Newton, Huey P.

Huey Newton grew up in Oakland, California, a place that would become the West Coast center of the American black nationalist movement. While attending Merritt College in Oakland, he met Bobby Seale, and the two began to work together on a project to diversify the school’s curriculum. Inspired by nationalist struggles in the Third World and revolutionaries such as Fidel Castro and Mao Zedong, Newton became critical of the racist oppression of blacks in the United States and the capitalist system he saw as underpinning that exploitation (see Socialism).

As a response to the condition of black America, Newton and Seale founded the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, later simply called the Black Panther Party. “We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace,” concluded the organization’s ten-point program, which Newton coauthored. Patrolling black neighborhoods with shotguns, which were deemed legal as long as they were visible, the Panthers set themselves up as monitors of the police. These “justice patrols” sought to inform African Americans of their rights and to counteract a history of police brutality against blacks. Not surprisingly, the Panthers developed a hostile relationship with the police, with Newton becoming a magnet for police antagonism.

On October 28, 1967, Newton was charged with the murder of a police officer and the wounding of another. He pleaded innocent, and the trial provoked an intensive “Free Huey” campaign, drawing thousands to Black Panther rallies and rapidly boosting Panther membership and visibility. Viewed by many as a political prisoner, Newton continued to address political issues from prison.

In 1970, after his 1968 conviction was overturned because of procedural errors, Newton left prison to return to the Black Panther Party. He found the party weakened by regional conflict, in part because of disputes about the militant programs of Eldridge Cleaver, who influenced an East Coast-based movement. Leading a West Coast faction, Newton advocated political education and programs that he believed would link the Panthers to the broader African American community.

As his prominence in the Panthers declined, conflict with the law continued to trouble Newton. In 1974 he was accused of killing a woman and fled to Cuba. Three years later he returned to face the murder charge, which after two hung juries the state eventually dropped. He was retried and convicted for the 1967 murder of the policeman, but the conviction was later overturned. In 1980 Newton received a Ph.D. in social philosophy from the University of California at Santa Cruz; he wrote a thesis titled the “War Against the Panthers – A Study of Repression in America.” Newton’s life began a downward spiral after the Panthers finally disbanded in 1982. Rumors about drug abuse surrounded him, and he was arrested in 1989 for embezzling funds from an Oakland children’s nutritional program founded by the Panthers. He served six months of jail time. Later that year he was killed in what was believed to be a drug-trade related incident.
Program from a production of *Porgy and Bess*
IS IT A MUSICAL?

OR

IS IT OPERA?

Does it:
- unite vocal and orchestral music with drama?
- express deep, basic human emotions and depict distinctly human situations?
- have the power of great musical ideas?
- have an overture and musical interludes between multiple vocal scenes?
- have arias and recitatives?
- have duets and choruses?
- have a substantial visual component, i.e. large-scale production scenes?
- inspire strong and biased opinions?

Well... then, Porgy and Bess IS opera!

But people weren't always so sure. Of course there were some good words after its world premiere at Boston's Colonial Theater on September 30, 1935.

"...a great advance in American opera..." (Serge Koussevitzky, conductor)

Gershwin "...has traveled a long way from Tin Pan Alley and must now be accepted as a serious composer..." (Boston Evening Transcript)

It then ran for 124 performances at the Alvin Theater in New York. But many remained dismissive of the work's impact, some calling it nothing more than "a hybrid," and an "aggrandized musical show," with too many "songs" instead of arias. Another predicted that of Gershwin's major works, Porgy and Bess would be "the first to go." The New York Herald Tribune called the music "...only half alive. Its gorgeous vitality of rhythm and of instrumental color is impaired by melodic and harmonic anemia of the most pernicious sort. How trite and feeble and conventional the tunes..." Virgil Thomson, critic/composer wrote that he and America's other composers "never could compete with Gershwin for distribution, nor he with us for intellectual prestige." But give him credit for belatedly turning around: "Gershwin does not even know what an opera is... and yet Porgy and Bess is an opera and it has power and it has vigor."

Unfazed, George Gershwin faced his critics head-on and with unwavering faith in his opera wrote in the New York Times.

"I am not ashamed of writing songs at any time so long as they are good songs. In Porgy and Bess I realized I was writing an opera for the theater, and without songs, it could neither be of the theater nor entertaining from my viewpoint. But the songs are entirely within the operatic tradition. Many of the most successful operas of the past have had songs. Nearly all of Verdi's operas contain what are known as "song hits." Carmen is almost a collection of song hits...."

http://www.fanfaire.com/gershwin/porgy.html

1/18/01
Some more facts about Porgy and Bess:
- Gershwin originally intended for Porgy and Bess to premiere at the MET, but the sudden death of Board Chairman Otto Kahn terminated such plans. It was not until February 6, 1935, that the curtains rose on Porgy and Bess at the MET.
- Will you be my Porgy? Gershwin asked the black opera singer after he had sung 8 bars of an Italian classic. The baritone Todd Duncan at first wasn't so sure but he ended up singing "I got Plenty o' Nuttin' all over the world for 40 years! And for the rest of his life came to love and revere the great George Gershwin.
- In the '50s Porgy and Bess toured the Americas and Europe. The first opera by a native-born American to be staged at La Scala, it also played to great ovation at the Vienna Volksoper and the Palace of Culture in Leningrad and for an extended run at London's Stoll Theatre. It was this tour that launched the career of Leontyne Price, who led the all-black cast.
- In 1976 Houston Grand Opera staged Porgy and Bess with the original score and orchestration, reviving it in 1987 and 1995.
- In 1976 Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra made the first complete recording of the score.
- In the summer of 1985 Porgy and Bess was a triumphant success at Glyndebourne in England.
- The Gershwin estate and the terms of Gershwin's will specify that English-speaking countries may only produce Porgy and Bess with all-black casts.

Indeed the general public's familiarity with Porgy and Bess was gained through the many pop renditions (on recordings and on the commercial theater stage) of its wonderful "song hits".

But how wrong the naysayers were! Today Gershwin prevails, the final verdict nicely summed up in a recent Viking's Opera Guide.

... Even with its minor imperfections and infelicities acknowledged, Porgy stands as the most vital and completely successful of American operas. One of the great might-have-beens of 20th century music is the thought of the scores that Gershwin could have gone on to write if he had lived beyond the age of 38.

Gershwin himself called Porgy and Bess a folk opera - a folk tale in which people would naturally sing folk music. The tale is about a crippled beggar, who-roamed the streets of Charleston, South Carolina in a goat-cart, and his love Bess. It is drawn from a novel by DuBose Heyward about life and death, hope and despair in a black community called Catfish Row. From the moment he set eyes on the novel in 1926, Gershwin knew it was material for grand opera - his opera. And in the writing of it, which he began in 1934, he held himself to very high standards:

"If I am successful it will resemble a combination of the drama and romance of Carmen and the beauty of Meistersinger."

Did Gershwin succeed? Opera being opera, the question is certain to ignite passionate discussion even today. But of course Gershwin succeeded. If only he had lived long enough to see Porgy and Bess performed on the same stage as Bizet's and Wagner's works ...
A tense moment in *Porgy and Bess*.

A scene from a 1943 production of *Porgy and Bess*.

Cab Calloway as "Sportin' Life" in a Broadway production of *Porgy and Bess*. 

...
Port-au-Prince, capital, chief port, and commercial centre of the West Indian republic of Haiti and the seat of Ouest département, is situated on a magnificent bay at the apex of Golfe de la Gonâve (Gulf of Gonâve), which is protected from the open seas by the island of Gonâve. The city was laid out in a grid plan in 1749 by the French and called L'Hôpital. It has suffered frequently from earthquakes (especially in 1751 and 1770), fires, and strife. It replaced Cap-Haitien as the capital of the old French colony Saint-Domingue in 1770. In 1807 its port was opened to foreign commerce. Sanitary conditions were improved during U.S. occupation (1915-34). The city was reconquered with great effort, and the bicentennial was commemorated in 1959 with an international exposition, the site of which is now a palm-fronted promenade.

Other notable landmarks include the National Palace (rebuilt in 1911), army barracks, and an imposing statue of Jean-Jacques Dessalines, hero of the War of Independence, which dominates the Place-Champ-de-Mars in the centre of the city. The most picturesque site is the Iron Market, where the vendors are mostly women. Other notable landmarks include the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its new colonial cathedral, and the National Museum, National Library, and National Museum, Port-au-Prince is the centre of the political and intellectual life of the nation and is the seat of the State University of Haiti established in 1920. Recreation for the privileged classes around European-style social clubs, such as the house of the local voodoo priest is still the heart of the urban poor community.

The National Palace (rebuilt in 1911) is the centre of the political and cultural life of the nation and is the seat of the State University of Haiti established in 1920. Recreation for the privileged classes around European-style social clubs, such as the house of the local voodoo priest is still the heart of the urban poor community.

Of the Haitian elite (nearly all mulatto or nonblacks) live in the suburb of Pétionville in the 1,000-1,500-foot (300-450-metre) high hills southeast of Port-au-Prince. Squalor and neglect surround most of the black urban working class even more than the subsistence farmer, and constant emigration from the countryside continues to exacerbate their misery. Pop. (1992 est.) city, 400,000; metropolitan area, 1,255,078.
One of the finest cities of Europe, Prague (Czech: Praha), the capital of the Czech Republic and that nation's major economic and cultural centre, lies at the heart of the Continent. The city has a rich architectural heritage that reflects both the uncertain currents of history in Bohemia and an urban life extending back more than 1,000 years. The physical attractions and landmarks of the city are many. Among the finest is the Charles Bridge (Karlov most), which stands astride the Vltava River. The winding course of the river, with its succession of bridges and changing vistas, contrasts with the ever-present backdrop of the great castle of Hradčany (Prague Castle), which dominates the left-bank region of the city from behind massive walls set high on a hill. The narrow streets and little taverns and restaurants of the older quarters contrast with the broad sweep of Wenceslas Square and modern parks and housing developments, while the great 18th-century Baroque palaces have their own elegance and splendour. Seen from the surrounding hills, the many church towers make up a unique perspective, giving Prague its description as the "city of a hundred spires." This architectural harmony was enhanced by post-1945 planning, which preserved the ancient core of the city as a major monument and carefully supervised all modern building.

Prague is famous for its cultural life. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart lived there, and his Prague Symphony and Don Giovanni were first performed in the city. In addition, the lyric music of the great Czech composers Bedřich Smetana, Antonín Dvořák, and Leoš Janáček is commemorated each year in a spring music festival. The U láskových ("At the Chalice") beer parlour, which is still popular with local residents and tourists alike, provided the setting for the humorously anti-authoritarian activities of Schwejk, immortalized by the novel by Jaroslav Hašek in The Good Soldier Schweik. The writings of Franz Kafka, dwelling in a different way on the dilemmas and predicaments of modern life, also seem indissolubly linked with life in this city.

This article is divided into the following sections:

Physical and human geography

**The landscape**
- From its original small riverside settlements, Prague has spread over its hills, up river valleys, and along riverside terraces. The Prague metropolitan area covers 192 square miles (496 square kilometres). The city's core, with its historic buildings, bridges, and museums, is a major centre of employment and traffic congestion. Around the core is a mixed zone of industrial and residential areas, containing about half the city's population and nearly half its jobs. Surrounding this area is the outer city development zone, and beyond this is yet another zone of development containing other industrial areas, parks and recreation areas, and sports facilities. Finally, there is a belt of agricultural land and open countryside. The majority of the city's manufactured products are consumer goods.

**History**
- Though Prague is renowned for its cultural life and monuments, it has also played an important role in the economic life of what is now the Czech Republic since the early and intensive development in the 19th century of such industries as those producing textiles and machinery. Industry is the largest employer, followed by commerce, construction, education, culture, administration, and transport and communications. Nearly half the labour force is female; the proportion of women is almost one-half in manufacturing, but it is considerably higher in education and culture, in trade, and in the health field.

**The economy**

**Industry and employment.** Though Prague is renowned for its cultural life and monuments, it has also played an important role in the economic life of what is now the Czech Republic since the early and intensive development in the 19th century of such industries as those producing textiles and machinery. Industry is the largest employer, followed by commerce, construction, education, culture, administration, and transport and communications. Nearly half the labour force is female; the proportion of women is almost one-half in manufacturing, but it is considerably higher in education and culture, in trade, and in the health field.

**Transportation.** Much of the inner-city transportation is handled by bus, tram, and subway (metro) systems, which are inexpensive and subsidized. Despite the efforts to meet the demands of the growing population with an adequate public transportation system, the number of passenger cars and commercial vehicles has increased, resulting in plans for a major urban motorway system to include 10 radial arteries connecting Prague with the national road network.

**Physical and human geography**

**The landscape**
- From its original small riverside settlements, Prague has spread over its hills, up river valleys, and along riverside terraces. The Prague metropolitan area covers 192 square miles (496 square kilometres). The city's core, with its historic buildings, bridges, and museums, is a major centre of employment and traffic congestion. Around the core is a mixed zone of industrial and residential areas, containing about half the city's population and nearly half its jobs. Surrounding this area is the outer city development zone, and beyond this is yet another zone of development containing other industrial areas, parks and recreation areas, and sports facilities. Finally, there is a belt of agricultural land and open countryside. The majority of the city's manufactured products are consumer goods.

**The people**
- Prague has a homogeneous population. There is a small Slovak community, but the overwhelming majority of residents are Czechs. The city has a number of demographic peculiarities stemming mainly from the effects of World War II; there are more women than men, and a sizable proportion of the female population is past the age of fertility. The natural rate of population increase is very small. A tendency toward small families is a reflection of both difficulties in housing and increased participation by both parents in the workforce. Migration into the city has continued.

**Transportation.** Much of the inner-city transportation is handled by bus, tram, and subway (metro) systems, which are inexpensive and subsidized. Despite the efforts to meet the demands of the growing population with an adequate public transportation system, the number of passenger cars and commercial vehicles has increased, resulting in plans for a major urban motorway system to include 10 radial arteries connecting Prague with the national road network.

**Prague**
- Prague is one of the nation's major railway junctions, with three main stations and three freight transport circuits. The international airport at nearby Ruzyně was expanded and modernized in the 1960s to serve as a hub.
at the centre of Europe. A new port has been built at the confluence of the Vltava and Berounka rivers. The passenger boats that ply the Vltava during the summer are a popular tourist attraction.

ADMINISTRATION AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Government. Prague is the seat of government of the entire Czech Republic. The city is also the administrative centre for the Central Bohemian Region, of which the conurbation occupies about one-third. The Prague Municipal National Committee and the Central Bohemian Regional National Committee coordinate town planning, environmental control, and other projects. Prague is divided into districts, each with its own district national committee, while the settlements included in Prague since the late 1940s have retained their own committees.

Public services. The standard municipal services—the supply of natural gas, electricity, and water and the treatment and disposal of sewage and refuse—were consolidated under state control after World War II and have been considerably modernized and expanded as part of overall urban planning. The high percentage of employed women has caused municipal authorities to turn attention toward the provision of nurseries for the children of working mothers. Other facilities include swimming pools, often run in conjunction with sports organizations. On the river the city provides mooring positions for pleasure boats.

Like cities in other eastern European countries, Prague has difficulties with the supply and maintenance of housing. Much of the housing in the inner city consists of small apartments in need of renovation and modernization, while the rate of construction of apartments in the newer zones lags behind the need. Privately owned houses constitute less than 15 percent of all Prague's housing units. In response to the problem, new housing developments have been built in the peripheral areas. Referred to as "towns," they include North Town (Severni mesto), South Town (Jizni mesto), and Southwest Town (Jihozapadni mesto).

During the Communist era, all retail establishments—food and department stores and self-service establishments—were publicly owned and were part of the municipal system. There are numerous small restaurants and taverns, many of which—especially in the Malá Strana (Lesser Quarter)—have an intimate and historic atmosphere and offer fine views of the city and the river.

Education. There are several institutions of higher education in Prague, but by far the most famous is Charles University, founded in 1348 and the oldest in central Europe. The Academy of Arts and the Academy of Music (with a conservatory founded in 1811) are also important. The activity of the Czech Academy of Sciences (founded in 1953 as the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences) is supplemented by many specialized institutions; the academy sponsors a number of international congresses. Higher education in the city benefits from a tradition that can count among its scholars and teachers the great 17th-century astronomers Tycho Brahe and Johannes Kepler and the noted modern physicist Albert Einstein, who taught in Prague in 1911-12.

Health. As the capital city, Prague contains some of the country's main health facilities. These include hospitals, specialized medical clinics, and outpatient clinics. The most noted facilities are those that specialize in plastic surgery, orthopedics, and urology.

CULTURAL LIFE

Prague has a renowned and active musical life, which reaches a high point each year in the internationally known spring music festival. The city's fine orchestras—the Prague Symphony and the Czech Philharmonic—have
won reputations abroad. Theatrical traditions are also strong, with more than 20 well-attended theatres in the city. There are also many museums and galleries, and a Palace of Culture was completed in 1981.

Perhaps the greatest treasures of the city, however, are the 2,000 officially recognized architectural and artistic monuments, ranging in period from Romanesque through the Gothic to the Baroque, Rococo, Classical, and Neo-classical. The interiors of the buildings, which often house major art collections, have been restored since 1945. The most notable Romanesque monument is probably the 10th-century Church of St. George, behind the north wall of Hradčany. To the west is its more massive successor, the basically Gothic St. Vitus' Cathedral, the twin spires of which dominate the city skyline. Other Gothic monuments include the Týn Church on Staroměstské Square; the elegant Powder Tower, marking the former city walls in what is now the busy Příkopy shopping area; the restored Bethlehem Chapel, where Jan Hus preached in the 15th century; and the St. Agnes Convent, built in 1234 and notable for its collection of 14th-century paintings. The Old-New Synagogue and the tumbling, crowded gravestones of the Old Jewish Cemetery—Europe's oldest—betoken the strong Jewish tradition in Prague life.

Baroque buildings are the city's greatest single artistic treasure, among them the splendid Valdstejn and Clam-Gallas palaces, St. Nicholas Church, and the Antonín Dvořák Museum. The geometric tiling of the Golz-Kinský Palace facade provides a distinctive glimpse of the Rococo style. Classical buildings include the Bedrich Smetana Museum on the riverside and the elegant Belvedere Palace (the former Royal Summer Palace). The National Museum and the National Theatre are the main Neoclassical buildings.

The beauty of the city is enhanced by its many parks and gardens, including a major cultural, entertainment, and sports centre in the park named for Julius Fučík (a resistance leader of World War II) and a large zoo in suburban Troja. Recreational facilities also include the vast Strahov sports complex—containing three stadiums, the largest of which, Spartakiáda Stadium, holds 250,000 spectators and is used for the mass gymnastic display known as the Spartakiáda—as well as numerous other sports and cultural centres, with emphasis on facilities for youth. The film studios at Barrandov, on the city outskirts, have produced a number of high-quality motion pictures, and there is a museum of modern sculpture at Zbraslav.

**History**

**THE EARLY PERIOD**

The foundation of the city. For thousands of years that portion of the Vltava's course where Prague was to rise was crossed by trade routes linking northern and southern Europe. The region is replete with Paleolithic relics, and Neolithic farmers inhabited the region from around 5000 to 2700 BC. Celts had settlements in the region from about 500 to 200 BC, including the fortified Závist, to the south of Prague. From the 4th to the 6th century AD, Slavs appeared on the Vltava banks, followed by the Avars.

The first settlement at what is now Prague has been traced to the second half of the 9th century. The oldest building was Vyšehrad (brad, "castle"), set on a commanding right-bank hill. It was followed by what was to become Hradčany, set on an equally commanding left-bank site a little downstream. Legend (stirringly told in Smetana's opera *Libuše*) ascribes the foundation of Prague to a Princess Libuše and her husband, Premysl, founder of the Premyslid dynasty; legend notwithstanding, the Premyslids, in power from about 800 to 1306, consolidated a political base centred on Prague that was to be the nucleus of the Bohemian state and that enabled the natural trade advantages of the city site to develop under defensive protection. The dynasty included St. Wenceslas (Václav), who was murdered by his brother Boleslav in about 939 and whose statue now looks down upon the square to which his name has been given; and Boleslav I, whose reign (c. 936–967) witnessed the consolidation of power against a German threat. The little community flourished, and in 965 the Jewish merchant and traveler Ḥabik ibn Yaʿqūb was able to describe it as a "busy trading centre." In 973 the bishopric of Prague was founded.

**Medieval growth.** The economic expansion of the community was reflected in the topography of the city. A market centre on the right bank, opposite Hradčany, developed into the Old Town (Staré město), particularly after the construction of the first stone bridge, the Judith Bridge, over the river in 1170. By 1230 the Old Town had been given borough status and was defended by a system of walls and fortifications. On the opposite bank, under the...
wells of Hradčany, the community known as Malá Strana (literally, "Small Side") was founded in 1257. Following the eclipse of the Přemyslids, the house of Luxembourg came to power when John of Luxembourg, son of the future emperor Henry VII, became king of Bohemia. His son, Charles IV, Bohemian king and Holy Roman emperor, had his capital at Prague from 1346 to 1378 and took considerable personal interest in the development of the city. In 1348 he founded Charles University, the first in central Europe, which was later to attract scholars and students from throughout the Continent. His reign also saw the growth of the planned New Town (Nové město) adjacent to the Old Town; construction of the Charles Bridge (1357, reconstructed in 1970) linking the Old Town and the Malá Strana; and the beginning (1344) of the St. Vitus Cathedral, which was not completed until 1929. Other buildings included the Carolinum (the central hall of the university), the town hall (destroyed in 1945), and several churches and monasteries in the New Town. The Jewish ghetto was also developed, and the bishopric was raised to an archbishopric.

By the 14th century Prague had become a major central European city, with the Czech money minted at nearby Kutná Hora serving as the barb currency of the entire region. Foreign merchants, notably Germans and Italians, began to dominate the socially and politically emerging relations with the kings. The social order, however, became less stable because of the emergent guilds of craftsmen, themselves often torn by internal conflicts. The town paupers added a further volatile element.

The Reformation and the Thirty Years' War. Prague played a significant role in the Reformation. The sermons of Jan Hus, a scholar at the university, begun in 1402 at the now-restored Bethlehem Chapel and carrying forward the criticisms of the church developed by the English reformer John Wycliffe, ended in the death of the man people brought him into conflict with Rome; he was burned at the stake in the town of Constance (Konstanz, Ger.) in 1415. Popular uprisings in 1419, led by the Prague youths Jan Želivský and Oldřich of Vrchní Budějovice with the throwing of councilors from the windows of the New Town Hall in the incident known as the first Defenestration of Prague. The next year Hussite peasant rebels, led by the military leader Jan Žižka, joined forces with the Hussites of Pilsen to take a decisive victory over the Roman Catholic king (later emperor) Sigismund at nearby Vítkov Hill.

During the next 200 years, the wealthy merchants became ascendant once more, and the late Gothic architectural style flourished in many churches and buildings, reaching a peak in the Vladislav Hall of the Hradčany. In 1526, however, the Roman Catholic Habsburgs became rulers of Bohemia and attempted to crush Czech Protestantism. The second Defenestration of Prague (1618), when the governors of Bohemia were thrown from the windows of the council room in Hradčany—one of the major events precipitating the Thirty Years' War—was followed by the decisive defeat of Protestant forces at the Battle of the White Mountain, near the city, in 1620. Twenty-seventy Prague commoners and Czech noblemen were executed on the Staroměstská Square in 1621; the city ceased to be the capital of the empire, was occupied by Saxons (1631) and Swedes (1648), and went into a decline hastened by two outbreaks of plague.

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN CITY

The return of more settled conditions in central Europe was marked by renewed economic growth, and Prague's population grew from 40,000 in 1705 to more than 80,000 by 1800. The Old Town, the New Town, the Malá Strana, and the Hradčany complex were administratively united into one city. The merchants and the mostly German, Spanish, and Italian nobility who were active in and around Prague in this period had an enormous effect on both architecture and cultural life. Outstanding architects created magnificent palaces and gardens, and churches in the Prague version of the Baroque style sprang up throughout the city.

The onset of the Industrial Revolution had major effects in Prague. The first suburb (Karlín) was established in 1817, and in the next 20 years many factories sprang up, often in association with the coal mines and ironworks at Kladno and Králov Dvůr, not far away. The population exceeded 100,000 by 1837, and expansion continued after the city received its first railway line eight years later. The rise of a working class and of strong nationalistic sentiments had a profound effect on the city, and Czech workers took to the barricades against the ruling Austrians when revolution flared briefly in 1848. Within 20 years Czechs had won a majority on the City Council, and Czech cultural life was experienced Renaissance centered on Prague. The Neoclassical building of the National Museum and the National Theatre are only two examples of the building that took place in this period. By the 1890s the first electric streetcars (trams) were running in the city, urban services were being reorganized, and the area of the Eiffel Tower overlooked the city from Petřín Hill.

In 1918 Prague became the capital of the newly independent Czechoslovak republic. By 1930 the population had reached 850,000. The city suffered a setback following the surrender of large parts of Bohemia and Moravia to Germany under the Munich Agreement of 1938. The citizens rose in revolt on May 5, 1945, and held the city until the Red Army arrived four days later. After World War II economic reconstruction began, careful planning was necessary to restore and preserve the historic monuments, and the boundaries of the city centre. From the 1970s there was an increasing emphasis on the development of new satellite communities. The city continued to grow, although most of its population growth was attributable to annexation. The so-called Prague Spring of 1968, a short-lived exercise in liberalized social and governmental controls attempted by the government of Alexander Dubček, was terminated by Soviet military action in August of that year.

In November 1989, Prague's Wenceslas Square became the cradle of the movement that swiftly ended four decades of Communist rule in Czechoslovakia. An officially sanctioned march in the city, commemorating the death of a student at the hands of Nazis in 1939, resulted in police violence and public disorder. Indignation at the current regime kindled further unrest, and in Prague November students, young intellectuals, and later older people, totaling some half a million, demonstrated in the streets of the capital. Subsequent pressure led to the resignation of the entire Communist Party leadership and the formation of a coalition government headed by non-Communists. When Czechoslovakia itself was dissolved in 1993, Prague maintained its prominent international status as capital of the Czech Republic.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE, Prague (1980), offers information on all aspects of the city. Czech guidebooks on Prague's history and architecture. (1a K./R.H.O./F.W.C.)
A Raisin in the Sun

A drama in three acts
by Lorraine Hansberry

Random House
New York
To Mama:
in gratitude for the dream

© COPYRIGHT, AS AN UNPUBLISHED WORK, 1958, BY
LORRAINE HANSBERRY

© COPYRIGHT, 1959, BY LORRAINE HANSBERRY

All rights, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form,
are reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.
Published in New York by Random House, Inc., and simultaneously in Toronto,

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that A RAISIN IN
THE SUN, being fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of
America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other
countries of the Universal Copyright and Berne Conventions, is subject to royalty.
All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, television, radio,
public reading, radio and television broadcasting, and the rights of translation
into foreign languages, are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is laid on the
question of readings, permission for which must be secured in writing. All
inquiries should be addressed to the publisher.

The quotation on page 61 is from Montage of a Dream Deferred, by Langston
Hughes, published by Henry Holt & Co., and was reprinted in Selected Poems
of Langston Hughes, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

© Copyright, 1951, 1959, by Langston Hughes.
Reprinted by permission of Harold Ober Associates, Inc.

Photographs by courtesy of Friedman-Abeles

Manufactured in the United States of America

A RAISIN IN THE SUN was first presented by Philip Rose and
David J. Cogan at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York City, March 11, 1959, with the following cast:
(In order of appearance)

RUTH YOUNGER
TRAVIS YOUNGER
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER)
BENRATHA YOUNGER
LENA YOUNGER (MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI
GEORGE MURCHISON
KARL LINDNER
DOB
MOVING MEN

Ruby Dee
Glynn Turner
Sidney Poitier
Diana Sands
Claudia McNeil
Ivan Dixon
Louis Gossett
John Fiedler
Lonne Elder III
Ed Hall, Douglas Turner

Directed by Lloyd Richards

Designed and lighted by Ralph Alswang

Costumes by Virginia Volland
What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
Like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sa~
Like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

—Langston Hughes

SCENE I

The younger living room would be a comfortable and well-ordered room if it were not for a number of indestructible contradictions to this state of being. Its furnishings are typical and undistinguished and their primary feature now is that they have clearly had to accommodate the living of too many people for too many years—and they are tired. Still, we can see that at some time, a time probably no longer remembered by the family (except perhaps for Mama), the furnishings of this room were actually selected with care and love and even hope— and brought to this apartment and arranged with taste and pride.

That was a long time ago. Now the once loved pattern of the couch upholstery has to fight to show itself from under acres of crocheted doilies and couch covers which have themselves finally come to be more important than the upholstery. And here a table or a chair has been moved to disguise the worn places in the carpet; but the carpet has fought back by showing its weariness, with depressing uniformity, elsewhere on its surface.

Weariness has, in fact, won in this room. Everything has been polished, washed, sat on, used, scrubbed too often. All pretenses but living itself have long since vanished from the very atmosphere of this room.

Moreover, a section of this room, for it is not really a room unto itself, though the landlord’s lease would make it seem so,
slopes backward to provide a small kitchen area, where the family prepares the meals that are eaten in the living room proper, which must also serve as dining room. The single window that has been provided for these "two" rooms is located in this kitchen area. The sole natural light the family may enjoy in the course of a day is only that which fights its way through this little window.

At left, a door leads to a bedroom which is shared by MAMA and her daughter, BENEATHA. At right, opposite, is a second room (which in the beginning of the life of this apartment was probably a breakfast room) which serves as a bedroom for WALTER and his wife, RUTH.

Time: Sometime between World War II and the present.
Place: Chicago's Southside.

At Rise: It is morning dark in the living room. TRAVIS is asleep on the make-down bed at center. An alarm clock sounds from within the bedroom at right, and presently RUTH enters from that room and closes the door behind her. She crosses sleepily toward the window. As she passes her sleeping son she reaches down and shakes him a little. As the window she raises the shade and a dusky Southside morning light comes in feebly. She fills a pot with water and puts it on to boil. She calls to the boy, between yawns, in a slightly muffled voice.

RUTH is about thirty. We can see that she was a pretty girl, even exceptionally so, but now it is apparent that life has been little that she expected, and disappointment has already begun to hang in her face. In a few years, before thirty-five even, she will be known among her people as a "settled woman."

She crosses to her son and gives him a good, final, rousing shake.

RUTH Come on now, boy, it's seven thirty! (Her son sits up at last, in a stupor of sleepiness) I say hurry up, Travis! You ain't the only person in the world got to use a bathroom! (The child, a sturdy, handsome little boy of ten or eleven, drags himself out of the bed and almost blindly takes his towels and "today's clothes" from drawers and a closet and goes out to the bathroom, which is in an outside hall and which is shared by another family or families on the same floor. RUTH crosses to the bedroom door at right and opens it and calls in to her husband) Walter Lee! . . . It's after seven thirty! Lemme see you do some waking up in there now! (She waits) You better get up from there, man! It's after seven thirty I tell you. (She waits again) All right, you just go ahead and lay there and next thing you know Travis be finished and Mr. Johnson'll be in there and you'll be fussing and cursing round here like a mad man! And be late too! (She waits, at the end of patience) Walter Lee—it's time for you to get up.

(She waits another second and then starts to go into the bedroom, but is apparently satisfied that her husband has begun to get up. She stops, pulls the door to, and returns to the kitchen area. She wipes her face with a moist cloth and runs her fingers through her sleep-disheveled hair in a vain effort and ties an apron around her housecoat. The bedroom door at right opens and her husband stands in the doorway in his pajamas, which are rumpled and mismated. He is a lean, intense young man in his middle thirties, inclined to quick nervous movements and erratic speech habits—and always in his voice there is a quality of indictment)

WALTER Is he out yet?

RUTH What you mean out? He ain't hardly got in there good yet.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

WALTER (Wandering in, still more oriented to sleep than to a new day) Well, what was you doing all that yelling for if I can't even get in there yet? (Stopping and thinking) Check coming today?

RUTH They said Saturday and this is just Friday and I hopes to God you ain't going to get up here flsllhing this mOrlling and start talking to me 'bout no money—'cause I 'bout don't want to hear it.

WALTER Something the matter with you this morning?

RUTH No—I'm just sleepy as the devil. What kind of eggs you want?

WALTER Not scrambled. (Ruth starts to scramble eggs) Paper come? (Ruth points impatiently to the rolled up Tribune on the table, and he gets it and spreads it out and vaguely reads the front page) Set off another bomb yesterday.

RUTH (Maximum indifference) Did they?

WALTER (Looking up) What's the matter with you?

RUTH Ain't nothing the matter with me. And don't keep asking me that this morning.

WALTER Ain't nobody bothering you. (Reading the news of the day absently again) Say Colonel McCormick is sick.

RUTH (Affecting tea-party interest) Is he now? Poor thing.

WALTER (Sighing and looking at his watch) Oh, me. (He waits) Now what is that boy doing in that bathroom all this time? He just going to have to start getting up earlier. I can't be being late to work on account of him fooling around in there.

RUTH (Turning on him) Oh, no he ain't going to be getting up no earlier no such thing! It ain't his fault that he can't get to bed no earlier nights 'cause he got a bunch of crazy good-for-nothing clowns sitting up running their mouths in what is supposed to be his bedroom after ten o'clock at night . . .

WALTER That's what you mad about, ain't it? The things I want to talk about with my friends just couldn't be important in your mind, could they?

(He rises and finds a cigarette in her handbag on the table and crosses to the little window and looks out, smoking and deeply enjoying this first one)

RUTH (Almost matter of fact, a complaint too automatic to deserve emphasis) Why you always got to smoke before you eat in the morning?

WALTER (At the window) Just look at 'em down there . . . Running and racing to work . . . (He turns and faces his wife and watches her a moment at the stove, and then, suddenly) You look young this morning, baby.

RUTH (Indifferently) Yeah?

WALTER Just for a second—stirring them eggs. It's gone now—just for a second it was—you looked real young again. (Then, drily) It's gone now—you look like yourself again.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH  Man, if you don't shut up and leave me alone.

WALTER  (Looking out to the street again)  First thing a man ought to learn in life is not to make love to no colored woman first thing in the morning. You all some evil people at eight o'clock in the morning.

(Travis appears in the hall doorway, almost fully dressed and quite wide awake now, his towels and pajamas across his shoulders. He opens the door and signals for his father to make the bathroom in a hurry)

TRAVIS  (Watching the bathroom)  Daddy, come on!

(Walter gets his bathroom utensils and flies out to the bathroom)

RUTH  Sit down and have your breakfast, Travis.

TRAVIS  Mama, this is Friday. (Gleefully)  Check coming tomorrow, huh?

RUTH  You get your mind off money and eat your breakfast.

TRAVIS  (Eating)  This is the morning we supposed to bring the fifty cents to school.

RUTH  Well, I ain't got no fifty cents this morning.

TRAVIS  Teacher say we have to.

RUTH  I don't care what teacher say. I ain't got it. Eat your breakfast, Travis.

TRAVIS  I am eating.

TRAVIS  (Outraged)  Gaaaleeel I don't ask her, she just pinn it sometimes!

RUTH  Travis Willard Younger—I got too much on me this morning to be—

TRAVIS  Maybe Daddy—

RUTH  Travis!

(Travis hushes abruptly. They are both quiet and tense for several seconds)

TRAVIS  (Presently)  Could I maybe go carry some groceries in front of the supermarket for a little while after school then?

RUTH  Just hush, I said. (Travis jabs his spoon into his cereal bowl viciously, and tosses his head in anger upon his feet)  If you through eating, you can get over there and make up your bed.

(Travis obeying stiffly and crosses the room, almost mechanically, to the bed and more or less carefully folds the covering. He carries the bedding into his mother's room and returns with his books and cap)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

TRAVIS (Walking and standing apart from her unnaturally)
I'm gone.

RUTH (Looking up from the stove to inspect him automatically)

Come here. (He crosses to her and she studies his head) If
you don't take this comb and fix your head, you better!
(Travis puts down his books with a great sigh of oppression,
and crosses to the mirror. His mother mutters under her
breath about his "stubbornness") 'Bout to march out of here
with that head looking just like chickens slept in it! I just
don't know where you get your stubborn ways... And get
your jacket, too. Looks chilly out this morning.

TRAVIS (With conspicuously brushed hair and jacket) I'm
gone.

RUTH  Get carfare and milk money—(Waving one finger)—
and not a single penny for no caps, you hear me?

TRAVIS (With sullen politeness) Yes'm.
(He turns in outrage to leave. His mother watches after
him as in his frustration he approaches the door almost
comically. When she speaks to him, her voice has become
a very gentle tease)

RUTH (Mocking; as she thinks he would say it) Oh, Mama
makes me so mad sometimes, I don't know what to do! (She
waits and continues to his back as he stands stock-still in front
of the door) I wouldn't kiss that woman good-bye for nothing
in this world this morning! (The boy finally turns around
and rolls his eyes at her, knowing the mood has changed
and he is vindicated; he does not, however, move toward her
yet) Not for nothing in this world! (She finally laughs aloud
at him and holds out her arms to him and we see that it is
a way between them, very old and practiced. He crosses to
her and allows her to embrace him warmly but keeps his
face fixed with masculine rigidity. She holds him back from
her presently and looks at him and runs her fingers over the
features of his face. With utter gentleness—) Now—whose
little old angry man are you?

TRAVIS (The masculinity and gruffness start to fade at last)
Aw gaaaje—Mama . . .

RUTH (Mimicking) Aw—gaaaaaalleee, Mama! (She pushes
him, with rough playfulness and finality, toward the door)
Get on out of here or you going to be late.

TRAVIS (In the face of love, new aggressiveness) Mama, could
I please go carry groceries?

RUTH Honey, it's starting to get so cold evenings.

WALTER (Coming in from the bathroom and drawing a make-
believe gun from a make-believe holster and shooting at his
son) What is it he wants to do?

RUTH Go carry groceries after school at the supermarket.

WALTER Well, let him go . . .

TRAVIS (Quickly, to the ally) I have to—she won't gimme the
fifty cents . . .

WALTER (To his wife only) Why not?
RUTH (Simply, and with flavor) 'Cause we don't have it.

WALTER (To RUTH only) What you tell the boy things like that for? (Reaching down into his pants with a rather important gesture) Here, son—(He hands the boy the coin, but his eyes are directed to his wife's. TRAVIS takes the money happily)

TRAVIS Thanks, Daddy.

(He starts out. RUTH watches both of them with murder in her eyes. WALTER stands and stares back at her with defiance, and suddenly reaches into his pocket again on an afterthought)

WALTER (Without even looking at his son, still staring hard at his wife) In fact, here's another fifty cents . . . Buy yourself some fruit today—or take a taxi cab to school or something!

TRAVIS Whooppee—

(He leaps up and clasps his father around the middle with his legs, and they face each other in mutual appreciation; slowly WALTER lets peeks around the boy to catch the violent rays from his wife's eyes and draws his head back as if shot)

WALTER You better get down now—and get to school, man.

TRAVIS (At the door) O.K. Good-bye.

(He exits)

WALTER (After him, pointing with pride) That's my boy. (She looks at him in disgust and turns back to her work) You know what I was thinking 'bout in the bathroom this morning?

RUTH No.

WALTER How come you always try to be so pleasant?

RUTH What is there to be pleasant 'bout?

WALTER You want to know what I was thinking 'bout in the bathroom or not?

RUTH I know what you was thinking 'bout.

WALTER (Ignoring her) 'Bout what me and Willy Harris was talking about last night.

RUTH (Immediately—a refrain) Willy Harris is a good-for-nothing loud mouth.

WALTER Anybody who talks to me has got to be a good-for-nothing loud mouth, ain't he? And what you know about who is just a good-for-nothing loud mouth? Charlie Atkins was just a "good-for-nothing loud mouth" too, wasn't he? When he wanted me to go in the dry-cleaning business with him. And now—he's grossing a hundred thousand a year. A hundred thousand dollars a year! You still call him a loud mouth!

