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AFRO
AMERICAN
REVIEW

STAFF!



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by Stan Ferdinand

Black Art consists of any and all means of expression which reflect the life style of Black people. This reflection of ourselves and our creative ability has too often been snatched from our grasp. To be free, we must control the vehicles of Black expression and provide the means for its outlet. It is to this struggle that this magazine addresses itself.

Specifically, it seeks to ensure a Black definition, interpretation and dissemination of Black Art.

Black Art permeates all areas of our life. Therefore, no formal distinction exists between the cultural or social, the political and non-political, the material and the spiritual. Black Art here refers to the understanding, attitudes, logic and perceptions in African peoples' thinking, acting, or speaking in different life situations.

Wherever Black people are, there is our art. It is not primarily for the individual, but for his nation.

Black Art is written not only on paper but in the minds, myths, ritual, agony, joy and oppression of our people. All people, including poets, writers, politicians, students, musicians, and sharecroppers are artistic messengers.

Black Art is a reality which calls for the functional application of its expressions. It must be reckoned with in every aspect of life – economics, politics, education and religion. It must not be locked away in the museums of the West and allowed to suffocate – while awaiting weekend visitors.

What people do is motivated by what they believe, and what they believe springs from what they do and experience. Belief and action in African culture cannot be separated; they constitute a single entity.

The question of the future of African peoples becomes the question of the existence of an African culture. To make this idea a reality is the primary objective of this magazine.

Finally, we establish the philosophy of this magazine as *NTU*, defined in the following statement:

“Everything leads us to believe that there exists a central point of thought at which living and dead, real and imaginary, past and future, communicable and incommunicable, high and low, are no longer conceived of as contradictory. *NTU* is that point from which creation flows.”

– Muntu, Janheinz Jahn

As the magazine theme, therefore, it encompasses the definition of art as a total concept, embracing self, family, community and nation.



a feeling ... a word

When did the Bitches become
Sisters?

At what point did the
Niggers (dudes, cats, hardheads,
block-boys, fella's, motherfuckers, cock-
suckers, sons of bitches, and Boys)
become Brothers, Bloods,
and Men?

When? Evil Bitch,
Triflin' Nigger, when?
When did fuckin'

become love-

makin'? What love?

Niggers get hard. And

Bitches get hot.

What love? L-O-V-E

S-U-P-R-E-M-E? But will
the words make it so? Can

labels provide

substance?

Nommo

Nommo: the word.

Intone the

word and

give life to

the life-less

Nommo a spiritual

force unto

itself.

Say the words.

Say them loud.

Or whisper:

"Resist" "Kill" "Kill"

"Be free"

When Malcolm

invoked the word: Nommo:

"No mo' days

like that!"

mere figures of

rock and wood, mere

Bitches and Niggers

breathed!

by Charles A. Frye

**A
POEM
FOR MY
FRUSTRATED
BRETHREN**

(a poem for my frustrated brethren)

we die every day/as we live/we
exist/in regimented lives:
(we die a white death every day)
in roles. we strangle. we gag
as our masks constrict
our realselves. we die
for lack of being. we
die every day/black people/we die.
it is the cost/of living/white-ly. to
carry crosses of success. the price
of survival.

we die.

niggers die. black people die. not bein
jesus (sweet sweet jesus--faggot mutha
fucka) suckin the overripe tits of
america--

full of poison.
we die we die we die we
goddamn sure die
dead

by -- Jomo --

**A COLD,
COLD
THANG**

A COLD - COLD THANG

Ain't no T.V.
No front pages
Only alleys, rooftops
open street
Guns
Bombs
Fire
and surely a
cold white death.

Death is here
sure as C-I-A
Two-white-faced
America -
United States of
Black death
&
Oppression
Colonialized soul
Mind. . .Amalgamation

Now! or laying dead
Check that blinding
white hold.

Let the night ride,
the blood of alabaster
bitches dripping from
arms of liberation,
the balls of creamy white
racism lying in dirt,
Black as the face of the
castrator.

Possess your god, Brother;
know it's Black.

Revolution-
a shrill scream
in the
hollows
of an oppressed soul.

Dig it. . .
Liberation ain't
nuthin' but a stone
Black thang.

Oncy M. Whittier

SHE FREAKS

She among the many standing outside the liquor store around one a.m. It could have been Harlem or maybe Watts, North Philly wouldn't have been a bad guess with Egypt as a ballot in the future. A blonde wig increasing the sham and doubling as an advertising gimmick. Liquor store an hour closed, her legs prospectively spread to make a sale. Short light blue dress almost up to her behind with no stockings on. Sandal shoes. Light blue dress on light brown skin mellow like the early morning air whipping up between her legs while she waited for a sale. Owls hoo-hoo somewhere off distantly trying to imitate Nina Simone who was practicing on South 15th Street near Southern High, hitten white and black notes to make a sound. A sound of mellow brown. Black note brown sound. Throughout the whore's town. While she waited for a customer. And waited. Waited. The heroin she had snorted up at midnight was starting to do it's thing Now! Street lights crystal white glass with rainbow arcs as their halos. So was her vision.

Saturday night and the crowd was fair. She had to make some cash 'cause her finances were in a strain. Two weeks before she had been sick with the flu while last week her period had kept her off the ground. Benny was pressing her for his cut and she had to admit to herself that the "free" horse he had turned her on to was a favor that had to repaid. You know, Payback by the bitch cause it was a bitch. The bitch that it seemed or didn't seem it was. It is. At least it *should* be repaid, she thought to herself, the idea of the matter bringing an exaggerated smile to her heavily made-up face. She smiled. Looking seductively to potential hustles. Looking them in their eyes and viewing their hard dicks popping out of the ball of their hard-up eyes. Where were they from? Did they live? did they do on Mondays thru *Eternidays*. She smiled innerly forcing by habit not to nod too noticably. Not to blow her 'mothafucin' cool' by showing she was 'low' on dope. She had to be cool now cause the sportin crowd didn't like no doped up bitches. Funny . . . Men. Funny, men always wanted their rented leg to be satisfied. Satisfied she guessed because satisfying a woman who had taken in so much dick really made them feel manly. Really made them feel they were worth something instead of at best G.S. 14's or at worst garbage men. At worst the least of these not digging on the fact all were at sight Negroes, Black Negroes, people, Poor oppressed Nigger Peoples deeply in debt to the man. Maybe that was why she as one of the more popular hustlers on that corner: because she made the Nigger men lose the adjective Nigger. Made them feel they was (Nigger) Men instead of Nigger Men. Black verile men best lovers (only lovers) on the face of the earth. And really they were she thought to herself while slapping some freaks hand from around her waist (Stupid Motherfucker) Really they were when they were Kings and Queens and Men and Women and Farmers and Doctors and Poor Men and Rich Men and Black Men and Black Men and Tribe Men and Tribe Men and Workmen and Fishermen and Freeman and Freeman home in the blue green highlands of Africa. Of Ethiopia. Of Nigeria. Of Ghana. Of places she had heard of. Read of. When she could glance through Benny's books hkept stacked up beside his bed. His own paperback library that he read 'all night. Yea, he was a Speed Freak. But a smart one (are there any dumb ones (Yea, the dead ones.) She laughed. But that was neither here nor there cause now was the matter of fact. And the fact was that she needed some coins soon. Soon—Soon.

By three a.m. she had hustled five big spenders. All of which were routine jams. And the money she kept hidden between her mattress was fat with fives and tens. Even a twenty. Yea, even a goddamn twenty. Two times ten and 5 times 4. Twen . . . ty that long to. Twin T's Two Tens. Twin Tees. She decided that she'd only lay one more customer then retire for the night. Things was going that good. Already she could visualize Benny's black oily face smiling (grinning) as only he could smile (grin) boyishly (hoodlishly) sheepishly (ramlishly) covering up the tough killer/pusher that marked his reality out in the streets. Yea, just to see that nigger smile she thought to herself. Just to see that mean cat smile. Just . . . Just . . . one more hustle tonight. One more spreading of the legs. Taking in of the Weiny one more exaggerated hip humb throwing some unknown (sometimes known) weekend spender up to the ceiling. One more one more. one more. Two More. One More Three More Black a Moors sweatings and grindings and sucking fucking music minding life's out the window faking doing it. Shit. One More Another More professional pussy. Ummn yea. Uhum yea. Yea. Yea. Good God Yea! Shit, yea! Whew!! One More Whew! Then Everything would be like always was before, Yea!

