mortenson on June 1, 1926 in Los Angeles General Hospital, her mother, Gladys, listed the father's address as unknown. Marilyn would never know the true identity of her father.

Due to her mother's mental instability and the fact that she was unmarried at the time, Norma Jeane was placed in the foster home of Albert and Ida Bolender. It was here she lived the first 7 years of her life.

"They were terribly strict... they didn't mean any harm... it was their religion. They brought me up harshly."

In 1933, Norma Jeane lived briefly with her mother. Gladys began to show signs of mental depression and in 1934 was admitted to a rest home in Santa Monica. Grace McKee, a close friend of her mother, took over the care of Norma Jeanne. "Grace loved and adored her," recalled one of her co-workers, Grace, telling her..."Don't worry, Norma Jeanne. You're going to be a beautiful girl when you get big...an important woman, a movie star." Grace was captivated by Jean Harlow, a superstar of the twenties, and Marilyn would later say,..."and so Jean Harlow was my idol."

Grace was to marry in 1935 and due to financial difficulties, Norma Jeane was placed in an orphanage from September 1935 to June 1937. Grace frequently visited her, taking her to the movies, buying clothes and teaching her how to apply makeup at her young age. Norma Jeanne was later brought up by several of Grace's relatives.

"The world around me then was kind of grim. I had to learn to pretend in order to...I don't know...block the grimness. The whole world seemed sort of closed to me...(I felt) on the outside of everything, and all I could do was to dream up any kind of pretend-game."

In September 1941 Norma Jeane was again living with Grace when she met Jim Dougherty, 5 years her senior. Grace encouraged the relationship and on learning that she and her husband would be moving to the East Coast, set in motion plans for Norma Jeane to marry Dougherty on June 19, 1942.

"Grace McKee arranged the marriage for me, I never had a choice. There's not much to say about it. They couldn't support me, and they had to work out something. And so I got married."

Dougherty joined the Merchant Marines in 1943 and in 1944 was sent overseas. Norma Jeane, while working in a factory inspecting parachutes in 1944, was photographed by the Army as a promotion to show women on the assembly line contributing to the war effort. One of the photographers, David Conover, asked to take further pictures of her. By spring of 1945, she was quickly becoming known as a "photographers dream" and had appeared on 33 covers of national magazines.

In the fall of 1946 she was granted a divorce...later saying, "My marriage didn't make me sad, but it didn't make me happy either. My husband and I hardly spoke to each other. This wasn't because we were angry. We had nothing to say. I was dying of boredom."

On July 23, 1946 she signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. She selected her mother's family name of Monroe. From this point on she would be known as Marilyn Monroe to all her fans. She had a minor part in the movie "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay! and was dismissed as a contract player in August. Rehired in 1948, Marilyn sang here first song in the movie "Ladies of the Chorus".

Johnny Hyde, of the William Morris Agency, became her mentor and lover in 1949. Also, in 1949, Marilyn agreed to pose nude for a calendar. A fact that was to stir controversy later in her career as a superstar.

"Hollywood is a place where they'll pay you a thousand dollars for a kiss and fifty cents for your soul!"
Her first serious acting job came in 1950 when she had a small but crucial role in "The Asphalt Jungle" and received favorable reviews. "Clash By Night" in 1952 earned her several favorable notices. Alton Cook of the New York World-Telegram and Sun wrote: "a forceful actress, a gifted new star, worthy of all that fantastic press agentry. Her role here is not very big, but she makes it dominant." Monroe's first leading part in a serious feature was to be in "Don't Bother to Knock", also filmed in 1952.

Marilyn met Joe DiMaggio in early 1952, she was 25 and he was 37. DiMaggio, recently retired from baseball, had expressed a desire to meet this famous star. By February the romance was in full bloom. "I was surprised to be so crazy about Joe. I expected a flashy New York sports type, and instead I met this reserved guy who didn't make a pass at me right away! He treated me like something special. Joe is a very decent man, and he makes other people feel decent, too!"

In 1952 Marilyn began filming "Niagara" with Joseph Cotten... a film that was to establish her stardom. After her next big film, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", she and Jane Russell signed their names and placed their hands and feet in the wet cement in front of the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard... the same place she had visited with Gladys and Grace years earlier as a child.