RUTH (Bitterly) Oh, Walter Lee . . . (She folds her head on her arms over on the table)
WALTER (Rising and coming to her and standing over her) You tired, ain't you? Tired of everything. Me, the boy, the way we live—this beat-up hole—everything. Ain't you? (She doesn't look up, doesn't answer) So tired—moaning and groaning all the time, but you wouldn't do nothing to help, would you? You couldn't be on my side that long for nothing, could you?

RUTH Walter, please leave me alone.

WALTER A man needs for a woman to back him up . . .

RUTH Walter—

WALTER Mama would listen to you. You know she listen to you more than she do me and Bennie. She think more of you. All you have to do is just sit down with her when you drinking your coffee one morning and talking 'bout things like you do and—(He sits down beside her and demonstrates graphically what he thinks her methods and tone should be) —you just sip your coffee, see, and say easy like that you been thinking 'bout that deal Walter Lee is so interested in, 'bout the store and all, and sip some more coffee, like what you saying ain't really that important to you— And the next thing you know, she be listening good and asking you questions and when I come home—I can tell her the details. This ain't no fly-by-night proposition, baby. I mean we figured it out, me and Willy and Bobo.

RUTH (With a frown) Bobo?

WALTER Yeah. You see, this little liquor store we got in mind cost seventy-five thousand and we figured the initial investment on the place be 'bout thirty thousand, see. That be ten thousand each. Course, there's a couple of hundred you got to pay so's you don't spend your life just waiting for them clowns to let your license get approved—.

RUTH You mean graft?

WALTER (Frowning impatiently) Don't call it that. See there, that just goes to show you what women understand about the world. Baby, don't nothing happen for you in this world less you pay somebody off.

RUTH Walter, leave me alone! (She raises her head and stands at him vigorously—then says, more quietly) Eat your eggs, they gonna be cold.

WALTER (Straightening up from her and looking off) That's it. There you are. Man say to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs. (Sadly, but gaining in power) Man say: I got to take hold of this here world, baby! And a woman will say: Eat your eggs and go to work. (Passionately now) Man say: I got to change my life, I'm choking in death, baby! And his woman say—(In utter anguish as he brings his fists down on his thighs)—Your eggs is getting cold.

RUTH (Softly) Walter, that ain't none of our money.

WALTER (Not listening at all or even looking at her) This morning, I was lookin' in the mirror and thinking about it . . . I'm thirty-five years old; I been married eleven years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living room—(Very, very quietly)—and all I got to give him is stories about how rich white people live . . .
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH Eat your eggs, Walter.

WALTER Damn my eggs . . . damn all the eggs that ever was!

RUTH Then go to work.

WALTER (Looking up at her) See—I'm trying to talk to you 'bout myself—(Shaking his head with the repetition)—and all you can say is eat them eggs and go to work.

RUTH (Wearily) Honey, you never say nothing new. I listen to you every day, every night and every morning, and you never say nothing new. (Shrugging) So you would rather be Mr. Arnold than be his chauffeur. So—I would rather be living in Buckingham Palace.

WALTER That is just what is wrong with the colored woman in this world . . . Don't understand about building their men up and making 'em feel like they somebody. Like they can do something.

RUTH (Drily, but to hurt) There are colored men who do things.

WALTER No thanks to the colored woman.

RUTH Well, being a colored woman, I guess I can't help myself none.

(She rises and gets the ironing board and sets it up and attacks a huge pile of rough-dried clothes, sprinkling them in preparation for the ironing and then rolling them into tight fat balls)

WALTER (Mumbling) We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds.

(His sister Beneatha enters. She is about twenty, as slim and intense as her brother. She is not as pretty as her sister-in-law, but her lean, almost intellectual face has a handsomeness of its own. She wears a bright red flannel nightie, and her thick hair stands wildly about her head. Her speech is a mixture of many things; it is different from the rest of the family's insofar as education has permeated her sense of English—and perhaps the Midwest rather than the South has finally—at last—sown out in her inflection; but not altogether, because over all of it is a soft slurring and transformed use of vowels which is the decided influence of the Southside. She passes through the room without looking at either WALTER or Walter and goes to the outside door and looks, a little blindly, out to the bathroom. She sees that it has been lost to the Johnsons. She closes the door with a sleepy vengeance and crosses to the table and sits down a little defeated)

BENEATHA I am going to start timing those people.

WALTER You should get up earlier.

BENEATHA (Her face in her hands. She is still fighting the urge to go back to bed) Really—would you suggest dawn? Where's the paper?

WALTER (Pushing the paper across the table to her as he studies her almost clinically, as though he has never seen her before) You a horrible-looking chick at this hour.
BEN'RHATHA (Drily)  Good morning, everybody.

WALTER (Senselessly)  How is school coming?

BEN'RHATHA (In the same spirit)  Lovely. Lovely. And you know, biology is the greatest. (Looking up at him) I dissected something that looked just like you yesterday.

WALTER  I just wondered if you've made up your mind and everything.

BEN'RHATHA (Gaining in sharpness and impatience)  And what did I answer yesterday morning—and the day before that?

RUTH (From the ironing board, like someone disinterested and old)  Don't be so nasty, Bennie.

BEN'RHATHA (Still to her brother)  And the day before that and the day before that!

WALTER (Defensively)  I'm interested in you. Something wrong with that? Ain't many girls who decide—

WALTER and BEN'RHATHA (In unison)  —"to be a doctor."
(Silence)

WALTER  Have we figured out yet just exactly how much medical school is going to cost?

RUTH  Walter Lee, why don't you leave that girl alone and get out of here to work?

WALTER (Looking at his sister intently)  You know the check is coming tomorrow.

BEN'RHATHA (Turning on him with a sharpness all her own)  That money belongs to Mama, Walter, and it's for her to decide how she wants to use it. I don't care if she wants to buy a house or a rocket ship or just nail it up somewhere and look at it. It's hers. Not ours—hers.

WALTER (Bitterly)  Now ain't that fine! You just got your mother's interest at heart, ain't you, girl? You such a nice girl—but if Mama got that money she can always take a few thousand and help you through school too—can't she?

BEN'RHATHA  I have never asked anyone around here to do anything for me!

WALTER  No! And the line between asking and just accepting when the time comes is big and wide—ain't it?

BEN'RHATHA (With fury)  What do you want from me, Brother—that I quit school or just drop dead, which?

WALTER  I don't want nothing but for you to stop acting holy 'round here. Me and Ruth done made some sacrifices for you—why can't you do something for the family?

RUTH  Walter, don't be dragging me in it.
WALTER  You are in it—Don't you get up and go work in somebody's kitchen for the last three years to help put clothes on her back?

RUTH  Oh, Walter—that's not fair . . .

WALTER  It ain't that nobody expects you to get on your knees and say thank you, Brother; thank you, Ruth; thank you, Mama—and thank you, Travis, for wearing the same pair of shoes for two semesters—

BENBATHA (Dropping to her knees)  Well—I do—all right?—thank everybody . . . and forgive me for ever wanting to be anything at all . . . forgive me, forgive me!

RUTH  Please stop it! Your mama'll hear you.

WALTER  Who the hell told you you had to be a doctor? If you so crazy 'bout messing 'round with sick people—then go be a nurse like other women—or just get married and be quiet . . .

BENBATHA  Well—you finally got it said . . . It took you three years but you finally got it said. Walter, give up; leave me alone—it's Mama's money.

WALTER  He was my father, too

BENBATHA  So what? He was mine, too—and Travis' grandfather—but the insurance money belongs to Mama. Picking on me is not going to make her give it to you to invest in any liquor stores—(Underbreath, dropping into a chair)—and I for one say, God bless Mama for that!

WALTER  (To RUTH)  See—did you hear? Did you hear!

RUTH  Honey, please go to work.

WALTER  Nobody in this house is ever going to understand me.

BENBATHA  Because you're a nut.

WALTER  Who's a nut?

BENBATHA  You—you are a nut. She is mad, boy.

WALTER  (Looking at his wife and his sister from the door, very sadly)  The world's most backward race of people, and that's a fact.

BENBATHA  (Turning slowly in her chair)  And then there are all those prophets who would lead us out of the wilderness—(WALTER slams out of the house)—into the swamps!

RUTH  Bennie, why you always gotta be pickin' on your brother? Can't you be a little sweeter sometimes? (Door opens. WALTER walks in)

WALTER  (To RUTH)  I need some money for carfare.

RUTH  (Looks at him, then warms; teasing, but tenderly)  Fifty cents? (She goes to her bag and gets money)  Here, take a taxi.

(WALTER exits. MAMA enters. She is a woman in her early sixties, full-bodied and strong. She is one of those women of a certain grace and beauty who wear it so unconstric-
face is surrounded by the total whiteness of her hair, and, being a woman who has adjusted to many things in life and overcome many more, her face is full of strength. She has, we can see, wit and faith of a kind that keep her eyes lit and full of interest and expectancy. She is, in a word, a beautiful woman. Her bearing is perhaps most like the noble bearing of the women of the Hereros of Southwest Africa—rather as if she imagines that as she walks she still bears a basket or a vessel upon her head. Her speech, on the other hand, is as careless as her carriage is precise—she is inclined to slur everything—but her voice is perhaps not so much quiet as simply soft.

**MAMA** Who that 'round here slamming doors at this hour? (She crosses through the room, goes to the window, opens it, and brings in a feeble little plant growing doggedly in a small pot on the window sill. She feels the dirt and puts it back out)

**RUTH** That was Walter Lee. He and Bennie was at it again.

**MAMA** My children and they tempers. Lord, if this little old plant don't get more sun than it's been getting it ain't never going to see spring again. (She turns from the window) What's the matter with you this morning, Ruth? You looks right peaked. You aiming to iron all those things? Leave some for me. I'll get to 'em this afternoon. Bennie honey, it's too drafty for you to be sitting 'round half dressed. Where's your robe?

**BENEATHA** In the cleaners.

**MAMA** Well, go get mine and put it on.

**BENEATHA** I'm not cold, Mama, honest.

**MAMA** I know—but you so thin . . .

**BENEATHA** (Irritably) Mama, I'm not cold.

**MAMA** (Seeing the make-down bed as Travis has left it) Lord have mercy, look at that poor bed. Bless his heart—he tries, don't he? (She moves to the bed Travis has sloppily made)

**RUTH** No—he don't half try at all 'cause he knows you going to come along behind him and fix everything. That's just how come he don't know how to do nothing right now—you done spoiled that boy so.

**MAMA** Well—he's a little boy. Ain't supposed to know 'bout housekeeping. My baby, that's what he is. What you fix for his breakfast this morning?

**RUTH** (Angrily) I feed my son, Lena!

**MAMA** I ain't meddling—(Underbreath; busy-bodyish) I just noticed all last week he had cold cereal, and when it starts getting this chilly in the fall a child ought to have some hot grits or something when he goes out in the cold—

**RUTH** (Furious) I gave him hot oats—is that all right?

**MAMA** I ain't meddling. (Pause) Put a lot of nice butter on it? (RUTH shoots her an angry look and does not reply) He likes lots of butter.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH (Exasperated) Lena--

MAMA (To Beneatha. MAMA is inclined to wander conversationally sometimes) What was you and your brother fussing 'bout this morning?

Beneatha It's not important, Mama.

(She gets up and goes to look out at the bathroom, which is apparently free, and she picks up her towels and rushes out)

MAMA What was they fighting about?

RUTH Now you know as well as I do.

MAMA (Shaking her head) Brother still worrying himself sick about that money?

RUTH You know he is.

MAMA You had breakfast?

RUTH Some coffee.

MAMA Girl, you better start eating and looking after yourself better. You almost thin as Travis.

RUTH Lena--

MAMA Un-hush?

RUTH What are you going to do with it?

MAMA Now don't you start, child. It's too early in the morning to be talking about money. It ain't Christian.

RUTH It's just that he got his heart set on that store--

MAMA You mean that liquor store that Willy Harris want him to invest in?

RUTH Yes--

MAMA We ain't no business people, Ruth. We just plain working folks.

RUTH Ain't nobody business people till they go into business. Walter Lee say colored people ain't never going to start getting ahead till they start gambling on some different kinds of things in the world—inventions and things.

MAMA What done got into you, girl? Walter Lee done finally sold you on investing.

RUTH No. Mama, something is happening between Walter and me. I don't know what it is—but he needs something—something I can't give him any more. He needs this chance, Lena.

MAMA (Frowning deeply) But liquor, honey--

RUTH Well—like Walter say—I spec people going to always be drinking themselves some liquor.

MAMA Well—whether they drinks it or not ain't none of my business. But whether I go into business selling it to 'em is,
and I don't want that on my ledger this late in life. (Stopping
suddenly and studying her daughter-in-law) Ruth Younger,
what's the matter with you today? You look like you could fall
over right there.

RUTH I'm tired.

MAMA Then you better stay home from work today.

RUTH I can't stay home. She'd be calling up the agency and
screaming at them, "My girl didn't come in today—send me
somebody! My girl didn't come in!" Oh, she just have a
fit . . .

MAMA Well, let her have it. I'll just call her up and say you
got the flu—

RUTH (Laughing) Why the flu?

MAMA 'Cause it sounds respectable to 'em. Something white
people get, too. They know 'bout the flu. Otherwise they
think you been cut up or something when you tell 'em you
sick.

RUTH I got to go in. We need the money.

MAMA Somebody would of thought my children done all but
starved to death the way they talk about money here late.
Child, we got a great big old check coming tomorrow.

RUTH (Sincerely, but also self-righteously) Now that's your
money. It ain't got nothing to do with me. We all feel like
that—Walter and Bennie and me—even Travis.

MAMA (Thoughtfully, and suddenly very far away) Ten
thousand dollars—

RUTH Sure is wonderful.

MAMA Ten thousand dollars.

RUTH You know what you should do, Miss Lena? You should
take yourself a trip somewhere. To Europe or South America
or someplace—

MAMA (Throwing up her hands at the thought) Oh, child!

RUTH I'm serious. Just pack up and leave! Go on away and
enjoy yourself some. Forget about the family and have your­
sel a ball for once in your life—

MAMA (Drily) You sound like I'm just about ready to die.
Who'd go with me? What I look like wandering 'round
Europe by myself?

RUTH Shoot—these here rich white women do it all the time.
They don't think nothing of packing up their suitcases and
piling on one of them big steamships and—swoosh!—they
gone, child.

MAMA Something always told me I wasn't no rich white
woman.

RUTH Well—what are you going to do with it then?

MAMA I ain't rightly decided. (Thinking. She speaks now with
emphasis) Some of it got to be put away for Beneatha and
I, "~
  RAISIN IN THE SUN
her schoolin'—and ain't nothing going to touch that part of it. Nothing. (She waits several seconds, trying to make up her mind about something, and looks at Walsh a little tentatively before going on) Been thinking that we maybe could meet the Dotes on a little old two-story somewhere, with a yard where Travis could play in the summertime, if we use part of the insurance for a down payment and everybody kind of pitch in. I could maybe take on a little day work again, few days a week—

RUTH (Studying her mother-law surlily and concentrating on her ironing, anxious to encourage without seeming to) Well, Lord knows, we've put enough rent into this here rat trap to pay for four houses by now . . .

MAMA (Looking up at the words "rat trap" and then looking around and leaning back and sighing—in a suddenly reflective mood—) "Rat trap"—yes, that's all it is. (Smiling) I remember just as well the day me and Big Walter moved in here. Hadn't been married but two weeks and wasn't planning on living here no more than a year. (She shakes her head at the dissolved dream) We was going to set away, little by little, don't you know, and buy a little place out in Morgan Park. We had even picked out the house. (Chuckling a little) Looks right dumpy today. But Lord, child, you should know all the dreams I had 'bout buying that house and fixing it up and making me a little garden in the back— (She waits and stops smiling) And didn't none of it happen.
(Dropping her hands in a futile gesture)

RUTH (Keeps her head down, ironing) Yes, life can be a barrel of disappointments, sometimes.

MAMA Honey, Big Walter would come in here some nights back then and slump down on that couch there and just look at the rug, and look at me and look at the rug and then back at me—and I'd know he was down then . . . really down. (After a second very long and thoughtful pause; she is seeing back to times that only she can see) And then, Lord, when I lost that baby—little Claude—I almost thought I was going to lose Big Walter too. Oh, that man grieved himself! He was one man to love his children.

RUTH Ain't nothin' can tear at you like losin' your baby.

MAMA I guess that's how come that man finally worked himself to death like he done. Like he was fighting his own war with this here world that took his baby from him.

RUTH He sure was a fine man, all right. I always liked Mr. Younger.

MAMA Crazy 'bout his children! God knows there was plenty wrong with Walter Younger—hard-headed, mean, kind of wild with women—plenty wrong with him. But he sure loved his children. Always wanted them to have something—he wanted them to have something. That's where Brother gets all these notions, I reckon. Big Walter used to say, he'd get right wet in the eyes sometimes, lean his head back with the water standing in his eyes and say, "Seem like God didn't see fit to give the black man nothing but dreams—but He did give us children to make them dreams seem worth while." (She smiles) He could talk like that, don't you know.

RUTH Yes, he sure could. He was a good man, Mr. Younger.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

MAMA  Yes, a fine man—just couldn't never catch up with his dreams, that's all.

(beneath comes in, brushing her hair and looking up to the ceiling, where the sound of a vacuum cleaner has started up)

BENEATHA  What could be so dirty on that woman's rugs that she has to vacuum them every single day?

RUTH  I wish certain young women 'round here who I could name would take inspiration about certain rugs in a certain apartment I could also mention.

BENEATHA  (Shrugging)  How much cleaning can a house need, for Christ's sake.

MAMA  (Not liking the Lord's name used thus)  Benni.

RUTH  Just listen to her—just listen.

BENEATHA  Oh, God!

MAMA  If you use the Lord's name just one more time—

BENEATHA  (A bit of a whine)  Oh, Mama—

RUTH  Fresh—just fresh as salt, this girl!

BENEATHA  (Drily)  Well—if the salt loses its savor—

MAMA  Now that will do. I just ain't going to have you 'round here reciting the scriptures in vain—you hear me?

BENEATHA  How did I manage to get on everybody's wrong side by just walking into a room?

RUTH  If you weren't so fresh—

BENEATHA  Ruth, I'm twenty years old.

MAMA  What time you be home from school today?

BENEATHA  Kind of late. (With enthusiasm) Madeline is going to start my guitar lessons today.

(MAMA and RUTH look up with the same expression)

MAMA  Your what kind of lessons?

BENEATHA  Guitar.

RUTH  Oh, Father!

MAMA  How come you done taken it in your mind to learn to play the guitar?

BENEATHA  I just want to, that's all.

MAMA  (Smiling)  Lord, child, don't you know what to do with yourself? How long it going to be before you get tired of this now—like you got tired of that little play-acting group you joined last year? (Looking at Ruth)  And what was it the year before that?

RUTH  The horseback-riding club for which she bought that fifty-five-dollar riding habit that's been hanging in the closet ever since!
MAMA (To BENRATHA) Why you got to flit so from one thing to another, baby?

BENRATHA (Sharply) I just want to learn to play the guitar. Is there anything wrong with that?

MAMA Ain't nobody trying to stop you. I just wonders sometimes why you has to flit so from one thing to another all the time. You ain't never done nothing with all that camera equipment you brought home—

BENRATHA I don't flit! I—I experiment with different forms of expression—

RUTH Like riding a horse?

BENRATHA —People have to express themselves one way or another.

MAMA What is it you want to express?

BENRATHA (Angrily) Mel (MAMA and RUTH look at each other and burst into raucous laughter) Don't worry—I don't expect you to understand.

MAMA (To change the subject) Who you going out with to-morrow night?

BENRATHA (With displeasure) George Murchison again.

MAMA (Pleased) Oh—you getting a little sweet on him?
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENJATHA Brother is a flip—let’s face it.

MAMA (To RUTH, helplessly) What’s a flip?

RUTH (Glad to add kindling) She’s saying he’s crazy.

BENJATHA Not crazy. Brother isn’t really crazy yet—he’s an elaborate neurotic.

MAMA Hush your mouth!

BENJATHA As for George. Well, George looks good—he’s got a beautiful car and he takes me to nice places and, as my sister-in-law says, he is probably the richest boy I will ever get to know and I even like him sometimes—but if the Youngers are sitting around waiting to see if their little Bennie is going to tie up the family with the Murchisons, they are wasting their time.

RUTH You mean you wouldn’t marry George Murchison if he asked you someday? That pretty, rich thing? Honey, I knew you were odd—

BENJATHA No I would not marry him if all I felt for him was what I feel now. Besides, George’s family wouldn’t really like it.

MAMA Why not?

BENJATHA Oh, Mama—the Murchisons are honest-to-God-real-live-rich colored people, and the only people in the world who are more snobbish than rich white people are rich colored people. I thought everybody knew that. I’ve met Mrs. Murchison. She’s a scene!

MAMA You must not dislike people ‘cause they well off, honey.

BENJATHA Why not? It makes just as much sense as disliking people ‘cause they are poor, and lots of people do that.

RUTH (A wisdom-of-the-ages manner. To MAMA) Well, she’ll get over some of this—

BENJATHA Get over it? What are you talking about, Ruth? Listen, I’m going to be a doctor. I’m not worried about who I’m going to marry yet—if I ever get married.

MAMA and RUTH If!

MAMA Now, Bennie—

BENJATHA Oh, I probably will . . . but first I’m going to be a doctor, and George, for one, still thinks that’s pretty funny. I couldn’t be bothered with that. I am going to be a doctor and everybody around here better understand that!

MAMA (Kindly) ’Course you going to be a doctor, honey, God willing.

BENJATHA (Drily) God hasn’t got a thing to do with it.

MAMA Beneatha—that just wasn’t necessary.

BENJATHA Well—neither is God. I get sick of hearing about God.

MAMA Beneathah
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA I mean it! I'm just tired of hearing about God all the time. What has He got to do with anything? Does he pay tuition?

MAMA You 'bout to get your fresh little jaw slapped!

RUTH That's just what she needs, all right!

BENEATHA Why? Why can't I say what I want to around here, like everybody else?

MAMA It don't sound nice for a young girl to say things like that—you wasn't brought up that way. Me and your father went to trouble to get you and Brother to church every Sunday.

BENEATHA Mama, you don't understand. It's all a matter of ideas, and God is just one idea I don't accept. It's not important. I am not going out and be immoral or commit crimes because I don't believe in God. I don't even think about it. It's just that I get tired of Him getting credit for all the things the human race achieves through its own stubborn effort. There simply is no blasted God—there is only man and it is he who makes miracles!

(MAMA absorbs this speech, studies her daughter and rises slowly and crosses to BENEATHA and slaps her powerfully across the face. After, there is only silence and the daughter drops her eyes from her mother's face, and MAMA is very tall before her)

MAMA Now—you say after me, in my mother's house there is still God. (There is a long pause and BENEATHA stares at the floor wordlessly. MAMA repeats the phrase with precision and cool emotion) In my mother's house there is still God.

36

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA In my mother's house there is still God. (A long pause)

MAMA (Walking away from BENEATHA, too disturbed for triumphant posture. Stopping and turning back to her daughter) There are some ideas we ain't going to have in this house. Not long as I am at the head of this family.

BENEATHA Yes, ma'am. (MAMA walks out of the room)

RUTH (Almost gently, with profound understanding) You think you a woman, Bennie—but you still a little girl. What you did was childish—so you got treated like a child.

BENEATHA I see. (Quietly) I also see that everybody thinks it's all right for Mama to be a tyrant. But all the tyranny in the world will never put a God in the heavens!

(She picks up her books and goes out)

RUTH (Goes to MAMA's door) She said she was sorry.

MAMA (Coming out, going to her plant) They frightens me, Ruth. My children.

RUTH You got good children, Lena. They just a little off sometimes—but they're good.

MAMA No—there's something come down between me and them that don't let us understand each other and I don't know what it is. One done almost lost his mind thinking 'bout money all the time and the other done commence to talk about things I can't seem to understand in no form or fashion. What is it that's changing, Ruth?
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH (Soothingly, older than her years)   Now . . . you taking it all too seriously. You just got strong-willed children and it takes a strong woman like you to keep 'em in hand.

MAMA (Looking at her plant and sprinkling a little water on it)  They spirited all right, my children. Got to admit they got spirit—Bennie and Walter. Like this little old plant that ain't never had enough sunshine or nothing—and look at it . . .

(She has her back to RUTH, who has had to stop ironing and lean against something and put the back of her hand to her forehead)

RUTH (Trying to keep MAMA from noticing)  You . . . sure . . . loves that little old thing, don't you? . . .

MAMA  Well, I always wanted me a garden like I used to see sometimes at the back of the houses down home. This plant is close as I ever got to having one. (She looks out of the window as she replaces the plant)  Lord, ain't nothing as dreary as the view from this window on a dreary day, is there? Why ain't you singing this morning, Ruth? Sing that "No Ways Tired." That song always lifts me up so—(She turns at last to see that RUTH has slipped quietly into a chair, in a state of semiconsciousness)  Ruth! Ruth honey—what's the matter with you . . . Ruth!

Curtain

Scene 2

It is the following morning; a Saturday morning, and house cleaning is in progress at the Youngers. Furniture has been shoved hither and yon and MAMA is giving the kitchen-area walls a washing down. BENEATHA, in dungarees, with a handkerchief tied around her face, is spraying insecticide into the cracks in the walls. As they work, the radio is on and a Southside disk jockey program is inappropriately filling the house with a rather exotic saxophone blues. TRAVIS, the sole idle one, is leaning on his arms, looking out of the window.

TRAVIS  Grandmama, that stuff Bennie is using smells awful. Can I go downstairs, please?

MAMA  Did you get all them chores done already? I ain't seen you doing much.

TRAVIS  Yes'm—finished early. Where did Mama go this morning?

MAMA (Looking at BENEFATHA)  She had to go on a little errand.

TRAVIS  Where?

MAMA  To tend to her business.

TRAVIS  Can I go outside then?
MAMA Oh, I guess so. You better stay right in front of the house, though . . . and keep a good lookout for the postman.

TRAVIS Yes'm. *(He starts out and decides to give his aunt Beneatha a good swat on the legs as he passes her)* Leave them poor little old cockroaches alone, they ain't bothering you none.

*(He runs as she swings the spray gun at him both viciously and playfully. Walter enters from the bedroom and goes to the phone)*

MAMA Look out there, girl, before you be spilling some of that stuff on that child!

TRAVIS *(Teasing)* That's right—look out now!

*(He exits)*

Beneatha *(Drily)* I can't imagine that it would hurt him—it has never hurt the roaches.

MAMA Well, little boys' hides ain't as tough as Southside roaches.

WALTER *(Into phone)* Hello—Let me talk to Willy Harris.

MAMA You better get over there behind the bureau. I seen one marching out of there like Napoleon yesterday.

WALTER Hello, Willy? It ain't come yet. It'll be here in a few minutes. Did the lawyer give you the papers?

Beneatha There's really only one way to get rid of them, Mama—

How?

Beneatha Set fire to this building.

Walter Good. Good. I'll be right over.

Beneatha Where did Ruth go, Walter?

Walter I don't know.

*(He exits abruptly)*

Beneatha Mama, where did Ruth go?

MAMA *(Looking at her with meaning)* To the doctor, I think.

Beneatha The doctor? What's the matter? *(They exchange glances)* You don't think—

MAMA *(With her sense of drama)* Now I ain't saying what I think. But I ain't never been wrong 'bout a woman neither.

*(The phone rings)*

Beneatha *(At the phone)* Hay-lo . . . *(Pause, and a moment of recognition)* Well—when did you get back! . . . And how was it! . . . Of course I've missed you—in my way . . . This morning? No . . . house cleaning and all that and Mama hates it if I let people come over when the house is like this . . . You have? Well, that's different . . . What is it— Oh, what the hell, come on over . . . Right, see you then.

*(She hangs up)*
MAMA (Who has listened vigorously, as is her habit) Who is that you inviting over here with this house looking like this? You ain't got the pride you was born with!

BENEATHA Asagai doesn't care how houses look, Mama—he's an intellectual.

MAMA Who?

BENEATHA Asagai—Joseph Asagai. He's an African boy I met on campus. He's been studying in Canada all summer.

MAMA What's his name?

BENEATHA Asagai, Joseph. Ah-sah-guy. . . He's from Nigeria.

MAMA Oh, that's the little country that was founded by slaves way back . . .

BENEATHA No, Mama—that's Liberia.

MAMA I don't think I never met no African before.

BENEATHA Well, do me a favor and don't ask him a whole lot of ignorant questions about Africans. I mean, do they wear clothes and all that—

MAMA Well, now, I guess if you think we so ignorant 'round here maybe you shouldn't bring your friends here—

BENEATHA It's just that people ask such crazy things. All anyone seems to know about when it comes to Africa is Tarzan—
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

MAMA What do you know about planning or not planning?

BENETHA Oh, Mama.

RUTH (Warily) She's twenty years old, Lena.

BENETHA Did you plan it, Ruth?

RUTH Mind your own business.

BENETHA It is my business—where is he going to live, on the roof? (There is silence following the remark as the three women react to the sense of it) Gee—I didn't mean that, Ruth, honest. Gee, I don't feel like that at all—I think it is wonderful.

RUTH (Dully) Wonderful.

BENETHA Yes—really.

MAMA (Looking at Ruth, worried) Doctor say everything going to be all right?

RUTH (Far away) Yes—she says everything is going to be fine . . .

MAMA (Immediately suspicious) "She"— What doctor you went to?

(RUTH falls over, near hysteria)

MAMA (Worriedly hovering over RUTH) Ruth honey—what's the matter with you—you sick?

(RUTH has her fists clenched on her thighs and is fight-

BENETHA What's the matter with her, Mama?

MAMA (Working her fingers in Ruth's shoulder to relax her) She be all right. Women gets right depressed sometimes when they get her way. (Speaking softly, expertly, rapidly) Now you just relax. That's right . . . just lean back, don't think 'bout nothing at all . . . nothing at all—

RUTH I'm all right . . .

(The glassy-eyed look melts and then she collapses into a fit of heavy sobbing. The bell rings)

BENETHA Oh, my God—that must be Asagai.

MAMA (To Ruth) Come on now, honey. You need to lie down and rest awhile . . . then have some nice hot food. (They exit, RUTH'S weight on her mother-in-law. BENETHA, herself profoundly disturbed, opens the door to admit a rather dramatic-looking young man with a large package)

ASAGAI Hello, Alaiyo—

BENETHA (Holding the door open and regarding him with pleasure) Hello . . . (Long pause) Well—come in. And please excuse everything. My mother was very upset about my letting anyone come here with the place like this.

ASAGAI (Coming into the room) You look disturbed too . . . Is something wrong?
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA (Still at the door, absently) Yes . . . we’ve all got acute ghetto-itus. (She smiles and comes toward him, finding a cigarette and sitting) So—sit down! How was Canada?

ASAGAI (A sophisticate) Canadian.

BENEATHA (Looking at him) I’m very glad you are back.

ASAGAI (Looking back at her in turn) Are you really?

BENEATHA Yes—very.

ASAGAI Why—you were quite glad when I went away. What happened?

BENEATHA You went away.

ASAGAI Ahhhhhhhhh.

BENEATHA Before—you wanted to be so serious before there was time.

ASAGAI How much time must there be before one knows what one feels?

BENEATHA (Stalling this particular conversation. Her hands pressed together, in a deliberately childish gesture) What did you bring me?

ASAGAI (Handing her the package) Open it and see.

BENEATHA (Eagerly opening the package and drawing out some records and the colorful robes of a Nigerian woman) Oh,
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

Asagail ... You got them for me! ... How beautiful ... and the records too! (She lifts out the robes and runs to the mirror with them and holds the drapery up in front of herself)

Asagai (Coming to her at the mirror) I shall have to teach you how to drape it properly. (He flings the material about her for the moment and stands back to look at her) Ah—Oh-pay-gay-day, oh-gbahi-mu-shay. (A Yoruba exclamation for admiration) You wear it well ... very well ... mutilated hair and all.

Beneatha (Turning suddenly) My hair—what’s wrong with my hair?

Asagai (Shrugging) Were you born with it like that?

Beneatha (Reaching up to touch it) No ... of course not. (She looks back to the mirror, disturbed)

Asagai (Smiling) How then?

Beneatha You know perfectly well how ... as crinkly as yours ... that’s how.

Asagai And it is ugly to you that way?

Beneatha (Quickly) Oh, no—not ugly ... (More slowly, apologetically) But it’s so hard to manage when it’s, well—raw.

Asagai And so to accommodate that—you mutilate it every week?
ASAGAI (Laughing aloud at her seriousness) Oh. . . . please! I am only teasing you because you are so very serious about these things. (He stands back from her and folds his arms across his chest as he watches her pulling at her hair and frowning in the mirror.) Do you remember the first time you met me at school? . . . (He laughs) You came up to me and you said—and I thought you were the most serious little thing I had ever seen—you said: (He imitates her) "Mr. Asagai—I want very much to talk with you. About Africa. You see, Mr. Asagai, I am looking for my identity!" (He laughs)

BENEATHA (Turning to him, not laughing) Yes— (Her face is quizzical, profoundly disturbed)

ASAGAI (Still teasing and reaching out and taking her face in his hands and turning her profile to him) Well. . . . it is true that this is not so much a profile of a Hollywood queen as perhaps a queen of the Nile—(A mock dismissal of the importance of the question) But what does it matter? Assimilationism is so popular in your country.

BENEATHA (Wheeling, passionately, sharply) I am not an assimilationist!

ASAGAI (The protest hangs in the room for a moment and ASAGAI studies her, his laughter fading) Such a serious one. (There is a pause) So—you like the robes? You must take excellent care of them—they are from my sister's personal wardrobe.

BENEATHA (With incredulity) You—you sent all the way home—for me?

ASAGAI (With charm) For you—I would do much more . . . Well, that is what I came for. I must go.

BENEATHA Will you call me Monday?

ASAGAI Yes . . . We have a great deal to talk about. I mean about identity and time and all that.

BENEATHA Time?

ASAGAI Yes. About how much time one needs to know what one feels.

BENEATHA You never understood that there is more than one kind of feeling which can exist between a man and a woman—or, at least, there should be.

ASAGAI (Shaking his head negatively but gently) No. Between a man and a woman there need be only one kind of feeling. I have that for you . . . Now even . . . right this moment . . .

BENEATHA I know—and by itself—it won't do. I can find that anywhere.

ASAGAI For a woman it should be enough.

BENEATHA I know—because that's what it says in all the novels that men write. But it isn't. Go ahead and laugh—but I'm not interested in being someone's little episode in America or— (With feminine vengeance)—one of them! (ASAGAI has burst into laughter again) That's funny as hell, huh!
ASAGAI It's just that every American girl I have known has said that to me. White—black—in this you are all the same. And the same speech, too!

BENEATHA (Angrily) Yuk, yuk, yuk!

ASAGAI It's how you can be sure that the world's most liberated women are not liberated at all. You all talk about it too much! (Mama enters and is immediately all social charm because of the presence of a guest)

BENEATHA Oh—Mama—this is Mr. Asagai.

MAMA How do you do?

ASAGAI (Total politeness to an elder) How do you do, Mrs. Younger. Please forgive me for coming at such an outrageous hour on a Saturday.

MAMA Well, you are quite welcome. I just hope you understand that our house don't always look like this. (Chatterish) You must come again. I would love to hear all about—(Not sure of the name)—your country. I think it's so sad the way our American Negroes don't know nothing about Africa 'cept Tarzan and all that. And all that money they pour into these churches when they ought to be helping you people over there drive out them French and Englishmen done taken away your land.

(The mother flashes a slightly superior look at her daughter upon completion of the recitation)

ASAGAI (Taken aback by this sudden and acutely unrelated expression of sympathy) Yes . . . yes . . .

MAMA (Smiling at him suddenly and relaxing and looking him over) How many miles is it from here to where you come from?

ASAGAI Many thousands.

MAMA (Looking at him as she would Walter) I bet you don't half look after yourself, being away from your mama either. I spec you better come 'round here from time to time and get yourself some decent home-cooked meals . . .

ASAGAI (Moved) Thank you. Thank you very much. (They are all quiet, then—) Well . . . I must go. I will call you Monday, Alaiyo.

MAMA What's that he call you?

ASAGAI Oh—"Alaiyo." I hope you don't mind. It is what you would call a nickname, I think. It is a Yoruba word. I am a Yoruba.

MAMA (Looking at Beneatha) I—I thought he was from—

ASAGAI (Understanding) Nigeria is my country. Yoruba is my tribal origin—

BENEATHA You didn't tell us what Alaiyo means ... for all I know, you might be calling me Little Idiot or something . . .

ASAGAI Well . . . let me see . . . I do not know how just to explain it . . . The sense of a thing can be so different when it changes languages.

BENEATHA You're evading.
**A RAISIN IN THE SUN**

**ASAGAI** No—really it is difficult... *(Thinking)* It means... it means One for Whom Bread—Food—Is Not Enough.

*(He looks at her)* Is that all right?

**BENJAMIN** *(Understanding, softly)* Thank you.

**MAMA** *(Looking from one to the other and not understanding any of it)* Well... that’s nice... You must come see us again—Mr—

**ASAGAI** Ah-sah-guy... *

**MAMA** Yes... Do come again.

**ASAGAI** Good-bye.

*(He exits)*

**MAMA** *(After him)* Lord, that's a pretty thing just went out here! *(Innuisingly, to her daughter)* Yes, I guess I see why we done commence to get so interested in Africa 'round here. Missionaries my aunt Jenny!

*(She exits)*

**BENJATHA** Oh, Mama!...

*(She picks up the Nigerian dress and holds it up to her in front of the mirror again. She sets the headdress on haphazardly and then notices her hair again and clutches at it and then replaces the headdress and frowns at herself. Then she starts to wriggle in front of the mirror as she thinks a Nigerian woman might. TRAVIS enters and regards her)*

**TRAVIS** You cracking up?

**BENJATHA** Shut up.

*(She pulls the headdress off and looks at herself in the mirror and clutches at her hair again and squinches her eyes as if trying to imagine something. Then, suddenly, she gets her raincoat and kerchief and hurriedly prepares for going out)*

**MAMA** *(Coming back into the room)* She's resting now. Travis, baby, run next door and ask Miss Johnson to please let me have a little kitchen cleanser. This here can is empty as Jacob's kettle.

**TRAVIS** I just came in.

**MAMA** Do as you told. *(He exits and she looks at her daughter)* Where you going?

**BENJATHA** *(Halting at the door)* To become a queen of the Nile!

*(She exits in a breathless blaze of glory. RUTH appears in the bedroom doorway)*

**MAMA** Who told you to get up?

**RUTH** Ain't nothing wrong with me to be lying in no bed for. Where did Bennie go?

**MAMA** *(Drumming her fingers)* Far as I could make out—to Egypt. *(RUTH just looks at her)* What time is it getting to?

**RUTH** Ten twenty. And the mailman going to ring that bell this morning just like he done every morning for the last umpteen years.

*(TRAVIS comes in with the cleanser can)*
RAISIN IN THE SUN

TRAVIS She say to tell you that she don't have much.

MAMA (Angrily) Lord, some people I could name sure is tight-fisted! (Directing her grandson) Mark two cans of cleanser down on the list there. If she that hard up for kitchen cleanser, I sure don't want to forget to get her none.

RUTH Lena—maybe the woman is just short on cleanser—

MAMA (Not listening) —Much baking powder as she done borrowed from me all these years, she could of done gone into the baking business! (The bell sounds suddenly and sharply and all three are stunned—serious and silent—mid-speech. In spite of all the other conversations and distractions of the morning, this is what they have been waiting for, even TRAVIS, who looks helplessly from his mother to his grandmother. RUTH is the first to come to life again)

RUTH (To TRAVIS) Get down them steps, boy! (TRAVIS snaps to life and flies out to get the mail)

MAMA (Her eyes wide, her hand to her breast) You mean it done really come?

RUTH (Excited) Oh, Miss Lena!

MAMA (Collecting herself) Well... I don't know what we all so excited about 'round here for. We known it was coming for months.