"Are you sportin!" she said to this young fellow standing with his hands in his pocket. (Doofus). Right off the back she realized her mistake. Cause he was too young (and doofus). Young and nervous. No more than-Twenty. Twin T. No more than Twin T years old. Probably one of them college students from up on the 'Hill': Them cats was crazy and gin-u-wine-ly hard-up.

"Yes I am," the boy said. "Yes you are what?" she shot back at him trying to make him change his mind. "Yes you are what, dammit!" she cursed. "I, I, I am sporting", he whispered. To make sure nothin was happening she made him show her his I.D. When he produced an out of state license card with his picture on it she knew he was actually I ain't jiving o.k. Young

and jive but o.k. Probably an easy sham. You know like she could get away faking it. Cause not too many black cats would have bothered showin' any I.D. They would have said, "Forget it, Baby, I thought you was sportin' or somethin' or other" . . . you know . . . not trying to be like no goddam F.B.I." But this young cat showed his I.D. Jesus Christ, was he nervous (and doofus)!

"What do you want to do," she asked. He seemed bagfled at the question as if there was really only one thing to do. Jam! Fuck! Make love like they say in plays? Finally just to save the young cat's face she told him nonchalantly. "The usual thing around here is a 'half and half' for 15 dollars. "He still seemed confused. "Look here, baby", she told him softly but hardly so as not to embarrass him on the corner, "A half and half is a head job, you know a blow, with a fuck, solid. A fuck, with a fuck, solid. He said o.k. and she lead the 'young boy' up to her workroom about a quarter block up the street from the corner.

Once inside the house she led the cat up the flight of stairs that led to her room which was in the front of the house. As she led the young dude to her room, holding his waist while directing his direction, they both could hear the muffled groans of other prostitutes with their 'sons of lovers' coming from behind the many closed doors that lined the second floor hallway. Unlocking the door to her room she told the young man to go in. He followed her instructions walking into the middle of the room, just standing there motionless as if he was being spotlighted on the Ed Sullivan Show. You know like Coast to Coast hope your Momma's in bed asleep not looking Cause she would never believe it. Their collective child's out with a 'tt!' A "H". A 'HORE'!!

"O.K., take off your clothes, honey," she commanded the young cat, quickly unzipping herself out of the short light blue dress. Just one more hustle she thought or felt. One last hustle. "Take off your shorts, baby, Take off your shorts, Do you want some beer?"

"No."

"Alright, O.K. Get in bed." Whew! The kid was nervous as hell and she wanted to get this last job over with. (Did he have a dick?) Still her curiosity about the identity of this cat played upon her mind. For no particular reason but for some reason, or reason enough. Without even really thinking she heard herself asking, "What's your name, Sugar? Where you from?" He said he was from outside of Philadelphia Yeardon, Pa. His name was Emmett.

Quickly and methodically-ritualistically she put the cheap rubber over Emmett's dick. She 'copped' his head just as quickly and just as methodically glancing back everynow and then to check the expressions on his youthful looking face. It was blank. Blank blank. Mysterious as the mind of a retarded faggot. A youthful nervous blank. Yet his dick was hard. His face still blank. Blank and hard. Black Blank Hard. Blank yet hard . . . yet hard . . . yet blank, so hard . . . she knew . . . knew that this was his first time. She didn't know why she thought . . . no she knew . . . didn't no why she knew because goddamn she hadn't in her recollection every been with a first-timer before. Never been. Never BENNY. NEVER BENNY. NEVER been . . . and suddenly she was subtdely aware of herself in *that* room with *that* young man she *was* with, Became aware that really no matter how corny it might have seemed or seemingly sounded she had never been. Never BEN-NY. BENNY. NEVER Ben with a first time. Not really. NEVER. Cause she had started out hustlin. Started out fuckin for cash and all she could remember was a painful but profitable first night. But not a first time. So when the timid Emmett clutched at her often grabbed at tities she reached out and directed his face; his lips, savagely but wantingly toward her face. Kiss, Kissing. Kiss. Kissing Kissing that cat up from up on the 'Hill'. Surprising herself. Forgetting ritual and habitual practices. Forgetting rooms outside her room with phoney pay for leg grunts and groans coming from within them. Springs started to hump shouting truth juices to make an atmosphere healthy. Forgetting yesterday and yester-year almost it seemed back to birth. Going back to an almost recourse state of revolution. Of Dynamic Change. Sort of a backward black spiral spin to the beginning. A backward back revolution to times when she was Queens and he was nextgonna-be Kings humpin sweatly together. Humpin like mad to bust their nuts together. To come together. To come together. To come together on the very initial first time end time together the sweat was dripping down from his bucking body so. So. So. So-So.

She could feel it running down her body as she double hooked her hips upward skyward guiding his youthful blackness into soul strokes. Guiding. Gliding. Guiding. Gliding. Accepting. Accepting. Understanding. Understanding Accepting Guiding the frenzied plunges of a manchild turned to black LOVEMAN. And as she came and came and finally CAME she could hear her vocal chords shouting within her mind Ben, BeN', BENNY – OH BENNY, I love you for sho' nuff BENNY.

Things. General things can be forgotten mistakenly misplaced or what not or what have you. Faggot ants can become beetle monsters stinging antelope or making bison wince. Things. General things can get lost among the myriad of things taking up say just a few seconds. All world happening things.

Every things. Lord, please forgive me things like stealing a box of cornflakes from your grandfather's grocery store.

History things. Lost fact things to make tomorrow SomeThing or AnyThing but most of all EveryThing.

Things. Student things sitting around a dormitory bunk bed bored at all things. Conversations talked above the radio by student things about brand new things like the She-things with pussies between their legs. THANGS!

"aw man, you ain't never had no motherfuckin' pussy, man. you ain't never had no leg, Emmette." All the students laughed, 'Cept one student, Emmette. Whore fucker! Pre-leg major man. Emmette. Paranoid Emmette, Echo Replay. "aw man, you ain't never had no pussy Emmette, you like wood man and i (we) don't see no experience rings. you got a girl back home man huh; huh Emmette?"

"YEA . . . YEA . . . I GOT A WOMAN BACK HOME." "what's her name man?" Other cats outwardly exposed their smiles. "HER NAME IS DENISE?! DENISE! DENISE. HER NAME IS DENISE AND I FUCKED THE SHIT OUT OF HER MAN. SHE FREAKS. YEA, DENISE, SHE FREAKS. LAST TIME I WAS HOME, SHE DID ME UP A HALF AND HALF. YEA." "what's a half and half?" The students asked in collective put down anxieties. "A HALF AND HALF IS A BLOW JOB AND A FUCK, YOU DUMB ASS MOTERFUCKERS," EMMETTE SHOUTED LIKE SOME KING REDISCOVERED HOW TO LYING. HISTORY WAS STARTING AGAIN (LOOK AGAIN) AGAIN.

"aw man, are you telling the truth? she blowed you and fucked you too?" "YEA, CHUMPS. A HALF AN' HALF. AND YOU PUNKS AIN'T EVEN HIP TO ONE HALF OF THE HALF IF YOU HIP TO THE OTHER HALF. YAWL OVER THERE TALKING 'BOUT TREES. WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF TREES. OR ANYTHING CEPT SOME GODDAM BOOK SHIT." the others put their heads down . . . slow . . . ly. THE REVOLUTION HAD BEGUN. FROM A LIE SOME TRUTH WOULD EMERGE. IMAGE (LOOK AGAIN) IMAGE. SOME TRUTH HAD TO IMERGE LIKE THE LIE CALLED TRUTH WHAT'S HAPPENING TODAY. EMMETTE KNEW IT WOULD WORK ON THOSE FRIENDLY BRAINWASHED NATIVES IN THAT DORMITORY ROOM. HISTORY SAID SO, YEA. WHILE SOMEWHERE OFF IN BLUESLAND A WOMAN DAYDREAMED BENNY.