"I want to be a big star more than anything. It's something precious"

Fox suspended Marilyn in 1954 for failure to appear on the set of "Pink Tights". The studio had refused to let her look at the script prior to accepting the part. She felt that due to her star status, she should have the right to script approval.

On January 14 Joe and Marilyn were married. The wedding captured the headlines worldwide. Joe was an extremely jealous type of guy and resented her popularity among other men. He desired a housewife, not a star of such magnitude...the marriage was in trouble from the beginning.

"I didn't want to give up my career, and that's what Joe wanted me to do most of all."

She was asked to go on a USO tour of Korea in February to entertain the troops, beginning on the 16th for four days. She entertained over 60,000 soldiers, many who had never seen a Monroe film...having been in the service during her rise to stardom... most had seen still photos of her in many magazines and newspapers. She was a huge success. Joe did not accompany her on this trip...explaining, "Joe hates crowds and glamour."

"...standing in the snowfall facing these yelling soldiers, I felt for the first time in my life no fear of anything. I felt only happy."

On May 29, Marilyn began filming "There's No Business Like Show Business". Throughout the summer she was ill with bronchitis and anemia. For the first time, Marilyn began showing serious side-effects of the many sleeping pills she had been taking for the last few years...often groggy, lethargic and crying on the set.

The famous "skirt blowing" scene from the "Seven Year Itch", filmed in 1954 was to be a hit with both amateur and professional photographers. Several hundred, along with 2000 spectators gathered outside the Trans-Lux Theater in New York City in the early morning hours of September 15th to see and record her as she posed for over two hours for her adoring fans.

In the fall of 1954 Marilyn and Joe separated...later to divorce. On October 6, Jerry Giesler made a press announcement and stated... as her attorney, I am speaking for her and can only say that the conflict of careers has brought about this regrettable necessity... With the press hounding her, Marilyn answered in a choked voice, "I can't say anything today. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"When I married him (Joe), I wasn't sure of why I married him. I have too many fantasies to be a housewife."
In early 1955 Marilyn again returned to New York and joined the Actors Studio, in pursuit of becoming a serious actress. There she met Lee Strasberg, head of the Studio and drama coach. Mr. Strasberg and his family would play an important role in her life.

She was to renew her acquaintance with Arthur Miller and have an affair with him before their marriage over a year later. To Marilyn, Miller represented the serious theater and an intellect that she found attractive. To Miller, years later..."It was wonderful to be around her, she was simply overwhelming. She had so much promise. It seemed to me that she could really be a great kind of phenomenon, a terrific artist. She was endlessly fascinating, full of original observations...there wasn't a conventional bone in her body."

Marilyn returned to Hollywood in February 1958, after over a years absence, to film "Bus Stop". After completing the film she returned to New York in June. Miller also returned to New York after obtaining a divorce in Reno, Nevada. They where married June 29 in White Plains, NY.

The Millers departed for London soon after their marriage so that Marilyn could start production on "The Prince and the Showgirl" with Lawrence Olivier. As early as July, Arthur began to have doubts about the marriage. Sidney Skolsky remarked that..."Miller looked on Marilyn strictly as an ideal and was shocked to discover that she is a human being, a person, even as you and I and maybe Miller."

"Bus Stop" opened in London in October 1956. A Times review said..."Miss Monroe is a talented comedienne, and her sense of timing never forsake her. She gives a complete portrait, sensitively and sometimes even brilliantly conceived. There is about her a walk-life quality, an underlying note of pathos which can be strangely moving."

"It's not that I object to doing musicals and comedies... in fact, I rather enjoy them...but I'd like to do dramatic parts too."

Marilyn Monroe did not return to Hollywood until 1958 to make "Some Like It Hot" with Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis. Her health continued to deteriorate due to increased dependency on drugs and involvement in an unhappy marriage. She often came to the set late and was unable to remember her lines. Director, Billy Wilder later said..."Anyone can remember lines, but it takes a real artist to come on the set and not know her lines and yet give the performance she did." Her next film "Let's Make Love" proved to be an unremarkable film with much publicity over her brief affair with co-star Yves Montand.