RUTH That's a whole lot different from having it come and being able to hold it in your hands... a piece of paper worth ten thousand dollars... (TRAVIS bursts back into the room. He holds the envelope high above his head, like a little dancer, his face is radiant and he is breathless. He moves to his grandmother with sudden slow ceremony and puts the envelope into her hands. She accepts it, and then merely holds it and looks at it) Come on! Open it... Lord have mercy, I wish Walter Lee was here!

MAMA (Staring at it) Now you all be quiet. It's just a check.

RUTH Open it...

MAMA (Still staring at it) Now don't act silly... We ain't never been no people to act silly 'bout no money...

RUTH (Swiftly) We ain't never had none before—open it! (MAMA finally makes a good strong tear and pulls out the thin blue slice of paper and inspects it closely. The boy and his mother study it rapidly over MAMA'S shoulders)

MAMA Travis! (She is counting off with doubt) Is that the right number of zeros.

RUTH Yes'm... ten thousand dollars. Gaalee, Grandmama, you rich.

MAMA (She holds the check away from her, still looking at it. Slowly her face sores into a mask of unhappiness) Ten thousand dollars. (She hands it to RUTH) Put it away somewhere, Ruth. (She does not look at RUTH; her eyes seem to be seeing something somewhere very far off) Ten thousand dollars they give you. Ten thousand dollars.
TRAVIS (To his mother, sincerely) What's the matter with Grandmama—don't she want to be rich?

RUTH (Distractedly) You go on out and play now, baby. (TRAVIS exits. MAMA starts wiping dishes absently, humming intensely to herself. RUTH turns to her, with kind exasperation) You've gone and got yourself upset.

MAMA (Not looking at her) I spec if it wasn’t for you all ... I would just put that money away or give it to the church or something.

RUTH Now what kind of talk is that. Mr. Younger would just be plain mad if he could hear you talking foolish like that.

MAMA (Stopping and staring off) Yes ... he sure would. (Sighing) We got enough to do with that money, all right. (She halts then, and turns and looks at her daughter-in-law hard; RUTH avoids her eyes and MAMA wipes her hands with finality and starts to speak firmly to RUTH) Where did you go today, girl?

RUTH To the doctor.

MAMA (Impatiently) Now, Ruth ... you know better than that. Old Doctor Jones is strange enough in his way but there ain’t nothing 'bout him make somebody slip and call him "she"—like you done this morning.

RUTH Well, that's what happened—my tongue slipped.

MAMA You went to see that woman, didn't you?

RUTH (Defensively, giving herself away) What 'bout in you talking about?

MAMA (Angrily) That woman who—

WALTER Did it come?

MAMA (Quietly) Can't you give people a Christian greeting before you start asking about money?

WALTER (To RUTH) Did it come? (RUTH unfolds the check and lays it quietly before him, watching him intensely with thoughts of her own. WALTER sits down and grasps it close and counts off the zeros) Ten thousand dollars—(He turns suddenly, frantically to his mother and draws some papers out of his breast pocket) Mamma—look. Old Willy Harris put everything on paper—

MAMA Son—I think you ought to talk to your wife ... I'll go on out and leave you alone if you want—

WALTER I can talk to her later—Mama, look—

MAMA Son—

WALTER WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE LISTEN TO ME TODAY!

MAMA (Quietly) I don't 'low no yellin' in this house, Walter Lee, and you know it—(WALTER stares at them in frustration and starts to speak several times) And there ain't going to be...
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

no investing in no liquor stores. I don't aim to have to speak on that again.
(A long pause)

WALTER Oh—so you don't aim to have to speak on that again? So you have decided . . . (Crumpling his paper) Well, you tell that to my boy tonight when you put him to sleep on the living-room couch . . . (Turning to MAMA and speaking directly to her) Yeah—and tell it to my wife, Mama, tomorrow when she has to go out of here to look after somebody else's kids. And tell it to me, Mama, every time we need a new pair of curtains and I have to watch you go out and work in somebody's kitchen. Yeah, you tell me then!

(WALTER starts out)

RUTH Where you going?

WALTER I'm going out!

RUTH Where?

WALTER Just out of this house somewhere—

RUTH (Getting her coat) I'll come too.

WALTER I don't want you to come!

RUTH I got something to talk to you about, Walter.

WALTER That's too bad.

MAMA (Still quietly) Walter Lee—(She waits and he finally turns and looks at her) Sit down.

WALTER I'm a grown man, Mama.

MAMA Ain't nobody said you wasn't grown. But you still in my house and my presence. And as long as you are—you'll talk to your wife civil. Now sit down.

RUTH (Suddenly) Oh, let him go on out and drink himself to death! He makes me sick to my stomach! (She slings her coat against him)

WALTER (Violently) And you turn mine too, baby! (RUTH goes into their bedroom and slams the door behind her) That was my greatest mistake—

MAMA (Still quietly) Walter, what is the matter with you?

WALTER Matter with me? Ain't nothing the matter with me!

MAMA Yes there is. Something eating you up like a crazy man. Something more than me not giving you this money. The past few years I been watching it happen to you. You get all nervous acting and kind of wild in the eyes—(WALTER jumps up impatiently at her words) I said sit there now, I'm talking to you!

WALTER Mama—I don't need no nagging at me today.

MAMA Seem like you getting to a place where you always tied up in some kind of knot about something. But if anybody ask you 'bout it you just yell at 'em and bust out the house and go out and drink somewheres. Walter Lee, people can't live with that. Ruth's a good, patient girl in her way—but you getting to be too much. Boy, don't make the mistake of driving that girl away from you.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

WALTER Why—what she do for me?

MAMA She loves you.

WALTER Mama—I'm going out. I want to go off somewhere and be by myself for a while.

MAMA I'm sorry 'bout your liquor business. It just wasn't the thing for us to do. That's what I want to tell you about—

WALTER I got to go out, Mama—

(Mama rises)

MAMA It's dangerous, son.

WALTER What's dangerous?

MAMA When a man goes outside his home to look for peace.

WALTER (Beggingly) Then why can't there never be no peace in this house then?

MAMA You done found it in some other house?

WALTER No—there ain't no woman! Why do women always think there's a woman somewhere when a man gets restless.

(Mama comes to Walter) Mama—Mama—I want so many things...

MAMA Yes, son—

WALTER I want so many things that they are driving me kind of crazy... Mama—look at me.

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

MAMA I'm looking at you. You a good-looking boy! You got a job, a nice wife, a fine boy and—

WALTER A job. (Looks at her) Mama, a job? I open and close car doors all day long. I drive a man around in his limousine and I say, “Yes, sir; no, sir; very good, sir; shall I take the Drive, sir?” Mama, that ain't no kind of job... that ain't nothing at all. (Very quietly) Mama, I don't know if I can make you understand.

MAMA Understand what, baby?

WALTER (Quietly) Sometimes it's like I can see the future stretched out in front of me—just plain as day. The future, Mama. Hanging over there at the edge of my days. Just waiting for me—a big, looming blank space—full of nothing. Just waiting for me. (Pause) Mama—sometimes when I'm downtown and I pass them cool, quiet-looking restaurants where them white boys are sitting back and talking 'bout things... sitting there turning deals worth millions of dollars... sometimes I see guys don't look much older than me—

MAMA Son—how come you talk so much 'bout money?

WALTER (With immense passion) Because it is life, Mama

MAMA (Quietly) Oh—(Very quietly) So now it's life. Money is life. Once upon a time freedom used to be life—now it's money. I guess the world really do change...

WALTER No—it was always money, Mama. We just didn't know about it.
MAMA No . . . something has changed. (She looks at him)
You something new, boy. In my time we was worried about
not being lynched and getting to the North if we could and
how to stay alive and still have a pinch of dignity too . . .
Now here come you and Beneatha—talking 'bout things we
ain't never even thought about hardly, me and your daddy.
You ain't satisfied or proud of nothing we done. I mean that
you had a home; that we kept you out of trouble till you was
grown; that you don't have to ride to work on the back of
nobody's streetcar—You my children—but how different we
done become.

WALTER You just don't understand, Mama, you just don't
understand.

MAMA So—do you know your wife is expecting another
baby? (Walter stands, stunned, and absorbs what his mother
has said) That's what she wanted to talk to you about. (Wal-
ter sinks down into a chair) This ain't for me to be telling—
but you ought to know. (She waits) I think Ruth is thinking
'bout getting rid of that child.

WALTER (Slowly understanding) No—no—Ruth wouldn't do
that.

MAMA When the world gets ugly enough—a woman will do
anything for her family. The part that's already living.

WALTER You don't know Ruth, Mama, if you think she would
do that.

(Ruth opens the bedroom door and stands there a little
limp)

MAMA If you a son of mine, tell her! (Walter turns, looks at
her and can say nothing. She continues, bitterly) You . . .
you are a disgrace to your father's memory. Somebody get
me my hat.

Curtain
SCENE 1

Time: Later the same day.
At rise: RUTH is ironing again. She has the radio going. Presently BENABATHA's bedroom door opens and RUTH's mouth falls and she puts down the iron in fascination.

RUTH What have we got on tonight?

BENABATHA (Emerging grandly from the doorway so that we can see her thoroughly robed in the costume Asaga brought) You are looking at what a well-dressed Nigerian woman wears—(She parades for RUTH, her hair completely hidden by the headdress; she is coquettishly fanning herself with an ornate oriental fan, mistakenly more like Butterfly than any Nigerian that ever was) Isn't it beautiful? (She promenades to the radio and, with an arrogant flourish, turns off the good loud blues that is playing) Enough of this assimilationist junk! (RUTH follows her with her eyes as she goes to the phonograph and puts on a record and turns and waits ceremoniously for the music to come up. Then, with a shout—)

OCOMOGOSIAY!

(RUTH jumps. The music comes up, a lovely Nigerian melody. BENABATHA listens, enraptured, her eyes far away—"back to the past." She begins to dance. RUTH is dummfounded)

RUTH What kind of dance is that?
RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA: A folk dance.

RUTH (Pearl Bailey): What kind of folks do that, honey?

BENEATHA: It's from Nigeria. It's a dance of welcome.

RUTH: Who you welcoming?

BENEATHA: The men back to the village.

RUTH: Where they been?

BENEATHA: How should I know—out hunting or something. Anyway, they are coming back now...

RUTH: Well, that's good.

BENEATHA (With the record):
Alundi, alundi
Alundi alunya
Jop pu a jeepua
Ang gu 10000000

Ayi yai yae...
Aychaye—alundi...

(WALTER comes in during this performance; he has obviously been drinking. He leans against the door heavily and watches his sister, at first with distaste. Then his eyes look off—"back to the past"—as he lifts both his fists to the roof, screaming)

WALTER: YEAH... AND ETHIOPIA STRETCH FORTH HER HANDS AGAIN!

RUTH (Dryly, looking at him): Yes—and Africa sure is claiming her own tonight. (She gives them both up and starts ironing again)

WALTER (All in a drunken, dramatic shout): Shut up!... I'm digging them drums... them drums move me... (He makes his weaving way to his wife's face and leans in close to her) In my heart of hearts—(He thumps his chest) —I am much warrior!

RUTH (Without even looking up): In your heart of hearts you are much drunkard.

WALTER (Coming away from her and starting to wander around the room, shouting): Me and Jomo... (Intently, in his sister's face. She has stopped dancing to watch him in this unknown mood) That's my man, Kenyatta. (Shouting and thumping his chest) FLAMING SPEAR! HOT DAMN! (He is suddenly in possession of an imaginary spear and actively spearing enemies all over the room) OCOMOGOSIAY... THE LION IS WAKING... OWIMOWEH! (He pulls his shirt open and leaps up on a table and gestures with his spear. The bell rings. RUTH goes to answer)

BENEATHA (To encourage WALTER, thoroughly caught up with this side of him): OCOMOGOSIAY, FLAMING SPEAR!

WALTER (On the table, very far gone, his eyes pure glass sheets. He sees what we cannot, that he is a leader of his people, a great chief, a descendant of Chaka, and that the hour to march has come): Listen, my black brothers—
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

BENEATHA OCOMOGOSIAY!

WALTER —Do you hear the waters rushing against the shores of the coastlands—

BENEATHA OCOMOGOSIAY!

WALTER —Do you hear the screeching of the cocks in yonder hills beyond where the chiefs meet in council for the coming of the mighty war—

BENEATHA OCOMOGOSIAY!

WALTER —Do you hear the beating of the wings of the birds flying low over the mountains and the low places of our land—

(RUTH opens the door. GEORGE MURCHISON enters)

BENEATHA OCOMOGOSIAY!

WALTER —Do you hear the singing of the women, singing the war songs of our fathers to the babies in the great houses ... singing the sweet war songs? OH, DO YOU HEAR, MY BLACK BROTHERS!

BENEATHA (Completely gone) We hear you, Flaming Spear—

WALTER Telling us to prepare for the greatness of the time—
(To GEORGE) Black Brother!
(He extends his hand for the fraternal clasp)

GEORGE Black Brother, hell!

RUTH (Having had enough, and embarrassed for the family) Beneatha, you got company—what's the matter with you? Walter Lee Younger, get down off that table and stop acting like a fool . . .

(WALTER comes down off the table suddenly and makes a quick exit to the bathroom)

RUTH He's had a little to drink ... I don't know what her excuse is.

GEORGE (To BENEATHA) Look honey, we’re going to the theatre—we’re not going to be in it ... so go change, huh?

RUTH You expect this boy to go out with you looking like that?

BENEATHA (Looking at GEORGE) That's up to George. If he's ashamed of his heritage—

GEORGE Oh, don't be so proud of yourself, Bennie—just because you look eccentric.

BENEATHA How can something that's natural be eccentric?

GEORGE That's what being eccentric means—being natural. Get dressed.

BENEATHA I don't like that, George.

RUTH Why must you and your brother make an argument out of everything people say?

BENEATHA Because I hate assimilationist Negroes!
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH Will somebody please tell me what assimila-whoevert
means?

GEORGE Oh, it's just a college girl's way of calling people
Uncle Toms—but that isn't what it means at all.

RUTH Well, what does it mean?

BENEATHA (Cutting George off and staring at him as she replies
to Ruth) It means someone who is willing to give up his own
culture and submerge himself completely in the dominant,
and in this case, oppressive culture.

GEORGE Oh, dear, dear, dear! Here we go! A lecture on the
African past! On our Great West African Heritage! In one
second we will hear all about the great Ashanti empires; the
great Songhay civilizations; and the great sculpture of Bénin
—and then some poetry in the Bantu—and the whole mono-
logue will end with the word heritage (Nastily) Let's face
it, baby, your heritage is nothing but a bunch of raggedy-assed
spirituals and some grass huts!

BENEATHA Grass huts! (Ruth crosses to her and forcibly pushes
her toward the bedroom) See there... you are standing there
in your splendid ignorance talking about people who were
the first to smelt iron on the face of the earth! (Ruth is push-
ing her through the door) The Ashanti were performing
surgical operations when the English—(Ruth pulls the door
so, with Beneatha on the other side, and smiles graciously at
George. Beneatha opens the door and shouts the end of the
sentence defiantly at George)—were still tattooing themselves
with blue dragons... (She goes back inside)

RUTH Have a seat, George. (They both sit. Ruth folds her
hands rather primly on her lap, determined to demonstrate
the civilization of the family) Warm, ain't it? I mean for
September. (Pause) Just like they always say about Chicago
weather: If it's too hot or cold for you, just wait a minute and
it'll change. (She smiles happily at this cliché of clichés)
Everybody say it's got to do with them bombs and things
they keep setting off. (Pause) Would you like a nice cold
beer?

GEORGE No, thank you. I don't care for beer. (He looks at his
watch) I hope she hurries up.

RUTH What time is the show?

GEORGE It's an eight-thirty curtain. That's just Chicago,
though. In New York standard curtain time is eight forty.
(He is rather proud of this knowledge)

RUTH (Properly appreciating it) You get to New York a lot?

GEORGE (Offhand) Few times a year.

RUTH Oh—that's nice. I've never been to New York.
(Walter enters. We feel he has relieved himself, but the
edge of unreality is still with him)

WALTER New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't. Just a
bunch of hustling people all squeezed up together—being
"Eastern."
(He turns his face into a screw of displeasure)

GEORGE Oh—you've been?
WAiTer Plenty of times.

RUTH (Shocked at the lie) Walter Lee Younger!

WALTER (Staring her down) Plenty! (Pause) What we got to drink in this house? Why don’t you offer this man some refreshment. (To George) They don’t know how to entertain people in this house, man.

GEORGE Thank you—I don’t really care for anything.

WALTER (Feeling his head; sobriety coming) Where’s Mama?

RUTH She ain’t come back yet.

WALTER (Looking Murchison over from head to toe, scrutinizing his carefully casual tweed sports jacket over cashmere V-neck sweater over soft eyelet shirt and tie, and soft slacks, finished off with white buckskin shoes) Why all you college boys wear them fairyish-looking white shoes?

RUTH Walter Lee!

(george Murchison ignores the remark)

WALTER (To Ruth) Well, they look crazy as hell—white shoes, cold as it is.

RUTH (Crushed) You have to excuse him—

WALTER No he don’t! Excuse me for what? What you alwaysexcusing me for! I’ll excuse myself when I needs to be excused! (A pause) They look as funny as them black knee socks Beneatha wears out of here all the time.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH Walter, please—

WALTER (Bitterly, hurt) I know ain't nothing in this world as busy as you colored college boys with your fraternity pins and white shoes . . .

RUTH (Covering her face with humiliation) Oh, Walter Lee—

WALTER I see you all all the time—with the books tucked under your arms—going to your (British A—a mimic) "classes." And for what? What the hell you learning over there? Filling up your heads—(Counting off on his fingers)—with the sociology and the psychology—but they teaching you how to be a man? How to take over and run the world? They teaching you how to run a rubber plantation or a steel mill? Naw—just to talk proper and read books and wear white shoes . . .

GEORGE (Looking at him with distaste, a little above it all) You're all wacked up with bitterness, man.

WALTER (Intently, almost quietly, between the teeth, glaring at the boy) And you—ain't you bitter, man? Ain't you just about had it yet? Don't you see no stars gleaming that you can't reach out and grab? You happy?—you contented son-of-a-bitch—you happy? You got it made? Bitter? Man, I'm a volcano. Bitter? Here I am a giant—surrounded by ants! Ants who can't even understand what it is the giant is talking about.

RUTH (Passionately and suddenly) Oh, Walter—ain't you with nobody!
WALT (Yelling) Don’t start!

RUTH Start what?

WALT Your nagging! Where was I? Who was I with? How much money did I spend?

RUTH (Plainly) Walter Lee—why don’t we just try to talk about it . . .

WALT (Not listening) I been out talking with people who understand me. People who care about the things I got on my mind.

RUTH (Wearily) I guess that means people like Willy Harris.

WALT Yes, people like Willy Harris.

RUTH (With a sudden flash of impatience) Why don’t you all just hurry up and go into the banking business and stop talking about it!

WALT Why? You want to know why? ‘Cause we all tied up in a race of people that don’t know how to do nothing but moan, pray and have babies! (The line is too bitter even for him and he looks at her and sits down)

RUTH Oh, Walter . . . (Softly) Honey, why can’t you stop fighting me?

WALT (Without thinking) Who’s fighting you? Who even cares about you? (This line begins the retardation of his mood)
WALTER It's been rough, ain't it, baby? (She hears and stops but does not turn around and he continues to her back) I guess between two people there ain't never as much understood as folks generally thinks there is. I mean like between me and you—(She turns to face him) How we gets to the place where we scared to talk softness to each other. (He waits, thinking hard himself) Why you think it got to be like that? (He is thoughtful, almost as a child would be) Ruth, what is it gets into people ought to be close?

RUTH I don't know, honey. I think about it a lot.

WALTER On account of you and me, you mean? The way things are with us. The way something done come down between us.

RUTH There ain't so much between us, Walter . . . Not when you come to me and try to talk to me. Try to be with me . . . a little even.

WALTER (Total honesty) Sometimes . . . sometimes . . . I don't even know how to try.

RUTH Walter—

WALTER Yes?

RUTH (Coming to him, gently and with misgiving, but coming to him) Honey . . . life don't have to be like this. I mean sometimes people can do things so that things are better . . . You remember how we used to talk when Travis was born . . . about the way we were going to live . . . the kind of

80
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

WALTER (Rising and bending over the table) Where were you, Mama? (Bringing his fists down and shouting) Mama, you didn't go do something with that insurance money, something crazy? (The front door opens slowly, interrupting him, and TRAVIS peeks his head in, less than hopefully)

TRAVIS (To his mother) Mama, I—

RUTH "Mama I" nothing! You're going to get it, boy! Get on in that bedroom and get yourself ready!

TRAVIS But I—

MAMA Why don't you all never let the child explain himself.

RUTH Keep out of it now, Lena. (MAMA clamps her lips together, and RUTH advances toward her son menacingly)

RUTH A thousand times I have told you not to go off like that—

MAMA (Holding out her arms to her grandson) Well—at least let me tell him something. I want him to be the first one to hear... Come here, Travis. (The boy obeys, gladly) Travis—(She takes him by the shoulders and looks into his face)—you know that money we got in the mail this morning?

TRAVIS Yes'm—

MAMA Well—what you think your grandmama gone and done with that money?

TRAVIS I don't know, Grandmama.

MAMA (Putting her finger on his nose for emphasis) She went out and she bought you a house! (The explosion comes from WALTER at the end of the revolution and he jumps up and turns away from all of them in a fury. MAMA continues, to TRAVIS) You glad about the house? It's going to be yours when you get to be a man.

TRAVIS Yeah—I always wanted to live in a house...

MAMA All right, gimme some sugar then—(TRAVIS puts his arms around her neck as she watches her son over the boy's shoulder. Then, to TRAVIS, after the embrace) Now when you say your prayers tonight, you thank God and your grandfather—'cause it was him who give you the house—in his way.

RUTH (Taking the boy from MAMA and pushing him toward the bedroom) Now you get out of here and get ready for your beating.

TRAVIS Aw, Mama—

RUTH Get on in there—(Closing the door behind him and turning radiantly to her mother-in-law) So you went and did it!

MAMA (Quietly, looking at her son with pain) Yes, I did.

RUTH (Raising both arms classically) Praise God! (Looks at WALTER a moment, who says nothing. She crosses rapidly to her husband) Please, honey—let me be glad... you be glad too. (She has laid her hands on his shoulders, but he shakes
MAMA (Almost idiotically) Well, I guess there’s going to be some now.

MAMA (Matter-of-factly) Four six Clybourne Street, Clybourne Park.

RUTH Clybourne Park? Mama, there ain’t no colored people living in Clybourne Park.

MAMA (Almost idiotically) Well, I guess there’s going to be some now.

WALTER (Bitterly) So that’s the peace and comfort you went out and bought for us today!

MAMA (Raising her eyes to meet his finally) Son—just tried to find the nicest place for the least amount of money for my family.

RUTH (Trying to recover from the shock) Well—well—course I ain’t one never been ‘fraid of no crackers, mind you— but—well, wasn’t there no other houses nowhere?

MAMA Them houses they put up for colored in them areas way out all seem to cost twice as much as other houses. I did the best I could.
...l').

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH (Struck senseless with the news, in its various degrees of goodness and trouble, she sits a moment, her fists propping her chin in thought, and then she starts to rise, bringing her fists down with vigor, the radiance spreading from cheek to cheek again) Well—well!—All I can say is—if this is my time in life—my time—to say good-bye—(And she builds with momentum as she starts to circle the room with an exuberant, almost tearfully happy release)—to these God-damned cracking walls!—(She pounds the walls)—and these marching roaches!—(She wipes at an imaginary army of marching roaches)—and this cramped little closet which ain't now or never was no kitchen!... then I say it loud and good, Hallelujah and good-bye misery... I don't never want to see your ugly face again! (She laughs joyously, having practically destroyed the apartment, and flings her arms up and lets them come down happily, slowly, reflectively, over her abdomen, aware for the first time perhaps that the life therein pulses with happiness and not despair) Lena?

MAMA (Moved, watching her happiness) Yes, honey?

RUTH (Looking off) Is there—is there a whole lot of sunlight?

MAMA (Understanding) Yes, child, there's a whole lot of sunlight.

(Long pause)

RUTH (Collecting herself and going to the door of the room travis is in) Well—I guess I better see 'bout Travis. (To MAMA) Lord, I sure don't feel like whipping nobody today! (She exits)

MAMA (The mother and sun are left alone now and the mother waits a long time, considering deeply, before she speaks) Son—You—you understand what I done, don't you? (WALTER is silent and sullen) I—I just seen my family falling apart today... just falling to pieces in front of my eyes... We couldn't of gone on like we was today. We was going backwards 'stead of forwards—talking 'bout killing babies and wishing each other was dead... When it gets like that in life—you just got to do something different, push on out and do something bigger... (She waits) I wish you say something, son... I wish you'd say how deep inside you you think I done the right thing—

WALTER (Crossing slowly to his bedroom door and finally turning there and speaking measured) What you need me to say you done right for? You the head of this family. You run our lives like you want to. It was your money and you did what you wanted with it. So what you need for me to say it was all right for? (Bitterly, to hurt her as deeply as he knows is possible) So you butchered up a dream of mine—you—who always talking 'bout your children's dreams...

MAMA Walter Lee—

(He just closes the door behind him. MAMA sits alone, thinking heavily)

Curtain
Scene 2

Time: Friday night. A few weeks later.
As rise: Packing crates mark the intention of the family to move. Beneatha and George come in, presumably from an evening out again.

George O.K. . . . O.K., whatever you say . . . (They both sit on the couch. He tries to kiss her. She moves away) Look, we've had a nice evening; let's not spoil it, huh? . . .
(He again turns her head and tries to nuzzle in and she turns away from him, not without distaste but with momentary lack of interest; in a mood to pursue what they were talking about)

Beneatha I'm trying to talk to you.

George We always talk.

Beneatha Yes—and I love to talk.

George (Exasperated; rising) I know it and I don't mind it sometimes . . . I want you to cut it out, see— The mood, I mean. I don't like it. You're a nice-looking girl . . . all over. That's all you need, honey, forget the atmosphere. Guys aren't going to go for the atmosphere—they're going to go for what they see. Be glad for that. Drop the Garbo routine. It doesn't go with you. As for myself, I want a nice—

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

(Groping)—simple—(Thoughtfully)—sophisticated girl . . . not a poet—O.K.?
(She rebuffs him again and he starts to leave)

Beneatha Why are you angry?

George Because this is stupid! I don't go out with you to discuss the nature of "quiet desperation" or to hear all about your thoughts—because the world will go on thinking what it thinks regardless—

Beneatha Then why read books? Why go to school?

George (With artificial patience, counting on his fingers) It's simple. You read books—to learn facts—to get grades—to pass the course—to get a degree. That's all—it has nothing to do with thoughts.
(A long pause)

Beneatha I see. (A longer pause as she looks at him) Good night, George.
(George looks at her a little oddly, and starts to exit. He meets Mama coming in)

George Oh—hello, Mrs. Younger.

Mama Hello, George, how are you feeling?

George Fine—fine, how are you?

Mama Oh, a little tired. You know them steps can get you after a day's work. You all have a nice time tonight?

88
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

GEORGE Yes—a fine time. Well, good night.

MAMA Good night. (He exits. MAMA closes the door behind her) Hello, honey. What you sitting like that for?

BENEATHA I'm just sitting.

MAMA Didn't you have a nice time?

BENEATHA No.

MAMA No? What's the matter?

BENEATHA Mama, George is a fool—honest. (She rises)

MAMA (Hustling around unloading the packages she has entered with. She stops) Is he, baby?

BENEATHA Yes.

(MAMA makes up TRAVIS' bed as she talks)

BENEATHA Yes.

MAMA You sure?

BENEATHA Yes.

MAMA Well—I guess you better not waste your time with no fools.

(MAMA looks up at her mother, watching her put groceries in the refrigerator. Finally she gathers up her things and starts into the bedroom. At the door she stops and looks back at her mother)

BENEATHA Mama—

90

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

MAMA Yes, baby—

BENEATHA Thank you.

MAMA For what?

BENEATHA For understanding me this time.

(She exits quickly and the mother stands, smiling a little, looking at the place where BENEATHA just stood. RUTH enters)

RUTH Now don't you fool with any of this stuff, Lena—

MAMA Oh, I just thought I'd sort a few things out.

(The phone rings. RUTH answers)

RUTH (At the phone) Hello—just a minute. (Goes to door) Walter, it's Mrs. Arnold. (Waits. Goes back to the phone. Tense) Hello, Yes, this is his wife speaking . . . He's lying down now. Yes . . . well, he'll be in tomorrow. He's been very sick. Yes—I know we should have called, but we were so sure he'd be able to come in today. Yes—yes, I'm very sorry. Yes . . . Thank you very much. (She hangs up. WALTER is standing in the doorway of the bedroom behind her) That was Mrs. Arnold.

WALTER (Indifferently) Was it?

RUTH She said if you don't come in tomorrow that they are getting a new man . . .

WALTER Ain't that sad—ain't that crying sad.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH She said Mr. Arnold has had to take a cab for three days... Walter, you ain't been to work for three days! (This is a revelation to her) Where you been, Walter Lee Younger? (Walter looks at her and starts to laugh) You're going to lose your job.

WALTER That's right...

RUTH Oh, Walter, and with your mother working like a dog every day—

WALTER That's sad too— Everything is sad.

MAMA What you been doing for these three days, son?

WALTER Mama—you don't know all the things a man what got leisure can find to do in this city... What's this—Friday night? Well—Wednesday I borrowed Willy Harris' car and I went for a drive... just me and myself and I drove and drove... Way out... way past South Chicago, and I parked the car and I sat and looked at the steel mills all day long. I just sat in the car and looked at them big black chimneys for hours. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. (Pause) And Thursday—Thursday I borrowed the car again and I got in it and I pointed it the other way and I drove the other way—for hours—way up to Wisconsin, and I looked at the farms. I just drove and looked at the farms. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. (Pause) And today—today I didn't get the car. Today I just walked. All over the Southside. And I looked at the Negroes and they looked at me and finally I just sat down on the curb at Thirty-ninth and South Parkway and I just sat there and watched the Negroes go by. And then I went to the Green

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

Walter. You all sad? You all depressed? And you know where I am going right now—

(RUTH goes out quietly)

MAMA Oh, Big Walter, is this the harvest of our days?

WALTER You know what I like about the Green Hat! (He turns the radio on and a steamy, deep blues pours into the room) I like this little cat they got there who blows a sax... He blows. He talks to me. He ain't but 'bout five feet tall and he's got a conked head and his eyes is always closed and he's all music—

MAMA (Rising and getting some papers out of her handbag) Walter—

WALTER And there's this other guy who plays the piano... and they got a sound. I mean they can work on some music... They got the best little combo in the world in the Green Hat... You can just sit there and drink and listen to them three men play and you realize that don't nothing matter worth a damn, but just being there—

MAMA I've helped do it to you, haven't I, son? Walter, I been wrong.

WALTER Naw—you ain't never been wrong about nothing, Mama.

MAMA Listen to me, now. I say I been wrong, son. That I been doing to you what the rest of the world been doing to you. (She stops and he looks up slowly at her and she meets his
eyes pleadingly) Walter—what you ain’t never understood is
that I ain’t got nothing, don’t own nothing, ain’t never really
wanted nothing that wasn’t for you. There ain’t nothing as
precious to me... There ain’t nothing worth holding on
to, money, dreams, nothing else—if it means—if it means it’s
going to destroy my boy. (She puts her papers in front of him
and he watches her without speaking or moving) I paid the
man thirty-five hundred dollars down on the house. That
leaves sixty-five hundred dollars. Monday morning I want
you to take this money and take three thousand dollars and
put it in a savings account for Beneatha’s medical schooling.
The rest you put in a checking account—with your name on
it. And from now on any penny that come out of it or that
go in it is for you to look after. For you to decide. (She drops
her hands a little helplessly) It ain’t much, but it’s all I got
in the world and I’m putting in your hands. I’m telling you
to be the head of this family from now on like you supposed
to be.

WALTER (Stares at the money) You trust me like that, Mama?

MAMA I ain’t never stop trusting you. Like I ain’t never stop
loving you.

(She goes out, and WALTER sits looking at the money on
the table as the music continues in its idiom, pulsing in
the room. Finally, in a decisive gesture, he gets up and, in
a furious action, flings the bedclothes wildly from his
son’s makeshift bed to all over the floor—with a cry of
desperation. Then he picks up the money and goes out in
a hurry)

Curtain
Scene 3

Time: Saturday, moving day, one week later.

Before the curtain rises, Ruth's voice, a strident, dramatic church also, cuts through the silence.

It is, in the darkness, a triumphant surge, a penetrating statement of expectation: "Oh, Lord, I don't feel no ways tired! Children, oh, glory hallelujah!"

As the curtain rises we see that Ruth is alone in the living room, finishing up the family's packing. It is moving day. She is nailing crates and tying curtaisons. Beneatha enters, carrying a guitar case, and watches her exuberant sister-in-law.

RUTH Hey!

BENEATHA (Putting away the case) Hi.

RUTH (Pointing at a package) Honey--look in that package there and see what I found on sale this morning at the South Center. (Ruth gets up and moves to the package and draw out some curtains) Look here--hand-turned hem.

BENEATHA How do you know the window size out there?

RUTH (Who hadn't thought of that) Oh—Well, they bound to fit something in the whole house. Anyhow, they was too good a bargain to pass us. (Ruth slaps her head, suddenly remembering something) Oh, Bennie—I meant to put a special note
on that carton over there. That's your mama's good china and she wants 'em to be very careful with it.

_Beneatha_ I'll do it.

_(Beneatha finds a piece of paper and starts to draw large letters on it)_

_Ruth_ You know what I'm going to do soon as I get in that new house?

_Beneatha_ What?

_Ruth_ Honey—I'm going to run me a tub of water up to here . . . (With her fingers practically up to her nostrils) And I'm going to get in it—and I am going to sit . . . and sit . . . and sit in that hot water and the first person who knocks to tell me to hurry up and come out—

_Beneatha_ Gets shot at sunrise.

_Ruth_ (Laughing happily) You said it, sister! (Noticing how large Beneatha is absent-mindedly making the note) Honey, they ain't going to read that from no airplane.

_Beneatha_ (Laughing herself) I guess I always think things have more emphasis if they are big, somehow.

_Ruth_ (Looking up at her and smiling) You and your brother seem to have that as a philosophy of life. Lord, that man—done changed so 'round here. You know—you know what we did last night? Me and Walter Lee?

_Beneatha_ What?

96
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

they deliberately burlesque an old social dance of their youth)

BENIAITHA (Regarding them a long time as they dance, then drawing in her breath for a deeply exaggerated comment which she does not particularly mean) Talk about—oldddddddie-fashioneddde—Negroes!

WALTER (Stopping momentarily) What kind of Negroes?
(He says this in fun. He is not angry with her today, nor with anyone. He starts to dance with his wife again)

BENIATHA Old-fashioned.

WALTER (As he dances with RUTH) You know, when these New Negroes have their convention—(Pointing at his sister)—that is going to be the chairman of the Committee on Unending Agitation. (He goes on dancing, then stops) Race, race, race! . . . Girl, I do believe you are the first person in the history of the entire human race to successfully brainwash yourself. (BENIAITHA breaks up and he goes on dancing. He stops again, enjoying his ease) Damn, even the N double A C P takes a holiday sometimes! (BENIAITHA and RUTH laugh. He dances with RUTH some more and starts to dance happily. The bell sounds)

BENIAITHA Sticks and stones may break my bones but . . . words will never hurt me!

BENIAITHA goes to the door and opens it as WALTER and RUTH go on with the clowns. BENIAITHA is somewhat surprised to see a quiet-looking middle-aged white man in a business suit holding his hat and a briefcase in his hand and consulting a small piece of paper

MAN Uh—how do you do, miss. I am looking for a Mrs.—(He looks at the slip of paper) Mrs. Lena Younger?

BENIAITHA (Smoothing her hair with slight embarrassment) Oh—yes, that's my mother. (She closes the door and turns to quiet the other two) Ruth! Brother! Somebody's here. (Then she opens the door. The man casts a curious glance at all of them) Uh—come in please.

MAN (Coming in) Thank you.

BENIAITHA My mother isn't here just now. Is it business?

MAN Yes . . . well, of a sort.

WALTER (Freely, the Man of the House) Have a seat. I'm Mrs. Younger's son. I look after most of her business matters.

(RUTH and BENIAITHA exchange amused glances)

MAN (Regarding WALTER, and sitting) Well—My name is Karl Lindner . . .

WALTER (Stretching out his hand) Walter Younger. This is my wife—(RUTH nods politely)—and my sister.
LINDNER    How do you do.

WALTER    (Amicably, as he sits himself easily on a chair, leaning
with interest forward on his knees and looking expectantly
into the newcomer's face) What can we do for you, Mr.
Lindner?

LINDNER    (Some minor shuffling of the hat and briefcase on his
knees) Well—I am a representative of the Clybourne Park
Improvement Association—

WALTER    (Pointing) Why don't you sit your things on the
floor?

LINDNER    Oh—yes. Thank you. (He slides the briefcase and hat
under the chair) And as I was saying—I am from the Cly-
bourne Park Improvement Association and we have had it
brought to our attention at the last meeting that you people—
or at least your mother—has bought a piece of residential
property at—(He digs for the slip of paper again)—four or
six Clybourne Street . . .

WALTER    That's right. Care for something to drink? Ruth, get
Mr. Lindner a beer.

LINDNER    (Upset for some reason) Oh—no, really. I mean
thank you very much, but no thank you.

RUTH    (Innocently) Some coffee?

LINDNER    Thank you, nothing at all.

(beneath is watching the man carefully)

LINDNER    Well, I don't know how much you folks know about
our organization. (He is a gentle man; thoughtful and some-
what labored in his manner) It is one of these community
organizations set up to look after—oh, you know, things like
block upkeep and special projects and we also have what we
call our New Neighbors Orientation Committee . . .

BENEATHA    (Drily) Yes—and what do they do?

LINDNER    (Turning a little to her and then returning the main
force to Walter) Well—it's what you might call a sort of
welcoming committee, I guess. I mean they, we, I'm the chair-
man of the committee—go around and see the new people
who move into the neighborhood and sort of give them the
lowdown on the way we do things out in Clybourne Park.

BENEATHA    (With appreciation of the two meanings, which es-
cape Ruth and Walter) Un-huh.

LINDNER    And we also have the category of what the association
calls—(He looks elsewhere)—uh—special community prob-
lems . . .

BENEATHA    Yes—and what are some of those?

WALTER    Girl, let the man talk.

LINDNER    (With understated relief) Thank you. I would sort
of like to explain this thing in my own way. I mean I want
to explain to you in a certain way.

WALTER    Go ahead.
LINDNER Yes. Well. I'm going to try to get right to the point. I'm sure we'll all appreciate that in the long run.

BENEATHA Yes.

WALTER Be still now!

LINDNER Well—

RUTH (Still innocently) Would you like another chair—you don't look comfortable.

LINDNER (More frustrated than annoyed) No, thank you very much. Please. Well—to get right to the point I—(A great breath, and he is off at last) I am sure you must be aware of some of the incidents which have happened in various parts of the city when colored people have moved into certain areas—(BENEATHA exhales heavily and starts tossing a piece of fruit up and down in the air) Well—because we have what I think is going to be a unique type of organization in American community life—not only do we deplore that kind of thing—but we are trying to do something about it. (BENEATHA stops tossing and turns with a new and quizzical interest to the man) We feel—(gaining confidence in his mission because of the interest in the faces of the people he is talking to)—we feel that most of the trouble in this world, when you come right down to it—(He hits his knee for emphasis)—most of the trouble exists because people just don't sit down and talk to each other.

RUTH (Nodding as she might in church, pleased with the remark) You can say that again, mister.

WALTER What do you mean?

LINDNER Well—you see our community is made up of people who've worked hard as the dickens for years to build up that little community. They're not rich and fancy people; just hard-working, honest people who don't really have much but those little homes and a dream of the kind of community they want to raise their children in. Now, I don't say we are perfect and there is a lot wrong in some of the things they want. But you've got to admit that a man, right or wrong, has the right to want to have the neighborhood he lives in a certain kind of way. And at the moment the overwhelming majority...
of our people out there feel that people get along better, take more of a common interest in the life of the community, when they share a common background. I want you to believe me when I tell you that race prejudice simply doesn’t enter into it. It is a matter of the people of Clybourne Park believing, rightly or wrongly, as I say, that for the happiness of all concerned that our Negro families are happier when they live in their own communities.