*Written by Clay Goss
Copywritten c 1969 by Clay Goss*



On Howard U.

Some evenings I come home and I can't sleep. My body aches. I would like to cry, but everything in me has been drained off in anger and frustration. Yes, blood sweat and tears. No. Black anger.

Some of my experiences with this seemingly distorted and psychotic community of which I give fourteen to eighteen hours a day in work hollering and listening, thinking and planning, would be unbelievable or shocking, but it is real and it is tormenting.

For the past few months I have had little time to sleep, for I am compelled to carry on at a break neck speed. At times it seems that one is involved in a war with a great army, where strategy, allies and flanks are needed and made. One quick unexpected look at the side indicates that you are actually all alone on the battlefield. But as a social scientist, I do not have the key to this cell of insanity, and I would not lead anyone to believe that, for no one has recognized that a cell truly exists.

One is constantly required to make quick and important decisions that may demand a compromise of undesirable values not yours, or incorporable by you. But the fire is blasting away. The community is burning, rotting and decaying. The stench smells and you inhale the soot. Walking zombies float by with distorted faces. Capitalism has sucked them dry.

But you just can't stand there and look at the fire. The whole scene demands that you quickly summarize, analyze and act..... Otherwise you will die on the battlefield, and weakness sells cheap.

The end seems so far away and Black people in the Howard community have created their own world of destructive fun and games that is twice as complex and complicated as the white man's. And yet with all their intrigue and ability to mis-interpret (for they are masters at this pasttime) they are caged in by the white man and they are limited in their dealings with the white world to "selling out" for a little piece of coin. But the sale hampers ingenuity with which they learned to survive within the "cell." The Blacks are extremely bright. But if you examine the inside of an atom you will find thousands of little particles with dynamic energy and thrust, knocking about and forcefully hitting against the outer walls of the atomic structure. THAT'S US. This schema tells us a lot. The distressing factor to me is that I do not see within this frame, that which is real—the possibility to unleash the beauty and strength that I speak of—a strength to survive at all costs.—Moving towards a great civilization, a real possibility of the particular cell was transplanted into freedom, broken and allowed to unloose itself and grow. The thought of the challenge is bruising. We are so different from the white man. He shoots straight and fast from the hip but he has less dynamics. He doesn't enjoy the glory and beauty of interchange, interaction and bold rhetoric. We must wrap realism of creativity and interplay around the guns and the target. We must have our show. We need our audiences. Our stage is life. ENOUGH!!

A. R. Lynch



RECLAMATION

Silently I approach.
I shall not warn nor ask nor demand.
Take all that you have denied
I will
as simply and painlessly as you,
took me.
A tale of sorrow I reject;
My bright dark smile shall gleam
I am the Lord of Laughter;
A simple chuckle shall scream
and drown all your pangs and
sighs of horror, (even in your sleep).

Martin E. Bolton

Dowahs

from THE MESSA' MAN

(WHY WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL OF CHARLEY)

words.....Words.....WORDS.....words.....Words.....WORDS.....w
o Dowahs gritting on the original white house lawn. o
r humpbacked midgets smoking Popeye spinach in some r
d lowly kneegrows vegetable garden. Charlie Brown as- d
s king Linus was his granddaddy a spook..Words..... s
words.....Words.....WORDS.....words.....Words.....WORDS.....w
o lonely letters telling your MOM that you love her o
r long distance. Ink bombs planted between blue lines. r
d on reefer paper. Legal notes saying that something d
s is supposed to be law.words. words. words.words. word s
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....WORDS.....w
o written sounds bouncing off a mental wall screa- o
r ming "BACK SOON STAY," nigger. Stain-glass windows r
d looking for a quiet place to pray. Children hun- d
s ting for a backyard to play. words.words. words. word s
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w
o Overgrown imitation Supermen smiling while some o
r country leader dies. Bourgeoisie kneegroes thin- r
d king how to get across some lies. Five hundred d
s pages essays condensed to form a one line poem. word s
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w
o Bible bullshit saying "Thatif your reap em caused o
r you sewed em". Yea, written sounds screaming "BACK r
d SOON STAY," nigger. Motown songs taking their sold d
s soul down to the bank. words. words. words. words. words
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w
o Foreman shouts hollering "Send over Willie, Booker o
r T and old Hank." Album covers sucking out the soul r
d that we once knew. Freak written text books ex- d
s plaining who you are to you. words. words. words. word s
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w
o Cheaterhustler insurance polices worth about 10 o
r cents in life. Faggot speeches telling you why you r
d should mess over your black wife. Memories trans- d
s lated to finger fuck your ear. words. words. words.words
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w
o Green beret hatchetmen putting self-hate into your o
r beer. Dowahs gritting on the original white house r
d lawn. Whiteys way of keeping you and me as Pauns d
s cause words are only written sounds screaming s
w "Back Soon Stay, nigger" Back Soon Stay, nigger" w
o r
d
s
words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....words.....w

Clay Goss

BLACK MUSIC, WHITE \$\$\$

The Black musician has and always will be a universal part of African people's lives. He, as we are well aware, has been more than just a musician in the ordinary sense of the word. An old eastern proverb expresses the sentiment well, "To some people music is like food; to others, like medicine, and to others, like a fan."

But in spite of all the beauty, love, harmony and spirituality expressed in our music, there is the white, ugly, cold, capitalistic, exploitative system through which our music comes to us. After all who produces, prints, distributes and judges our material. Who do you think 'discovers' you, or decides whether a record is worth five stars or no stars at all?

Ask Bob Thiele.

In a personal interview with trumpet player Donald Byrd we touched upon some of the aspects of being a Black musician. Brother Byrd believes that the individual must manipulate the system to his advantage. From this premise he concluded that three quarters of the changes that the Black artist goes through are brought upon himself. In other words, the way in which a musician functions within the system and allows himself to be exploited are a matter of personal consequence.

If this is the outlook that the musician takes, then all of his changes are brought on by himself. If one artist thinks he can control ABC-Paramounts relations with him, it is fantasy.

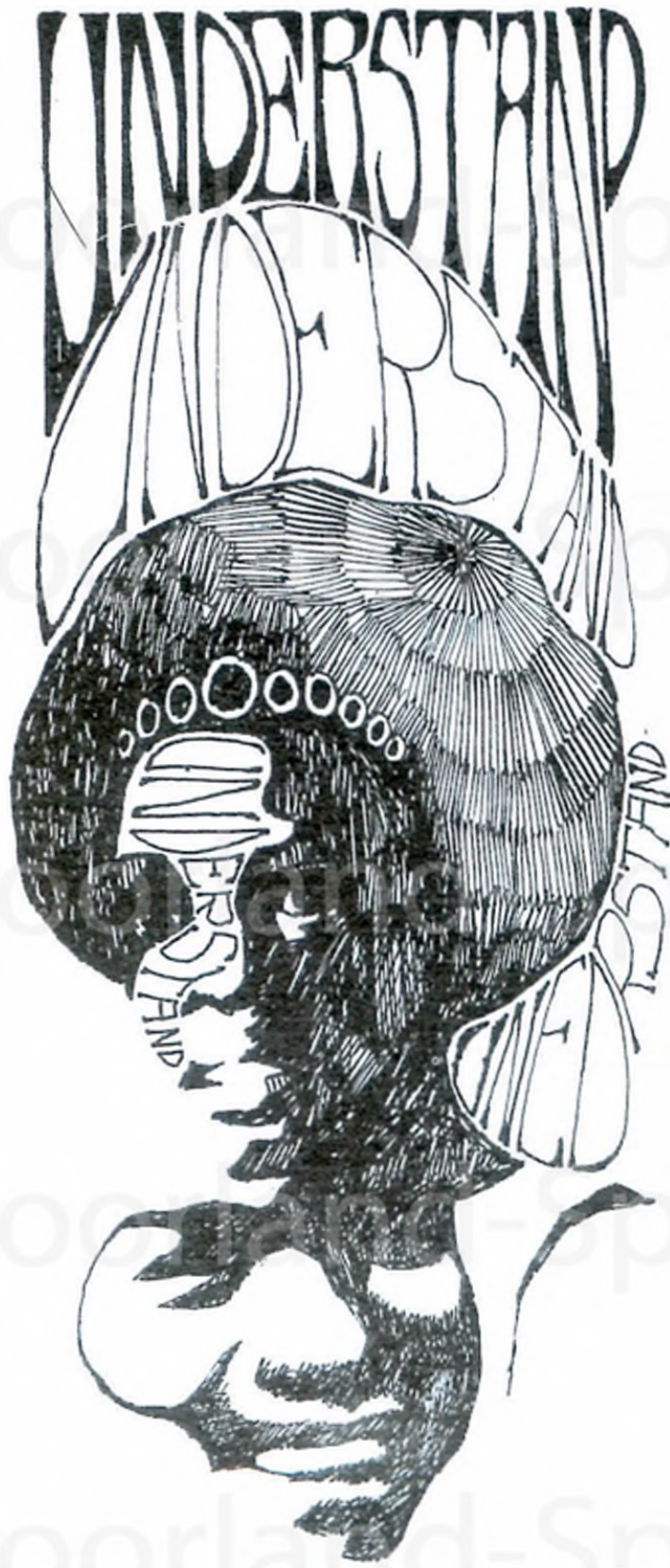
Donald Byrd has been in the jazz arena for more than fifteen years and he believes that with the proper expertise the beast can be controlled from within. What might happen is that the beast might accommodate one or two "trained musicians," but on the whole exploitation of Black musicians will continue.