"I am invariably late for appointments...sometimes, as much as two hours. I've tried to change my ways but the things that make me late are too strong, and too pleasing;"

Early in 1960, Marilyn was consulting with Dr. Ralph Greenson, a prominent psychoanalyst to Hollywood stars. As common during this period, he relied heavily on drug therapy...routinely prescribing barbiturates and tranquilizers in addition to his psychotherapy.

July 1960 marked the start of filming "The Misfits"...a short story by Arthur Miller adapted for film. While on location the Millers lived in separate quarters and were barely speaking. Meanwhile, pills for Marilyn were regularly flown in from her Los Angeles doctors, including Dr. Greenson. Allan Snyder recalled..."It took so long to get her going in the morning that usually I had to make her up while she lay in her bed." But once again, she managed to give an exceptional performance.

"Everybody is always tugging at you. They'd all like a sort of chunk out of you. I don't think they realize it, but it's like 'grrrr do this, grrrr do that...'. But you do want to stay intact...intact and on two feet."

On November 5th, the day after "The Misfits" was completed, co-star Clark Gable suffered a serious heart attack and died on November 16, 1960. Marilyn felt a great deal of guilt, commenting..."I kept him waiting...kept him waiting for hours and hours on that picture."

Evelyn Moriarty remembered..."Marilyn was being blamed for everything. All of her problems were exaggerated to cover up for Director Huston's gambling and the terrible waste of money on that production. It was easy for her to be made the scapegoat."

Marilyn divorced Arthur Miller in January of 1961, the same month that "The Misfits" was released. Another unhappy marriage was terminated.

"Mr. Miller is a wonderful man and a great writer, but it didn't work out that we should be husband and wife."

In 1961 Marilyn purchased a house in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. At the urging of her psychoanalyst, Dr. Greenson, she hired Eunice Murray as housekeeper. Murray, calling herself a nurse, had neither the training or credentials. It is suspected that she was a "spy" for Dr. Greenson who continued to have more and more control over Marilyn's life, seeing her almost daily when she was in Los Angeles.

A reported affair with John F. Kennedy began in late 1961. At the President's gala birthday celebration in Madison
Square Garden on May 19, 1962, Marilyn sang her now famous “Happy Birthday” tribute to JFK. The Attorney General, Bobby Kennedy was also reported to have had an affair with Marilyn shortly before her death.

Marilyn began production on “Something’s Got to Give” in April 1962. Much has been said about her inability to show up on the set and her trip to New York for the President’s birthday celebration... but her illnesses had been well documented by physicians and she had obtained permission from the Studio well in advance of the trip to New York.

“I feel stronger if the people around me on the set love me, care for me, and hold good thoughts for me. It creates an aura of love, and I believe I can give a better performance.”

The Studio was deeply in debt over their production of “Cleopatra” starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. The filming was way behind schedule and costing millions over budget. It is theorized, if Fox scrapped the Marilyn Monroe film with far fewer expensive sets and actors, they possibly could be reimbursed by the insurance company for losses due to a star’s illness, and recoup monies spent. Fox fired Marilyn and filed suit against Marilyn Monroe Productions on June 7, but the suit was later dropped.

Marilyn had been seeing Joe DiMaggio frequently during this time and had finally agreed to remarry him. The wedding date was set for August 8, 1962. Fox rehired her on August 1 to complete “Something’s Got to Give” with a salary of $250,000, which was two and a half times the original amount. Of course these events would never come to pass due to her untimely death on August 5, 1962.

Much has been speculated about the events surrounding her death and others involvement in it. But whatever the cause...it is highly unlikely that it was suicide. Possibly the result of a tragic accidental drug overdose...and possibly administered by someone other than Marilyn herself.

A saddened Joe DiMaggio made arrangements for the funeral, inviting no one from the Hollywood scene or press...but only close friends and relatives. As he said...“they had only hurt Marilyn.” For over 20 years flowers were delivered weekly to her crypt from Joe...just as he had promised Marilyn when she told him of William Powell’s pledge to the dying Jean Harlow.

“I knew I belonged to the public and to the world, not because I was talented or even beautiful, but because I had never belonged to anything or anyone else.”