BENRASTA (With a grand and bitter gesture) This, friends, is the Welcoming Committee!

WALTER (Dumbfounded, looking at LINDNER) Is this what you came marching all the way over here to tell us?

LINDNER Well, now we’ve been having a fine conversation. I hope you’ll hear me all the way through.

WALTER (Tightly) Go ahead, man.

LINDNER You see—in the face of all things I have said, we are prepared to make your family a very generous offer . . .

BENRASTA Thirty pieces and not a coin less!

WALTER Yeah?

LINDNER (Putting on his glasses and drawing a form out of the briefcase) Our association is prepared, through the collective effort of our people, to buy the house from you at a financial gain to your family.

RUTH Lord have mercy, ain’t this the living gall!
LINDENER (Almost sadly regarding WALTER) You just can't force people to change their hearts, son.

(He turns and puts his card on a table and exits. WALTER pushes the door to with stinging hatred, and stands looking at it. RUTH just sits and BENEATHA just stands. They say nothing. MAMA and TRAVIS enter)

MAMA Well—this all the packing got done since I left out of here this morning. I testify before God that my children got all the energy of the dead. What time the moving men due?

BENEATHA Four o'clock. You had a caller, Mama.

(She is smiling, teasingly)

MAMA Sure enough—who?

BENEATHA (Her arms folded saucily) The Welcoming Committee.

(WALTER and RUTH giggle)

MAMA (Innocently) Who?

BENEATHA The Welcoming Committee. They said they're sure going to be glad to see you when you get there.

WALTER (Devilishly) Yeah, they said they can't hardly wait to see your face.

(Laughter)

MAMA (Sensing their facetiousness) What's the matter with you all?

WALTER Ain't nothing the matter with us. We just telling you 'bout the gentleman who came to see you this afternoon. From the Clybourne Park Improvement Association.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH Well—that's the way the crackers crumble, Joke.

BENEATHA (Laughingly noticing what her mother is doing)
  Mama, what are you doing?

MAMA Fixing my plant so it won't get hurt none on the way...

BENEATHA Mama, you going to take that to the new house?

MAMA Un-huh—

BENEATHA That raggedy-looking old thing?

MAMA (Stopping and looking at her) It expresses me.

RUTH (With delight, to Beneatha) So there, Miss Thing!
  (Walter comes to Mama suddenly and bends down behind her and squeezes her in his arms with all his strength. She is overwhelmed by the suddenness of it and, though delighted, her manner is like that of Ruth with Travis)

MAMA Look out down, boy! You make me mess up my thing here!

WALTER (His face lit, he slips down on his knees beside her, his arms still about her) Mama... you know what it means to climb up in the chariot?

MAMA (Gruffly, very happy) Get on away from me now...

RUTH (Near the gift-wrapped package, trying to catch Walter's eye) Paah—

WALTER What the old song say, Mama...

RUTH Walter—Now?
  (She is pointing at the package)

WALTER (Speaking the lines, sweetly, playfully, in his mother's face)
  I got wings... you got wings...
  All God's children got wings...

MAMA Boy—get out of my face and do some work...

WALTER
  When I get to heaven gonna put on my wings, Gonna fly all over God's heaven...

BENEATHA (Teasingly, from across the room) Everybody talking 'bout heaven ain't going there!

WALTER (To Ruth, who is carrying the box across to them) I don't know, you think we ought to give her that... Seems to me she ain't been very appreciative around here.

MAMA (Eying the box, which is obviously a gift) What is that?

WALTER (Taking it from Ruth and putting it on the table in front of Mama) Well—what you all think. Should we give it to her?

RUTH Oh—she was pretty good today.

MAMA I'll good you—
  (She turns her eyes to the box again)
Mama. (She stands up, looks at it, turns and looks at all of them, and then presses her hands together and does not open the package)

WALTER (Sweetly) Open it, Mama. It's for you. (MAMA look in her eyes. It is the first present in her life without its being Christmas. Slowly she opens her package and lifts out, one by one, a brand-new sparkling set of gardening tools. WALTER continues, prodding) Ruth made up the note—read it...

MAMA (Picking up the card and adjusting her glasses) "To our own Mrs. Miniver—Love from Brother, Ruth and Beneatha." Ain't that lovely...

TRAVIS (Tugging at his father's sleeve) Daddy, can I give her mine now?

WALTER All right, son. (TRAVIS flies to get his gift) Travis didn't want to go in with the rest of us, Mama. He got his own. (Somewhat amused) We don't know what it is...

TRAVIS (Racing back in the room with a large hatbox and putting it in front of his grandmother) Here!

MAMA Lord have mercy, baby. You done gone and bought your grandmother a hat?

TRAVIS (Very proud) Open it! (She does and lifts out an elaborate, but very elaborate, wide gardening hat, and all the adults break up at the sight of it)

RUTH Travis, honey, what is that?
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

WALTER (Turning, stiffening) Wait—wait—I'll get it.
(He stands and looks at the door)

MAMA You expecting company, son?

WALTER (Just looking at the door) Yeah—yeah...
(MAMA looks at RUTH, and they exchange innocent and unfrightened glances)

MAMA (Not understanding) Well, let them in, son.

BENEATHA (From her room) We need some more string.

MAMA—Travis—you run to the hardware and get me some string cord.
(MAMA goes out and WALTER turns and looks at RUTH. TRAVIS goes to a dish for money)

RUTH Why don't you answer the door, man?

WALTER (Suddenly bounding across the floor to her) 'Cause sometimes it hard to let the future begin (Stooping down in her face)
I got wings! You got wings!
All God's children got wings!
(He crosses to the door and throws it open. Standing there is a very slight little man in a not too prosperous business suit and with haunted frightened eyes and a hat pulled down tightly, brim up, around his forehead. TRAVIS passes between the men and exits. WALTER leans deep in the man's face, still in his jubilance)
When I get to heaven gonna put on my wings,
Gonna fly all over God's heaven...

BOBO He ain't with me.

WALTER (Not disturbed) Oh—come on in. You know my wife.

BOBO (Dumbly, taking off his hat) Yes—hi, Miss Ruth.

RUTH (Quietly, a mood apart from her husband already, seeing BOBO) Hello, Bo. 

WALTER You right on time today... Right on time. That's the way! (He slaps BOBO on his back) Sit down... Listen.

BOBO (His frightened eyes on the floor, his hat in his hands) Could I please get a drink a water, before I tell you about it, Walter Lee?

WALTER (WALTER does not take his eyes off the man. RUTH goes blindly to the tap and gets a glass of water and brings it to BOBO)

WALTER There ain't nothing wrong, is there?

BOBO Lemme tell you—
WALTER Man—didn't nothing go wrong?

BOBO Lemme tell you—Walter Lee. (Looking at Ruth and talking to her more than to Walter) You know how it was. I got to tell you how it was. I mean first I got to tell you how it was all the way... I mean about the money I put in, Walter Lee...

WALTER (With taut agitation now) What about the money you put in?

BOBO Well—it wasn't much as we told you—me and Willy—(He stops) I'm sorry, Walter. I got a bad feeling about it...

WALTER Man, what you telling me about all this for?... Tell me what happened in Springfield...

BOBO Springfield.

RUTH (Like a dead woman) What was supposed to happen in Springfield?

BOBO (To her) This deal that me and Walter went into with Willy—Me and Willy was going to go down to Springfield and spread some money 'round so's we wouldn't have to wait so long for the liquor license... That's what we were going to do. Everybody said that was the way you had to do, you understand, Miss Ruth?

WALTER Man—what happened down there?

BOBO (A pitiful man, near tears) I'm trying to tell you, Walter.
day and he just went on down there without you. Maybe—
maybe—he's been callin' you at home tryin' to tell you what
happened or something. Maybe—maybe—he just got sick.
He's somewhere—he's got to be somewhere. We just got to
find him—we and you got to find him. (Grabs bobo sense-
lessly by the collar and starts to shake him) We got to

bobo (In sudden angry, frightened agony) What's the matter
with you, Walter! When a cat take
00
with your money

WALTER (Turning madly, as though he is looking for willy in
the very room) Willy! ... Willy ... don't do it ...
Please don't do it ... Man, not with that money ... Man,
please, not with that money ... Oh, God ... Don't let it be
true ... (He is wandering around, crying out for Willy
and looking for him or perhaps for help from God) Man ...
I trusted you ... Man, I put my life in your hands ... (He
starts to crumple down on the floor as ruth just covers her
face in horror. MAMA opens the door and comes into the room,
with BENEATHA behind her) Man ... (He starts to pound
the floor with his fists, sobbing wildly) That money is made
out of my father's flesh ...

bobo (Standing over him helplessly) I'm sorry, Walter ...
(Only walter's sobs reply, bobo puts on his hat) I had my
life staked on this deal, too ...

(He exits)

MAMA (To WALTER) Son—(She goes to him, bends down to
him, talks to his bent head) Son ... Is it gone? Son, I gave
you sixty-five hundred dollars. Is it gone? All of it? Be-
neatha's money too?

116
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

MAMA (Folding over)  Strength...

BENEATHA (Plaintively) Mama...

MAMA  Strength!

Curtain

ACT THREE
ACT THREE

An hour later.

At curtain, there is a sullen light of gloom in the living room, gray light not unlike that which began the first scene of Act One. As we can see Walter within his room, alone with himself. He is stretched out on the bed, his shirt open and his arms under his head. He does not move, he does not cry out, he merely lies there, looking up at the ceiling, much as if he were alone in the world.

In the living room Benbatha sits at the table, still surrounded by the now almost ominous packing crates. She sits looking off. We feel that this is a mood struck perhaps an hour before, and it lingers now, full of the empty sound of profound disappointment. We see on a line from her brother's bedroom: the sameness of their attitudes. Presently the bell rings and Benbatha rises without ambition or interest in answering. It is Asagai, smiling broadly, striding into the room with energy and happy expectation and conversation.

Asagai I came over... I had some free time. I thought I might help with the packing. Ah, I like the look of packing crates! A household in preparation for a journey! It depresses some people... but for me... it is another feeling. Something full of the flow of life, do you understand? Movement, progress... It makes me think of Africa.

Benbatha Africa!
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

ASAGAI What kind of a mood is this? Have I told you how deeply you move me?

BENEATHA He gave away the money, Asagai .

ASAGAI Who gave away what money?

BENEATHA The insurance money. My brother gave it away.

ASAGAI Gave it away?

BENEATHA He made an investment! With a man even Travis wouldn't have trusted.

ASAGAI And it's gone?

BENEATHA Gone!

ASAGAI I'm very sorry . . . And you, now?

BENEATHA Me? . . . Me? . . . Me I'm nothing . . . Me. When I was very small . . . we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day . . . and it was very dangerous you know . . . far too steep . . . and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk . . . and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us . . . And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up . . . and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face . . . I never got over that . . .

ASAGAI What?

BENEATHA That that was what one person could do for another, fix him up—sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world . . . I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know—and make them whole again. This was truly being God . . .

ASAGAI You wanted to be God?

BENEATHA No—I wanted to cure. It used to be so important to me. I wanted to cure. It used to matter. I used to care. I mean about people and how their bodies hurt . . .

ASAGAI And you've stopped caring?

BENEATHA Yes—I think so.

ASAGAI Why?

BENEATHA Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to the truth.

ASAGAI Truth? Why is it that you despairing ones always think that only you have the truth? I never thought to see you like that. You! Your brother made a stupid, childish mistake—and you are grateful to him. So that now you can give up the ailing human race on account of it. You talk about what good is struggle; what good is anything? Where are we all going? And why are we bothering?
And you cannot answer it! All your talk and dreams about Africa and Independence. Independence and then what? What about all the crooks and petty thieves and just plain idiots who will come into power to steal and plunder the same as before—only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new Independence—You cannot answer that.

Beneath. The martyr!

... or perhaps I shall live to be a very old man respected and esteemed in my new nation... And perhaps I shall hold office and this is what I'm trying to tell you, Alaiyo;
RAISIN IN THE SUN

Beneatha (Slowly understanding and turning to him with murmured amazement) To—to Nigeria?

Asagai Yes! ... (Smiling and lifting his arms playfully)

Three hundred years later the African Prince rose up out of the seas and swept the maiden back across the middle passage over which her ancestors had come—

Beneatha (Unable to play) Nigeria?

Asagai Nigeria. Home. (Coming to her with genuine romantic flippancy) I will show you our mountains and our stars; and give you cool drinks from gourds and teach you the old songs and the ways of our people—and, in time, we will pretend that—(Very softly)—you have only been away for a day—

(She turns her back to him, thinking. He swings her around and takes her full in his arms in a long embrace which proceeds to passion)

Beneatha (Pulling away) You're getting me all mixed up—

Asagai Why?

Beneatha Too many things—too many things have happened today. I must sit down and think. I don't know what I feel about anything right this minute.

(She promptly sits down and props her chin on her fist)

Asagai (Charmed) All right, I shall leave you. No—don't get up. (Touching her, gently, sweetly) Just sit awhile and think ... Never be afraid to sit awhile and think. (He goes to door and looks at her) How often I have looked at you and said, "Ah—so this is what the New World hath finally wrought ..."

(He exits. Beneatha sits on alone. Presently, Walter enters from his room and starts to rummage through things, feverishly looking for something. She looks up and turns in her seat)

Beneatha (Hissingly) Yes—just look at what the New World hath wrought! ... Just look! (She gestures with bitter disgust) There he is! Monsieur le petit bourgeois noir—himself! There he is—Symbol of a Rising Class! Entrepreneur! Titan of the system! (Walter ignores her completely and continues frantically and destructively looking for something and hurling things to floor and tearing things out of their place in his search. Beneatha ignores the eccentricity of his actions and goes on with the monologue of insult) Did you dream of yachts on Lake Michigan, Brother? Did you see yourself on that Great Day sitting down at the Conference Table, surrounded by all the mighty bald-headed men in America? All halted, waiting, breathless, waiting for your pronouncements on industry? Waiting for you—Chairman of the Board? (Walter finds what he is looking for—a small piece of white paper—and pushes it in his pocket and puts on his coat and rushes out without even having looked at her. She shouts after him) I look at you and I see the final triumph of stupidity in the world!

(The door slams and she returns to just sitting again. Ruth comes quickly out of Mama's room)

Ruth Who was that?

Beneatha Your husband.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

RUTH Where did he go?

BENEATHA Who knows—maybe he has an appointment at U.S. Steel.

RUTH (Anxiously, with frightened eyes) You didn’t say nothing bad to him, did you?

BENEATHA Bad? Say anything bad to him? No—I told him he was a sweet boy and full of dreams and everything is strictly peachy keen as the ofay kids say!

(MAMA enters from her bedroom. She is lost, vague, trying to catch hold, to make some sense of her former command of the world, but it still eludes her. A sense of waste overwhelms her gait; a measure of apology rides on her shoulders. She goes to her plant, which has remained on the table, looks at it, picks it up and takes it to the window sill and sits outside, and she stands and looks at it a long moment. Then she closes the window, straightens her body with effort and turns around to her children)

MAMA Well—ain’t it a mess in here, though? (A false cheerfulness, a beginning of something) I guess we all better stop moping around and get some work done. All this unpacking and everything we got to do. (RUTH raises her head slowly in response to the sense of the line; and BENEATHA in similar manner turns very slowly to look at her mother) One of you all better call the moving people and tell ’em not to come.

MAMA Of course, baby. Ain’t no need in ’em coming all the way here and having to go back. They charges for that too. (She sits down, fingers to her brow, thinking) Lord, ever since I was a little girl, I always remembers people saying, “Lena—Lena Eggleston, you aims too high all the time. You needs to slow down and see life a little more like it is. Just slow down some.” That’s what they always used to say down home—“Lord, that Lena Eggleston is a high-minded thing. She’ll get her due one day!”

RUTH No, Lena . . .

MAMA Me and Big Walter just didn’t never learn right.

RUTH Lena, no! We gotta go. Bennie—tell her . . . (She rises and crosses to BENEATHA with her arms outstretched. BENEATHA doesn’t respond) Tell her we can still move . . . the notes ain’t but a hundred and twenty five a month. We got four grown people in this house—we can work . . .

MAMA (To herself) Just aimed too high all the time—

RUTH (Turning and going to MAMA fast—the words pouring out with urgency and desperation) Lena—I’ll work . . . I’ll work twenty hours a day in all the kitchens in Chicago . . . I’ll strap my baby on my back if I have to and scrub all the floors in America and wash all the sheets in America if I have to—but we got to move . . . We got to get out of here . . .

(MAMA reaches out absently and pats RUTH’S hand)

MAMA No—I sees things differently now. Been thinking bout some of the things we could do to fix this place up, some. I
seen a second-hand bureau over on Maxwell Street just the other day that could fit right there. *(She points to where the new furniture might go. Ruth wanders away from her)* Would need some new handles on it and then a little varnish and then it look like something brand-new. And—we can put up them new curtains in the kitchen . . . Why this place be looking fine. Cheer us all up so that we forget trouble ever came . . . *(To Ruth)* And you could get some nice screens to put up in your room round the baby's basinet . . . *(She looks at both of them, pleadingly)* Sometimes you just got to know when to give up some things . . . and hold on to what you got.

*(Walter enters from the outside, looking spent and leaning against the door, his coat hanging from him)*

**Mama** Where you been, son?

**Walter** *(Breathing hard)* Made a call.

**Mama** To who, son?

**Walter** To The Man.

**Mama** What man, baby?

**Walter** The Man, Mama. Don't you know who The Man is?

**Ruth** Walter Lee?

**Walter** The Man. Like the guys in the streets say—The Man. Captain Boss—Mister Charley . . . Old Captain Please Mr. Bossman . . .
RUTH What did you call that man for, Walter Lee?

WALTER Called him to tell him to come on over to the show. Gonna put on a show for the man. Just what he wants to see. You see, Mama, the man came here today and he told us that they people out there where you want us to move—well they so upset they willing to pay us not to move out there. (He laughs again) And—and oh, Mama—you would of been proud of the way me and Ruth and Bennie acted. We told him to get out . . . Lord have mercy! We told the man to get out. Oh, we was some proud folks this afternoon, yeah. (He lights a cigarette) We were still full of that old-time stuff . . .

RUTH (Coming toward him slowly) You talking 'bout taking them people's money to keep us from moving in that house?

WALTER I ain't just talking 'bout it, baby—I'm telling you that's what's going to happen.

BENEATHA Oh, God! Where is the bottom! Where is the real honest-to-God bottom so he can't go any farther!

WALTER See—that's the old stuff. You and that boy that was here today. You all want everybody to carry a flag and a spear and sing some marching songs, huh? You wanna spend your life looking into things and trying to find the right and the wrong part, huh? Yeah. You know what's going to happen to that boy someday—he'll find himself sitting in a dungeon, locked in forever—and the takers will have the key! Forget it, baby! There ain't no causes—there ain't nothing but taking in this world, and he who takes most is smartest—and it don't make a damn bit of difference how.

MAMA You making something inside me cry, son. Some awful pain inside me.

WALTER Don't cry, Mama. Understand. That white man is going to walk in that door able to write checks for more money than we ever had. It's important to him and I'm going to help him . . . I'm going to put on the show, Mama.

MAMA Son—I come from five generations of people who was slaves and sharecroppers—but ain't nobody in my family never let nobody pay 'em no money that was a way of telling us we wasn't fit to walk the earth. We ain't never been that poor. (Raising her eyes and looking at him) We ain't never been that dead inside.

BENEATHA Well—we are dead now. All the talk about dreams and sunlight that goes on in this house. All dead.

WALTER What's the matter with you all! I didn't make this world! It was give to me this way! Hell, yes, I want me some yachts someday! Yes, I want to hang some real pearls 'round my wife's neck. Ain't she supposed to wear no pearls? Somebody tell me—tell me, who decides which women is supposed to wear pearls in this world? I tell you I am a man—and I think my wife should wear some pearls in this world! (This last line hangs a good while and Walter begins to move about the room. The word "Man" has penetrated his consciousness; he mumbles it to himself repeatedly between strange agitated pauses as he moves about)

MAMA Baby, how you going to feel on the inside?
WALTER Fine. .. Going to feel fine ... a man ...

MAMA You won't have nothing left then, Walter Lee.

WALTER (Coming to her) I'm going to feel fine, Mama. I'm going to look that son-of-a-bitch in the eyes and say—(He falters)—and say, "All right, Mr. Lindner—(He falters even more)—that's your neighborhood out there. You got the right to keep it like you want. You got the right to have it like you want. Just write the check and—the house is yours." And, and I am going to say—(His voice almost breaks) And you—you people just put the money in my hand and you won't have to live next to this bunch of stinking niggers! ... (He straightens up and moves away from his mother, walking around the room) Maybe—maybe I'll just get down on my black knees ... (He does so; RUTH and BENNETT and MAMA watch him in frozen horror) Captain, Mister, Bossman. (He starts crying) A-heel-heel-heel (Wringing his hands in profoundly anguish imitation) Yassssuh! Great White Father, just gi' us de money, fo' God's sake, and we's ain't gwine come out deh and dirty up yo' white folks neighborhood ... (He breaks down completely, then gets up and goes into the bedroom)

BENNETHA That is not a man. That is nothing but a toothless rat.

MAMA Yes—death done come in this here house. (She is nodding, slowly, reflectively) Done come walking in my house. On the lips of my children. You what supposed to be my beginning again. You—what supposed to be my harvest. (To BENNETHA) You—you mourning your brother?
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

ain't the time at all. It's when he's at his lowest and can't be-
lieve in himself 'cause the world done whipped him so. When
you starts measuring somebody, measure him right, child,
measure him right. Make sure you done taken into account
what hills and valleys he come through before he got to
wherever he is.

(TRAVIS bursts into the room at the end of the speech,
leaving the door open)

TRAVIS Grandmama—the moving men are downstairs! The
truck just pulled up.

MAMA (Turning and looking at him) Are they, baby? They
downstairs?

(She sighs and sits. Lindner appears in the doorway. He
peers in and knocks lightly, to gain attention, and comes
in. All turn to look at him)

LINDNER (Hat and briefcase in hand) Uh—hello . . .

(Ruth crosses mechanically to the bedroom door and
opens it and lets it swing open freely and slowly as the
lights come up on WALTER within, still in his coat, sitting
at the far corner of the room. He looks up and out
through the room to LINDNER)

RUTH He's here.

(A long minute passes and Walter slowly gets up)

LINDNER (Coming to the table with efficiency, putting his brief-
case on the table and starting to unfold papers and unscrew
fountain pens) Well, I certainly was glad to hear from you
people. (Walter has begun the trek out of the room, slowly
and awkwardly, rather like a small boy, passing the back of
his sleeve across his mouth from time to time) Life can really
be so much simpler than people let it be most of the time.
Well—with whom do I negotiate? You, Mrs. Younger; or
your son here? (Mama sits with her hands folded on her lap
and her eyes closed as Walter advances. Travis goes close to
Lindner and looks at the papers curiously) Just some official
papers, sonny.

RUTH Travis, you go downstairs.

MAMA (Opening her eyes and looking into WALTER's) No.
Travis, you stay right here. And you make him understand
what you doing, Walter Lee. You teach him good. Like Willy
Harris taught you. You show where our five generations
done come to. Go ahead, son—

WALTER (Looks down into his boy's eyes. Travis grins at him
merrily and Walter draws him beside him with his arm
lightly around his shoulder) Well, Mr. Lindner. (Beneath
turns away) We called you—(There is a profound, simple
grappling quality in his speech)—because, well, me and my
family (He looks around and shifts from one foot to the
other) Well—we are very plain people . . .

LINDNER Yes—

WALTER I mean—I have worked as a chauffeur most of my life
—and my wife here, she does domestic work in people's kitch-
ens. So does my mother. I mean—we are plain people . . .

LINDNER Yes, Mr. Younger—
WALTER (Really like a small boy, looking down at his shoes and then up at the man) And—uh—well, my father, well, he was a laborer most of his life.

LINDNER (Absolutely confused) Uh, yes—

WALTER (Looking down at his toes once again) My father almost beat a man to death once because this man called him a bad name or something, you know what I mean?

LINDNER No, I'm afraid I don't.

WALTER (Finally straightening up) Well, what I mean is that we come from people who had a lot of pride. I mean—we are very proud people. And that's my sister over there and she's going to be a doctor—and we are very proud—

LINDNER Well—I am sure that is very nice, but—

WALTER (Starting to cry and facing the man eye to eye) What I am telling you is that we called you over here to tell you that we are very proud and that this is—this is my son, who makes the sixth generation of our family in this country, and that we have all thought about your offer and we have decided to move into our house because my father—my father—he earned it. (MAMA has her eyes closed and is rocking back and forth as though she were in church, with her head nodding the amen yes) We don't want to make trouble for nobody or fight no causes—but we will try to be good neighbors. That's all we got to say. (He looks the man absolutely in the eyes) We don't want your money.

(He turns and walks away from the man)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

You all start OD down . . . Travis child, don't go empty-handed . . . Ruth, where did I put that box with my skillets in it? I want to be in charge of it myself . . . I'm going to make us the biggest dinner we ever ate tonight . . . Beneatha, what's the matter with them stockings? Pull them things up, girl . . .

(The family starts to file out as two moving men appear and begin to carry out the heavier pieces of furniture, bumping into the family as they move about)

BENJATHA Mama, Asagai—asked me to marry him today and go to Africa—

MAMA (In the middle of her getting-ready activity) He did? You ain't old enough to marry nobody—(Seeing the moving men lifting one of her chairs precariously) Darling, that ain't no bale of cotton, please handle it so we can sit in it again. I had that chair twenty-five years . . .

(The movers sigh with exasperation and go on with their work)

BENJATHA (Girlishly and unreasonably trying to pursue the conversation) To go to Africa, Mama—be a doctor in Africa . . .

MAMA (Distracted) Yes, baby—

WALTER Africa! What he want you to go to Africa for?

BENJATHA To practice there . . .

WALTER Girl, if you don't get all them silly ideas out your head! You better marry yourself a man with some loot . . .

BENJATHA (Angrily, precisely as in the first scene of the play) What have you got to do with who I marry!

WALTER Plenty. Now I think George Murchison—(He and Beneatha go out yelling at each other vigorously; Beneatha is heard saying that she would not marry George Murchison if he were Adam and she were Eve, etc. The anger is loud and real till their voices diminish. Ruth stands at the door and turns to Mama and smiles knowingly)

MAMA (Fixing her hat at last) Yeah—they something all right, my children . . .

RUTH Yeah—they're something. Let's go, Lena.

MAMA (Stalling, starting to look around at the house) Yes—I'm coming, Ruth—

RUTH Yes?

MAMA (Quietly, woman to woman) He finally come into his manhood today, didn't he? Kind of like a rainbow after the rain . . .

RUTH (Biting her lip lest her own pride explode in front of Mama) Yes, Lena. (Walter's voice calls for them raucously)

MAMA (Waving Ruth out vaguely) All right, honey—go on down. I be down directly.
A RAISIN IN THE SUN

(RUTH hesitates, then exits. MAMA stands, at last alone in the living room, her plant on the table before her as the lights start to come down. She looks around at all the walls and ceilings and suddenly, despite herself, while the children call below, a great heaving thing rises in her and she puts her fist to her mouth, takes a final desperate look, pulls her coat about her, puts her hat and goes out. The lights dim down. The door opens and she comes back in, grabs her plant, and goes out for the last time)

Curtain
McGlow in a vocal group called the Primes, the “sister act” for a group of male singers that later became the Temptations. In 1961, after both McGlown and her replacement Barbara Martin left the group, the Primes signed a recording contract with Motown Records as a trio and changed their name to the Supremes.

The Supremes did not enjoy immediate recognition and success. Initially they sang as backup vocalists or served as handclappers for other Motown acts, including Mary Wells, Marvin Gaye, and the Shirelles. After three years as a group, the Supremes achieved their first Number-One hit in July 1964 with “Where Did Our Love Go,” their ninth release. A string of Number-One recordings followed: “Baby Love” (1964), “Come See About Me” (1964), “Stop! In the Name of Love” (1965), and “Back in My Arms Again” (1965). In 1967 Cindy Birdsong replaced Florence Ballard, and the group changed its name to Diana Ross and the Supremes.

In 1970 Ross left the Supremes to pursue a solo career in singing and acting, but not before issuing one more group hit, “Someday We’ll Be Together.” A series of female singers assumed the lead vocals of the Supremes before the group’s breakup in 1977.


The Supremes were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1988, confirming their status as the most famous black performing group and the most famous female recording group in American music history. As the lead vocalist for the Supremes, Ross had 12 Number-One singles and sold more than 50 million records. Between 1970 and 1984 she recorded 31 albums and more than 50 singles, 6 of which reached the top spot on the Billboard chart. Ross is considered to be one of the most influential and important recording artists of the twentieth century.

Also

Motown, Supremes, The, Temptations, The, Film, Blacks in American.
Seale, Bobby \( \text{b. October 22, 1936, Dallas, Tex.} \), political and social activist of the 1960s; cofounder of the militant BLACK PANTHER PARTY.

Bobby Seale, the son of George and Thelma Seale, moved to California with his family at age ten. He entered the United States Air Force at age 18 and served as an aircraft-sheet mechanic. Three years later he was dishonorably discharged for insubordination and absence without leave. In 1961 he was admitted to Merritt College in Oakland, California.

While at Merritt, Seale became a member of the Afro-American Association in Oakland. Through this militant organization, Seale met and befriended fellow student Huey Newton. Together, Newton and Seale formed the Soul Students Advisory Committee at Merritt. In 1966 the two created the BLACK PANTHER PARTY, whose political platform called for equality of opportunity for African Americans and an end to police brutality against black people.

Seale was arrested in 1968 for his participation in anti-VIETNAM WAR demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, and spent two years in jail. He was arrested a second time in 1972 for the murder of suspected Black Panther informer Alex Rackley, but the charges against him were dropped. In 1973 he made an unsuccessful bid for the office of mayor of Oakland, and in 1974 he resigned as chairman of the Black Panther Party. In the 1980s Seale became involved in an organization called Youth Employment Strategies. He published two autobiographies, *Seize the Time: The Story of the Black Panther Party* and *Huey P. Newton* in 1970 and *A Lonely Rage* in 1978.

Aaron Myers

See Also

Chicago, Illinois: Newton, Huey P.; San Francisco and Oakland, California.
Slave Leg Shackles

picked these up at an antique store. They came from St. Augustine, Florida. The spiked ones are called punishment shackles. Both pair would be riveted 'sed. These are probably late 1700, early 1800s (a rotten time in history).
Shange, Ntozake

Shange, Ntozake
original name PAULETTE WILLIAMS African American author of plays, poetry, and fiction noted for their feminist themes and racial and sexual anger.

Shange attended Barnard College (B.A., 1970) and the University of Southern California (M.A., 1973). From 1972 to 1975 she taught humanities, women's studies, and Afro-American studies at California colleges. During this period she also made public appearances as a dancer and reciter of poetry. Her 1975 theatre piece For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf quickly brought her fame. Written for seven actors, For Colored Girls is a group of 20 poems on the power of black women to survive in the face of despair and pain. It ran for seven months Off-Broadway in New York City, then moved to Broadway and was subsequently produced throughout the United States and broadcast on television.

Shange created a number of other theatre works that employed poetry, dance, and music while abandoning conventions of plot and character development. One of the most popular of these was her 1980 adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's Mother Courage, featuring a black family in the time of the American Civil War.

Shange's poetry collections include Nappy Edges (1978) and Ridin' the Moon in Texas (1987). She also published the novels Sassafrass, Cypress & Indigo (1982), about the diverging lives of three sisters and their mother; the semiautobiographical Betsey Brown (1985); and Liliane: Resurrection of the Daughter (1994), a coming-of-age story about a wealthy black woman in the American South.

Next >>

Contents of this article:
0 Introduction
Bibliography
Ntozake Shange (1948-)

Born Paulette Linda Williams, in Trenton, New Jersey, on October 18, 1948. A playwright and poet, she changed her name to Ntozake ("she who brings her own things") Shange ("one who walks with lions") in 1971.

She graduated from Barnard College and received her masters degree from the University of Southern California, where she also did some graduate work.

She studied Afrikan American dance in California and actually performed with the Third World Collective, Raymond Sawyer's Afrikan American Dance Company, Sounds in Motion and West Coast Dance Works.

Shange taught at Sonoma Mills College in California from 1972 to 1975. She went on to teach at CUNY and Douglas College to finish out the 1970s, before becoming the Mellon Distinguished Professor of Literature at Rice University in 1983. For three years she worked as an associate professor of drama at the University of Houston.

Shange's play For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf, a choreopoem (poetry and dance), was first produced in California after her dance-drama Sassafrass was presented in 1976.

Later For Colored Girls was produced in New York City, where it had a long run before going on the other cities. It earned Tony, Grammy and Emmy award nominations in 1977.

Among the works by Shange that have been produced on the stage are Spell #7, A Photograph: Lovers in Motion (1979), and Boogie Woogie Landscapes (1979). For Colored Girls has been published as a book and Shange's collection Three Pieces (1981) contains Spell #7, A Photograph: Lovers in Motion, and Boogie Woogie Landscapes.

Other books by Shange include: Nappy Edges (poetry, 1978); Sassafrass, Cypress & Indigo (novel, 1982); A Daughter's Geography (poetry, 1983) and From Okra to Greens (a play, 1984); See No Evil: Prefaces & Accounts, 1976-1983 (1984); Betsey Brown (novel, 1985); Liliane: Resurrection of the Daughter (novel, 1994).

A version of Betsey Brown for the stage, with music by the jazz trumpeter and composer Baikida Carroll, opened the American Music Theater Festival in Philadelphia, March 25, 1989. Shange directed Ina Cesaire's Fire's Daughters in 1993. The Broadway version of For Colored Girls/When the Rainbow is Enuf was revived in 1995.

Shange received an Obie Award in 1981 for Mother Courage and Her Children and a Los Angeles Times Book Prize for poetry that year for Three Pieces. A Guggenheim fellow, Shange has been given awards by the Outer Critics Circle and the National Black Theater Festival (1993). She also

http://sma.ncsu.edu/Nubian/Archives/Spring1998/041698/Culture/ntozake_shange.html
Ntozake Shange: Playwright, Poet, Novelist

won the Pushcart Prize.

Front Page
Slavery

There is no consensus on what a slave was or on how the institution of slavery should be defined. Nevertheless, there is general agreement among historians, anthropologists, economists, sociologists, and others who study slavery that most of the following characteristics should be present in order to term a person a slave. The slave was a species of property; thus, he belonged to someone else. In some societies slaves were considered movable property, in others immovable property, like real estate. They were objects of the law, not its subjects. Thus, like an ox or an ass, the slave was not ordinarily held responsible for what he did. He was not personally liable for torts or contracts. The slave usually had few rights and always fewer than his owner, but there were not many societies in which he had absolutely none. As there are limits in most societies on the extent to which animals may be abused, so there were limits in most societies on how much a slave could be abused. The slave was removed from lines of natal descent. Legally and often socially he had no kin. No relatives could stand up for his rights or get vengeance for him. As an "outsider," "marginal individual," or "socially dead person" in the society where he was enslaved, his rights to participate in political decision making and other social activities were fewer than those enjoyed by his owner. The product of a slave's labor could be claimed by someone else, who also frequently had the right to control his physical reproduction.

For coverage of related topics in the Macropedia and Micropedia, see the Propedia, section 513. This article is divided into the following sections:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Historical survey 289</th>
<th>Legal relationships between slaves and free strangers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Slave-owning societies</td>
<td>Laws of manumission</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The international slave trade</td>
<td>The sociology of slavery 296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ways of ending slavery</td>
<td>The slave as outsider</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The law of slavery 293</td>
<td>Attitudes toward slavery: the master of race</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sources of slavery law</td>
<td>Slave occupations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legal definitions of slavery</td>
<td>Slave demography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Master-slave legal relationships</td>
<td>Slave protest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legal relationships between slave owners</td>
<td>Slave culture 299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bibliography 299</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Slavery was a form of dependent labor performed by a nonfamily member. The slave was deprived of personal liberty and the right to move about geographically as he desired. There were likely to be limits on his capacity to make choices with regard to his occupation and sexual partners as well. Slavery was usually, but not always, involuntary. If not all of these characterizations in their most restrictive forms applied to a slave, the slave regime in that place is likely to be characterized as "mild"; if almost all of them did, then it ordinarily would be characterized as "severe."

Slaves were generated in many ways. Probably the most frequent was capture in war, either by design, as a form of incentive to warriors, or as an accidental by-product, as a way of disposing of enemy troops or civilians. Others were kidnapped on slave-raiding or piracy expeditions. Many slaves were the offspring of slaves. Some people were enslaved as a punishment for crime or debt, others were sold into slavery by their parents, other relatives, or even spouses, sometimes to satisfy debts, sometimes to escape starvation. A variant on the selling of children was the exposure, either real or fictitious, of unwanted children, who were then rescued by others and made slaves. Another source of slavery was self-sale, undertaken sometimes to obtain an elite position, sometimes to escape destitution.

Slavery existed in a large number of past societies whose general characteristics are well-known. It was rare among primitive peoples, such as the hunter-gatherer societies, because for slavery to flourish, social differentiation or stratification was essential. Also essential was an economic surplus, for slaves were often consumption goods who themselves had to be maintained rather than productive assets who generated income for their owner. Surplus was also essential in slave systems where the owners expected economic gain from slave ownership.

Ordinarily there had to be a perceived labor shortage, for otherwise it is unlikely that most people would bother to acquire or to keep slaves. Free land, and more gener-
the total population, and much of that society’s energies were mobilized toward getting and keeping slaves. In addition, the institution of slavery had a significant impact on the society’s institutions, such as the family, and on its social thought, law, and economy. It seems clear that it was quite possible for a slave society to exist without productive slavery; the known historical examples were concentrated in Africa and Asia. It is also clear that most of the slave societies have been concentrated in Western (including the Greek and Roman) and Eastern Europe. In a slave-owning society slaves were present, but in smaller numbers, and they were much less the focus of the society’s energies.

Slavery was a species of dependent labour differentiated from other forms primarily by the fact that in any society it was the most degrading and most severe. Slavery was the prototype of a relationship defined by domination and power. But throughout the centuries man has invented other forms of dependent labour besides slavery, including serfdom, indentured labour, and peonage. The term serfdom is a species of dependent labour differentiated from other forms primarily by the fact that in any society the servitude of the individual was bound to the land. The term indentured labour describes the condition of the peasants in other contexts. The term peonage describes the condition of the peasantry in other contexts. The term serfdom was the dependent condition of much of the western and central European peasantry from the time of the decline of the Roman Empire until the era of the French Revolution. This included a “second estate of the peasantry” and a social structure between the master and the peasant. In the 15th and 16th centuries, Russia did not know the “first enslavement”; serfdom began there gradually in the mid-15th century, was completed by 1649, and lasted until 1906. Whether the term serfdom appropriately describes the condition of the peasants in other contexts is a matter of vigorous contention. Be that as it may, the serf was also distinguished from the slave by the fact that he was usually the subject of the law—i.e., he had some rights, whereas the slave, the object of the law, had significantly fewer rights. The serf was usually bound to the land (the most significant exception was the Russian serf between about 1700 and 1861), whereas the slave was always bound to his owner; i.e., he had to live where his owner told him to, and he often could be sold by his owner, but at any time he could be sold by his owner and have his liberty struck out of him. The serf’s right to marry off his lord’s estate was often restricted, but the master’s interference in his life was usually much more limited than was the case for the slave. Serfs could be called upon by the state to pay taxes, to perform corvée labour on roads, and to serve in the army, but slaves usually were exempt from all of those obligations.