Of course this is no surprise to any Black person. Exploitation is the guideline in Black-white relations and in the music world it's Black talent and white dollars. The talents of the late Nat King Cole are almost solely responsible for making Capitol records what it is today.

So even in the music field one faces the same problems and misfortunes as every person of African descent does in this European country. It may not be our image that Black musicians face hell, but ask them. The cracker has created the happy-go-lucky son of a gun who has to smoke pot to blow mean sides.

The Black musician has paid his dues in many ways and today there is more emphasis on education for the aspiring musician. But education is not salvation for any Black man. Education like music is political, and for the Black musician to be educated and play solely in the existing modes only serves as a hinderance. Everything has to be learned from an African perspective, otherwise one becomes whitewashed in the understanding of one's relationship to the universe.





“... and how much of this will
you understand”
you want to be understood
and taken seriously
but there is nothing
beyond what is
and my love has no boundaries
or limits

you thought me vile
inhuman
uncomprising
wretched
demon from the deepest abyss
conjuring nightmares
unreal
“a picture”

can there be love in such a thing
surrounded by haunting
reality
while minds explode
in confusion
do you know love
no provincial morals without understanding
god beckons us all to his feet
and surrounds us in beauty
if we only open our eyes

you find me vile
i love the night
the stars
my heart tries to understand the chaos
that surrounds me
it says love oh love the night

you think i did not understand
exploitor
corruptor
seeker of hendoistic pleasure
a searcher of a dream
life is but rose a transient illusion
a voyage through an unreal deminsion

you think me vile
i have cryed tears on all the planets
my soul has wanted to return home for
centuries
and now i come to you prostrate myself
at your feet and say think
try to understand
that the line goes on forever
open your soul
spread yourself
at his feet and sing his
praises

you think me vile
sad
those who love die
of broken hearts
crucified by those they loved
and i try to understand you
while
celestial bodies travel on endless

voyages through the universe
and a night in the
lesser realm of existense

between beings
incomplete misunderstandings
seeking
pleasure not love
it matters not to a passing moment
on the clock of time
only if you seek the truth
you seek that which is supreme
in oneness
in god
in allah
in brahman
something within
and outside yourself
“... how much of this will you
understand”

none of this is real it matters
not but love
oh you say a stranger
we are all strangers in this land
mothers and daughters
fathers and sons
husbands and wives
a man and a woman
a lover and the loved
we are all strangers
who can only understand
a sigh
you think yourself ready
for a struggle
or me possibly mad
a stranger
would you love me today
life comes after death
possible you think me mad
contemptuous

while you think of
revolution
and people fall
dead around you everywhere
on subways
corners
park benches
everywhere
like a man drowning from air

understand tomorrow is another day
and memories search for the past
and bodies now
jump to jb and sly
minds closed to the truth
if i were a bird and could fly
but i am a man and cry out

“... how much of this will you
understand”

Norman Reid
69



How does it feel to be THE PROBLEM?

To wake up in the morning not knowing from whence you came and where you are going;

To be in search of a thing that seems to be in oblivion.

How does it feel...?

To worry about your masculinity and how distorted it has become.

To be committed and not know what you are committed to.

To liberate a people who seems not to want liberation.

To despise a certain set of values but must still aspire to gain those values.

How does it feel...?

To love your woman and not be able to give your woman what she really needs.

To exist in a sick, paranoid society that has denied you all your human needs and wants.

To exist as statistics and not as humans.

To be told by my oppressors that I'm moving up and I can still taste the hunger in my mouth.

How does it feel...?

To be told about the great American dream and to know it is filled with malnutrition.

To be twenty-one chronologically and be sixteen mentally because of the super imposition of an alien culture.

Cleve Harrigan



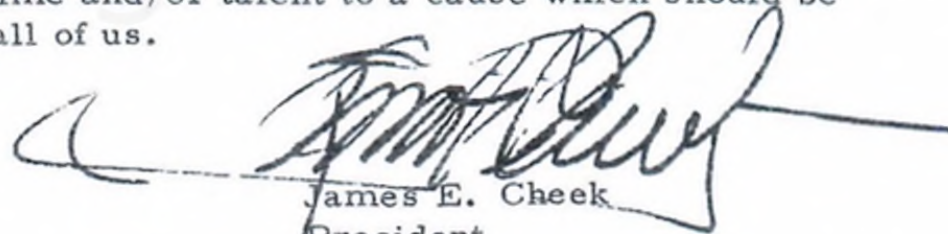
A Message from the President

When we permit ourselves to think of the vast riches and resources of the United States, it should give us a feeling of joy, happiness and appreciation for the privilege of being Americans. On the other hand, if we permit ourselves to reflect on the inequitable distribution of these riches and resources, we come to the realization that many Americans suffer from the misfortune of being poor.

Quitman County in Mississippi is apparently one of the poorest areas in the entire country. Many of the basic and fundamental services and facilities necessary for the sustenance of life cannot be found in this county. If one were to survey the county for health care services and facilities, he would find them virtually nonexistent.

Some very dedicated and concerned members of the Howard University family have pledged that they will help the residents of Quitman County acquire the kind of care that is so vital to their health. I am pleased to be a part of this group that has pledged such action.

The planned projects to raise money for establishing a health care service for Quitman County deserve the total support of all who are fortunate enough to have escaped the misfortune being experienced by the people of that county. I would therefore urge you to make a generous contribution of money, time and/or talent to a cause which should be tugging at the hearts of all of us.