As an indentured servant by borrowing money and then voluntarily agreeing to work off the debt during a specified term. In some societies indentured servants probably differed little from debt slaves (i.e., persons who initially were unable to pay off obligations and thus were forced to work their debt off at an amount per year specified by law). Debt slaves, however, were regarded as criminals (essentially thieves) and thus liable to harsher treatment. Perhaps as many as half of all the white settlers in North America were indentured servants, who agreed to work for a specified fee and then, upon arrival, to perform corvée labour on roads, to serve in the army, but slaves usually were exempt from all of those obligations.

Slavery was economically more efficient than indentured servitude because it did not require the employer to pay for an independent individual, which reduces the risk of the employer paying more for the employee’s services than the employee would earn if they worked independently. In addition, the employer could control the employee’s actions and the employee could not sell his labour to another employer. Thus, slavery was an instrument of economic and political control. It was also a way of using people as a natural resource, which is why it was often used to exploit non-white people.

Slavery was also used to defend the state. The slave was usually the subject of the law in a society with slavery. The law for bad treatment than did indentured servants, and the courts were usually more lenient in the case of free persons.

Slavery was a way of controlling people. It was a way to maintain order in the society, and it was a way for the state to control people. It was also a way for the state to control people's thoughts and ideas. The state could use slavery to control the people's thoughts and ideas by making sure that the people were afraid of the state. The state could use slavery to control the people's thoughts and ideas by making sure that the people were afraid of the state. The state could use slavery to control the people's thoughts and ideas by making sure that the people were afraid of the state. The state could use slavery to control the people's thoughts and ideas by making sure that the people were afraid of the state.
Slavery in Africa

Africa

Slavery in

owning societies in the New World

290 Slavery

000,000 Africans were delivered into the slavery. Slavery was practiced everywhere even before the rise of Islam, and black slaves exported from Africa were widely traded throughout the Islamic world. Approximately 18,000,000 Africans were delivered into the Islamic trans-Saharan and Indian Ocean slave trades between 650 and 1900. In the second half of the 15th century Europeans began to trade along the west coast of Africa, and by 1867 between 7,000,000 and 10,000,000 Africans had been shipped as slaves to the New World. Although some areas of Africa were depleted by slave raiding, on balance the African population grew as the establishment of the transatlantic slave trade because of new food crops intro-duced from the New World, particularly manioc, corn (maize), and possibly peanuts (groundnuts). The relationship between African and New World slavery was highly complementary. African slave owners demanded primarily women and children for labour and lineage incorporation, and tended to kill males because they were troublesome and likely to flee. The transatlantic trade, on the other hand, demanded primarily adult males for labour and thus saved from certain death many adult males who otherwise would have been slaughtered by African captors. After the end of the transatlantic trade, a few African societies at the end of the 19th century put captured males to productive work as slaves, but this usually was not the case before that time.

Slave societies... The first known slave society was that of Athens. In the early Archaic period the elite worked its estates with the labour of fellow citizens in bondage (often for debt). After the lawmaker Solon abolished citizen slavery about 594 BC, wealthy Athenians came to rely on enslaved peoples from the surrounding islands, but still with the Persians and other peoples provided many slaves, but the majority of slaves were acquired through regular trade with non-Greek peoples around the Aegean. At the time of classical Athens (the 5th through the 3rd centuries BC) slaves constituted the third largest portion of the population. A particularly noteworthy locus of slave employment was the Laurium silver mines, where private individuals could pick out a lode and put their slaves to mining it. As in all other slave societies, it is evident that the economic system that determined its preeminence in Athens. (Also important were political conditions that made the gross exploitation of citizens impossible.) Slaves were responsible for the prosperity of Athens and the leisure of the aristocrats, who had time to create the high culture now considered a central part of the Western heritage. Athenian slave society was founded as a by-product of slave raiding by the Vikings passing from Scandinavia to Byzantium in the 9th century. Slavery remained a major institution there until the early 1720s, when the state converted the household slaves into house serfs in order to put them on the tax rolls. House serfs were freed from their lords by an edict of Tsar Alexander II in 1861. Many scholars argue that the Soviets reinstated a form of slavery in the Gulag camps that flourished until 1956.

Slavery was much in evidence in the Middle East from the beginning of recorded history. It was treated as a prominent institution in the Babylonian Code of Hammurabi, c. 1750 BC. Slavery was also prominent in Scandinavia during the Viking era, AD 800-1050, when slaves for use at home and for sale in the international slave markets were a major object of raids. Slaves also were present in significant numbers in Scandinavia both before and after the Viking era. Continental Europe—France, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, and Russia—all knew slavery. Russia was essentially founded as a by-product of slave raiding by the Vikings passing from Scandinavia to Byzantium in the 9th century. Slavery remained a major institution there until the early 1720s, when the state converted the household slaves into house serfs in order to put them on the tax rolls. Slaves were also mentioned prominently in the Bible among the Hebrews in Palestine and their neighbours.

Slaves were owned in all Islamic societies, both sedentary and nomadic, ranging from Arabia in the centre to North Africa in the west and to what is now Pakistan and Indonesia in the east. Some Islamic states, such as the Ottoman Empire, the Crimean Khanate, and the Sokoto caliphate, must be termed slave societies because slaves then were very important numerically as well as a focus of the polities' energies. Slaves have been owned in black Africa throughout recorded history. In many areas there were large-scale slave societies, while in others there were slave-owning societies. Slave raiding practices everywhere before the rise of Islam, and black slaves exported from Africa were widely traded throughout the Islamic world. Approximately 18,000,000 Africans were delivered into the Islamic trans-Saharan and Indian Ocean slave trades between 650 and 1900. In the second half of the 15th century Europeans began to trade along the west coast of Africa, and by 1867 between 7,000,000 and 10,000,000 Africans had been shipped as slaves to the New World. Although some areas of Africa were depleted by slave raiding, on balance the African population grew as the establishment of the transatlantic slave trade because of new food crops intro-duced from the New World, particularly manioc, corn (maize), and possibly peanuts (groundnuts). The relationship between African and New World slavery was highly complementary. African slave owners demanded primarily women and children for labour and lineage incorporation, and tended to kill males because they were troublesome and likely to flee. The transatlantic trade, on the other hand, demanded primarily adult males for labour and thus saved from certain death many adult males who otherwise would have been slaughtered by African captors. After the end of the transatlantic trade, a few African societies at the end of the 19th century put captured males to productive work as slaves, but this usually was not the case before that time.
consisted of slaves or freedmen, and much of the free population was highly predatory, engaged either in the gathering of slaves or in the selling of them. It is known that for every slave the Crimenes sold in the market, they killed outright several other people during their raids, and in this way to sustain the slave market. The reasons for the transition of the Crimenes from slaveowning to a slave society have not been studied in detail. Probable reasons, however, include the combination of high demand for slaves throughout the Islamic world, the defection of the secondary agricultural slaves and others, and the existence of a slave-owning class of Crimene horsemen, who were led by a predatory elite that got rich by slave raiding. Crimene Tatar slave raids and the capture of Moscow were greatly curtailed by the building of a series of walls along the frontier in the years 1636–53 and ultimately by the liquidation of the khanate in 1722. It is probable that the Ottomans, and especially its centre in Turkey, should be termed a slave society. Slaves from both the Kura region north and the black African south flowed into Turkish cities for half a millennium after the Turks seized control of much of the Balkans in the 16th century. The proportion of the population that was slave ranged from about one-fifth in Istanbul, the capital, to much less in remote provincial areas. Perhaps only people such as the slave owners of the circum-Caribbean area and the American South were as preoccupied with slaves as were the Ottomans.

Slaves in the Ottoman Empire served in various capacities. They were janissary soldiers (see below), and they ran the empire, manned its ships, generated much of its handicraft product, and served as domestic servants and in harems. Contemporaries believed that the absolute power of the ruler was based on his military and administrative slaves. The Tanzimat enlightenment movement of the 19th century initiated the abolition of slavery, by the 1880 only a few slaves were being smuggled illegally into the empire, and the slave population was greatly reduced. Other prominent Islamic slave societies were on the east coast of Africa in the 19th century. The Arab-Swahili slave systems have been well-studied, and it is known that similar situations prevailed elsewhere earlier and also earlier, but studies to verify the proposition have not been undertaken.

A notable Islamic slave society was that of the Oosterhout, formed by Hausas in sub-Saharan Africa (modern Nigeria and Cameroon) in the 19th-century slavery. At first, the population was enslaved. That was only the Wudhay, that is, the Fulani sultanate of the western and central Sudan, where between 1700 and 1900 from one-third of the entire population consisted of slaves. In Ghana, between 1076 and 1600, about a third of the population were slaves. The same was true among the Adrar to perhaps 75 percent among the Guiana. In Senegambia, between 1300 and 1900, about a third of the population consisted of slaves. In Sierra Leone in the 19th century close to half the population was enslaved. In the Vai Paramount chiefdoms in the 19th century as much as three-quarters of the population was enslaved. Among the Ashante and the Yoruba there was a third enslaved. In the 19th century over half the population consisted of slaves among the Duala of the Cameroun, the Ibo and other peoples of the lower Niger, the Kongo, and the Kasanje kingdom and Chokwe of Angola. This was the circum-Caribbean world. Slave imports to the islands of the Caribbean began in the early 16th century. Initially the islands often were settled as well by numerous indentured labourers and other Europeans, but following the triumph of the sugar revolution, (initially undertaken because superior Virginia tobacco had left the Barbadian planters with nothing to sell) and after the nature of the disease climate became known to Europeans, they came to be inhabited almost exclusively by imported enslaved. In the Americas the sensible use of black overseers and drivers, controlled masses of slaves. About two-thirds of all slaves shipped across the Atlantic ended up in sugar colonies. By 1660 in Barbados the average plantation had about 60 slaves, and in Jamaica in 1832, about 150. The sugar plantations were among the contemporary world’s largest and most profitable enterprises, paying about 10 percent on invested capital. Sometimes, on occasions, such as in Barbados in the 1650s, as much as 40 to 50 percent. The proportions of slaves on the islands ranged from more than a third in Cuba, which went into the sugar and gang-labour business on a large scale only after the local planters had gained control in 1793, to 90 percent and more on Jamaica in 1730, Antigua in 1775, and Grenada up to 1834.

Slaves were of varying importance in Mesoamerica and on the South American continent. Initially slaves were imported because it was a labour shortage, aggravated by the high death rate of the indigenous population after the introduction of European diseases in the early 16th century. They were brought in at first to mine gold, and they were shifted to silver mining or simply left to go wild. By the mid-16th century in Brazil, where sugar had been tried even before its planting in the Caribbean, the coffee bush was imported from Arabia or Ethiopia via Indochina, and it had an impact similar to that of sugar in the Caribbean. Around 1800 about half the population of Brazil consisted of slaves, but then the slave trade declined to about 33 percent in 1850 and to 15 percent after the shutting off of imports around 1850 combined with free immigration to raise the proportion of Europeans. Some parts of Brazil, such as Pernambuco, saw two-thirds of the population consist of Africans and their offspring. The final result-Caribbean slave society was what became the southern United States. Slaves first were brought to Virginia in 1619. Subsequently, Africans were transshipped to North America from the Caribbean in increasing numbers. Initially, however, the English relied for their dependent labour primarily on indentured servants from the mother country. But in the two decades of the 1660s and 1670s the laws of slave ownership were clarified (for example, Africans who converted to Christianity did no longer have to be transmitted), and the price of servants may have increased because of rising wage rates in prosperous Englands. Soon thereafter African slaves replaced English indentured labourers. Tobacco initially was the profitable crop in Virginia, and the commerce in tobacco created a huge demand for slaves, especially after the opening of the New South (Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas). By 1860 nearly two-thirds of the Carolina tobacco was grown by African farmers. Slaves engaged in the production of cotton. Cotton could be grown profitably on smaller plots than could sugar, and the result that in 1860 the average cotton planter owned only about 35 slaves, not all of whom were slave owners.
Beginning around 1500 a similar process occurred along the coast of West Africa to apply the transatlantic slave trade. The Africans were captured by other Africans in raids and then transported to the coast; one may assume that the number of casualties of African slave raiding was nearly as high as that of Crimean Tatar slave raiding. The captives, primarily the Sokono caliphate, that raiding the coast by African rulers and kept in holding pens until Western European ship captains who sailed up and down the coast looking for slave cargo. (As stated above, the women and children often were not sent to the coast for export but were kept by the Africans themselves, often for incorporation into their lineages.) African rulers, who did not allow the Europeans to move inland, often conducted their wholesale business on the coast, such as at Ouidah in Dahomey (now Benin). (Because of the disease climate the Europeans were reluctant, even unable, to move inland until the mid-19th century.) But African rulers did everything they could to encourage the European sea captains to come to their port.

Once a ship was loaded, the trip, known as “the Middle Passage,” usually lasted from 7 to 11 weeks, with half returning to Liverpool in 1181. less than half returned alive.

Arriving in Brazil or the Caribbean islands, the slaves were sold at auction. The slave auctions were elaborate markets in which the prices of the slaves were determined. The auctions told the captives and their superiors what kind of cargo was in demand, usually adult males. Credit was almost always paid in full when goods were delivered. Inability to collect was one of the major reasons companies went bankrupt. After the auction the slave was delivered to the new owner, who then put him to work. That also began the period of “seasoning” for the slave, the period of about a year or so when he either succumbed to the disease environment of the New World or survived it. Many slaves landed on the North American mainland before the early 18th century had already survived the seasoning process in the Caribbean.

It can be assumed that the other international slave trades were comparable in many respects to the transatlantic one, but they have not been adequately studied.

Ways of ending slavery. Slavery came to an end in numerous ways. Household slavery ended because of an exhaustion of supplies, because slavery evolved into some other system of dependent labour, because it withered away, or because it was formally abolished. Productive slavery came to an end for the additional reasons that it ceased to be profitable or that it was abolished by warfare or the threat of warfare.

Throughout history there have been people who in one way or another believed that slavery was not a good or natural condition. Jean Bodin (1530–96), the French founder of antislavery thought, for example, condemned the institution as immoral and counterproductive and advocated that no group of men should be excluded from the body politic. Nevertheless, remarkably few people found the institution of slavery to be unnatural or immoral until the second half of the 19th century. The idea that Christians commonly thought of sin as a kind of slavery rather than slavery itself as a sin. When concern was expressed for slaves, it was for their good care, not for their unfree status.

Frequently, when slavery passed from the scene, it did so with little fanfare. In most societies, such as ancient Babylonia, Israel, Egypt, or Athens, the institution of slavery had little or no connection with the society’s rise or demise. In Rome, on the other hand, slavery began to

Slave raiding

whom produced cotton. During the reign of “King Cotton,” about 40 percent of the Southern population consisted of black slaves; the percentage of slaves rose as high as 64 percent in South Carolina in 1720 and 55 percent in Mississippi in 1810 and 1860. More than 36 percent of all the New World slaves in 1825 were in the southern United States. Like Rome and the Sokono caliphate, that nation was totally transformed by the presence of slavery. Slavery generated profits comparable to those from other investments and was only ended as a consequence of the War Between the States.

The international slave trade. Organized commerce began in the Neolithic Period, and it may be assumed that slaves were not far behind high-value items such as amber and salt in becoming commodities. Even among relatively simple peoples one can trace the international slave trade. Thus, a trade was going on among the peoples of Siberia before the arrival of the Russians in the 16th and 17th centuries. The slaves so traded were neighbouring peoples captured in warfare, who were then shipped to distant points where they would be without kin and whence they were sold to newcomers. Some of the males were castrated. From the 9th and 10th centuries on, a trade developed in those living in the reservoirs of the Volga, whence they were received throughout much of Europe. The slaves so traded were neighbouring peoples (typically migratory or nomadic in habit) to prey on the sedentary agriculturists living in the reservoir. The raiders developed techniques, of which surprise was perhaps the major one, that put the settled peoples at a disadvantage, for they took them by surprise. Raiding could be completely depleted, as happened to the East Slavs living in the steppe south of the Oka and between the Volga and the Don. Rivers from 1240 to the 1500s, or they could migrate half a continent away to escape the slave raiders, as did the Ndembu in Africa. Ruthenians, frontier Poles, Caucasians, and numerous African peoples were sorely depleted by slave raids. One alternative was to fight back, as did the Muscovite Russians and the Baya of Adamawa (now northern Cameroon in West Africa), and the consequence in both instances was the creation of an authoritarian garrison state.

The international slave trades developed into elaborate networks. For example, in the 9th and 10th centuries Vikings and Russian merchants took East Slavic slaves into the Baltic. They were then gathered in Denmark for further transshipment and sold to Jewish and Arabic slave traders, who took them to Verduin and León. There some of the males were castrated. From those places the slaves were taken to the Slavic Mountains in the Baltic and North Africa. In the 9th century the Baghdad caliphate got slaves from western Europe via Marseille, Venice, and Prage; Slavic and Turkic slaves from eastern Europe and Central Asia via Derbent, Iul, Khorasan, and Samarkand, and African slaves via Mombasa, Zanzibar, the Sudan, and the Sahara. The Mongols in the 13th century brought their slaves first to Karakorum, whence they were sold throughout Asia, and then later to Sarai on the Lower Volga. Once they reached there, they were retained throughout much of Eurasia. Following the breakup of the Golden Horde, the Crimean Tatars took their chattel to Kele (Feodosiya) in the Crimea, whence it was transported across the Black Sea and sold throughout the Ottoman Empire and elsewhere. Arabs developed similar supply networks out of black Africa across the Sahara, across the Red Sea (from Ethiopia and Somaliland), and out of East Africa, which supplied the Islamic world and the Indian Ocean region with human chattel.
yield to tenancy and the antecedents of serfdom before the fall of the empire, appeal of slaves and the rise of their price coincided with the disintegration of the olive oil and wine-producing plantations of southern Italy and loss of markets in the face of competition from Spain, Gaul, and North Africa. This standard interpretation even later and only gradually died out. Slavic slaves similar process in medieval Germany. By the end of the Middle Ages slavery no longer existed in England, and the famous Cartwright decision of the reign of Elizabeth I (1569) held that "slaves in the British plantation colonies were freed." Slavery persisted longer in eastern Europe. In Poland it was replaced by the second enslavement; the sale and purchase of slaves were forbidden in the 15th century. A similar process occurred in Lithuania, where slavery was abolished in 1564. In the Baltic countries, in conflict with the first enslavement: agricultural slaves were formally converted into serfs in 1679, and household slaves were converted into house serfs in 1723. In the Caucasus and in Central Asia slavery persisted until the second half of the 19th century. Their attention back to Africa. The league, took control of those governments that were thriving on slavery, and attempted to abolish the institution. Lagos was annexed in 1851, and all of Nigeria followed. In the 1870s British missionaries moved into Malawi, the place of origin of the Indian Ocean slave trade, attempting to interdict at its very source. In 1890 Zanzibar was made a British protectorate after the sultan's authority had been destroyed by the struggle over the slave trade. In Dahomey the French abolition of slavery resulted in the cessation of ceremonial human sacrifice.

The Imperial government formally abolished slavery in China in 1906, and the law became effective on Jan. 1, 1910, when all adult slaves were converted into hired laborers and the young were freed upon reaching age 25. Slavery was legally abolished in Korea in the 19th century. In 1906, and the law became effective on Jan. 1, 1910, when all adult slaves were converted into hired laborers and the young were freed upon reaching age 25. Slavery was legally abolished in Korea in the 19th century.
manumitted after six years (Exodus 21:2; Deuteronomy 15:12). A similar general recommendation that slaves be freed after six years in bondage was adhered to by many Islamic slave-owning societies; it helps to account for the frequency and duration of their slave raids, for they had a regular constant replenishment of their slave supplies. In Christian slave societies, on the other hand, the principle that the tenure of slavery should be limited was almost completely ignored.

Roman law was summed up in the great Pandects of Justinian of AD 533, and some of its slave norms later found their way into the Byzantine Code (which incorporated Syrian norms as well) of AD 726 and, more deliberately, into the Procehere Nomos of AD 876–879. Romano-BYZANTINE norms also found their way into the Bulgarian Court Law for the People ("Zukon Sudnyi Ududem") of the end of the 9th century and the 13th-century Ethiopian Fetha Negast.

Little is known about the Athenian law of slavery, but the Roman law of slavery was extraordinarily elaborate. Roman law was summed up in the great Pandects of Justinian of AD 533, and some of its slave norms later found their way into the Byzantine Code (which incorporated Syrian norms as well) of AD 726 and, more deliberately, into the Procehere Nomos of AD 876–879. Romano-BYZANTINE norms also found their way into the Bulgarian Court Law for the People ("Zukon Sudnyi Ududem") of the end of the 9th century and the 13th-century Ethiopian Fetha Negast.

The European "barbarian" (Germanic) codes, which first appeared in the 5th century AD and remained in effect for about half a millennium, were derived from customary law influenced by Roman law. The slave statutes of the Russian Russkaya Pravda of the 11th–13th century were all clearly of native East Slavic origin. The same was true of the Muscovite court handbooks (Sudebniki) of 1497, 1550, 1589, and 1606. The Muscovites had a special government office to deal with slavery matters, the Slavery Chancellery (1571–1704), and its practice became the cornerstone of the law of slavery. The last Islamic slave law was promulgated in 1936 by King Ibn Sa’ud of Saudi Arabia, which restated the teachings of the Qur’an. It also required owners to register slaves with the government and licensed slave traders.

Some sub-Saharan African societies followed Islamic law; others had their own. The latter ordinarily were not systematized until the European colonization movement, and so their law of slavery was oral common law.

Slavery was a relatively prominent institution in the Chinese Tang Code of the 7th century AD. Subsequently it was mentioned in every Chinese law down to the 20th century and was also important in the Korean legal system. The slave norms of the Mongol Great Yassa of Genghis Khan were locally generated, but subsequent Mongol law reveals considerable influence of the Tang Code.

The circum-Caribbean world had several basic laws of slavery. The slave law of the Spanish-speaking colonies and other independent countries is based on the Spanish Code of 1542 and the Spanish Slave Code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.

The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870. The Spanish Law of 1870 was based on the Spanish slave code of 1789. Another important code in Latin America was the Spanish Law of 1870.
other slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.

It was not an axiom of the master-slave relationship that the former automatically had sexual access to the latter. That was indeed the case in most societies, ranging from the ancient Middle East, Persia, and India to Africa, all Islamic countries, and the American South. Places such as Muscovy, however, forbade owners to rape their female slaves and made them rebellious, but few slave owners would have preferred to lose their slaves. In the American South, 10 codes prescribed forced sale to another owner or emancipation for maltreated slaves. Nevertheless, cases such as State v. Hoover (North Carolina, 1839) and State v. Jones (Alabama, 1843) were considered for extreme cases where slave owners were punished for savagely "correcting" their slaves to death.
allowed to contract with third parties. Roman slaves were allowed to make contracts in regard to third peculium.

A few societies, such as late Assyria and Muscovy, allowed slaves to testify in court, but most did not. It was a rare society that permitted a slave to serve as a witness against his owner, but some societies, such as ancient Nuzi and Muscovy, allowed slaves to testify against, even to, their owners. That was particularly likely to be the case when slaves played a major role in the society, because disputes could not be resolved by the freemen alone without resort to evidence provided by slaves.

Laws of manumission. Laws of manumission varied widely from society to society and from time to time. They are often viewed as the litmus test of a particular society's views of the slave, that is, of the capacities the slave was likely to exhibit as a free human being. Many Islamic societies, broadly interpreting the Hebrew prescription, generally prescribed manumission when the slave owner and their slave's offspring simply added to the slave population. But that was not universally the case; African slave societies, such as the Dahomeans of West Africa, the Ashanti of Ghana, or the Azande living between the Congo and the Nile, prescribed that the offspring of slaves should be free, as part of the process of incorporation into a new lineage. Although Islamic law did not require manumission upon birth, the Qur'ān recommended it, and slave owners were often inclined to follow the religious tenet. The Aztects freed all children born in slavery except the offspring of traders. In Thailand emancipation was relatively easy, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation.

In Africa slaves were despised, and their low status, which was passed on to freedmen, persists to the present time. In most societies most slaves were at the very bottom of society.

Rates of manumission. manumission upon birth

The rate of manumission did not necessarily correspond to the legal ease of manumission. It should be noted, however, that in Rome manumission was relatively easy and was widely practiced, even though there was a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation.

In Africa slaves were despised, and their low status, which was passed on to freedmen, persists to the present time. In most societies most slaves were at the very bottom of society.

Attitudes toward slavery: the matter of race. Slaves in most societies were despised. This is best seen in the homology for slaves. The favourite homology was the woman or wife, then the minor child or an animal. Other terms for slaves were the apprentice, the pauper, the harelot, the felon, the actor, and the complex image of the Southern “Sambo” or Caribbean “Quashee.” Throughout history slaves have often been considered to be stupid, uneducable, childish, lazy, untrustworthy, untrustworthy, prone to drunkenness, idle, boorish, lascivious, licentious, and cowardly. In China slaves were considered to be “mean” and “base”; in India they fed table scraps.

The attitudes of the world's great religions toward slavery are of special interest. The Judeo-Christian-Islamic tradition has been the most tolerant of slavery, and its social origins of intimate associates be known; there slaves were ritualistically distanced from their owners. Muscovite Russia, which had outsider slaves as well, was yet another exception, perhaps because the boundaries between insiders and outsiders were blurred. A number of scholars have pointed out that, although the status of the slaves was uniformly lower than that of comparable free people in every society, the material and sometimes other conditions of slaves were frequently better than those of free people; thus it is not surprising that free people occasionally volunteered to be slaves. What is somewhat more surprising is that so few societies found that form of social welfare to be acceptable; most took measures to prohibit or inhibit it. Solon in 594 BC, for example, forbade enslavement for debt in Athens, and the Lex Poetilia Papiaria did the same for Rome, c. 326 BC. Muscovy in 1597 prevented self-sale into slavery from becoming hereditary by mandating manumission of such slaves on their owners' deaths.

Regardless of the slave's origin, he was nearly always a marginal person in the society in which he was considered to be a pious act, and at their death many owners freed their slaves.

The rate of manumission did not necessarily correspond to the legal ease of manumission. It should be noted, however, that in Rome manumission was relatively easy and was widely practiced, even though there was a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation.

There was considerable variation among societies as to whether a slave was allowed to accumulate property that was inherited by his descendants. This is especially true in the case of slavery among the Judeo-Christian-Islamic peoples, where the slave could be manumitted after the passage of a number of years, and it took time to become integrated into the new society. The slave's offspring simply added to the slave population. But that was not universally the case; African slave societies, such as the Dahomeans of West Africa, the Ashanti of Ghana, or the Azande living between the Congo and the Nile, prescribed that the offspring of slaves should be free, as part of the process of incorporation into a new lineage. Although Islamic law did not require manumission upon birth, the Qur'ān recommended it, and slave owners were often inclined to follow the religious tenet. The Aztects freed all children born in slavery except the offspring of traders. In Thailand emancipation was relatively easy, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation. In Neo-Babylonia, in Late and Middle Assyria, and in Muscovy manumission was easy but rare; in the American South, manumission was comparatively difficult and almost never happened after a 5 percent tax on manumission in the Republic, and the Lex Fufa Caninia of 2 BC forbade manumission by testament of more than a fifth to a half of one's slaves, depending on the tax owed. In much of sub-Saharan Africa, manumission was common in most periods, and the freed person typically became a kind of relative in a process of assimilation.
A major issue in the topic of attitudes toward slavery is that of race. Although slaves were usually outsiders and often despised, there nevertheless were different kinds of outsiders and different degrees of contempt. Studies have shown that race was a serious concern, where by owners and slaves were white, manumission was frequent. In Africa, where most owners and slaves were black, lineage incorporation was the primary purpose of slavery, and in most societies slaves were allowed to participate in many aspects of social life. The American South, however, where the owners were of northern European stock and the slaves of African stock, the degree of social isolation of and contempt for slaves was extraordinary. Southern slaves were forbidden to engage in occupations that might demonstrate their capacity for independence. Tidewater Quakers almost never occurred, and manumission was almost unheard of as the reigning publicists proclaimed ever more loudly that blacks lacked any capacity to maintain themselves as free individuals.

Slavery occupations. Throughout history the range of occupations held by slaves has been nearly as broad as that held by free persons, but it varied greatly from society to society. The actual range did not depend upon whether the slave lived in a slave-owning or a slave society, although the least restrictive slavery society was most open to slavery.

To start at the top, the highest position slaves ever attained was that of slave minister, or ministerials. Ministerials existed in the Byzantine Empire, Merovingian France, 11th-century Germany during the Salian dynasty, most of the Islamic world, and in ancient Rome. A few slaves even rose to be monarchs, such as the slaves who became sultans and founded dynasties in Islam.

At a level lower than that of slave ministers were other slaves, such as those in the Roman Empire, the Central Asian empire, and Transylvania. Some of these slaves were government property, while others belonged to private individuals who employed them for government work. Most of these working in government were the so-called temple slaves. They were employed by religious institutions in Babylonia, Rome, and elsewhere. If they were ultimately destined for sacrifice to the gods, temple slaves usually enjoyed a much easier life than other slaves. They served in occupations ranging from priestess to janitor.

Slaves fought as soldiers and usually were considered of high status. In some societies military slaves belonged to private individuals, in others to the government. In 16th-century Japan, for example, carpenters, tailors, and masons. In Muscovy estate managers were a special category of slave estate managers.

In Muscovy estate managers were a special category of slave, and they were the first whose registration with the central authorities was required. Still other high-status slaves worked as merchants. Before the invention of the corporation, using slaves was one way to expand the family firm. The practice seems to have begun in Babylonia and was perpetuated in Rome, Spain, the Islamic world, China, and Africa. Slaves were entrusted with large sums of money and were given charge of long-distance caravans. A few slaves in Muscovy were similarly employed in the Siberian fur trade. Other societies, particularly in the American South, forbade slaves to engage in commerce out of fear that they would sell stolen goods.

In nearly all societies possessing slaves, some slaves were found in what might be termed urban occupations ranging from petty shopkeepers to craftsmen. In the Tredegar Iron Works of Richmond, Va., much of the labour force consisted of slaves. In the American South, ancient Rome, Muscovy, and many other societies, slaves worked as carpenters, tailors, and masons. In Bursa, Tur., some of the finest weaving ever done was by slave craftsmen, who were forced to find a certain amount of work in exchange for emancipation. The stereotype that slaves were careless and could only do the most menial tasks of manual labour was disproved countless times in societies that had different expectations and proper incentives.

Only a small portion of slaves throughout history were fortunate enough to be employed in elite or prestige occupations. Most were assigned to unproductive, physical labour, sometimes the most degrading a society had to offer. Among the worst forms of slave employment were prostitution and occupations demanding hard physical labour. Mining, often conducted in dangerous conditions causing high death rates, seems to have been the case in the silver mines at Laurium employed as many as 30,000 slaves, who contributed to the prosperity of which Athenian democracy was based. Slaves were also used in gold mining in Africa and in gold and silver mining in Latin America. Gold and coal mining employed millions of state slaves of the Gulag in the Soviet Union between the 1920s and 1956. Slaves have been used on great construction projects such as military fortifications, roads, irrigation projects, and temples from Babylonian to Soviet times. Timber felling for lumber and firewood was another form of hard slave labour, as in the Gulag.

Yet another form of brutal slave labour was rowing in the galleys, particularly those that belonged to the Ottoman Empire and sailed the Mediterranean. Tens of thousands of Slaves, victims of Crimean Tatar slave raids, first suffered a hellish existence in the Crimea itself and then ended their days rowing on Ottoman triremes.

Large numbers of slaves were employed in agriculture. As a general rule, slaves were used to cultivate the same crops but not others. Slaves rarely were employed in growing grains such as rye, oats, wheat, millet, and barley, although at one time or another slaves sowed and especially harvested all of these crops. Most favoured by slave owners were commercial crops such as tobacco, sugar, cotton, tobacco, coffee, and certain forms of rice that demanded intense labour to plant, considerable tending throughout the growing season, and significant labour for harvesting. The presence or absence of such crops and their relative profitability were among the major determinants of whether or not a slave-owning society became a slave society. In the Roman Empire employment in olive groves and vineyards occupied many slaves. Sugar cultivation made 9th-century Iraq into a slave society. Rice, coconut, coffee, cacao, areca palm, and sugar were also used.

In many societies slaves were employed as estate managers or bailiffs. This was especially likely to be the case when it was deemed unfitting for freemen to take or give orders involving other freemen. Where such cultural norms existed, managers were almost always either real outsiders (imported foreigners) or fictive outsiders (slaves).
Domestic and concubinage services were probably the major slave occupation. Drawing water, hewing wood, cleaning, cooking, waiting on table, taking out the garbage, shopping, child-tending, and similar domestic occupations were the major functions of slaves in all slave-owning societies. In a major productive slave system, the Roman Empire at the time of Augustus and later, the richest 5 percent of Italy's population owned 1,000,000 house slaves (another 2,000,000 were employed elsewhere, out of a total population of about 55,000,000). In yet another productive slave system, the American South, large numbers of slaves also worked inidth owners' houses. A related function was concubinage, unquestionably one of the major uses of female slaves since the beginning of the institution and particularly prevalent in China. Some societies prescribed that a concubine who bore her owner children was to be freed; others, ranging from the ancient Middle East to the European Middle Ages, specified that the offspring of free–slave unions were to be freed. Rome and ancient Chinese South were unusual in believing that all concubines and offspring should remain enslaved. Added to this in Africa was the function of lineage expansion, one of the major purposes of slavery in the sub-Saharan region.

Slave demography. It is sometimes alleged that slavery and concubinage were totally remunerative and that the relation of the husband–wife bond would have limited intolerably the slave owner's authority and his right to dispose of his property. Historically, however, such a view is incorrect. Limitations on the right to dispose of property have been frequent throughout history, and slaves were no exception. Thus, slave marriages were recognized in a number of slave-owning societies, including Carthage, Hellenistic Greece, late Byzantium, most of the Roman Catholic medieval world, Ch'ing China, Hindu India, Thailand, the Toucouleurs, Kwa-Kiul, and Omo coast tribes. Hanballi Muslims stated that a slave could insist that his master provide him with a spouse, and Ming Chinese masters were obliged to choose mates for their female slaves when the latter were in their teens and for males around the age of 20. In Russia marriage between a free person and a slave was recognized legally, but according to one of the oldest Russian laws the free person became enslaved by marrying a slave. In Muscovy if a married slave fled, remarried, and was subsequently apprehended, he was to be returned to the first spouse. In the majority of slave societies (the Danish Virgin Islands excepted), on the other hand, slave marriages were not recognized in law and were not something that slave owners had to think about legally when disposing of slaves. For example, the Louisiana Code simply stated that a slave had no right to be married. Nevertheless, even in these societies, including Rome, the American South, and West Indian Barbuda, slaves formed what they considered marriages and had children. Southern slave owners often recognized such marriages (even across estate boundaries) and their offspring because to have done otherwise would have interfered with production. In Brazil slave marriages were recognized by the Roman Catholic Church and recognized by law in 1869, but in 1875 only one-sixth of the slaves of marriageable age were recorded as married or widowed.

Slave demography was frequently determined by the occupational employment of the slaves. Consequently, sexual imbalance was not at all unusual. In 17th-century France on the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés territory there were nearly three male slaves for every female, presumably because of the demand for agricultural labourers. In late medieval Europe, on the other hand, there was a great demand for female slaves as domestics and concubines. The result was, true in China, where by the end of the Ch'ing era the institution of slavery had become primarily a female one. In early modern Russia there were two male slaves for every female because of a market demand for cavalrymen, military body servants, and domestics who could perform heavy labour. Concubinage, moreover, was illegal, and those who sold themselves into slavery practiced female infanticide before selling themselves. In many parts of Africa the demand was primarily for women and children for the purpose of incorporation into lineages. Adduced or killed unless they could be exported abroad. Such export conveniently fit into the circum-Caribbean demand for productive slaves to work in sugar, tobacco, and cotton production. Consequently, twice as many females as males and relatively few children under age 10 were shipped to the New World.

One of the notions about slavery has been that slaves rarely reproduced themselves in bondage. Given the skewed demographic profile of many slave societies, it is not surprising that this fiction is not true. The slaves of the Athenian Laurium silver mines or the Cuban sugar plantations, for example, lived in largely male societies. In Islamic slave-owning societies, castration and infibulation curtailed slave reproduction.

The major exception to the rule was North America, where slaves began to procreate in significant numbers in the mid-18th century. This fact helped the slave owners survive the cutting off of imports in 1808. Between the censuses of 1790 and 1860 the slave population of the South expanded exponential, from 657,755 in 1790 to 2,765,871, the largest proportion of any slave-regulated society in history. One of the fastest rates of population growth ever recorded prior to the advent of modern medicine. Paradoxically, although the Southern slave regime was one of the most dehumanizing ever recorded, it was one of the most conducive to explosive population growth. Without significant imports the Southern slave population increased fourfold between the early 1800s and 1860.

The ages of slave population also were determined partially by productive requirements. As mentioned above, in Africa children were preferred for incorporation into lineages, whereas in much of the circum-Caribbean world adults were demanded for production. As a consequence, the age pyramids of both societies, in Africa children predominated, in much of the New World people over age 15. In Muscovy, to take another example, the age structure was skewed toward young adults, for it was primarily young adult males (aged 15–29) who sold themselves into slavery.

Slave protest. Throughout history human beings have objected to being enslaved and have responded in myriad ways ranging from individual shirking, alcoholism, flight, and suicide to arson, murdering owners, and mass rebellion. Perhaps the most common individual response to enslavement was sluggishness, passivity, and indifference. A nearly universal stereotype of the slave was of a lying, lazy, dull brute who had to be kicked or whipped. There probably were three mutually reinforcing factors at work: an unconscious response to overcontrol and absence of freedom, a conscious effort to sabotage the master's desires, and a conditioned response to the expectation of stereotypical behaviour. Some owners tried to overcome such behaviour by a system of incentives or by strict regulation, such as the gang system, but historically they were in a minority. Less frequent was suicide. A number of slaves are known to have jumped overboard during the Middle Passage because they feared that the transatlantic voyage was taking them to be eaten by witches or barbarians, a fate that seemed worse than drowning.

Flight, either individually or in groups, was one of the most visible forms of protest against enslavement. The rates of flight, which varied greatly from society to society throughout history, usually depended less on individual slave-owner conduct than on the likelihood of success. Immediate conditions, such as the brutality of an overseer or master or a temporary lapse of supervision, often precipitated slave flight, but willingness to undertake such a form of rebellion against the system was usually determined by such factors as the ability to blend in with the free population (some societies marked slaves to inhibit such blending). Slave flight was infrequent in societies such as the peaceable American South or in West Africa, where a refuge of freedom was...
In East Africa, where flight was curtailed by slave owners united in their desire to prevent it in spite of a high demand for labour, runaways joined neighbouring communities and then raided their former masters. For more than two centuries fugitive slaves in Brazil known as maroons set up independent colonies, or quilombos, that they believed were immune from capture. Throughout the Americas from small farms or in urban households, where slave culture (and especially Candomble culture) could hardly have avoided being very similar to the master culture. Slave cultures grew up within the parameters of the masters' monopoly of power but separate from their own land. Religion, which performed the multiple function of explanation, prediction, control, and communion, seems to have been a particularly fruitful area for the creation of slave culture. Africans perceived all misfortunes, including enslavement, as the result of sorcery, and their religious practices and beliefs, which were often millenial, were formulated as a way of coping with it. Mutilation was the first religious movement to appeal to all ethnic groups in Jamaica. Voodoo in Haiti was the product of African culture slightly reformed on that island, and syncretic Afro-Christian religions and rituals appeared nearly everywhere throughout the New World. Slave religions usually had a supreme being and a host of lesser spirits brought from Africa, borrowed from the Amerindians, and created in response to local conditions. There were no firm boundaries between the secular and the sacred, which infused all things and activities. At least initially African slaves universally believed that posthumously they would return to their lands and rejoin their ancestors. Polygamous domestic arrangements were a further aspect of slave culture brought from Africa. Yet nonetheless, relatively few African social practices or plastic arts survived in the New World. On the other hand, Afro-American music and dance are known to have many African roots, and they differed dramatically from the practices of the European master culture; the use of drum and banjo were especially significant. Songs and spirituals borrowed their strong call-and-response patterns from the West African style. Furthermore, slaves created tales to amuse themselves, and the African element is most evident in animal tales; the tales are wittily crafted and the best known of the genre. Afro-American stories and songs often featured the devil, who was a demon and a trickster, terrifying, a friend in need, and a source of mischief. Slave culture also developed beliefs and customs that were at odds with those of the master culture. One such belief was that what the masters called theft was something else; thus stealing from the master was not theft at all but merely a process of channeling his property from one use to another, as in taking his corn and feeding it to his pigs. Polygamous domestic arrangements were a further aspect of slave culture brought from Africa. Yet another aspect of slave culture, especially prevalent in the Caribbean, involved the market. Slaves there were often required to provide their own food, which they raised on provision grounds. If they had any surplus, they were permitted by their owners to sell it in the market. As a result slaves developed an autonomy and an individualism that contrasted starkly with the rigid control of the work gang system and the putative slavish control of slave law.