James E. Cheek
President

Untitled

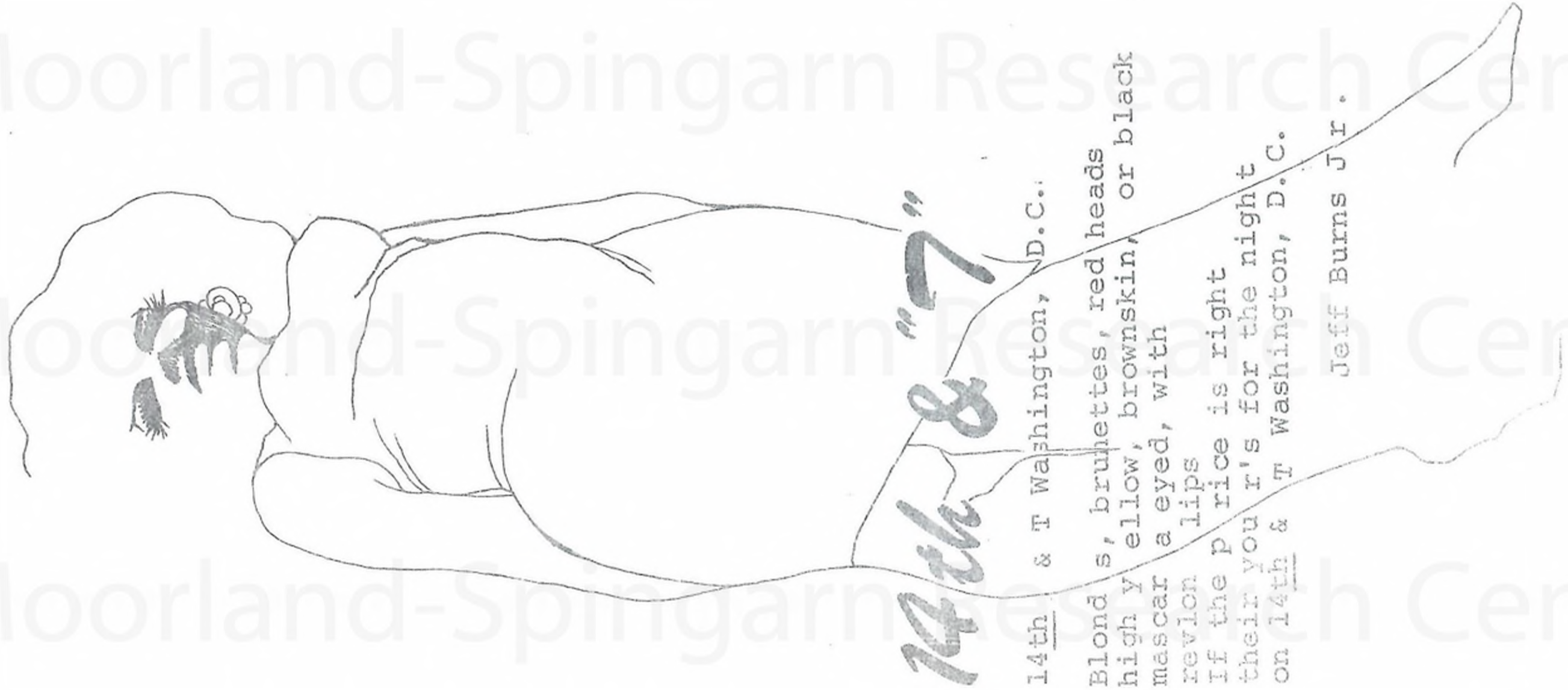
I have watched you
your beauty
slow-motioned
from L platforms
on sixty-third
and from funky hallways
waiting for graffitied busses
walking
you beating out
the rhythm
of your life
a dance
on hot
and shit-splattered
pavements
gliding and dipping
into each new step
with firm hips
that churn and grind
each old step
so effortlessly
into boogaloos
of long, lean thighs . . .
I smiled
and have touched you
and felt the bones
so strong
hard from endurance and me . . .
next to you
lying in prone positions
deep sunk
in the sweet-damp of beds
that are yours
and you
with ink-dark eyes
half opened
looking down
from above
whisper-lips swollen soft
and full
that cover mine
and more
throbbing to the
beat of a good fuck
and the knowledge that
this manliness
was never sold
for frailer fineries . . .
I breathe deeply
taking long, hard drags
of your un-cut Blackness
rolled so carefully
packed so tightly
holding it in
for long, high times
when there's you
and there's me
smelling
the sweet odor
that is me
only when
there's you
sweet smell of Blackness
fragrance of Blackness
entering me
filling me
with all that is Black
and you . . .
when I glow
from the heat
the pride
the beauty
this strength
that is you
a man
and forever
so Black
and now mine.



Ghetto Life

by michael hawkins

A life that is full of misery - want
A death that walks beside not creep behind
A heart heavy laden with sorrow
A mind that knows not satisfaction
A world that lends no peace
Ashamed to call it home
A families sight in anguished tears
A face trodden with lifes burdens
A road of life that cries out in despair



Cry of the Ghetto

My people cry within the ghetto;
and that cry is drowned out by the sound of hate.

A child is born in a house condemned six months ago;
and there are already too many mouths to feed.

A hungry infant screams until his belly swells;
because the welfare checks can't make ends meet.

A toddler dies, his absence hardly noticed;
because he mistook a rat for a toy.

An adolescent mother squirms in labor;
before she learns the facts of life.

A teenage boy lies bleeding in a God-forsaken alley;
he writhes in pain, and cries for help,
but no one hears his plea.

A family of nine huddles together on a cold winter night,
and the tears turn to frost, which ashens their
Black faces.

A militant stalks the streets, and cries, "Burn baby, burn."

They burn the block, then winter comes;
the fires are out and cold winds blow
and frost bite plays the trick.

The cry goes on, and on, and on;
but a thousand echos can't penetrate
the eardrums deafened by the din of hate.

Maureen Vanterpool
6/18/69

Memo: To A Black Woman

I FORGOT
TO REMEMBER YOU
YOU:
YOU:
MY QUEEN
MY SOUL
MY WOMAN
THE MATRIX OF
MY DREAMS

ACCEPT ME NOW
I ASK
TOGETHER
WE
YOU
ME
WILL RE/PEAT LOVE
WILL RE/MAKE LIFE
WILL RE/LIVE BEING

YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE
BUT I NEGLECTED
TO RELATE
MEAN--ING--FULLY
TO YOUR BLACK/ESSENCE

B L A C K W O M A N N N N N
I
AM YOUR M A N N N N N
YOUR LOV E R R R R
YOUR P R O T E C T O R R R R
YOUR W A R R I O R R R R R

I
SON OF MANY LOVERS
FOR-----GOT
TO LOVE YOU

B L A C K W O M A N
I
RECLAIM YOU
FROM SLAVERY
FROM OPPRESSION
FROM A HISTORY
(that is not yours or mine)
I
RECLAIM YOU
AS MY CO/CREATOR
FOR OUR SONS&DAUGHTERS
FOR AFRICA
FOR A BLACK/FUTURE