African elements in New World slave cultures

**SLAVE CULTURE**

The institution of slavery usually tried to deny its victims their native cultural identity. Torn out of their own cultural milieu, they were expected to abandon their heritage and to adopt at least part of their enslavers' culture. Nonetheless, studies have shown that there were aspects of slave culture that differed from the master culture. Some of these have been interpreted as a form of resistance to oppression, while other aspects were clearly survivals of a native culture in the new society. Most of what is known about this topic comes from the circum-Caribbean world, but analogous developments may have occurred wherever alien slaves were concentrated in numbers sufficient to prevent their complete absorption by the host slave-owning or slave society. Thus slave culture was probably very different on large plantations from what it was on small farms or in urban households, where slave culture (and especially Candomble culture) could hardly have avoided being very similar to the master culture. Slave cultures grew up within the parameters of the masters' monopoly of power but separate from their own land. Religion, which performed the multiple function of explanation, prediction, control, and communion, seems to have been a particularly fruitful area for the creation of slave culture. Africans perceived all misfortunes, including enslavement, as the result of sorcery, and their religious practices and beliefs, which were often millenial, were formulated as a way of coping with it. Mutilation was the first religious movement to appeal to all ethnic groups in Jamaica. Voodoo in Haiti was the product of African culture slightly reformed on that island, and syncretic Afro-Christian religions and rituals appeared nearly everywhere throughout the New World. Slave religions usually had a supreme being and a host of lesser spirits brought from Africa, borrowed from the Amerindians, and created in response to local conditions. There were no firm boundaries between the secular and the sacred, which infused all things and activities. At least initially African slaves universally believed that posthumously they would return to their lands and rejoin their ancestors. Polygamous domestic arrangements were a further aspect of slave culture brought from Africa. Yet nonetheless, relatively few African social practices or plastic arts survived in the New World. On the other hand, Afro-American music and dance are known to have many African roots, and they differed dramatically from the practices of the European master culture; the use of drum and banjo were especially significant. Songs and spirituals borrowed their strong call-and-response patterns from the West African style. Furthermore, slaves created tales to amuse themselves, and the African element is most evident in animal tales; the tales are wittily crafted and the best known of the genre. Afro-American stories and songs often featured the devil, who was a demon and a trickster, terrifying, a friend in need, and a source of mischief. Slave culture also developed beliefs and customs that were at odds with those of the master culture. One such belief was that what the masters called theft was something else; thus stealing from the master was not theft at all but merely a process of channeling his property from one use to another, as in taking his corn and feeding it to his pigs. Polygamous domestic arrangements were a further aspect of slave culture brought from Africa. Yet another aspect of slave culture, especially prevalent in the Caribbean, involved the market. Slaves there were often required to provide their own food, which they raised on provision grounds. If they had any surplus, they were permitted by their owners to sell it in the market. As a result slaves developed an autonomy and an individualism that contrasted starkly with the rigid control of the work gang system and the putative slavish control of slave law.

**BIBLIOGRAPHY**

**General works.** Theoretical works on slavery include H.I. Nurk, *Slavery as an Industrial System: A Re-...
Slavery in early history:


The Europeans enslaved the Antilles Indians wherever they could. This caused their rapid disappearance and they were therefore not as available for slave labor. Thanks to the initiative of a Spanish priest (Bartholomew de Las Casas), the solution to this dearth of man power was found in the large scale importation of slaves from Africa. These slaves came from all parts of the West coast of that continent, from the mouth of the Senegal river to the Cape of Good Hope, but especially from the Eastern Guinea coast (today's Ghana, Togo, Dahomey, and Nigeria coast) and the Congo-Angola coastal region.

Africa at this time was at a decisive turn of its history. Since the Portuguese navigators succeeded in diverting the flow of the gold trade, which made the richness and fame of the great Sudanese Empires, the economy of the interior states gradually fizzled out. The last blow being struck in 1591 with the destruction of the Songhai Empire by a Moroccan army. The coastal states the rose in importance, particularly in Eastern Guinea.

While the Atlantic trade at first enriched the coastal states, it soon forced these newly formed Kingdoms to rapidly become esclavagist, because of the above mentioned needs in the developing American states. War being the best way to obtain slaves to be sold to Europeans, a permanent and general state of conflict, disunity and chaos resulted for the next centuries, and all hopes of progress for Africa was put to an end.

In that time, a very important center of civilization existed in the area of the Yoruba and Edo speaking countries. Corresponding to the former southwes state of Nigeria, they were divided in kingdoms among which were Oyo, Ife, and Benin. Their societies were basically agricultural but there was also a varied and important production in handicrafts. There
were extensive cities and prosperous trade, which found a ready means of exchange in the cowry shell currency. Their culture originated from the city of Ife, whose art of terra-cotta and brass beads, is world famous as one of the summits of mondial art.

The Angola-Congo coast in 1500 was on the verge of having the only experience of a mixed Afro-European culture: the kingdom of Congo, christianized by the Portuguese. But the attempt was ephemeral. Facing the esclavagist enterprises of the Sao-Tome slave dealers, the Congolese expelled the Portuguese at the beginning of the 17th century.

It must be noted that the places of origin of the Americas' Black slaves (North, Central, South and West Indies) far from being primitive, had an evolved civilization of their own. Black Africa, in the West African interior and the East coast, knew the written culture in Arabic and Swahili, as early as the 14th century. On the West coast, the culture was more oral even though a form of written literature can also be found. That last character, together with the religious importance of mask in the statuary, and of the cultural importance music and dance as a vehicle for cultural information, was perpetuated in the West Indies.

Thus, in Columbus' time some of the main characters of the modern West Indies could be foreseen. In the tragedy that will follow Columbus arrival in the new world, the Europeans have the leading part. The technological superiority of European developing states coupled with their greed swiftly overcame local Indian societies. It even overtook African societies which at the onset worked in association with them. But the tragedy of slavery, in its forceful transfer of African was to give the "new world" its most durable specificity.
The Growth of the Slave System

INTRODUCTION

Slave trade from 1601 to 1700

http://www.blacst.ucsb.edu/antillians/slave2.html
Links to Discussions of Slavery

Studies in the World History of Slavery, Abolition, and Emancipation

Narratives on Slavery in the US South

Slave trade from 1701 to 1810

http://www.blacst.ucsb.edu/antillians/slave2.html

Slave trade from 1811 to 1870
Nat Turner was born in Southampton, Virginia on 2nd October, 1800. Nat, the son of slaves, was the property of Benjamin Turner, a prosperous plantation owner. Nat's mother and grandmother had been brought to America from Africa and had a deep hatred of slavery.

Nat grew up sharing his mother's view of slavery. Taught to read by his master's son, Nat developed deep religious beliefs and encouraged by his parents, gradually began to believe that God had chosen him to lead his people out of slavery.

In 1831 Turner was sold to Joseph Travis. Shortly afterwards, an eclipse of the Sun, convinced Turner that this was a sign from God that he should start a slave rebellion. On 21st August, Turner and seven fellow slaves, murdered Travis and his family. Over the next two days and nights, Turner's band killed around 60 white people in Virginia.

Turner had hoped this his action would cause a massive slave uprising but only 75 joined his rebellion. Over 3,000 members of the state militia were sent to deal with Turner's rebellion, and they were soon defeated. In retaliation, more than a hundred innocent slaves were killed. Turner went into hiding but was captured six weeks later. Nat Turner was executed on 11th November, 1831.

(1) Thomas R. Gray, met Nat Turner in prison and recorded his account of the slave rebellion in August, 1831.

The late insurrection in Southampton has greatly excited the public mind, and led to a thousand idle, exaggerated and mischievous reports. It is the first instance in our history of an open rebellion of the slaves, and attended with such atrocious circumstances of cruelty and destruction, as could not fail to leave a deep impression, not only upon the minds of the

http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/USASturner.htm
community where this fearful tragedy was wrought, but throughout every portion of our country, in which this population is to be found. Public curiosity has been on the stretch to understand the origin and progress of this dreadful conspiracy, and the motives which influences its diabolical actors. The insurgent slaves had all been destroyed, or apprehended, tried and executed, (with the exception of the leader,) without revealing any thing at all satisfactory, as to the motives which governed them, or the means by which they expected to accomplish their object.

Every thing connected with this sad affair was wrapt in mystery, until Nat Turner, the leader of this ferocious band, whose name has resounded throughout our widely extended empire, was captured. This "great Bandit" was taken by a single individual, in a cave near the residence of his late owner, on Sunday, the thirtieth of October, without attempting to make the slightest resistance, and on the following day safely lodged in the jail of the County. His captor was Benjamin Phipps, armed with a shot gun well charged. Nat's only weapon was a small light sword which he immediately surrendered, and begged that his life might be spared. Since his confinement, by permission of the Jailor, I have had ready access to him, and finding that he was willing to make a full and free confession of the origin, progress and consummation of the insurrectory movements of the slaves of which he was the contriver and head.

(2) Nat Turner, The Confessions of Nat Turner (1831)

I was thirty-one years of age the 2nd of October last, and born the property of Benjamin Turner, of this county. In my childhood a circumstance occurred which made an indelible impression on my mind, and laid the ground work of that enthusiasm, which has terminated so fatally to many, both white and black, and for which I am about to atone at the gallows. It is here necessary to relate this circumstance - trifling as it may seem, it was the commencement of that belief which has grown with time, and even now, sir, in this dungeon, helpless and forsaken as I am, I cannot divest myself of.

Being at play with other children, when three or four years old, I was telling them something, which my mother overhearing, said it had happened before I was I born - I stuck to my story, however, and related somethings which went, in her opinion, to confirm it—others being called on were greatly astonished, knowing that these things had happened, and caused them to say in my hearing, I surely would be a prophet, as the Lord had shown me things that had happened before my birth. And my father and mother strengthened me in this my first impression, saying in my presence, I was intended for some great purpose, which they had always thought from certain marks on my head and breast.

(3) Nat Turner, The Confessions of Nat Turner (1831)

My master, who belonged to the church, and other religious persons who visited the house, and whom I often saw at prayers, noticing the singularity of my manners, I suppose, and my uncommon intelligence for a child, remarked I had too much sense to be raised, and if I was, I would never be of any service to any one as a slave. To a mind like mine, restless, inquisitive and observant of every thing that was passing, it is easy to suppose that religion was the subject to which it would be directed. The manner in which I learned to read and write, not only had great influence on my own mind, as I acquired it with the most perfect ease, so much so, that I have no recollection whatever of learning the alphabet—but to the astonishment of the family, one day, when a book was sewn me to keep me from crying, I began spelling the names of different objects - this was a source of wonder to all in the neighborhood, particularly the blacks - and this learning was constantly improved at all opportunities.

http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/USATurner.htm
When I got large enough to go to work, while employed, I was reflecting on many things that would present themselves to my imagination, and whenever an opportunity occurred of looking at a book, when the school children were getting their lessons, I would find many things that the fertility of my own imagination had depicted to me before; all my time, not devoted to my master’s service, was spent either in prayer, or in making experiments in casting different things in moulds made of earth, in attempting to make paper, gunpowder, and many other experiments, that although I could not perfect, yet convinced me of its practicability if I had the means.


We remained at the feast until about two hours in the night, when we went to the house and found Austin; they all went to the cider press and drank, except myself. On returning to the house, Hark went to the door with an axe, for the purpose of breaking it open, as we knew we were strong enough to murder the family, if they were awaked by the noise; but reflecting that it might create an alarm in the neighborhood, we determined to enter the house secretly, and murder them whilst sleeping. Hark got a ladder and set it against the chimney, on which I ascended, and hoisting a window, entered and came down stairs, unbarred the door, and removed the guns from their places.

It was then observed that I must spill the first blood. On which, armed with a hatchet, and accompanied by Will, I entered my master’s chamber, it being dark, I could not give a death blow, the hatchet glanced from his head, he sprang from the bed and called his wife, it was his last word, Will laid him dead, with a blow of his axe, and Mrs. Travis shared the same fate, as she lay in bed. The murder of this family, five in number, was the work of a moment, not one of them awoke; there was a little infant sleeping in a cradle, that was forgotten, until we had left the house and gone some distance, when Henry and Will returned and killed it; we got here, four guns that would shoot, and several old muskets, with a pound or two of powder.

We remained some time at the barn, where we paraded; I formed them in a line as soldiers, and after carrying them through all the manoeuvres I was master of, marched them off to Mr. Salathul Francis’, about six hundred yards distant. Sam and Will went to the door and knocked. Mr. Francis asked who was there, Sam replied, it was him, and he had a letter for him, on which he got up and came to the door, they immediately seized him, and dragging him out a little from the door, he was dispatched by repeated blows on the head; there was no other white person in the family. We started from there for Mrs. Reese’s, maintaining the most perfect silence on our march, where finding the door unlocked, we entered, and murdered Mrs. Reese in her bed, while sleeping; her son awoke, but it was only to sleep the sleep of death, he had only time to say who is that, and he was no more.

(5) Henry Highland Garnet, speech on slavery in Buffalo, New York (16 August 1843)

The patriotic Nathaniel Turner was goaded to desperation by wrong and injustice. By Despotism, his name has been recorded on the list of infamy, but future generations will number him upon the noble and brave.
West African Slave Trade Map

Estimate the number of slaves that were brought to the southern United States and to all of the Caribbean islands from 1701 and 1810.

Answers:

United States – less than 500,000; Caribbean – between 3 and 4 million. During this era, a total of 6 million slaves were transferred. From the start of the trade in 1601 to the end in 1870, African elites and European investors and traders moved 9.2 million slaves to the Western Hemisphere.

In the 400 years of the slave trade, more than 11 million Africans were enslaved. Up to 20 percent died on the crossings, which lasted from 1 to 9 months. Particularly in the 17th and 18th centuries, slave owners made fabulous profits, as much as 135 percent.

Read an article on slavery. Slavery was officially abolished in the last century, yet various forms of slavery continue in many countries. A useful current source for information on slavery is the Anti-Slavery International, based in London, UK.
The African American Journey:
Charting the African American Journey

North American Slave Trade

The Atlantic slave trade operated from the 1500's to the mid-1800's. Slave ships often traveled across the Atlantic Ocean from western Africa to the West Indies—a route known as the Middle Passage.

Most of the Africans captured by European and American slave traders belonged to the Malinke, Ouidah, Yoruba, Hausa, Igbo, and Bantu groups. Some Africans—including people from the Fante, Ashanti, Dahomey, Benin, Efik, Kongo, and Ndongo groups—aider slave traders in the capture of other Africans.

Next slide

World Book maps

http://www.saltdal.vga.no/prosjekt/slavrute/slavmaps.htm
Our perspective on African countries has been determined by a long history of colonialism, slavery and diasporic dispersal.

During the breakup of the Songhai empire in the 16th century, the most intense period of slave activity occurred in west Africa at the hands of Arab Islamic missionaries and European traders. The first European nation to acquire the 'asiento', the license to trade in slaves, was Portugal. With the complicity and blessings of the Catholic church the Portuguese dominated the gold, spice and slave trade for almost a century before other European nations became greatly involved.

Other countries involved in the European slave trade included Spain (from 1479); England (from 1562); North America (from 1619); Holland (from 1625); France (from 1642); Sweden (from 1647); and Denmark (from 1697).

Both home and abroad the African resistance to slavery took on many successive forms including cultural resistance, abolitionism, emigration and armed resistance.

The European onslaught of Africa that began in the mid 1400s progressed to various conquests over the continent, and culminated over 400 years later with the partitioning of Africa. Armed with guns, fortified by ships, driven by the industry of capitalist economies in search of cheap raw materials, and unified by a Christian and racist ideology against the African 'heathen', aggressive European colonial interests followed their earlier merchant and missionary inroads into Africa. It was at the 1884-85 Berlin Conference that the Europe-centered divisions of Africa took place between England, France, Italy,
Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Belgium. By 1914 only Liberia in the west and Ethiopia in the east remained independent of European colonial control.

Present-day Ghana was the first African nation to gain independence in 1957 with other African nations following shortly thereafter as an outcome of their own independence struggles. So even with the only-recent fall of apartheid and the independence of Africans in South Africa, as a whole European colonial rule in Africa was relatively short-lived.

--Excerpted from African Odyssey "Introduction to African History and Culture"

The African Diaspora Map - I

This map is the result of almost 20 years research by Joseph Harris, Distinguished Professor, Department of History, Howard University, Washington. The purpose of the map is to show the general direction of the principal sea routes of Arab, European and American trade in African slaves up to 1873.

http://artsege.kennedy-center.org/aol/resources/hg/se-map.html
The African Diaspora Map - II

The purpose of this map is to identify organized return movements and settlements of descendent Africans in the Americas and Asia up to 1945 when the Pan African Congress in Manchester, England signaled a new phase of relationships between Africa and its diaspora. In addition, the map shows short-term returns of Afro-Americans to Africa as consultants, missionaries and members of economic/educational projects.

The maps may be purchased from:
Professor Harris
Department of History, Howard University
2455 6th Street NW, WASHINGTON DC 20059

FURTHER READING
Global Dimensions of the African Diaspora
Second Edition
Ed. by Joseph E Harris
Publ: Howard University

Black Folk Here and There
by St Clair Drake
Center for Afro-American Studies
UCLA 1988, 1990

http://artsedge.kennedy-center.org/soi/resources/hg/se-map.html
Culture Clusters for South Carolina
1. Mende 25%
2. Mano River 7%
3. Akan 11%
4. Sudanic
5. Niger Cross River
6. Niger Delta 1%
7. Bakongo/Bantu 11%
8. Ovimbundu/Bantu 22%
9. Luba Lunda/Bantu

Note: 17% from unknown area of origin

http://www.andrew.cmu.edu/course/78-326/slave02.htm
Bessie Smith was the greatest and most influential classic blues singer of the 1920s. Her full-bodied blues delivery coupled with a remarkable self-assuredness that worked its way in and around most every note she sang, plus her sharp sense of phrasing, enabled her to influence virtually every female blues singer who followed. During her heyday, she sold hundreds of thousands of records and earned upwards of $2000 per week, which was a queenly sum in the 1920s. She routinely played to packed houses in the South as well as the North and Midwest. By the time the decade had ended, Smith had become the most respected black singer in America and had recorded a catalog of blues that still stands as the yardstick by which all other female blues singers are measured.

For many blacks, Smith was more than just a blues singer. Thanks to an assertive personality and an emancipated, often excessive life-style that included much drinking, frequent fistfights, wild sexual encounters with both men and women, and little tolerance of people who aimed to exploit her, Smith became a black cultural symbol. To many blacks, her success represented a triumph over white domination in the entertainment business. She gave hope to oppressed black women and inspired countless other singers. Smith influenced everyone from Billie Holiday to Mahalia Jackson and Janis Joplin. Although she died in 1937, still in the prime of her career, she left behind a legacy that is wonderfully rich and practically unparalleled. She ranks with the best artists the blues has ever produced.

Bessie Smith was born poor in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1894. Before she had reached womanhood, both her mother and father had died. She was raised by a sister, Viola, but it was Clarence, her oldest brother, who had the most influence on young Bessie. A natural showman, Clarence encouraged Bessie to learn how to sing and dance. After Clarence had joined a traveling vaudeville show, Smith and another brother, Andrew, began singing and dancing on Chattanooga street corners, earning pennies from passersby.

With the help of Clarence, who had arranged an audition with the same Moses Stokes Company for which he'd been working, Bessie began her professional career in 1912 as a dancer. Eventually Smith became a chorine and then a featured singer. Since Ma Rainey, the so-called Mother of the Blues, was also working for the Moses Stokes Company at the time Smith joined the troupe, many blues historians have theorized that Rainey taught Smith the basics of the blues and acted as her coach. The revisionist line of thinking, however, is that by the time she met Rainey, Smith was already familiar with the blues and
had developed much of the vocal charisma that would later make her a great singer. Certainly it's safe to say that Rainey had at least some influence on Smith in those early days. Rainey was a powerful blues vocalist in her own right, and the two singers were known to be friends. Watching Rainey sing the blues with all the home-grown feeling that fueled her songs couldn't help but be appreciated by Bessie, who was, by now, in her late teens.

Smith was an established star with black audiences throughout the South by the time she moved to Philadelphia in 1921. Two more years would pass before she began her recording career, however. Shortly after moving to Philadelphia, Smith supposedly auditioned for Okeh and other record companies. Each time the talent scouts told her that her voice was "too rough" to record. Finally, Columbia Records' Frank Walker signed Smith to a recording contract and set her up in the studio on February 15, 1923. Nothing survives from Smith's very first recording date. However, on the following day, Smith, accompanied by Clarence Williams on piano, recorded "Gulf Coast Blues" and "Down Hearted Blues." The record sold more than 750,000 copies that year, making Smith a blues star on the same level as Mamie Smith (no relation), a vaudeville singer who had recorded the first blues song, "Crazy Blues," in 1920.

In all, Smith recorded at least 160 songs for Columbia from 1923 to 1933. Many of them, such as "Taint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Mama's Got the Blues," her self-penned "Back Water Blues," and "Poor Man's Blues," are certified blues classics. Not only do they illustrate Smith's firm vocal grasp of the blues and her ability to evoke deep, soulfully phrased feelings, but they also tell us much about black culture in the 1920s.

The lyrics to "Taint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" ("If I go to church on Sunday, I Then just shimmy down on Monday, I Tain't nobody's business if I do, do, do do") and Smith's vocal delivery of them reflected her boldness and self-determination, two traits much admired by her black fans. On "Mama's Got the Blues," Smith paid tribute to the virility of black men over "brown-skinned" ones. Smith wrote "Back Water Blues," after witnessing a flood destroy homes and property. "Poor Man's Blues" detailed the differences between the haves and have-nots in America in the 1920s. In the song Smith pleads to "Mister rich man" to give "the poor man a chance" and "help stop these hard, hard times."

Throughout the 1920s Smith recorded with a number of noted musicians, including pianists Fletcher Henderson and James P. Johnson, cornetist Louis Armstrong, saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Don Redman, and clarinetist Buster Bailey. Many of her early songs featured only a piano accompaniment, which allowed sole focus on Smith's vocal dexterity. Yet the songs Smith cut with Armstrong—among them a rendition of W.C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues" and the ragtime gem "You've Been a Good Old Wagon"—featured the two most prominent black recording artists of the 1920s working off each other's talents and attested to the manner in which the best blues vocalists could sing against a jazz backdrop without losing the simplicity of their Southern blues roots.

In 1929 Smith recorded the haunting "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," a tune blues historian William Barlow called Smith's "personal epitaph and a depression-era classic." Columbia dropped Smith from its roster in 1931, but she did record once more, this time in 1933, under the direction of talent scout John Hammond. One song that was recorded, "Gimmie a Pigfoot," included Benny Goodman on clarinet.

http://www.blueflamecafe.com/Bessie_Smith.html

1/22/01
Smith continued to perform, mostly in the South, although the classic blues era was clearly over. Smith's rough-cut brand of the blues had succumbed to the polished, more mainstream sounds of swing. In 1935, while driving with friend and lover Richard Morgan through Clarksdale, Mississippi, their auto struck an oncoming truck. The crash mangled one of Smith's arms and she bled to death.

Bessie Smith was inducted into the Blues Foundation's Hall of Fame in 1980 and the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame in 1989.

"St. Louis Blues" is from Legends of the Blues - Volume 1 Copyright © Sony Music Entertainment Inc., 1991. Accompanied by Louis Armstrong on the cornet and Fred Longshaw on the reed organ, Bessie originally cut this on January 14, 1925 in New York City.

Check out Bessie's bio from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame
Fig I: lengthwise cross-section

Fig II: breadthwise cross-section: men

Fig III: breadthwise cross-section: women

Fig IV: lower deck with platforms

Fig V: lower deck without platforms

Fig VI: half-deck with platforms

Fig VII: half-deck with platforms

A: lower deck
B: lower deck: breath
C: men's section
D: platform: men's section
E: boy's section
F: platforms:
G: women's section
H: platforms: women's section
I: gun room
K: quarter deck
L: cabin
M: half-deck
Spanish-American War (1898), conflict between the United States and Spain that ended Spanish colonial rule in the Americas and resulted in U.S. acquisition of territories in the western Pacific and Latin America.

The war originated in the Cuban struggle for independence from Spain, which began in February 1895. Spain’s brutally repressive measures to halt the rebellion were graphically portrayed for the U.S. public by several sensational newspapers, and American sympathy for the rebels rose. The growing popular demand for U.S. intervention became an insistent chorus after the unexplained sinking in Havana harbor of the battleship USS Maine (Feb. 15, 1898; see Maine, destruction of the), which had been sent to protect U.S. citizens and property after anti-Spanish rioting in Havana. Spain announced an armistice on April 9 and speeded up its new program to grant Cuba limited powers of self-government, but the U.S. Congress soon afterward issued resolutions that declared Cuba’s right to independence, demanded the withdrawal of Spain’s armed forces from the island, and authorized the President’s use of force to secure that withdrawal while renouncing any U.S. design for annexing Cuba.

Spain declared war on the United States on April 24, followed by a U.S. declaration of war on the 25th, which was made retroactive to April 21. The ensuing war was pathetically one-sided, since Spain had readied neither its army nor its navy for a distant war with the formidable power of the United States. Commo. George Dewey led a U.S. naval squadron into Manila Bay in the Philippines on May 1, 1898, and destroyed the anchored Spanish fleet in a leisurely morning engagement that cost only seven American seamen wounded. Manila itself was occupied by U.S. troops by August.

The elusive Spanish Caribbean fleet under Adm. Pascual Cervera was located in Santiago harbor in Cuba by U.S. reconnaissance. An army of regular troops and volunteers under Gen. William Shafter (and including Theodore Roosevelt and his 1st Volunteer Cavalry, the “Rough Riders”) landed on the coast east of Santiago and slowly advanced on the city in an effort to force Cervera’s fleet out of the harbor. Cervera led his squadron out of Santiago on July 3 and tried to escape westward along the coast. In the ensuing battle all of his ships came under heavy fire from U.S. guns and were beached in a burning or sinking condition. Santiago surrendered to Shafter on July 17, thus effectively ending the war.

By the Treaty of Paris (signed Dec. 10, 1898), Spain renounced all claim to Cuba, ceded Guam and Puerto Rico to the United States, and transferred sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States for $20,000,000. The Spanish-American War was an important turning point in the history of both antagonists. Spain's defeat decisively turned the nation's attention away from its overseas colonial adventures and inward upon its domestic needs, a process that led to both a cultural and a literary renaissance and two decades of much-needed economic development in Spain. The victorious United States, on the other hand, emerged from the war a world power with far-flung overseas possessions and a new stake in international politics that would soon lead it to play a determining role in the affairs of Europe.
From Milan & London

FALL/WINTER '93-'94
Ready-To-Wear

Left: Pants of red leather with shirt that snaps up the front, hood trimmed in brown fur with jacket in hand, by Gianfranco Ferre of Milan.

Below: Black V-neck cocktail pants suit with double-tie front closure trimmed in monkey fur all around front and cuffs, by Jil Sander of Milan.
We are looking forward to a season of transition for Fall/Winter ’93-’94. There is no clear direction but a continuation of the softening of the silhouette. Although some fabrics are necessarily heavier since this is the cold-weather collection, there is emphasis on flowing rather than stiffened fabrics. Shoulders are smaller and bottoms in particular are taking a softer mode as shown in sheer knit skirts and pants in chiffon, gauze or crepe.

In this season of softness, velvet seems to be the fabric of choice. But knits are explosive everywhere—in ribbed, plain, tweedy and highly textured fabrics. They offer great potential for both body-clinging and body-conscious silhouettes as well as for loose-fitting styles that create a new layering look.

As far as length is concerned, long dominates the collections. At any rate, length is not an issue, because retailers believe women are going to turn more to pants or continue wearing their long jackets over tights.

Gianfranco Ferre makes a statement with his unusual “sheer” palazzo pants woven of lightweight gold chains worn with a chiffon velvet overblouse reflecting gold and silver tones.

Black is once again the premier color for fall, but red, yellow and green put accents into the shows.

It seems fashion, at the moment, is turning to the past for inspiration, and we are taken back to the ’40s and ’50s, decades with their own sense of style that continues to appeal to the woman of the ’90s.
From Classics To The Unexpected

Eight-button double-breasted military-inspired wool suit by Armani.

Ombre chiffon cut velvet overblouse worn with gold chain-link palazzo pants over tights. Note choker at neck and large gold earrings, by Ferre.

Left: Diagonally striped fitted coatdress worn over cream colored blouse, by Rafat Ozbek of London. Note bead design in hair.
Ribbed midriff sweater worn over an organza blouse with hanging points and leather mini-skirt by John Rocha of London.

Right: Three-piece neutral tone ensemble by Ally Capellino from Milan, consisting of knitted sweater, suede skirt and leather coat. Note large shoulder bag of leather and suede in blending colors.
The Supremes songs

ABCDEFHJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

A
A Breath Taking Guy
A Change Is Gonna Come
A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes
A Hard Day's Night
A Little Breeze
A Lover's Concerto
A Place In The Sun
A World Without Love
After All
Ain't No Mountain High Enough
Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing
Ain't That Good News
All I Know About You
Am I Asking Too Much
Any Girl In Love (Knows What I'm Going Through)
Aquarius, Let The Sunshine In
Are You Sure Love Is The Name Of The Game
Ask Any Girl

B
Baby Doll
http://home.iae.nl/users/psporrij/s_songs.htm
SUPREMES BIOGRAPHY
A comprehensive story about The Supremes

BREWSBER HOUSING PROJECTS Diana Ross, Mary Wilson, and Florence Ballard lived in the Brewster Housing Projects, an estate specifically designated for the poor. It was predominantly an African American neighborhood. In 1959, Florence and Mary met each other at a song contest. Florence was deeply impressed by Mary's classical voice and she invited her to join a vocal group. Mary also invited Diane Ross (not until later would Ross be referred to as Diana). When the male vocal group The Primes (later The Temptations) were looking for a sister group, The Primettes were formed. Originally, The Primettes consisted of four girls: Diana, Mary, Florence, and Betty McGlown. Betty got married and stepped out of the group. She was replaced by Barbara Martin. In 1962, Martin left the group, because she was becoming a mother. It was a logical move for The Primettes to try their luck with the successful record company Motown. Even though Motown founder Berry Gordy liked the girls, he told them to finish high school first.

"BABY, BABY" The name Primettes was changed into The Supremes when the girls released their first record "I Want A Guy" on the Motown (Tamla) label. However, The Supremes were not that Supreme; their colleagues called them "The no-hit Supremes". Their first eight singles hardly cracked Billboard's Hot 100. In June 1964 The Supremes considered themselves lucky to be invited to appear on Dick Clark's show.
"Caravan of Stars" tour. They would do anything to perform in front of an audience. As a "warming up" act for other artists, The Supremes watched and learned from the wings when their colleagues performed on stage. Right before the tour The Supremes' latest single "Where Did Our Love Go" was released. "Where Did Our Love Go" is a song with a thumping beat and a hypnotic "baby, baby" in the background. Even though The Supremes did not particularly like this song, after so many unsuccessful songs, they were ready to try anything. The songwriter trio Holland-Dozier-Holland had earlier written The Supremes biggest success yet (the song "When The Lovelight Starts Shining In Your Eyes" made it to number 23). However, when The Supremes were touring the country, "Where Did Our Love Go" hit the top spot of the Billboard Hot 100, making The Supremes the major act on the Caravan Of Stars.

MEET THE SUPREMES The singles which the Supremes recorded before "Where Did Our Love Go" can be found on the album/CD "Meet The Supremes." This collection also features songs with Mary and Florence on lead vocals. Even though in the beginning The Supremes shared lead vocals, it was clear to Berry Gordy that Diana Ross' voice was the most commercial and that she was to become lead vocalist. Gordy did not want to make music for either a black or a white audience. Instead, he wanted to appeal to both black and white. Diana's voice fitted right into this concept. Combined with the Motown Sound crafted by Holland-Dozier-Holland, nothing sounded better on the American car stereo than the voice of Diana. The Supremes' success proved Berry Gordy right.

TWELVE # 1 HITS After "Where Did Our Love Go," nothing could stop The Supremes' success. "Baby Love," "Come See About Me," "Stop! In The Name Of Love," and "Back In My Arms Again" - five consecutive # 1 hits within a period of one year. An unparalleled success. In the period of 1965 to 1969, The Supremes recorded seven more # 1 hits: "I Hear A Symphony", "You Can't Hurry Love", "You Keep Me Hangin' On", "The Happening", "Love Is Here And Now You're Gone", "Love Child", and "Someday We'll Be Together". Of the singles which did not make it to the top spot, nine did reach the top 10. Not only The United States, but also England loved The Supremes: "Baby Love" was # 1 on the British charts at the end of 1964. On the European continent, however, The Supremes did not have any number 1 hit. Even though of all Motown groups The Supremes sang the most pop version of Soul and Rhythm & Blues, the Dutch audience was not really accustomed to The Supremes sound.

In October 1964, The Supremes sang "Where Did Our Love Go" in the Dutch popular Snip en Snap Revue, leaving a lasting impression. A year later they repeated this success by performing at the Grand Gala du Disque. They sang a medley of their hits, "Somewhere" from "West Side Story," and their latest single "Nothing But Heartaches." Even though they were not introduced as the main act of the evening, everyone agreed that The Supremes were the highlight of the gala.

http://utopia.knoware.nl/users/ross/ross1p.htm

1/21/01
Due to the medium of television, The Supremes were able to win over a large American audience. From December 1964 up to the end of 1969 they were regular guests at the popular Ed Sullivan Show. In 1968, "TCB" (Taking Care of Business) was aired, a TV special of Diana Ross & The Supremes with Motown's other top act The Temptations.

Another major happening in 1967 was the departure of Holland-Dozier-Holland. They had written all The Supremes' million sellers. Now they left Motown to start their own record company. Yet, The Supremes still made a couple of hits, including "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me" (with The Temptations), "Love Child," and "Someday We'll Be Together." By now, The Supremes had developed into an act which was more than a teenage group, one which appealed to a larger, general audience. The true Motown sound albums - such as "Where Did Our Love Go," "More Hits By The Supremes," The Supremes A Go Go," "The Supremes Sing Holland-Dozier-Holland", and "Love Child" - were alternated with albums with self-explanatory titles as "We Remember Sam Cooke", "The Supremes Sing Rodgers & Hart," and "Diana Ross and The Supremes Sing and Perform Funny Girl".

Due to the medium of television, The Supremes were able to win over a large American audience. From December 1964 up to the end of 1969 they were regular guests at the popular Ed Sullivan Show. In 1968, "TCB" (Taking Care of Business) was aired, a TV special of Diana Ross & The Supremes with Motown's other top act The Temptations.
soundtrack of the show made it to the top of Billboard's Album Charts within a couple of weeks. The Supremes played nuns in the Tarzan TV series and hosted their own Hollywood Palace Show. They continued their cooperation with The Temptations with the TV special "On Broadway". The Dutch broadcast organization AVRO recorded a forty minute special of The Supremes in January 1968, and they broadcasted the programme twice. The Supremes' rise from Motown girl group to one of the best paid acts of America was largely based on their exposure on television.

DIANA ROSS SOLO Not only the change in name from The Supremes to Diana Ross & The Supremes was a signal that Diana Ross would start a solo career. Berry Gordy pushed Diana Ross more and more to the foreground. Diana Ross had become the star of The Supremes and therefore the news that she would leave the group did not come as a surprise. On January 14, 1970, Diana Ross & The Supremes gave their final performance. America said goodbye to its most famous act; Diana Ross & The Supremes. Simultaneously, it welcomed two new acts: DIANA ROSS and THE SUPREMES.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS For the record collector, the material of The Supremes from the 1960s is of high value. This is not surprising, as Diana Ross is still a major star today. The European singles are packaged in colorful covers and The Supremes often released obscure material. The Supremes singles in The Netherlands were released by ARTONE. Especially noteworthy are the singles which were released to promote albums, instead of becoming hits: for example, "Bring It On Home To Me" / "Shake" (GO 42.606), "Baby Doll" / "Sunset" (GO 42.600) and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" / "Tears In Vain" (GO 42.601). The two singles with recordings in German are collector's items because of their colorful covers and their obscurity: "Moonlight And Kisses" / "Baby, Baby, Wo Ist Unsere Liebe" (GO 42.625) and "Thank You Darling" / "Johnny Und Joe"(GO 42.609). Two EP's which were released in 1965 are of special interest: "Million Sellers" (EPGO 6020) and "Country Western & Pop" (EPGO 6021). Some Dutch LP's are valuable because they differ from the American release. The LP "Mr. Christmas" (MGGO S-9461, 1965) and "A Real A Symphony" (MGGO S-9400) have different covers. The American LP "Meet The Supremes" (1965) was released in The Netherlands as "The Very First Album" (MTM S-3274, 1969). Unlike the American double album, the Dutch release of "The Supremes' Greatest Hits" was released as a single disc (MTO 5074, 1968). During the course of years, it turned out that Motown had a large amount of singles which didn't make it to the LP's. 22 of these songs were released on the LP and CD "25th Anniversary", 10 on the CD "The Rodgers & Hart Collection", 27 on the CD "Never Before Released Masters" and more recently, 2 more were released; 1 on "Motown Sings Motown Treasures" and one on "Motown Celebrates Sinatra".

© Frans de Beer - International Diana Ross Fan Club; translation: Jaap Kooijman
assassinated during a military coup on Nov. 1, 1963. The U.S. government had despaired of him and knew about the coup beforehand. A series of unstable administrations followed in Saigon; after Diem’s death, the Viet Cong increased their activities while the Vietnamese were thus politically unsettled. On Aug. 2, 1964, North Vietnamese patrol boats fired on the U.S. destroyer Maddox in the Gulf of Tonkin, and, after President Lyndon B. Johnson ordered a second attack on August 4—a claim later shown to be false—the U.S. Congress unanimously endorsed the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution authorizing the president to take "all necessary measures to repel attacks ... and prevent further aggression." The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution in effect gave the president the formal authority for full-scale U.S. intervention in the Vietnam War. Johnson retaliated for the attack by ordering U.S. naval planes to bomb North Vietnam.

After 1965 U.S. involvement in the war escalated rapidly in response both to the growing strength of the Viet Cong (who had 35,000 troops in 1965) and by 1966) and the incapacity of the ARVN to suppress the Viet Cong on its own, even with a total force of 400,000 men. The United States became more involved in an effort not only to maintain independence of South Vietnam but also to retain the United States’ credibility with other allied nations who depended on its help to resist the spreading communist influence. By June 60,000 U.S. troops had arrived to support, and economic aid. U.S. involvement in the war mounted steadily from 1967 on and expressed itself in peace marches, demonstrations, and acts of civil disobedience. Growing numbers of politicians and ordinary citizens began to question whether the U.S. war effort could succeed and even whether it was morally justifiable in a conflict that some interpreted as a Vietnamese civil war.

General Westmoreland requested more troops in order to widen the war after the Tet Offensive, but the shifting balance of American public opinion and the battered public image of the U.S. War would be released, an international agreement that would keep the peace, the South Vietnamese would have the right to determine their future, and North Vietnamese troops could remain in the South but would not be resisted. The 17th parallel would remain the dividing line until the country could be reunited "peacefully... at the table" by a second 14-point accord signed in 1973. In August the U.S. Congress prescribed further U.S. military activity in Indochina through the end of 1973 then reduced the number of U.S. personnel left in South Vietnam.