I
OFF/SPRING OF MANY WARRIORS
F-----I-----L-----D
TO PROTECT YOU

I
GOD OF RESPECT
NE-----GA-----TED
MY RESPECT FOR YOU

I
RECLAIM YOU
FOR YOU ARE/LIFE
THE
CORE OF OUR/EXISTENCE
THE
AXIS OF OUR/BEING
THE
GRAVITY FOR OUR/LIBERATION

NOW
I SEE YOU
IN BLACK/WOMAN/SPLENDOR
MY DESIRE
MY LOVE
MY ONE/NESS

NOW
I REFUSE
TO FORGET
TO REMEMBER YOU
TO PROTECT YOU
TO LOVE YOU
TO RESPECT YOU

TAKE MY HAND NOW
LET US RECONCILE OUR/LIVES
THE
PAST HAS PASSED
THE
PRESENT IS PASSING
THE
FUTURE WILL/BE OUR'S

BY Stan Ferdinand



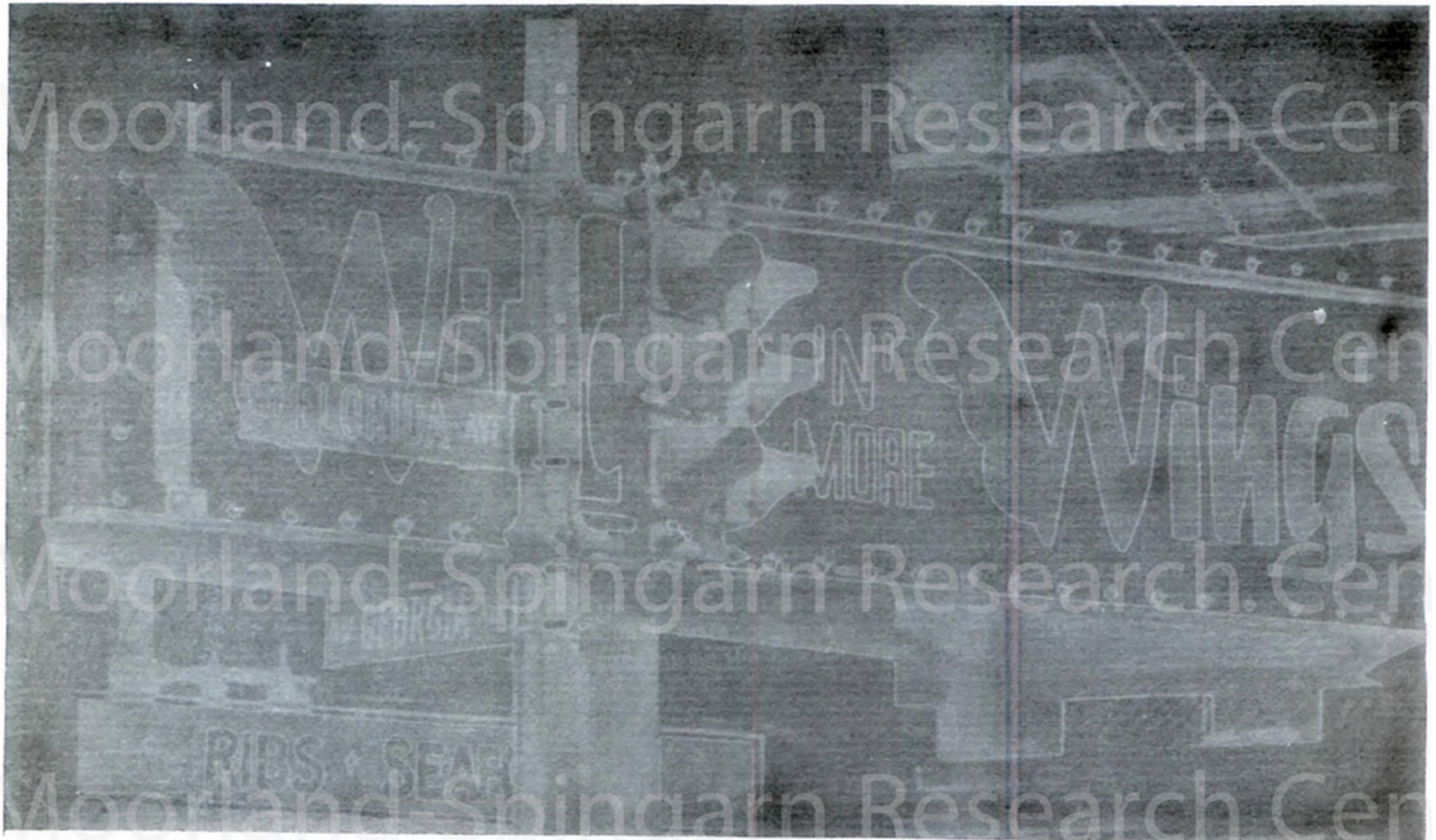
Goonnowdigon

the white beast has us HATING/FIGHTING our beautiful selves to be the first/gettin' the money from o.e.o. makin' headlines and society columns to be on THE neggrow t.v. program harambee the beast has us laughin' at the way we walk/talk the words we use but it has exploited our words WORDS! like behop/fine/mellow/dig ragtime/boogie woogie/jazz/blues/soul/pig/hip/cool and BLACK but that beast! but that beast! that beast it talks walks/laughs and dresses like us!! dig those colors!! they have us downin' each auther but the white witches lust for au brother while white devils crave and jaculate for our BLACK mothers and brothers

the bitchy witch knows we have only preserved – PRESERVED! them au good fuck and the genocide of our people/industrialism/depression/starvation/oppresion/birthcontrol pill/i.u.d. and for those who don't know i.u.d. cause cancer you best get on your T and start makin' some time on your BLACK J.O.B. preserved technology yeah! thats right! technology that witch know WE created those machines and wires while edison/ford/bell were out stealin' patents/eatin'/suckin'/fuckin' and gettin' their asses plugged

the white witch knows – sisters our gettin' au wig/fryed head and au maxie while witches are grabin' dashikies and tryin' to get natural – that skunky witch is wise to the fact that all religions originated in Asia/Africa and was THEN europeanized – that skunky funky witch know! teddy bear roostvelt wouldna been 'round if that BLACK regiment waszent there to charge five or six times before them – the tomb woulda read roughly rode freakish teddy to au fellatio death – the witch knows that the only american culture (if there is such authing) was ripped from US and in au snot filth pillow and bed it wimpers like au mice thinkin' of presley/beatles/sinnatra/jolson/brenstein/girlshwin/previn/doresy/pisscasso and you know who! and you know who!! imitation nigger tom jones!! who are all dried up tired twistin' homosexual rogues those witches know that the charleston/country & western/bebop/calypso/jazz/hillbilly/classical/symphony/ALL music/art/creativity EmoTIONnall koooolness is BLACK – yeah that witch knows and the devil do too that's why they are winkin' their eyes and pantin' their thighs for the supersuperduper of all – MAN OF ALL beast

Bob Stokes
wash. d.c./69





AND WE HAD BELIEVED

And we had daily dug the ditches
The ditches into which we fell
or were pushed
Yet we had believed.

And we had daily laid the streets
The streets in which we lived and died
and were killed
Yet we had believed.

And we had daily sung the songs
The songs which we felt need to sing
or were forced
Yet we had believed.

And we had daily carried the signs
The signs which were to speak for us
or to us
And we had believed.

And then one day we cried out
Cried out from the lips which sang
Cried out from the lips which trembled
Cried and screamed and cursed from lips
Which cried laments
But we no longer believed.

By Rodrick A. Bess

by Rodrick Bess

They tell me that my life
is not a gentle time
but they needn't have told me
for I knew
but more than that
they try to cloud my senses
with heavy experiences
and say my life is only that
but they're such fools
for my life is shaded
by a gentle love.

as yet untitled

by Bethram Williams

...the GENTLE PEOPLE

...to YOU

...this SAD SONG

...this is dedicated

"TOMORROW"

Black Love

BLACK/LOVE/IS
A UNION OF
BLACKS/WITH/BLACKS
FOR BLACKS
TOGETHER/NESS
&
INTEGRITY

OF
ONE'S/BLACK/SELF
AN EXPERIENCE OF
BLACK/FUSION/COMMUNION

BLACK/LOVE/IS
A DIGRESSION FROM
WHITE/ILLUSIONS/DELUSIONS
CREATES OWN SOLUTION
TRANSCENDING ALL THAT IS
UGLY
&
UNREAL

BLACK/LOVE/IS
A MYSTICAL DISCOVERY
OF ONE'S SELF/LESS/NESS
A PRODUCTIVE ORIENTATION
TO BLACK RE/IN/CA/NATION

BLACK/LOVE/IS
A PARADOX OF ALL
BLACKS/BEING/ONE
WHOLE
&
INSEPRABLE

BLACK/LOVE/IS
HUMAN IN LOVE
I AM YOU/YOU ARE ME
WE ARE ONE
OF
AN/ALL/INCLUSIVE/BLACK/HUMANITY

BLACK/LOVE/IS
SELF&SELF IS LOVE
IS BLACK SELF/LOVE

BLACK/LOVE/IS
MOTHERLY/FATHERLY
BROTHERLY
&
SISTERLY

BLACK/LOVE/IS
A LOVE SUPREME
PROVIDING/CARE/RESPECT
KNOWLEDGE
&
RESPONSIBILITY

BLACK/LOVE/IS/NOT/superficial
OR
confusion
diffusion
oppression
regression

BLACK/LOVE/WILL/BE
OF
BLACK/QUALITY/BLACK/CULTURE
BLACK/STRUCTURE
&
BLACK/AFRICA

by Stan Ferdinand



notes on *African Music*

Isaac T. Hargrove

The student of African Music is summarily the student of a Euro-American and often racist conceived legend, mythology and questionable facts attributed to the African people and continent. "All history is saga and myth, and as such the product of the state of our intellectual powers at a particular time; of our capacity for comprehension, the vigour of our imagination, our feeling for reality."¹ That body of materials concerning the "musics" of Africa to which the student would most readily turn, has been molded by an intellect both foreign and antagonistic to Africa. At best the ethnologist has labored in the traditional Western deductive and analytical fashion to elucidate a continent, a people and a tradition not steeped in Aristolian logic or Grecco Roman Classicism. The ethnologist or the musicologist has first proceeded to pry African Music from the African Cosmology (to which it is essential and which is essential to it), then went on to wring out whatever meaning is left through transcription and translation. He thereby facilitated its eventual positioning on a staircase of Aesthetic values (Euro-American Aesthetic values) and their concomitant irrelevancy.