But the fighting continued in spite of cease-fire agreements, and North and South Vietnam disagreed about the validity of violations of the truce. Casualties, especially civilian, were as high as ever before.

The year 1974 was characterized by a series of small offensives as each side sought to pressure the other to withdraw. The South Vietnamese began an offensive to be launched in either 1975 or 1976, while the North Vietnamese tried to control all of the areas under their control, although they lacked the strength to do so. South Vietnam’s difficulties were compounded when the United States drastically cut its military presence in July 1974. The morale and combat effectiveness of the ARVN began to decline.

In December 1974 the North Vietnamese mounted a major offensive, dubbed "Peace Spring," to secure the northernmost two provinces of the country. After the capture of this city in early January, the North Vietnamese begun a major offensive to be launched in either 1975 or 1976, while the South Vietnamese tried to control all of the areas under their control, although they lacked the strength to do so. South Vietnam’s difficulties were compounded when the United States drastically cut its military presence in July 1974. The morale and combat effectiveness of the ARVN began to decline.

In April 1975, the North Vietnamese mounted a major offensive, dubbed "Peace Spring," to secure the northernmost two provinces of the country. After the capture of this city in early January, the North Vietnamese begun a major offensive to be launched in either 1975 or 1976, while the South Vietnamese tried to control all of the areas under their control, although they lacked the strength to do so. South Vietnam’s difficulties were compounded when the United States drastically cut its military presence in July 1974. The morale and combat effectiveness of the ARVN began to decline.
The North Vietnamese and Viet Minh prisoners were killed during the battle. The decisive battle of the war, the Battle of Dien Bien Phu, occurred in April 1954, and the communists emerged victorious, effectively ending the French colonial era in Vietnam. A large refugee exodus followed, with millions fleeing to neighboring countries.

In contrast to many earlier choreographers, Viganò tried to select music for his ballets that was appropriate to the themes and dance movements. In Gli stregazz (1809) and subsequent ballets, he further developed Norwegian dance-drama approach by combining conventional dance patterns with pantomime, whereas Noverre had stopped at the alternation of such sequences. Among Viganò's more than 40 ballets were Die Geschichte des Prometheus (1801; The Creatures of Prometheus), composed especially for him by Beethoven; Gli stregazz, based on an inscription in the late 17th-century Library of the Russian tsar Peter the Great, Otello (1818), and I taiti (1819; "The Titans"), which explored man's greed for gold.

Vigée-Lebrun, Élisabeth, in full MARIE LOUISE LEBRUN (b. June 16, 1755, Paris, France—d. March 30, 1842, Paris), French painter, one of the most successful of all women artists, particularly noted for her portraits of women.

Her father was Louis Vigée, a pastel portraitist who had visited the United States in 1783. In 1789, she left France and for 12 years traveled abroad, to Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, painting portraits and playing a leading role in society. In 1801 she returned to Paris but, disliking Parisian social life under Napoleon, soon left for London, where she painted portraits for King George IV and of Lord Byron. Later she went to Switzerland (and painted a portrait of Mme de Stael) and then again (c. 1810) to Paris, where she ceased painting.

Vigée-Lebrun was a woman of much wit and charm, and her memoirs, Souvenirs de ma vie (1835–37; "Reminiscences of My Life"), provide a lively account of her times as well as of her own work. She was one of the most technically fluent portraitists of her era, and her pictures are notable for their freshness, color, and sensitivity of their presentation. During her career, according to her own account, she painted 877 pictures, including 622 portraits of almost 200 languages.

Vigeland, Gustav, in full ADOLF GUSTAV VIGELAND (b. April 11, 1859, Mandal, Norway—d. March 12, 1943, Oslo), Norwegian sculptor, best known for his major work, Fountain Square, an outdoor sculpture complex, in Frogner Park, Oslo. He is said to have been the most prolific sculptor of all time.

Vigeland's parents were farmers, and he was apprenticed to a carpenter at 14 years old. His first work was shown in 1889, and, though early influenced by August Rodin, he soon developed his own realistic style. His works were often controversial, and he remained poor all his life.
Walker, Aaron ("T-Bone")

(b. May 28, 1910, Linden, Tex.; d. March 16, 1975, Los Angeles, Calif.), African American blues guitarist, pioneer of the electric guitar, and key creator of modern blues.

As a boy growing up in Dallas, Aaron Thibeaux "T-Bone" Walker befriended blues legend Blind Lemon Jefferson by holding his tin can and collecting his tips. In return Jefferson taught Walker the basics of blues. In 1929 Walker recorded "Wichita Falls Blues" and "Trinity River Blues" under the name Oak Cliff T-Bone. (The nickname "T-Bone" is a corruption of "Thibeaux." ) In the 1930s in Los Angeles, California, Walker introduced an early form of the electric guitar into his music. His innovative rhythmic playing influenced almost every major blues and rock 'n' roll guitarist after him. Including B.B. King, Muddy Waters, and Otis Rush. Walker said that "You've got to feel the blues to make them right.... It's played from the heart and if the person listening, understands and is in the right mood, why, man, I've seen them bust out and cry like a baby." His signature songs include "T-Bone Shuffle" and "Call It Stormy Monday," which many consider to be the best blues song of all time.

Walker was also a first-rate singer and toaster showman, often playing the guitar behind his back or between his legs. His career continued until the 1970s, when he suffered a stroke. Walker died of bronchial pneumonia in 1975.

SEE ALSO

Walker, Alice (b. February 9, 1944, Eatonton, Ga.), African American writer, essayist, and poet, and Pulitzer Prize-winning author of The Color Purple.

In a passage from her 1983 essay collection In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens: Womanist Prose, Alice Walker reflects that "one thing I try to have in my life and in my fiction is an awareness of and openness to mystery, which, to me, is deeper than any politics, race, or geographical location." Walker was the youngest of eight children of sharecropping parents Willie Lee Walker and Minnie Tallulah (Grant) Walker. Her childhood was colored by an accident at age eight: she lost sight in one eye when an older brother shot her with a BB gun. Socially outcast as a result of his disfigured appearance, Walker became absorbed in books and began to write poetry while young.

Walker has said that while she was in high school, her mother gave her three important gifts: a sewing machine, which gave her the independence to make her own clothes; a suitcase, which gave her permission to leave home and travel; and a typewriter, which gave her permission to write. Walker graduated from high school as class valedictorian, and from 1961 to 1963 attended Spelman College in Atlanta on a scholarship. But when the "puritanical atmosphere" at Spelman became oppressive, Walker transferred to Sarah Lawrence College, where she completed a B.A. in 1965.

Walker then spent time in Georgia and Mississippi, where she registered voters, and in New York City, where she worked at the welfare department. She also married white human rights lawyer and activist Mel Leventhal in 1967, and in 1960 she gave birth to their daughter, Rebecca. She was divorced in 1977. Through all this activity Walker continued to write.

Walker published her first novel, The Third Life of Grange Copeland, in 1970 at age 26. Two years later she published In Love and Trouble, a short story collection, and the poetry collection Revolutionary Petunias and Other Poems. In 1976 she published her second novel, Meridian. By this point Walker was well established among the rising generation of black women writers. Her work is often praised for its portrayals of individuals and individual relationships, but it is also known for its depictions of the ways in which individuals can rely on their collective culture and cultural heritage to sustain them.

As Walker continued publishing her essays and poetry, she developed a second career as an educator. She has taught black studies and creative writing at Jackson State College, Tougaloo College, Wellesley College, and the University of Massachusetts at Boston; has served as a distinguished writer in African American studies at the University of California at Berkeley and was named the Fannie Hurst Professor of Literature at Brandeis University. In 1983, however, she became internationally known with the publication of her third novel, The Color Purple. The Color Purple portrays Celie, a rural black woman in an abusive marriage, as she struggles to find her self-worth. Told entirely in the form of letters — Celie's simple letters to God, her letters to her lost sister Nettie, and Nettie's letters to Celie — the powerful narrative won the 1983 Pulitzer Prize and established Walker as a major American novelist. In 1985 The Color Purple was made into a popular movie that was both praised for its portrayal of African American heroines and condemned for its portrayal of black men. Walker reflected on the complicated issues surrounding the film's production in her essay collection The Same River Twice: Honoring the Difficult (1996).

One year after The Color Purple Walker published In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens, an influential essay collection that introduced the new term womanism as a way of defining black women's feminism. In 1984 she cofounded Wild Tree Press in Novato, California. Since then Walker's publications have included the novels The Temple of My Familiar (1988) and Possessing the Secret of Joy (1992), another essay collection, several volumes of poetry, and a children's book.

Walker's numerous honors and awards include a National Endowment for the Arts grant and fellowship, a Radcliffe Institute fellowship, an honorary Ph.D. from the Palettes College, a National Book Award nomination, a Guggenheim Award, and an O'Henry Award. She is highly in demand as a lecturer, and is not only a writer but also an outspoken liberal political activist. Walker's Anything We Love Can Be Saved: A Writer's Activism was published in 1997.

Michelle Hunter
Waller, Fats

Waller, Fats, THOMAS WRIGHT WALLER (1904-1943), American musician, a highly influential pianist and the composer of many jazz classics. Born Thomas Wright Waller in New York City, he played in many Manhattan theaters and clubs in the 1920s. Through the 1930s he toured and recorded with his own small band, combining superb musical skills with slapstick comedy. Waller's songs include "Squeeze Me," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Black and Blue," and "Honeysuckle Rose." "Ain't Misbehavin'" a tribute to Waller, was voted best Broadway musical in 1978.

"Waller, Fats." Microsoft® Encarta® Online Encyclopedia 2000

All rights reserved.
World War I, also known as World War I or the Great War, was an international conflict that lasted from 1914 to 1918. It embroiled most of the nations of Europe along with Russia, the United States, and other countries. It was the first war fought on a global scale, with more than 60 million military personnel and millions of civilians involved.

The war began with the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, which triggered a series of alliances and conflicts that quickly escalated into a global conflict.

The major powers involved in the war were the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Ottoman Empire) and the Allied Powers (France, Russia, Britain, Italy, and the United States). The war was characterized by trench warfare, which slowed down the pace of the fighting, and the development of new technologies such as tanks, submarines, and gas warfare.

The war ended with the defeat of the Central Powers and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28, 1919. This treaty imposed heavy penalties on Germany, including the payment of large sums of money and the cession of territory.

The war had a profound impact on the world, leading to the rise of new powers such as the United States and the Soviet Union, and to the decline of the Ottoman Empire. It also set the stage for the rise of totalitarian regimes in Italy, Germany, and Japan, which would soon lead to World War II.

In the aftermath of the war, many countries were left in ruins, and the world was left with a sense of moral decay and disillusionment. The war also led to the rise of new ideologies, such as fascism and communism, which would shape the political landscape of the 20th century.
The development of the World Wide Web was begun in 1989 by Tim Berners-Lee and his colleagues at CERN, an international scientific organization near Geneva, Switzerland. They created a protocol, HyperText Transfer Protocol (HTTP), which standardized communication between servers and clients. Their system was released for general release in January 1992. The World Wide Web gained rapid acceptance with the creation of a Web browser called Mosaic, which was developed in the United States by Marc Andreessen and others at the National Center for Supercomputing Applications at the University of Illinois and was released in September 1993. Mosaic allowed people using the Web to use the same sort of "point-and-click" graphical manipulations of Web pages that had been available with desktop computers for some years. In April 1994 Andreessen cofounded Netscape Communications Corporation, whose Netscape Navigator became the market leader at Web browsing by its release in December 1994. By the mid-1990s the World Wide Web had millions of active users.

World's Columbian Exposition, fair held in 1893 in Chicago, Ill., to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' discovery of America.

In the United States there had been a spirited competition for this exposition among 10 cities, but Chicago was chosen in part because it was a railroad center and in part because it offered a guarantee of $10,000,000. Continuing the precedent set at the Philadelphia Centennial (1876) of creating a vast, walled layout containing numerous separate buildings rather than a single great hall, the World's Columbian Exposition was planned to spread over 686 acres (278 hectares) along the city's south lakefront area; part of this expansion is now Grant Park in Chicago. The chief planner was the Chicago architect Daniel H. Burnham; Charles B. Atwood was designer in chief, and Frederick Law Olmsted designed the 1,850-acre (744-hectare) park. The fair's 1893 buildings had impressive classical facades with a uniform cornice height of 60 feet (18.25 m). The plaster palace fronts bore little functional interest. The Ferris wheel (invented by G.W. G. Ferris, a Pittsburgh engineer) and a grand strolling band were added. The fair extended for six months at a cost of about $31,400,000. More than 21,400,000 visitors attended the exposition, and the cash balance remaining at closing was $446,832, making it the first American international exposition to close with a profit.

World Weather Watch program established 1966-67 by the World Meteorological Organization to improve the global system of meteorological observation and prediction.

Worms typify the annelids, segmented worms, a phylum that includes leeches, earthworms, and many other species of flatworms and roundworms. The latter select from the daily output of meteorological service with the data and ground information it requires to carry out its responsibilities. The system is based on a hierarchical arrangement of meteorological service with the data and ground information it requires to carry out its responsibilities. The system is based on a hierarchical arrangement of

World Wide Web (WWW), acronym of World Wide Web, the leading information retrieval service of the Internet, the worldwide computer network. The Web gives users access to a vast array of documents that are connected to each other through hypertext or hypermedia links, i.e., electronic connections that related pieces of information in order to a user easy access to them. Hypertext allows a user to select from text and thereby access documents that contain additional information pertaining to that hypertext link: headers, animations, and movies. The World Wide Web is a server format; servers are computer pro-

worm, any of various unrelated invertebrate animals that typically live in burrows, burrowed bodies and usually lack appendages. Worms are members of several invertebrate phyla, including Platyhelminthes (flatworms), Turbellaria (segmented wavelike forms), Nematoda (roundworms), Acanthocephala (spiny-headed worms), Pogonophora (beardworms), and Chaetognatha (arrowworms). The term is also loosely applied to centipedes and millipedes; to larval (immature) forms of other invertebrates, particularly those of certain insects; and to some vertebrates—e.g., the blindworm (Anguilla) and the eel (Anguilla) and the eel worm—(flatworms), ribbon worm, spiny-headed worm, and aschelminthes (annels), to earthworms, and to a great variety of earthworms. The earthworm is often given to blind snails of the phylum. The earthworm is often given to blind snails of the phylum. For many centuries it has been used as a food for human consumption, particularly in Germany, and as a bait for fishing. The earthworm is a small, soft-bodied, wormlike creature that is about 1 inch (2.5 cm) long and 0.2 inch (0.5 cm) wide. It is a member of the phylum Lophotrochozoa, which includes the phyla Annelida (segmented worms), Nemachele (ribbon worms), Nematoda (roundworms), Gnathostomulida (small-wormlike forms), and Chaetognatha (arrowworms). The earthworm is a small, soft-bodied, wormlike creature that is about 1 inch (2.5 cm) long and 0.2 inch (0.5 cm) wide. It is a member of the phylum Lophotrochozoa, which includes the phyla Annelida (segmented worms), Nemachele (ribbon worms), Nematoda (roundworms), Gnathostomulida (small-wormlike forms), and Chaetognatha (arrowworms). The earthworm is a small, soft-bodied, wormlike creature that is about 1 inch (2.5 cm) long and 0.2 inch (0.5 cm) wide. It is a member of the phylum Lophotrochozoa, which includes the phyla Annelida (segmented worms), Nemachele (ribbon worms), Nematoda (roundworms), Gnathostomulida (small-wormlike forms), and Chaetognatha (arrowworms).
Program

Summaries:

*Gil On Board*

The exhibit features the “luxuries” and “comforts” of the slave trade. Cruising on the Celebrity Slaveship as it sails the Atlantic, *Miss Pat*, the stewardess, aids in the transition through time and to a new “home.”

*Miss Pat*: Breilyn Brantley

*Cookin’ with Aunt Ethel*

Aunt Ethel, a cook, curves the appetite gained during the ship ride. As she bakes her “mystery meal,” discover the quintessentials of the African-American culture.

*Aunt Ethel*: Amina McIntyre

*The Photo Session*

Sometimes, after fighting long and hard without results, people give up their real lives in exchange for a model’s life – a life of no worries, no pain, ... only the “click” of the camera.

*Guy*: Coy Dailey  
*Girl*: Melissa Minaya

*Soldier with a Secret*

*The Gospel According to Miss Roj*

Snap, snap, snap goes the hand of Miss Roj. This snap queen knows the problems of the world and he won’t hesitate to let you know where to go and what to do when you get there. Be careful not to cross him the wrong way!

*Miss Roj*: Coy Dailey  
*Waiter*: Breilyn Brantley

*The Hairpiece*

Addressing the issue of the African-American Woman, George C. Wolfe adds this exhibit on hair. Hair and the different styles have become the epitome of the African-American woman. This exhibit displays the different “discussions” that play through their minds in relation to the hair.

*LaWanda*: Janine  
*Woman*: Janine

*The Last Mama-on-the-Couch Play*

This sitcom exhibit takes a look inside the African-American household and its struggles to “make ends meet.”

*Narrator*:  
*Mama*: Medea Jones:  
*Son*: Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie Jones:

*Symbiosis*

This exhibit presents the idea that you can’t run from the past, or, in this sense, dispose of it when you want. It will always come back when you least expect it.
Man: Coy Dailey  Kid: Amina McIntyre

_Lala’s Opening_

Everybody loves Lala! But does everybody know Lala? Take a peak at how some people will do anything to get into the public eye, including placing skeletons in their closets.

Voice of Announcer: Lala Lamazing Grace:
Admonia: Flo’rance:
The Little Girl:

_Permutations:_

Teenage pregnancy has often been the source of family break-ups and the ruining of young girls’ lives. In this exhibit, Normal Jean Reynolds recounts her ongoing experiences since the creation of her egg.

Normal Jean Reynolds:

_The Party_
Program Names for Amina:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice-Marie Allen</td>
<td>Woman Slave, Narrator, Adomnia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amina McIntyre</td>
<td>Aunt Ethel, Kid, Miss Roj, Lala</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brailyn Brantley</td>
<td>Miss Pat, LaWanda, Waiter, Topsy Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mama</td>
<td>Constance Keener</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Normal Jean Reynolds</td>
<td>Constance Keener</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man Slave</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Roj</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiter-Lee</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flo'rance</td>
<td>Coy Dailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Woman</td>
<td>Dawn Mertineit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medea</td>
<td>Dawn Mertineit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl</td>
<td>Melissa Minaya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Girl</td>
<td>Melissa Minaya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady in Plaid</td>
<td>Melissa Minaya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janine</td>
<td>Mieko McKay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junie Robinson</td>
<td>Slyvie Griffiths</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady in Plaid</td>
<td>Slyvie Griffiths</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topsy Washington</td>
<td>Venola Mason</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr. Glass:

Diversity has always been an issue in institutions of higher learning. Although sometimes overlooked, diversity has become an increasingly important aspect in the shaping of the lives of students, faculty, administrators, and trustees who are apart of that particular institution. In order to curb the ignorance and increase the understanding of diversity, programs such as plays, classes and credits are offered. These programs tend to serve as a solution to societal requirements in an attempt to encourage variety.

The diversity level here at Colby College is often "overlooked." This can force members of these groups to feel uncomfortable and inadequately fulfilled in their educational studies and social endeavors. In an effort to bring the issues of diversity and the Colby College community together in a knowledgeable relationship, Michelle-Nicholle Rahmings '01 will produce and direct the play, "The Colored Museum"; by George C. Wolfe, March 1-3, 2001. This play will help make students cognizant of stereotypes in the Black/African-American culture through satire.

While searching for recent productions of the play, your name came up as a contact since this play was produced at Bates earlier this year. I am asking if it would be possible to send any information or tips in regards to "The Colored Museum" that would help the production or research process (preparation for the play). All suggestions and information will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Amina S. McIntyre, Dramaturg
Mr. Wolfe:

My name is Amina McIntyre. I am an African-American student attending Colby College, located in Waterville, Me. In an effort to bring the issues of diversity and the Colby College community together in a knowledgeable relationship, Michelle-Nicholle Rahnings '01, as her Senior Scholars Project, will produce and direct your play, *The Colored Museum*, March 1-3, 2001. I have the position of dramaturg and plan to create a notebook, which will include the historical and stereotypical references in the play, and compose the play's program.

In beginning the research, I would like to inquire about a few things:

1. What inspired you to write *The Colored Museum*?
2. Were any of the characters portrayed actual people? Were they historical figures? And, what was your motivation in writing about them?
3. Are there any suggestions you have for the researching of the play and constructing of the notebook?
4. Throughout my research, as questions arise, may I direct them to you?

Your answers to these questions will be much appreciated. Please send the answers via e-mail to my college address, asmcinty@colby.edu or to this address berry s 1@hotmail.com, which I will be working under for the duration of the holiday season (until Jan 3, 2001).

Thanks for your time and cooperation. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Amina McIntyre, Dramaturg
Received your list. Will see what I can find.

Rev. Skip Mason
Hi guys, I'm sorry I took so long to get this to you, but here is the production meet schedual. If there are any problems or any other questions let me know. Here's my contact information:

Meg Stone: Ext. 6393
Box 6925
Email: mrsstone

Jan. 14, 2001: 12pm Brunch Production Meeting to discuss initial designs and there implication in Pugh Center

Jan 21, 2001: 12pm Brunch Production Meeting

Feb. 2, 2001: 7pm Production Meeting

Feb. 9, 2001: 7pm Production Meeting

Feb. 23, 2001: 7pm Production Meeting. Final design concepts, Stage Crew, tech week and anything else left to be discussed.

Feb. 27, 2001: 8pm Dress Rehearsal

Feb. 28, 2001: 8pm Final Dress

So thats it folks. I will get all of you a contact sheet as soon as possible and again if there is a better way for me to get in contact with you let me know. I hope that all of you are excited about the show.

Thanks, Meg
Hi. My name is Amina McIntyre and I am a student at Colby College located in Waterville, Maine. In March, the play "The Colored Museum" will be performed on the campus. I would like to know if there is a way to get the music for the play on a recorded tape or CD, how much it would cost, etc.

Thanks in advanced for your time and cooperation,

Sincerely,

Amina McIntyre
Dramaturg
Sorry, we rent the score, but there is no recording of the music available. Please note, performing a work without obtaining a license for performance and paying royalty is a violation of federal copyright law. If your school intends to perform THE COLORED MUSEUM, someone there needs to obtain a license for performance. Please visit the "amateur licensing" page of our website for more information.

www.BroadwayPlayPubl.com
Hi:

My name is Amina McIntyre and I'm a student at Colby College in Waterville, Me. I am the dramaturg for the play, "The Colored Museum," which will be produced in March. My question is about a slave ship.

In the first scene of the play, the character mentions a ship called the "Laughing Mary" which threw slaves overboard in order to collect insurance. I wanted to know if there was a ship that committed the above action. If so, could you send me the information? Your input would be much appreciated.

Thanks for your time and cooperation.

Sincerely,

Amina McIntyre
Hi:

My name is Amina McIntyre and I am a student at Colby College. A week and a half ago, I wrote you inquiring about a possible music recording of George C. Wolfe's play, "The Colored Museum" (to which you replied there was only a score). We have since that time sent off for an amateur license and would like to know if there is some way to obtain or rent the score and how much it would cost.

Thanks for your time.

Sincerely,

Amina McIntyre
Dramaturg
Customer Service

Last name: McIntyre
First Name: Amina
Address: 16913 Mayflower Hill
City: Waterville
State: Me
Zip: 04901
Country: USA
Daytime Telephone: 207-859-6372
EMail: berry_s_1@hotmail.com

I am Inquiring about my
EBONY and JET Magazines

ONLY INQUIRIES CONCERNING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ORDER PLEASE!

Hi. I would like to know information about the history of Ebony Magazine.
My mother is a subscriber to Ebony Magazine, and has been for many years, along with an organization at my

Submit | Clear Form

JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

You may also mail subscription inquiries to:

EBONY/JET
c/o Johnson Publishing Company, P.O. Box 538, Chicago, IL 60690-9813.

EBONY Home
JET Magazine | Fashion Fair Cosmetics | Supreme Beauty Products
EBONY Fashion Fair | About Johnson Publishing Company

https://www.ebony.com/subscription/sub_inqx.html

1/16/01
Hi. I would like to know information about the history of Ebony Magazine. My mother is a subscriber to Ebony Magazine, and has been for many years, along with an organization at my school, SOBHU (at Colby College). I am doing the background information for the play "The Colored Museum," which makes reference to Ebony Magazine.

Your cooperation would be extremely helpful. Thanks
for the spirits of my grandma
viola benzrna murray owens
and my great aunt
elle owens josie

SCSNNER POETRY
SCRIBNER
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents
either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.
Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead,
is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 1975, 1976, 1977 by Ntozake Shange
All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole
or in part in any form.
First Scribner Poetry edition 1997

The Library of Congress has cataloged the Collier edition as follows:
Shange, Ntozake.
For colored girls who have considered suicide when the rainbow is enuf:
a choropoem / Ntozake Shange. — 1st Collier Books ed.
p. cm.
I. Title.
[PS3589.H3324F6 1989]
811'.54—dc19 88-32833
CIP
0-684-64326-9

Amateur and professional performance rights to this play are controlled by Samuel
French, Inc., 45 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10010, and must be procured before
proceeding with production. Please Note: Special publicity posters are available. Write
to Samuel French, Inc., for details.
for colored girls who have considered suicide/ when the rainbow is enuf was first presented at the Bacchanal, a woman’s bar just outside Berkeley, California. With Paula Moss & Elvin Martu who worked with me in Raymond Sawyer’s Afro-American Dance Company & Halifu’s The Spirit of Dance; Nashira Niosha, a guitarist & program coordinator at KPOO-FM (one of the few Bay Area stations focusing on women’s programming); Jessica Hagedorn, a poet & reading tour companion; & Joanna Griffin, co-founder of the Bacchanal, publisher of Effie’s Press, & a poet. We just did it. Working in bars was a circumstantial aesthetic of poetry in San Francisco from Spec’s, an old beat hangout, to ‘new’ Malvina’s. Minnie’s Can-Do Club, the Coffee Gallery, & the Ripplepad. With as much space as a small studio on the Lower East Side, the five of us, five women, proceeded to dance, make poems, make music, make a woman’s theater for about twenty patrons. This was December of 1974. We were a little raw, self-conscious, & eager. Whatever we were discovering in ourselves that nite had been in process among us for almost two years.

I first met Jessica & Nashira thru Third World Communications (The Woman’s Collective) when the first anthology of Third World women writers in the U.S.A. was published. With Janice Mirikitani, Avotcja, Carol Lee Sanchez, Janet Campbell Hale, Kitty Tsui, Janic Cobb, Thulani, and a score more, San Francisco was inundated with women poets, women’s readings, & a multilingual woman presence, new to all of us & desperately appreciated. The force of these readings on all our lives was to

ix/
become evident as we directed our energies toward clarifying our lives—and the lives of our mothers, daughters, & grandmothers—as women. During the same period, Shameless Hussy Press & The Oakland Women’s Press Collective were also reading anywhere & everywhere they could. In a single season, Susan Griffin, Judy Grahn, Barbara Gravelle, & Alta, were promoting the poetry & presence of women in a legendary male-poet’s environment. This is the energy & part of the style that nurtured for colored girls.

More stable as a source of inspiration & historical continuity was the Women’s Studies Program at Sonoma State College, where I worked with J. J. Wilson, Joanna Griffin, & Wopo Holup over a three year span. Courses designed to make women’s lives & dynamics familiar to us, such as: Woman as Artist; Woman as Poet; Androgynous Myths in Literature; Women’s Biography I & II; Third World Women Writers, are inextricably bound to the development of my sense of the world, myself, & women’s language. Studying the mythology of women from antiquity to the present day led directly to the piece Sechita in which a dance hall girl is perceived as deity, as slut, as innocent & knowing. Unearthing the mislaid, forgotten, &/or misunderstood women writers, painters, mothers, cowgirls, & union leaders of our pasts proved to be both a supportive experience & a challenge not to let them down, not to do less than—at all costs not be less woman than—our mothers, from Isis to Marie Laurencin, Zora Neale Hurston to Kathe Kollwitz, Anna May Wong to Calamity Jane.

x/

Such joy & excitement I knew in Sonoma, then I would commute back the sixty miles to San Francisco to study dance with Raymond Sawyer, Ed Mock, & Halifu. Knowing a woman’s mind & spirit had been allowed me, with dance I discovered my body more intimately than I had imagined possible. With the acceptance of the ethnicity of my thighs & backside, came a clearer understanding of my voice as a woman & as a poet. The freedom to move in space, to demand of my own sweat a perfection that could continually be approached, though never known, was poem to me, my body & mind ellipsing, probably for the first time in my life. Just as Women’s Studies had rooted me to an articulated female heritage & imperative, so dance as explicated by Raymond Sawyer & Ed Mock insisted that everything African, everything halfway colloquial, a grimace, a strut, an arched back over a yawn, was mine. I moved what was my unconscious knowledge of being in a colored woman’s body to my known everydayness. The depth of my past was made tangible to me in Sawyer’s Ananse, a dance exploring the Diaspora to contemporary Senegalese music, pulling ancient trampled spirits out of present tense Afro-American Dance. Watching Ed Mock re-create the Step Brothers’ or Bert Williams’ routines in class or on stage, in black face mimicking Eddie Cantor or Gloria Swanson, being the rush of irony & control that are the foundation of jazz dance, was as startling as humbling. With Raymond Sawyer & Ed Mock, Paula Moss & I learned the wealth of our bodies. if we worked, if we opened up, if we made the dance our own.

The first experience of women’s theater for me as a performer

xi/
waz the months I spent with Halifu Osumare’s The Spirit of Dance, a troupe of five to six black women who depicted the history of Black dance from its origins in Western Africa thru to the popular dances seen on our streets. Without a premeditated or conscious desire to create a female piece, that’s what Halifu did. Working in San Francisco & Berkeley public schools as an adjunct to Ethnic Studies, I learned the mechanics of self-production & absorbed some of Halifu’s confidence in her work, the legitimacy of our visions. After some 73 performances with The Spirit of Dance, I left the company to begin production of for colored girls . . .

In the summer of 1974 I had begun a series of seven poems, modeled on Judy Grahn’s The Common Woman, which were to explore the realities of seven different kinds of women. They were numbered pieces: the women were to be nameless & assume hegemony as dictated by the fullness of their lives. The first of the series is the poem, ‘one’ (orange butterflies & aqua sequins), which prompted the title & this is for colored girls who have considered suicide/ when the rainbow is enuf. I was smitten by my own language, & called all the performances I was to give from then on by that title. In other words, all the readings & choreopoetry that Paula Moss & I developed after that summer was for colored girls . . . We started at the Bacchanal & worked through the winter at Ed Mock’s Dance Studio with the assistance of West Coast Dance Works, setting pieces & cleaning up poems. I found two bands, The Sound Clinic (a horn trio) & Jean Desarmes & His Raggae Blues Band, who agreed to work with us if I found space. & I did. The space we used was the space I knew: Women’s Studies Departments, bars, cafes, & poetry centers. With the selection of poems changing, dependent upon our audience & our mood, & the dance growing to take space of its own, so that Paula inspired my words to fall from me with her body, & The Sound Clinic working with new arrangements of Ornette Coleman compositions & their own. The Raggae Blues Band giving Caribbean renditions of Jimi Hendrix & Redding, we set dates for Minnie’s Can-Do Club in Haight-Ashbury. The poets showed up for us, the dancers showed up for us, the women’s community showed up, & we were listed as a ‘must see’ in The Bay Guardian. Eight days after our last weekend at Minnie’s, Paula & I left to drive cross country to New York to do ‘the show,’ as we called it, at the Studio Rivbea in New York.

Our work in San Francisco was over. With the courage of children, we staged the same sort of informal & improvised choreopoems at Rivbea during the Summer Music Festival. Instead of the Standing-Room-Only crowds we were accustomed to in San Francisco, my family & a few friends came to see our great project. One of these friends, Oz Scott, & my sister, Ifa Iyanu, who were instrumental in the development of for colored girls . . . saw the show that night. Oz offered to help me with the staging of the work for a New York audience, since Paula & I obviously didn’t understand some things. We moved from the Rivbea to the Old Reliable on East 3rd Street to work through some of the ideas Oz had & the new things Paula & I were developing.
Gylan Kain of the Original Last Poets waz working there every
Monday night. We worked with him & any other poets &
dancers who showed up. Several members of the original New
York show came to us just this haphazardly. Aku Kadogo & I both
had scholarships at Diane McIntyre's Sounds-in-Motion Dance
Studio. I asked her if she felt like improvising on the Lower
East Side, she agreed & has been with the show ever since.
Laurie Carlos stopped by one evening. She stayed. Somehow
word got out & people started coming to the back room of this
neighborhood bar. We were moved to a new bar down the street,
DeMonte's, after eleven weeks of no-pay hard-work three sets
a night—maybe a shot of cognac on the house.

The show at DeMonte's waz prophetic. By this time, December
of 1975, we had weaned the piece of extraneous theatricality,
enlisted Trazana Beverley, Laurie Carlos, Laurie Hayes, Aku
Kadogo, & of course, Paula & I were right there. The most prescient
change in the concept of the work waz that I gave up directorial
powers to Oz Scott. By doing this, I acknowledged that the
poems & the dance worked on their own to do & be what they
were. As opposed to viewing the pieces as poems, I came to
understand these twenty-odd poems as a single statement, a
choreopoem.

We finally hit at DeMonte's. Those institutions I had shunned as
a poet—producers, theaters, actresses, & sets—now were
essential to us. for colored girls who have considered suicide/
when the rainbow is enu/ waz a theater piece. Woody King

picked up our option to produce us as a Workshop under Equity's
Showcase Code at Henry Street. With the assistance of the
New York Shakespeare Festival & Joe Papp, we received space &
a set, lights & a mailing list. things Paula & I had done without
for two years. We opened at Henry Street with two new actress-
dancers, Thea Martinez & Judy Dearing. Lines of folks & talk
all over the Black & Latin community propelled us to the Public
Theater in June. Then to the Booth Theater on Broadway in
September of 1976.

Every move we've made since the first showing of for colored
girls... in California has demanded changes of text, personnel, &
staging. The final production at the Booth is as close to distilled
as any of us in all our art forms can make it. With two new
actresses, Janet League & Rise Collins, & with the help of Seret
Scott, Michelle Shay, & Roxanne Reese, the rest of the cast is
enveloping almost 6,000 people a week in the words of a young
black girl's growing up, her triumphs & errors, our struggle to
become all that is forbidden by our environment, all that is
forfeited by our gender, all that we have forgotten.

I had never imagined not doing for colored girls... It waz just
my poems, any poems I happened to have. Now I have left the
show on Broadway, to write poems, stories, plays, my dreams.
for colored girls... is either too big for my off-off Broadway
taste, or too little for my exaggerated sense of freedom, held over
from seven years of improvised poetry readings. Or, perhaps,
the series has actually finished itself. Poems come on their own
time: i am offering these to you as what i’ve received from this world so far.

i am on the other side of the rainbow/ picking up the pieces of days spent waitin for the poem to be heard/ while you listen/ i have other work to do/

ntozake shange
new york, 1976

for colored girls who
have considered suicide/
when the rainbow is enuf
The stage is in darkness. Harsh music is heard as dim blur lights come up. One after another, seven women run onto the stage from each of the exits. They all freeze in postures of distress. The follow spot picks up the lady in brown. She comes to life and looks around at the other ladies. All of the others are still. She walks over to the lady in red and calls to her. The lady in red makes no response.

lady in brown

dark phrases of womanhood
of never havin being a girl
half-notes scattered
without rhythm/ no tune
distraught laughter fallin
over a black girl's shoulder
it's funny/ it's hysterical
the melody-less-ness of her dance
don't tell nobody don't tell a soul
she's dancin on beer cans & shingles

this must be the spook house
another song with no singers
lyrics/ no voices

3/
& interrupted solos
unseen performances

are we ghouls?
children of horror?
the joke?

don't tell nobody don't tell a soul
are we animals? have we gone crazy?

i can't hear anythin
but maddening screams
& the soft strains of death
& you promised me
you promised me ... 
somebody/ anybody
sing a black girl's song
bring her out
to know herself
to know you
but sing her rhythms
carin/ struggle/ hard times
sing her song of life
she's been dead so long
closed in silence so long
she doesn't know the sound
of her own voice
her infinite beauty

she's half-notes scattered
without rhythm/ no tune
sing her sighs
sing the song of her possibilities
sing a righteous gospel
let her be born
let her be born
& handled warmly.

  lady in brown
  i'm outside chicago

  lady in yellow
  i'm outside detroit

  lady in purple
  i'm outside houston

  lady in red
  i'm outside baltimore

  lady in green
  i'm outside san francisco

  lady in blue
  i'm outside manhattan

  lady in orange
  i'm outside st. louis
lady in brown
& this is for colored girls who have considered suicide
but moved to the ends of their own rainbows.

everyone
mama’s little baby likes shortnin, shortnin,
mama’s little baby likes shortnin bread
mama’s little baby likes shortnin, shortnin,
mama’s little baby likes shortnin bread

little sally walker, sittin in a saucer
rise, sally, rise, wipe your weepin eyes
an put your hands on your hips
an let your backbone slip
o, shake it to the east
o, shake it to the west
shake it to the one
that you like the best

lady in purple
you’re it

As the lady in brown tags each of the other ladies they freeze. When each one has been tagged the lady in brown freezes. Immediately “Dancing in the Streets” by Martha and the Vandellas is heard. All

of the ladies start to dance. The lady in green, the lady in blue, and the lady in yellow do the pony, the big boss line, the swim, and the nose dive. The other ladies dance in place.

lady in yellow
it was graduation nite & i waz the only virgin in the crowd
bobby mills martín jerome & sammy yates eddie jones & randi all cousins
all the prettiest niggers in this factory town
carried me out wit em
in a deep black buick
smellin of thunderbird & ladies in heat
we rambled from camden to mount holly
laughin at the afternoon’s speeches
& danglin our tassles from the rear view mirror
climbin different sorta project stairs
movin toward snappin beer cans &
GET IT GET IT THAT’S THE WAY TO DO IT MAMA

all mercer county graduated the same nite
cosmetology secretarial pre-college autoshop & business
all us movin from mama to what ever waz out there

that nite we raced a big ol truck from the barbeque stand
trying to tell him bout the party at jacqui’s
where folks graduated last year waz waitin to hit it wid us
i got drunk & cdnt figure out
whose hand waz on my thigh/ but it didn't matter
cuz these cousins martin eddie sammy jerome & bobby
waz my sweethearts alternately since the seventh grade
& everybody knew i always started cryin if somebody actually
tried to take advantage of me
at jacqui's
ulinda mason was stickin her mouth all out
while we tumbled out the buick
eddie jones waz her lickin stick
but i knew how to dance
it got soo hot
vincent ramos puked all in the punch
& harly jumped all in tico's face
cuz he was leavin for the navy in the mornin
hadda kick ass so we'd all remember how bad he waz
seems like sheila & marguerite waz farid
to get their hair turnin back
so they laid up against the wall
lookin almost sexy
didnt wanna sweat
but me & my fellas we waz dancin
since 1963 i'd won all kinda contests
wid the cousins at the POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE DANCES
all mercer county knew
any kin to martin yates cd turn somersaults
fore smokey robinson cd get a woman excited

The Dells singing 'Stay' is heard
we danced doin nasty ol tricks

The lady in yellow sing: along
with the Dells for a moment. The
lady in orange and the lady in blue
jump up and parody the lady in yellow and the Dells. The lady in yellow stares at them. They sit down.
doin nasty ol tricks i'd been thinkin since may
cuz graduation nite had to be hot
& i was the only virgin
so i hadda make like my hips waz into some business
that way everybody shot whoever was gettin it
was a older man cdnt run the streets wit youngsters
martin slipped his leg round my thigh
the dells bumped 'stay'
up & down—up & down the new carver homes
WE WAZ CROWN WE WAZ FINALLY CROWN

ulinda alla sudden went crazy
went over to eddie cursin & carryin on
learin his skin wid her nails
the cousins tried to talk sense to her
tried to hold her arms
lissin bitch sammy went on
bobby whispered i shd go wit him
fore they go ta cuttin
fore the police arrived
we teetered silently thru the parkin lot
no un uhuh
we didn’t know nothin bout no party
bobby started lookin at me
yeah
he started looking at me real strange
like i waz a woman or somethin/
started talkin real soft
in the backseat of that ol buick
WOW
by daybreak
i just cdn’t stop grinnin.