The student of African Music must pursue that study cognizant of the impropriety of examining African 'Music' outside the context of its cosmology and tradition; aware of inaccuracies inherent in the transcription of African thought and action, and aware of the questionable validity of the materials consulted.

The suppositions made in this paper may indeed be questionable in light of the lack of thorough research, but may be no less valid than advanced by field papers with their 'grandiosely' biased theories and pronouncements.

The major concern of this paper is the music of Central Africa. The work consulted most frequently was to have been Rose Brandel's. Her work alone soon proved inadequate. Her geographical and cultural designation of the area of Chad, Central Africa Republic, Republic of Congo, Uganda, Rwanda, Tanzania, Cameroon, Gabon, and Dem. Rep. of the Congo as one musical area appears inaccurate. Further, Brandel assumes that this cultural area centered originally about the Great Lakes. This assumption is based on a theory championed by Carl Meinhof (*Die Sprachen der Hamiten*, 1912). The Great Lakes Theory would attribute all the seminal events of African history to the stimulus of incoming, superior Caucasoids, as they exercised their influence on an indigenous, passive Negroid population."² The Great Lakes theory concerns itself with the origin of the Bantu languages. Brandel considers Bantu language group the most important of the cultural area of Central Africa.

Greenberg, in a somewhat more tenable theory, treats the Bantu language group as a sub-group of the larger Niger-Congo language family. He asserts that Bantu is most closely related to the Central branch of the Niger-Congo family, and probably originated in the border area of Nigeria and Cameroon. This broader area of the Niger-Congo linguistic area corresponds roughly to the distribution of the xylophone, the Sansa, the gong gong-Axe blade concept, the short rhythm pattern, certain singing techniques, rhythmic and melodic concepts.

It is the position of this paper that the area bounded roughly by the Atlantic and the Gulf of Guinea on the west at 10 degrees latitude north, and on the east by the great Rift, at 15 degrees latitude south exhibits a musical typology and linguistic relationship that is of a nature that established it as a single cultural area. This area corresponds closely with the combined sections four and five of Alan Merriam's map of the musical areas of Africa. Later in this paper, more details surrounding the case of establishing this as a single cultural area are provided.

The languages are very often different. More often than not, Euro-American researchers have stressed rather strongly the plurality of African culture. More likely than not, the researcher of African descent would stress the homogeneity of African Culture. Considering the vastness of the African continent and the lack of the modern conveniences. It seems that that with Africans, "Music is more permanent than language"³ The survival of African musical elements in the Americas, and the complete loss of an African language should serve to indicate the permanence of the African musical tradition.

At this point it is necessary to stress the disadvantage of studying "African Music" or "musics", as a separate entity. As indicated earlier there is less an 'African music' than there is an African Cosmology. In African Cosmology or "world system", a codified body of musical theory and philosophy as found in the Orient and Euro-America does not exist. The traditional African culture contains little if anything to parallel Europe's and America's concept of Art (music) for Art's (music) sake. While Europe's concept of social realism may appear somewhat closer to the African concept, it too is quite distant. In traditional Africa, there is no distinction in popular, folk and 'fine art' musics. labeling of traditional African music as 'folk' indicates his lack of reflection on the validity of the European value system from which the term springs as well as a lack of consideration on the applicability of those values to Africa.

Brandel in the Congo area and Nketia in Ghana indicate that Africa's counterpart to the professional musician is not held in correspondingly high esteem. These observations appear to indicate the concept of a community music. While those individuals who possess some innate musical and kinesthetic aptitude often act as leaders and professionals, the traditional concept is one of a community endeavor. The concept of Group participation (Total Experience) is wide spread in the cultural area previously delineated.

African Musical endeavor is most often described as "functional. When describing African thought and action in a language (and its concomitant value system) foreign to it, there is the danger of inaccuracy. African Music is not "functional" in the sense that the Fine Arts Building at H.U. is functional: economically and artistically inconspicuous. The term "functional" also implies a subordinate role. It suggests the Euro-American conception of music as an after-hour frill, a luxury accorded the carefree. However, in traditional Africa, music, like dancing and most essentially rhythm, is an inseparable part of being born, of puberty and manhood, hunting, war, love, marriage, death, and existence after death. Indeed, rhythm is the whole cosmology. It is more accurate for our American convenience to refer to African music as an integral and functioning (active) part of all Africa: its religion philosophy, its birth and death, its history, its existence.

It is generally agreed that rhythm is the one fundamental of African music, and that rhythm is best understood through drumming. There are several analytical approaches to African drumming. Brandel describes the rhythms of 'central Africa' as the 'African hemiola style'. The hemiola style refers "to the interplay of two groups of three notes with three groups of two notes." Brandel explains away the whole of Central Africa rhythms as derivations of the rhythmic styles of India and the Middle East, and of ancient Greece.

Less biased approaches to African rhythm include those of A.M. Jones, Ward, and Alan Merriam. They generally agree that African rhythm is characterized by multiple rhythms and meters – polyrhythm and polymeter. The concept of polymeter does not refer to the elaboration of a single beat. Polymeter occurs when one drummer plays four beats to a bar, another three, another five, and so on. Another important characteristic of African music is the Cross Accent or Cross Rhythm, which refers to instances where accents are staggered in relationship to the foundation rhythm.

A.M. Jones in *Studies In African Music* made a comparison of the drumming techniques of two distant tribes, the Ewa in Ghana and the Lala in Zambia. Similarities observed included the mutual use of the call and response form in free rhythm. Both Groups in singing used the consecutive fourths, and the song was accompanied by handclapping. The handclapping in both cases occurred as units of two. The drumming occurred as a unit or multiple of three. This occurrence of 2 against 3 suggests Brandel's hemiola reference. In both tribes, three drums are used and each of the drummers in the Ewa has a direct counterpart in the Lala. This leads Jones to say that a "Ewa drummer would find himself perfectly at home in the heart of Central Africa."⁴

Jones, whose studies are primarily in Central Africa, proposes that African drumming is built on a combination of rhythmic pattern. He holds that in drumming, the main beats of the rhythmic patterns never coincide. This is the concept of cross accent or 'crossing the beats.' That is essential to African Drumming. Nketia and Jones are in accord on the basic composition of the traditional African drum ensemble. It includes a) the lesser drums that usually provide a ground rhythm and b) the intermediate drum, which plays a more complex rhythm against that of the lesser drum. Nketia holds the intermediate drum figure to be additive and sometimes designed to compliment and be woven into the figure of the master drum. In Central Africa (lat. 7 degrees south) Jones found that while the part of the middle drum is additive, it does not reply to the master drum, as Nketia indicates. Both agree that the master drum employs an additive approach as well as a great deal of extemporization. The master drum's initial rhythmic figure provides a base for further pattern building and improvisation. Nketia observes that in many Ghanaian ensembles an accompanying gong may be employed as a central organizing beat. The gong is heard repeatedly playing a short rhythmic pattern. The gong rhythm provides an auditory reference point should a player wish to rearrange his particular pattern. Jones in his study of Lala in Zambia noted an absence of the gong concept. Jones attempted to superimpose an Ewa dance with a gong rhythm on the Lcila dance of the Lala tribe. He found that they coincided perfectly. Jones, in addition found after transcribing the rhythms and songs of the Ewa in Ghana and in Lala, that the master drumming is very much alike. These and other highly positive musical correlations of the Congo area and the West Coast lend very strong support to the position that the Congo area and West Coast Africa form one musical area in addition to being linguistic area.