The Dells singing “Stoy” comes in
and all of the ladies except the lady
in blue join in and sing along.

lady in blue
you gave it up in a buick?

lady in yellow
yeh, and honey, it was wonderful.

lady in green
we used to do it all up in the dark
in the corners . . .

lady in blue
some niggah sweating all over you.

lady in red
it was good!

lady in blue
i never did like to grind.

lady in yellow
what other kind of dances are there?

lady in blue
mambo, bomba, merengue

when i waz sixteen i ran off to the south bronx
cuz i waz gonna meet up wit willie colon
& dance all the time
mamba bomba merengue

lady in yellow
do you speak spanish?

lady in blue
ola
my papa thot he was puerto rican & we wda been
cept we waz just reglar niggahs wit hints of spanish
so off i made it to this 36 hour marathon dance
con salsa con ricardo
'sugggggggggggar' ray on southern blvd
next door to this fotografí place
jammed wit burial weddin & communion relics
next door to la real ideal genuine spanish barber
up up up up stairs & stairs & lotsa hallway
wit my colored new jersey self
didn't know what anybody waz saying
cept if dancin wax proof of origin
i was jibarita herself that nite
& the next day
i kept smilin & right on steppin
if he cd lead i waz ready to dance
if he cdnt lead
i caught this attitude
i'd seen roaa do
& wd not be bothered
i waz twirlin hippin givin much quik feet
& bein a mute cute colored puerto rican
til saturday afternoon when the disc-jockey say
'SORRY FOLKS WILLIE COLON AINT GONNA MAKE IT TODAY'
& alla my niggah temper came outta control
& i wdnt dance wit nobody
& i talked english loud
& i love you more than i waz mad
uh huh uh huh
more than more than
when i discovered archie shepp & subtle blues
doncha know i wore out the magic of juju
heroically resistin being possessed

12/

13/
forty poems 2 plants & 3 handmade notecards I left
town so I cd send to you have been no help to me
on my job
you call at 3:00 in the mornin on weekdays
so I cd drive 27½ miles cross the bay before I go to work
charmin charmin
but you are of no assistance
I want you to know
this waz an experiment
to see how selfish I cd be
if I wd really carry on to snare a possible lover
if I waz capable of debasin my self for the love of another
if I cd stand not being wanted
when I wanted to be wanted
& I cannot
so
with no further assistance & no guidance from you
I am endin this affair

twist hips wit me cuz
I done forgot all abt words
aint got no definitions
I wanna whirl
with you

Everyone starts to dance

our whole body
wrapped like a ripe mango
ramblin whippin thru space
on the corner in the park
where the rug useta be
let willie colon take you out
swing your head
push your leg to the moon with me

I'm on the lower east side
in new york city
and I can't I can't
talk withu no more

lady in yellow
we gotta dance to keep from cryin

lady in brown
we gotta dance to keep from dyin

lady in orange
I dont wanna write
in english or spanish
I wanna sing make you dance
like the bata dance scream

14/

15/
lady in red
so come on

lady in brown
come on

lady in purple
come on

lady in orange
hold yr head like it was ruby sapphire
i'm a poet
who writes in english
come to share the worlds witchu

everyone
come to share our worlds witchu
we come here to be dancin
to be dancin
to be dancin
baya

There is a sudden light change, all
of the ladies react as if they had
been struck in the face. The lady in
green and the lady in yellow run
out up left, the lady in orange runs
out the left volm, the lady in
brown runs out up right.

lady in blue
a friend is hard to press charges against

lady in red
if you know him
you must have wanted it

lady in purple
a misunderstanding

lady in red
you know
these things happen

lady in blue
are you sure
you didnt suggest

lady in purple
had you been drinkin

lady in blue
a rapist is always to be a stranger
to be legitimate
someone you never saw
a man wit obvious problems

lady in purple
pin-ups attached to the insides of his lapels
lady in blue
ticket stubs from porno flicks in his pocket

lady in purple
a lil dick

lady in red
or a strong mother

lady in blue
or just a brutal virgin

lady in red
but if you've been seen in public wit him
danced one dance
kissed him good-bye lightly

lady in purple
wit closed mouth

lady in blue
pressin charges will be as hard
as keepin yr legs closed
while five fools try to run a train on you

lady in red
these men friends of ours
who smile nice

stay employed
and take us out to dinner

lady in purple
lock the door behind you

lady in blue
wit fist in face
to fuck

lady in red
who make elaborate mediterranean dinners
& let the art ensemble carry all ethical burdens
while they invite a coupla friends over to have you
are sufferin from latent rapist bravado
& we are left wit the scars

lady in blue
bein betrayed by men who know us

lady in purple
& expect
like the stranger
we always thot waz comin

lady in blue
that we will submit
lady in purple
we must have known

lady in red
women relinquish all personal rights
in the presence of a man
who apparently cd be considered a rapist

lady in purple
especially if he has been considered a friend

lady in blue
& is no less worthy of bein beat within an inch of his life
bein publicly ridiculed
havin two fists shoved up his ass

lady in red
than the stranger
we always thot it wd be

lady in blue
who never showed up

lady in red
cuz it turns out the nature of rape has changed

lady in blue
we can now meet them in circles we frequent for companionship

we see them at the coffeehouse

lady in blue
wit someone else we know

lady in red
we cd even have em over for dinner
& get raped in our own houses
by invitation
e a friend

The lights change, and the ladies
are all hit by an imaginary slap, the
lady in red runs off up lft.

lady in blue
eyes

lady in purple
mice

lady in blue
womb

lady in blue & lady in purple
nobody

The lady in purple exits up right.

20/

21/
lady in blue

lady in blue exits stage left

Soft deep music is heard. Voices calling "Sechita" come from the wings and volms. The lady in purple enters from up right.

lady in purple

once there were quadroon balls/elegance in st. louis/laced mulattoes/gamblin down the mississippi/to memphis/new orleans n okra crepes near the bayou/where the poor white trash wd sing/moanin/strange/liquid tones/thru the swamps/

The lady in green enters from the right volm: she is Sechita and for the rest of the poem dances out Sechita's life.

Sechita had heard these things/she moved as if she'd known them/the silver n high-tuned laughin/the violins n marble floors/sechita pushed the clingin delta dust wit painted toes/the patch h-work tent waz poka-dotted/stale lights snatched at the shadows/creole
carnival was playin natchez in ten minutes/ her splendid red garters/ gin-stained nitchy on her thigh/ blk-diamond stockings darned wit yellow threads/ an ol starched taffeta can-can fell abundantly orange/ from her waist round the splinterin chair/ sechita/ egyptian/ goddess of creativity/ 2nd millennium/ threw her heavy hair in a coil over her neck/ sechita/ goddess/ the recordin of history/ spread crimson oil on her cheeks/ waxed her eyebrows/ n unconsciously sluggeu the last hard whiskey in the glass/ the broken mirror she used to decorate her face/ made her forehead till backwards/ her cheeks appear sunken/ her sassy chin only large enuf/ to keep her full lower lip/ from growin into her neck/ sechita/ had learned to make allowances for the distortions/ but the heavy dust of the delta/ left a tinge of grit n darkness/ on every one of her dresses/ on her arms & her shoulders/ sechita/ was anxious to get back to st. louis/ the dirt there didnt crawl from the earth into yr soul/ at least/ in st. louis/ the grime was store bought second-hand/ here in natchez/ god seemed to be wipin bis feet in her face/.

one of the wrestlers had finally won

tonite/ the mulatto/ raul/ was sposed to hold the boomin half-caste/ searin eagle/ in a bear hug/ 8 counts/ get thrown unsawsed/ fall out the ring/ n then do searin eagle in for good/ sechita/ cd hear redneck whoops n sleppin on the back/ she gathered her sparsely sequined skirts/ tugged the waist cincher from under her greyln slips/ n made her face immobile/ she made her face like refertiti/ approachin her own tomb/ she suddenly throw/ her leg full-force/ thru the canvas curtain/ a deceptive glass stone/ sparkled/ malignant on her ankle/ her calf waz tauntin in the brazen carnie lights/ the full moon/ sechita/ goddess/ of love/ egypt/ 2nd millennium/ performin the rits/ the conjurin of men/ conjurin the spirit/ in natchez/ the mississippi spewed a heavy fume of barely movin waters/ sechita's legs slashed furiously thru the cracker nite/ & gold pieces hittin the makeshift stage/ her thighs/ they were aimin coins tween her thighs/ sechita/ egypt/ goddess/ harmony/ kicked viciously thru the nite/ catchin stars tween her toes.

The lady in green exits into the stage left volm, the lady in purple exits into up stage left.

The lady in brown enters from up stage right.

lady in brown
de library waz right down from de trolley tracks
cross from de laundry-mat
thru de big shinin floors & granite pillars
ol st. louis is famous for
i found toussaint
but not till after months uv
cajun katie/ pippi longstockin
In the children's room
only pioneer girls & magic rabbits
& big city white boys
i knew i waznt sposedta
but i ran inta the ADULT READING ROOM
& came across

TOUSSAINT

my first blk man
(i never counted george washington carver
cuz i didnt like peanuts)

still

TOUSSAINT waz a blk man a negro like my mama say
who refused to be a slave
& he spoke french
& didnt low no white man to tell him nothin
not napolean
not maximillen
not robespierre

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE
waz the beginnin uv reality for me
in the summer contest for
who colored child can read
15 books in three weeks
i won & raved abt TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE
at the afternoon ceremony

26/
waz disqualified
cuz Toussaint
belonged in the ADULT READING ROOM
& i cried
& carried dead Toussaint home in the book
he waz dead & livin to me
cuz TOUSSAINT & them
they held the citadel gainst the french
wid the spirits of ol dead africans from outta the ground
TOUSSAINT led they army of zombies
walkin cannon ball shootin spirits to free Haiti
& they waznt slaves no more

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE
became my secret lover at the age of 8
i entertained him in my bedroom
widda flashlight under my covers
way inte the night/ we discussed strategies
how to remove white girls from my hopscotch games
& etc.

TOUSSAINT
was layin in bed wit me next to raggedy ann
the night i decided to run away from my
integrated home
integrated street
integrated school
1955 waz not a good year for lil blk girls

Toussaint said 'lets go to haiti'

27/
i said ’awright’
& packed some very important things in a brown paper bag
so i wdnt haveta come back
then Toussaint & i took the hodlamont streetcar
to the river
last stop
only 15¢
cuz there waznt nobody cd see Toussaint cept me
& we walked all down thru north st. louis
where the french settlers usedta live
in tiny brick houses all huddled together
wit barely missin windows & shingles uneven
wit colored kids playin & women on low porches sippin beer

i cd talk to Toussaint down by the river
like this waz where we waz gonna stow away
on a boat for new orleans
& catch a creole fishin-rig for port-au-prince
then we waz just gonna read & talk all the time
& eat fried bananas
we waz just walkin & skippin past ol drunk men
when dis ol young boy jumped out at me sayin
‘HEY GIRL YA BETTAH COME OVAH HEAH N TALK TO ME’
well
i turned to TOUSSAINT (who waz furious)
& i shouted
‘ya silly ol boy
ya bettah leave me alone’
or TOUSSAINT’S gonna get yr ass’
de silly ol boy came round de corner laughin all in my face
‘yellah gal
yu sure must be somebody to know my name so quick’
i waz disgusted
& wanted to get on to haiti
widout some tacky ol boy botherin me
still he kept standin there
kickin milk cartons & bits of brick
tryin to get all in my business
 BUT
i mumbled to L’OUVERTURE ‘what shd I do’

finally
i asked this silly ol boy
‘WELL WHO ARE YOU?’
he say
‘MY NAME IS TOUSSAINT JONES’
well
i looked right at him
those skidded out cordoroy pants
a striped teashirt wid holes in both elbows
a new scab over his left eye
& i said
‘what’s yr name again’
he say
‘i’m toussaint jones’
‘wow
i am on my way to see
TOUSSAINT L’OUVERTURE in HAITI

28/

29/
are ya any kin to him
he dont take no stuff from no white folks
& they gotta country all they own
& there aint no slaves'
that silly ol boy squinted his face all up
'looka heah girl
i am TOUSSAINT JONES
& i'm right heah lookin at ya
& i dont take no stuff from no white folks
ya dont see none round heah do ya?'
& he sorta pushed out his chest
then he say
'come on  lets go on down to the docks
& look at the boats'
i waz real puzzled goin down to the docks
wit my paper bag & my books
i felt TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE sorta leave me
& i waz sad
til i realized
TOUSSAINT JONES waznt too different
from TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE
cept the ol one waz in haiti
& this one wid me speakin english & eatin apples
yeh.
toussaint jones waz awright wit me
no tellin what all spirits we cd move
down by the river
st. louis 1955
hey wait.

The lady in brown exits into the stage right volm.

The lady in red enters from the stage left volm.

lady in red
orange butterflies & aqua sequins
ensconced tween slight bosoms
silk roses dartin from behind her ears
the passion flower of southwest los angeles
meandered down hoover street
past dark shuttered houses where
women from louisiana shelled peas
round 3:00 & sent their sons
whistlin to the store for fatback & black-eyed peas
she glittered in heat
& seemed to be lookin for rides
when she waznt & absolutely
eyed every man who waznt lame white or noddin out
she let her thigh slip from her skirt
crossin the street
she slowed to be examined
& she never looked back to smile
or acknowledge a sincere 'hey mama'
or to meet the eyes of someone
purposely findin sometin to do in
her direction
she was sullen
& the rhinestones etchin the corners of her mouth
suggested tears
fresh kisses that had done no good
she always wore her stomach out
lined with small iridescent feathers
the hairs round her navel seemed to dance
& she didn't let on
she knew
from behind her waist was aching to be held
the pastel ivy drawn on her shoulders
to be brushed with lips & fingers
smellin of honey & jack daniels
she was hot
a deliberate coquette
who never did without
what she wanted
& she wanted to be unforgettable
she wanted to be a memory
a wound to every man
arrogant enough to want her
she was the wrath
of women in windows
fingerin shades/ or lace curtains
camouflage in despair &
stretch marks
so she glittered honestly
delighted she was desired
& allowed those especially
schemin/ tactful suitors
to experience her body & spirit
tearin/ so easily blendin with theirs/
& they were so happy
& lay on her lime sheets full & wet
from her tongue she kissed
them reverently even ankles
edges of beards...
The stage goes to darkness except
for a special on the lady in red,
who lies motionless on the floor; as
the lights slowly fade up the lady
in red sits up.
at 4:30 AM
she rose
movin the arms & legs that trapped her
she sighed affirmin the sculptured man
& made herself a bath
of dark musk oil egyptian crystals
& florida water to remove his smell
to wash away the glitter
to watch the butterflies melt into
suds & the rhinestones fall beneath
her buttocks like smooth pebbles
in a missouri creek
layin in water
she became herself
ordinary
brown braided woman
with big legs & full lips
reglar
seriously intendin to finish her
night's work
she quickly walked to her guest
straddled on her pillows & began
'you'll have to go now/ i've
a lot of work to do/ & i cant
with a man around/ here are yr pants/
there's coffee on the stove/ its been
very nice/ but i cant see you again/
you got what you came for/ didn't you'
& she smiled
he wd either mumble curses bout crazy bitches
or sit dumbfounded
while she repeated
'I cdnt possibly wake up/ with
a strange man in my bed/ why
dont you go home'
she cdta been slapped upside the head
or verbally challenged
but she never waz
& the ones who fell prey to the
dazzle of hips painted with
orange blossoms & magnolia scented wrists
had wanted no more
than to lay between her sparklin thighs
& had planned on leavin before dawn
& she had been so divine
devastatingly bizarre the way
her mouth fit round
& now she stood a
reglar colored girl
fulla the same malice
livid indifference as a sistah
worn from supportin a wd be hornplayer
or waitin by the window
& they knew
& left in a hurry
she wd gather her tinsel &
jewels from the tub
& laugh gayly or vengeful
she stored her silk roses by her bed
& when she finished writin
the account of her exploit in a diary
embroidered with lillies & moonstones
she placed the rose behind her ear
& cried herself to sleep.
All the lights fade except for a special on the lady in red; the lady in red exits into the stage left volm.

The lady in blue enters from up right.

lady in blue
i usedta live in the world
then i moved to HARLEM
& my universe is now six blocks

when i walked in the pacific
i imagined waters ancient from accra/ tunis
cleansin me/ feedin me
now my ankles are coated in grey filth
from the puddle neath the hydrant

my oceans were life
what waters i have here sit stagnant
circlin ol men's bodies
shit & broken lil whiskey bottles
left to make me bleed

i usedta live in the world
now i live in harlem & my universe is six blocks
a tunnel with a train
i can ride anywhere
remaining a stranger

NO MAN YA CANT GO WIT ME/ I DONT EVEN
KNOW YOU/ NO/ I DONT WANNA KISS YOU/
YOU AINT BUT 12 YRS OLD/ NO MAN/ PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE/ TOMORROW/ YEAH/
NO/ PLEASE/ I CANT USE IT

i cd stay alone
a woman in the world
then i moved to
HARLEM
i come in at dusk
stay close to the curb

The lady in yellow enters, she's waiting for a bus.

round midnite
praying wont no young man
think i'm pretty in a dark mornin

The lady in purple enters, she's waiting for a bus.

wont be good
not good at all
to meet a tall short black brown young man fulla his power
in the dark
in my universe of six blocks
straight up brick walls
women hangin outta windows

36/

37/
like ol silk stockings
cats cryin/ children gigglin/ a tavern wit red curtains
bad smells/ kissin ladies smilin & dirt
sidewalks spittin/ men cursing/ playin

The lady in orange enters, she is
being followed by a man, the
lady in blue becomes that man.

'I SPENT MORE MONEY YESTERDAY
THAN THE DAY BEFORE & ALL THAT'S MORE N YOU
NIGGAH EVER GOTTA HOLD TO
COME OVER HERE BITCH
CANT YA SEE THIS IS $5'

never mind sister
dont pay him no mind
go go go go go go sister
do yr thing
never mind

i usedta live in the world
really be in the world
free & sweet talkin
good mornin & thank-you & nice day
uh huh
i cant now
i cant be nice to nobody

nice is such a rip-off
reglar beauty & a smile in the street
is just a set-up

i usedta be in the world
a woman in the world
i hadda right to the world
then i moved to harlem
for the set-up
a universe
six blocks of cruelty
piled up on itself
a tunnel
closin

The four ladies on stage freeze,
count 4, then the ladies in
blue, purple, yellow and orange
move to their places for the next
poem.

lady in purple
three of us like a pyramid
three friends
one laugh
one music
one flowered shawl
knotted on each neck
we all saw him at the same time
& he saw us
i felt a quick thump in each one of us
didn't know what to do
we all wanted what was coming our way
so we split
but he found one
& she loved him

the other two were tickled
& spurned his advances
when the one who loved him was somewhere else
he would come to her saying
'your friends love you very much'
I have tried
& they keep asking where are you
she smiled
wondering how long her friends
would hold out
he was what they were looking for
he bid his time
he waited till romance waned
the three of us made up stories
about used to & cda been nice
the season was dry
no men
no quickies
not one dance or eyes unrelenting

one day after another
cept for the one who loved him
he appeared irregularly
expecting graciousness no matter what
she cut fresh strawberries
her friends called less frequently
went on hunts for passing fancies
she couldn't figure out what was happening
then the rose
she left by his pillow
she found on her friends desk
& there was nothing to say
she said
'1 wanna tell you
he's been after me
all the time
says he's free & can explain
what's happening with you
is nothing to me
& I don't wanna hurt you
but you know I need someone now
& you know
how wonderful he is

her friend couldn't speak or cry
they hugged & went to where he was
with another woman
he said good-bye to one
tol the other he wd call
he smiled a lot

she held her head on her lap
the lap of her sisters soakin up tears
each understandin how much love stood between them
how much love between them
love between them
love like sisters

Sharp music is heard, each lady
dances as if catching a disease from
the lady next to her, suddenly
they all freeze.

lady in orange
ever since i realized there waz someone callit
a colored girl an evil woman a bitch or a nag
i been tryin not to be that & leave bitterness
in somebody else's cup/ come to somebody to love me
without deep & nasty smellin scald from lye or bein
left screamin in a street fulla lunatics/ whisperin
slut bitch bitch niggah/ get outta here wit alla that/
i didn't have any of that for you/ i brought you what joy
i found & i found joy/ honest fingers round my face/ with
dead musicians on 78's from cuba/ or live musicians on five
dollar lp's from chicago/ where i have never been/ & i love
willie colon & arsienio rodriguez/ especially cuz i can make

the music loud enuf/ so there is no me but dance/ & when
i can dance like that/ there's nothin cd hurt me/ but
i get tired & i haveta come offa the floor & then there's
that woman who hurt you/ who you left/ three or four times/
& just went back/ after you put my heart in the bottom of
yr shoe/ you just walked back to where you hurt/ & i didn't
have nothin/ so i went to where somebody had somethin for me/
but he wasn't you/ & i waz on the way back from her house
in the bottom of yr shoe/ so this is not a love poem/ cuz there
are only memorial albums available/ & even charlie mingles
wanted desperately to be a pimp/ & i wont be able to see eddie
palmieri for months/ so this is a requium for myself/ cuz i
have died in a real way/ not wid aqua coffins & du-wop cadillacs/
i used to joke abt when i waz messin round/ but a real dead
lovin is here for you now/ cuz i dont know anymore/ how
to avoid my own face wet wit my tears/ cuz i had convinced
myself colored girls had no right to sorrow/ & i lived
& loved that way & kept sorrow on the curb/ allegedly
for you/ but i know i did it for myself/
i cdnt stand it
i cdnt stand bein sorry & colored at the same time
it's so redundant in the modern world

lady in purple
i lived wit myths & music waz my ol man & i cd dance
a dance outta time/ a dance wit no partners/ take my
pills & keep right on steppin/ linger in non-english
speakin arms so there waz no possibility of understandin
& you YOU
came sayin i am the niggah/ i am the baddest muthafuckah
out there/
I said yes/ this is who i am waitin for
& to come wit you/ i hadta bring everythin
the dance & the terror
the dead musicians & the hope
& those scars i had hidden wit smiles & good fuckin
lay open
& i dont know i dont know any more tricks
i am really colored & really sad sometimes & you hurt me
more than i ever danced outta/ into oblivion isnt far enuf
to get outta this/ i am ready to die like a lily in the
desert/ & i cdnt let you in on it cuz i didnt know/ here
is what i have/ poems/ big thighs/ lil tits/ &
so much love/ will you take it from me this one time/
please this is for you/ arsenio's tres cleared the way
& makes me pure again/ please please/ this is for you
i want you to love me/ let me love you/ i dont wanna
dance wit ghosts/ snuggle lovers i made up in my drunkenness/
lemme love you just like i am a colored girl/ i'm finally bein
real/ no longer symmetrical & impervious to pain

lady in blue
we deal wit emotion too much
so why dont we go on ahead & be white then/
& make everythin dry & abstract wit no rhythm & no
reelin for sheer sensual pleasure/ yes let's go on

& be white/ we're right in the middle of it/ no use
holdin out/ holdin onto ourselves/ lets think our
way outta feelin/ lets abstract ourselves some families:
& maybe maybe tonite/ i'll find a way to make myself
come witout you/ no fingers or other objects just that
which isnt spiritual evolution cuz its empty & godliness
is plenty is ripe & fertile/ thinkin wont do me a bit of
good tonite/ i need to be loved/ & havent the audacity
to say
where are you/ & dont know who to say it to

lady in yellow
i've lost it
touch wit reality/ i dont know who's doin it
i thot i was but i was so stupid i was able to be hurt
& that's not real/ not anymore/ i shd be immune/ if i'm
still alive & that's what i was discussin/ how i am still
alive & my dependency on other livin beins for love
i survive on intimacy & tomorrow/ that's all i've got goin
& the music was like smack & you knew abt that
& still refused my dance was not enuf/ & it was all i had
but bein alive & bein a woman & bein colored is a metaphysical
dilemma/ i havent conquered yet/ do you see the point
my spirit is too ancient to understand the separation of
soul & gender/ my love is too delicate to have thrown
back on my face
The ladies in red, green, and brown enter quietly; in the background all of the ladies except the lady in yellow are frozen; the lady in yellow looks at them, walks by them, touches them; they do not move.

lady in yellow
my love is too delicate to have thrown back on my face

The lady in yellow starts to exit into the stage right volm. Just as she gets to the volm, the lady in brown comes to life.

lady in brown
my love is too beautiful to have thrown back on my face

lady in purple
my love is too sanctified to have thrown back on my face

lady in blue
my love is too magic to have thrown back on my face

lady in orange
my love is too saturday nite to have thrown back on my face

lady in red
my love is too complicated to have thrown back on my face

lady in green
my love is too music to have thrown back on my face

everyone
music
music

The lady in green then breaks into a dance, the other ladies follow her lead and soon they are all dancing and chanting together

lady in green
yank dankka dank dank

everyone
music

lady in green
yank dankka dank dank

everyone
music

lady in green
yank dankka dank dank

46/

47/
The dance reaches a climax and all of the ladies fall out tired, but full of life and togetherness.

Everyone (but started by the lady in yellow)

Delicate
Delicate
Delicate

Everyone (but started by the lady in brown)
And beautiful
And beautiful
And beautiful

Everyone (but started by the lady in purple)
Oh sanctified
Oh sanctified
Oh sanctified

Everyone (but started by the lady in blue)
Magic
Magic
Magic

Everyone (but started by the lady in orange)
And Saturday nite
And Saturday nite
And Saturday nite

Everyone (but started by the lady in red)
And complicated
And complicated
And complicated

The dance reaches a climax and all of the ladies fall out tired, but full of life and togetherness.

Lady in green

Somebody almost walked off wid alla my stuff
Not my poems or a dance i gave up in the street
But somebody almost walked off wid alla my stuff
Like a kleptomaniac workin hard & forgettin while stenlin
this is mine/ this ain't yr stuff/
Now why don't you put me back & let me hang out in my own self
Somebody almost walked off wid alla my stuff
& didn't care enuf to send a note home sayin
I waz late for my solo conversation
Or two sizes too small for my own tacky skirts
What can anybody do wit somethin of no value on
A open market/ did you getta dime for my things/
Hey man/ where are you goin wid alla my stuff/
This is a woman's trip & I need my stuff/
To ohh & ahh abt/ daddy/ I gotta mainline number
From my own shit/ now won'tchu put me back/ & let
me play this duet/ wit this silver ring in my nose/
honest to god/ somebody almost run off wit alla my stuff/
& i didnt bring anythin but the kick & sway of it
the perfect ass for my man & none of it is theirs
this is mine/ ntozake 'her own things'/ that's my name/
now give me my stuff/ i see ya hidin my laugh/ & how i
sit wif my legs open sometimes/ to give my crotch
some sunlight/ & there goes my love my toes my chewed
up finger nails/ niggah/ wif the curls in yr hair/
&: mr. louisiana hot link/ i want my stuff back/
my rhythms & my voice/ open my mouth/ & let me talk ya
outta/ throwin my shit in the sewer/ this is some delicate
leg & whimsical kiss/ i gotta have to give to my choice/
without you runnin off wit alla my shit/
now you cant have me less i give me away/ & i waz
doin all that/ til ya run off on a good thing/
who is this you left me wit/ some simple bitch
widda bad attitude/ i wants my things/
i want my arm wit the hot iron scar/ & my leg wit the
flea bite/ i want my calloused feet & quik language back
in my mouth/ fried plantains/ pineapple pear juice/
sun-ra & joseph & jules/ i want my own things/ how i lived them/
& give me my memories/ how i waz when i waz there/
you cant have them or do nothin wit them/
stealin my shit from me/ dont make it yrs/ makes it stolen/
somebody almost run off wit alla my stuff/ & i waz standin
there/ lookin at myself/ the whole time
& it waznt a spirit took my stuff/ waz a man whose

ego walked round like Roiian's shadow/ waz a man laster
n my innocence/ waz a lover/ i made too much
room for/ almost run off wit alla my stuff/
& i didnt know i'd give it up so quik/ & the one running wit it/
dont know he got it/ & i'm shoutin this is mine/ & he dont
know he got it/ my stuff is the anonymous ripped off treasure
of the year/ did you know somebody almost got away with me/me
in a plastic bag under their arm/ me
danglin on a string of personal carelessness/i'm spattered wit
mud & city rain/ & no i didnt get a chance to take a douche/hey man/ this is not your prerogative/ i gotta have me in my
pocket/ to get round like a good woman shd/ & make the poem
in the pot or the chicken in the dance/ what i got to do/
i gotta have my stuff to do it to/
why dont ya find yr own things/ & leave this package
of me for my destiny/ what ya got to get from me/
i'll give it to ya/ yeh/ i'll give it to ya/
round 5:00 in the winter/ when the sky is blue-red/
& Dew City is gettin pressed/ if it's really my stuff/
y gotta give it to me/ if ya really want it/ i'm
the only one/ can handle it

lady in blue

that niggah will be back tomorrow, sayin 'i'm sorry'

lady in yellow

get this. last week my ol man came in sayin, 'i don't know
how she got yr number baby. i'm sorry'

51/
lady in brown
no this one is it, 'o baby, ya know i waz high, i'm sorry'

lady in purple
i'm only human, and inadequacy is what makes us human, &
if we was perfect we wdnt have nothin to strive for, so you
might as well go on and forgive me pretty baby, cause i'm sorry'

lady in green
'shut up bitch, i told you i waz sorry'

lady in orange
no this one is it, 'i do ya like i do ya cause i thot
ya could take it, now i'm sorry'

lady in red
'now i know that ya know i love ya, but i aint ever gonna
love ya like ya want me to love ya, i'm sorry'

lady in blue
one thing i dont need
is any more apologies
i got sorry greetin me at my front door
you can keep yrs
i dont know what to do wit cm
they dont open doors
or bring the sun back
they dont make me happy

or get a mornin paper
idnt nobody stop usin my tears to wash cars
cuz a sorry

i am simply tired
of collectin
  i didnt know
  i was so important to you'
i'm gonna haveta throw some away
i cant get to the clothes in my closet
for alla the sorries
i'm gonna tack a sign to my door
leave a message by the phone
  'if you called
to say yr sorry
call somebody
else
  i dont use em anymore'
i let sorry/ idnt meants/ & how cd i know abt that
take a walk down a dark & musty street in brooklyn
i'm gonna do exactly what i want to
& i wont be sorry for none of it
letta sorry soothe yr soul/ i'm gonna soothe mine

you were always inconsistent
doin somethin & then bein sorry
beatin my heart to death
talkin bout you sorry
well
i will not call
i'm not goin to be nice
i will raise my voice
& scream & holler
& break things & race the engine
& tell all yr secrets bout yrself to yr face
& i will list in detail everyone of my wonderful lovers
& their ways
i will play oliver lake
loud
& i wont be sorry for none of it

i loved you on purpose
i was open on purpose
i still crave vulnerability & close talk
& i'm not even sorry bout you bein sorry
you can carry all the guilt & grime ya wanna
just dont give it to me
i cant use another sorry
next time
you should admit
you're mean/ low-down/ triflin/ & no count straight out
steads bein sorry all the time
enjoy bein yrself

lady in red
there waz no air/ the sheets made ripples under his
body like crumpled paper napkins in a summer park/ & lil
specks of somethin from tween his toes or the biscuits
from the day before ran in the sweat that tucked the sheets
into his limbs like he waz an ol frozen bundle of chicken/
& he'd get up to make coffee, drink wine, drink water/ he
wished one of his friends who knew where he waz wd come by
with some blow or some shit/ anythin/ there waz no air/
he'd see the spotlights in the alleyways downstairs movin
in the air/ cross his wall over his face/ & get under the
covers & wait for an all clear or till he cd hear traffic
again/

there waznt nothin wrong with him/ there waznt nothin wrong
with him/ he kept tellin crystal/
any niggah wanna kill vietnamese children more n stay home
& raise his own is sicker than a rabid dog/
that's how their thing had been goin since he got back/
crystal just got inta sayin whatta fool niggah beau waz
& always had been/ didnt he go all over uptown sayin the
child waznt his/ waz some no counts bastard/ & any ol site
police cd come & get him if they wanted/ cuz as soon as
the blood type & shit waz together/ everybody wd know that
crystal waz a no good lyin whore/ and this after she'd been
his girl since she waz thirteen/ when he caught her
on the stairway/

he came home crazy as hell/ he tried to get veterans benefits
to go to school & they kept right on puttin him in remedial classes/ he cdnt read wortha damn/ so beau cused the teachers of holdin him back & got himself a gypsy cab to drive/ but his cab kept breakin down/ & the cops was always messin wit him/ plus not gettin much bread/

& crystal went & got pregnant again/ beau most beat her to death when she tol him/ she still gotta scar under her right tit where he cut her up/ still crystal went right on & had the baby/ so now beau willie had two children/ a little girl/ naomi kenya & a boy/ kwame beau willie brown/ & there waz no air/

how in the hell did he get in this mess anyway/ somebody went & tol crystal that beau waz spendin alla his money on the bartendin bitch down at the merry-go-round cafe/ beau sat straight up in the bed/ wrapped up in the sheets lookin like john the baptist or a huge wit stubble & nuts/ now he hadta get alla that shit outta crystal’s mind/ so she wd let him come home/ crystal had gone & got a court order saying beau willie brown had no access to his children/ if he showed his face he waz subject to arrest/ shit/ she’d been in his ass to marry her since she waz 14 years old & here when she 22/ she wanna throw him out cuz he say he’ll marry her/ she burst out laughin/ hollerin whatchu wanna marry me for now/ so i can support yr

ass/ or come sit wit ya when they lock yr behind up/ cause they gonna come for ya/ ya goddamn lunatic/ they gonna come/ & i’m not gonna have a thing to do wit it/ o no i wdnt marry yr pitiful black ass for nothin & she went on to bed/

the next day beau willie came in blasted & got ta swingin chairs at crystal/ who cdnt figure out what the hell he waz doin/ til he got ta shoutin bout how she waz gonna marry him/ & get some more veterans benefits/ & he cdnt stop drivin them crazy spics round/ while they tryin to kill him for $15/ beau waz sweatin terrible/ beatin on crystal/ & he cdnt do no more with the table n chairs/ so he went to get the high chair/ & lil kwame waz in it/ & beau waz beatin crystal with the high chair & her son/ & some notion got into him to stop/ & he run out/

crystal most died/ that’s why the police wdnt low beau near where she lived/ & she’d been tellin the kids their daddy tried to kill her & kwame/ & he just wanted to marry her/ that’s what/ he wanted to marry her/ & have a family/ but the bitch waz crazy/ beau willie waz sittin in this hotel in his drawers drinkin coffee & wine in the heat of the day spillin shit all over hisself/ laughin/ bout how he waz gonna get crystal to take him back/ & let him be a man in the house/ & she wdnt even have to go to work no more/ he got dressed all up in his ivory shirt & checkered pants to go see
crystal & get this mess all cleared up/
he knocked on the door to crystal's room/ & she
didn't answer/ he beat on the door & crystal & naomi
started cryin/ beau gotta shoutin again how he wanted
to marry her/ & waz she always gonna be a whore/ or
did she wanna husband/ & crystal just kept on
screamin for him to leave us alone/ just leave us
alone/ so beau broke the door down/ crystal held
the children in fronta her/ she picked kwame off the
to the floor/ & she held naomi by her shoulders/
& kept on sayin/ beau willie brown/ get outta here/
the police is gonna come for ya/ ya fool/ get outta here/
do you want the children to see you act the fool again/
you want kwame to brain damage from you throwin him
round/ niggah/ get outta here/ get out & dont show yr
ass again or i'll kill ya/ i swear i'll kill ya/
he reacheed for naomi/ crystal grabbed the lil girl &
stared at beau willie like he waz a leper & somethin/
dont you touch my children/ muthafucker/ or i'll kill
you/

beau willie jumped back all humble & apologetic/ i'm
sorry/ i dont wanna hurt em/ i just wanna hold em &
get on my way/ i dont wanna cuz you no more trouble/
i wanted to marry you & give ya things
what you gonna give/ a broken jaw/ niggah get outta here/
he ignored crystal's outburst & sat down motionin for
naomi to come to him/ she smiled back at her daddy/

crystal felt naomi givin in & held her tighter/
naomi/ pushed away & ran to her daddy/ cryin/ daddy, daddy
come back daddy/ come back/ but be nice to mommy/
cause mommy loves you/ and ya gotta be nice/
he sat her on his knee/ & played with her ribbons &
they counted fingers & toes/ every so often he
looked over to crystal holdin kwame/ like a statue/
& he'd say/ see crystal/ i can be a good father/
now let me see my son/ & she didn't move/ &
he coaxed her & he coaxed her/ tol her she waz
still a hot lil ol thing & pretty & strong/ didn't
she get right up after that lil ol fight they had
& go back to work/ beau willie oozed kindness &
crystal who had known so lil/ let beau hold kwame/
as soon as crystal let the baby outta her arms/ beau
jumped up a laughin & a gigglin/ a hootin & a hollerin/
awright bitch/ awright bitch/ you gonna marry me/
you gonna marry me . . .
i aint gonna marry ya/ i aint ever gonna marry ya/
for nothin/ you gonna be in the jail/ you gonna be
under the jail for this/ now gimme my kids/ ya give
me back my kids/

he kicked the screen outta the window/ & held the kids
offa the sill/ you gonna marry me/ yeh, i'll marry ya/
anything/ but bring the children back in the house/
he looked from where the kids were hangin from the
fifth story/ at alla the people screamin at him/ &
he started sweatin again/ say to alla the neighbors/
you gonna marry me/

i stood by beau in the window/ with naomi reachin
for me/ & kwame screamin mommy mommy from the fifth
story/ but i cd only whisper/ & he dropped em

lady in red
i waz missin somethin

lady in purple
somethin so important

lady in orange
somethin promised

lady in blue
a layin on of hands

lady in green
fingers near my forehead

60/

lady in yellow
strong

lady in green
cool

lady in orange
movin

lady in purple
makin me whole

lady in orange
sense

lady in green
pure

lady in blue
all the gods comin into me
layin me open to myself

lady in red
i waz missin somethin

lady in green
somethin promised

61/
lady in orange
somethin free

lady in purple
a layin on of hands

lady in blue
i know bout/ layin on bodies/ layin outta man
bringin him alla my fleshy self & some of my pleasure
bein taken full eager wet like i get sometimes
i waz missin somethin

lady in purple
a layin on of hands

lady in blue
not a man

lady in yellow
layin on

lady in purple
not my mama/ holdin me tight/ sayin
i'm always gonna be her girl
not a layin on of bosom & womb
a layin on of hands
the holiness of myself released

lady in red
i eat up one nite walkin a boardin house
screamin/ cryin/ the ghost of another woman
who waz missin what i waz missin
i wanted to jump up outta my bones
& be done wit myself
leave me alone
& go on in the wind
it waz too much
i fell into a numbness
til the only tree i cd see
took me up in her branches
held me in the breeze
made me dawn dew
that chill at daybreak
the sun wrapped me up swingin rose light everywhere
the sky laid over me like a million men
i waz cold/ i waz burnin up/ a child
& endlessly weavin garments for the moon
wit my tears
i found god in myself
& i loved her/ i loved her fiercely

All of the ladies repeat to themselves softly the lines 'i found god in myself & i loved her' it soon becomes a song of joy, started by
the lady in blue. The ladies sing first to each other, then gradually to the audience. After the song peaks the ladies enter into a closed tight circle.

lady in brown
& this is for colored girls who have considered suicide/ but are movin to the ends of their own rainbows