It seems self defeating, directionless and futile to attempt to 'analyse' an African melody (or any melody) after the act. If the term art is applicable, then we must understand that involved in its creation (with reference to the African conscience) are those intranslatable elements of spontaneity, spiritual and physical possession (something lost to Euro-America) and a readily apparent 'collective' spiritual unison. If after observing that creative endeavor described above, one relates immediately to 'systems of tonal organization,' and microtonic, diatonic and 'chasmatic' scales; it's time to wonder about 'progress'.

Several approaches have been employed in the study of African melody making. They include modal systems, (Nketia), melodic contour end structure (Jones, Hornbostel) and motor impulses (Waterman). It is generally agreed that the African tune or melody is most intimately related to the African language. Jones proposes that the two are inseparable.⁵

The Bantu languages and the related languages are tonal languages. The relative level or band of intonation (Brandel uses the term tonemes) imparts a grammatical and a semantical function. Some of the languages have more tonemes (pitch Bands) than others. Brandel acknowledges the existence of as many as nine bands to one language. Intoning seems to be the most universal element in sub-Sahara African languages. This quality of intoning is to be contrasted with European 'stress' languages where pitch level only serves to further accent, and does not have a grammatical or semantical function. Brandel describes this intoning quality in African languages as the melody of speech.

Given the melodic nature of African languages, the relationship between speech contour and melodic contour becomes apparent. The contour of the spoken phrase or lyric provides a direction for the sung melody. In most discussions of African linguistics, there is allowance for three bands of intonation: high, middle and low. Within each band there may be several different degrees or levels. The intoning levels or bands are of course relative to the median pitch.⁶ The median pitch is not a fixed pitch, but may vary from tribe to tribe. The median level is not a straight or horizontal line, but it occurs in the manner of a "downdrift". When speaking or singing, the sentence will often begin in the middle with high intonation bands, and will gradually work its way downward. Jones speaks of a tendency in African melodies to drift downward in a "saw-like" manner.

Jones invented an instrument called a tonometer, the purpose of which is to compare the tonal direction or movement of the individual spoken syllable, and the individual sung syllable. In one melody consisting of 114 melodic steps, he found that speech and melody moved parallel to each other in 74 cases. Some general observations made included: a possible change in melodic centre; at the beginning and end of each songline there is a melodic liberty; and the melody flattens out big tonal leaps in speech. The creativity or art in making a melody is evidenced in the deviations of the tune from the tonometer the tune does not 'slavishly' follow the speech pattern. It should be further emphasized that the tonal nature of the African language is melodious in itself. Where the Euro-American concept of tune and melody has been applied to African vocalization, the action in question could more appropriately have been described as elaborated speech. I am proposing here that in traditional African music, the tune or melody is interrelated with ordinary speech that it is inappropriate to consider them as separate. Further, it is misleading to characterize a tune as 'seesaw' or 'slavishly' following speech patterns. When approaching African song, one should be prepared to abandon the Euro-American analytical conception of the musical elements (melody, rhythm, harmony, etc.). The characterizations of African music such as "Tritone effect", "Pentachordal fanfare", "descending tetrachord", "hemiola patterns", "modality", "interval sequence", and the like may be valid for the composer who wishes to adapt some African elements to a European music. The analytics that pervade most studies do not lead themselves, moreover, to the elucidation of the creative African Mind. The path to understanding the African lies in his language and religion philosophy.

The concept of scale is a foreign importation. Its existence is highly questionable. The scale "denotes the tonal material of music arranged according to rising pitches". This Euro-American concept simply does not exist in Africa, either diatonically or pentatonically. The scale does not provide the material for African music. True, one can very easily establish pentatonic scales and modes in the music of the Alean, or a heptatonic among the Chopi, but whether they actually exist prior to the musical act is a question to be put to the African. I would venture to say that one asking that question would receive a look of amazement (at the questioner's naivete.)

The major form of all African vocal music is antiphony – the alternation of soloist and chorus. The melodic line (the response) that the chorus sings serves to distinguish songs. The leader's part is largely improvised. In instrumental music, the forms (here again the concept of form is a foreign importation) appear to be more varied, and complex. Hugh Tracey goes so far as to apply the idea of an 'orchestral dance in nine to eleven movements' to the music of the Chopi.



With regard to harmony in African music, it is often asserted that Africa has no harmony. Brandel among others holds that harmony the traditional African music is rudimentary in the development towards the "European harmonic complex." This assertion grows from the preconceptions surrounding the belief that "Africans have not developed enough culturally to be expected to have harmony."

In dealing with African harmony, one should have a clear definition of that term. In Europe, harmony is viewed as a vertical phenomena with a "scientific body of knowledge attached"¹² and peculiar to it. It is often postulated that African Harmony (the simultaneous soundings of more than one pitch) is a manifestation of the choral antiphony in African Music. Harmony in traditional Africa is purportedly an accident that occurs when the leader's part overlaps the choral response.

These assertions are false and colored by a racial and cultural bias. It is true that the harmony resulting from the overlapping of parts is prevalent in Africa, but it is by no means the only harmony. Hornbasteel has recorded many instances of parallel organum among the Wasukuma at the octave, fifth and fourth. Jones has recorded instances of contrary motion among the Manyika. Ward in Ghana, cited instances of five-part harmony. He wrote: "Genuine African harmony as far as I have heard consists of thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths and octaves."¹³ According to Nketia, "there are songs in which two or three parts may be heard simultaneously in the chorus response, songs in which this part structure is consistent, others in which it occurs sporadically and still others in which it alternates with singing in unison . . . It seems clear that it (part structure) existed before Western influence began to be actively felt."¹⁴

A major point of contention in African music is whether or not it is conceived vertically or horizontally, or harmonically or polyphonically. This point actually merits the attention it has received only in that if the conception is vertical and harmonic, it is like Euro-America and good; if not it is African and primitive. What is important is that the Music of Africa is the land of Africa, the folklore, the religion philosophy, the birth and death of African people.

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Jones A. M. *Studies in African Music*, Oxford Press, N.Y., 1959

Apel, Willi. *Harvard Dictionary of Music*, Harvard Press, Cambridge, 1968.

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✓ a personal love poem

the shadow of your soul
flickers as a candle
upon the walls and fills
the room with a warmth
that is not heat. you are
as familiar
as the old soft-back chair
and as new as the sun
that peeks through the blinds
as we talk. and cigarette smoke
dangles in the air, suspended by
our breath and our breathlessness.

yea, even as these words
fill this page and this poem
fills my need
your love
fills the gap in my life
and the chasm in my being....

by Jomo

In the darkness you showed me what love and
making were all about.

You in me must be a natural thing.

Your black body glistening with the sweat of
making me feel real.

To give a body is so simple but to give a body,
heart and mind all at one time is hard.

To unite the three in a moment of sweet treat
is hard. But you did it and well. Very well.

I'm yours. You can make love to the three of me,
my mind, body and heart for they've become one
to receive you.

You in me must be a natural thing.

by Sandra Jowers

From Me to You

Drink my love.
This fountain never runs dry.
Take time to quench your thirst,
The clock has flown into oblivion..

Feast my love,
Dine well upon this meal.
Sink deep into this lusty dream,
Dawn is dead.

Take your time, my love,
Today is a life time long.
Reality is our own fantasy,
Your passions are mine.

by Cher

I was COOL once

REAL COOL

in my days of italian shoes

\$55 dollar red pants

(and sports jackets)

BOPing down boston road, NEW YORK CITY!

finger popping to the traffic lights

grooving in on the together girls in the projects

like my mind was ^{uP} on being cool
hung

(my whole philosophy was how to be more cool

how to dress cool

how to talk cool

how to dance to the heat of the music

like a cool SPADE FROM BROOKLYN ROCKING TO THE

SSSSOUND OF HIS OWN FINGERS*)

I lived in a bottle, then

hypnotized by

...its...paper...lid.

J. A. Dixon

HOW BLACK IS BLACK or (Come Wade in de wadah) Um talkin to ma BLACK brothers. the ones who so black they piss india ink. i wanna ask'em a question. How black is black? i don't wear daishikis. but them i don't wear diapers--either. i eat the hell outa ham hocks/poke chops/bacon. so did nat. now tell me his mind was fucked up. as for Coltrane--he's mellow. but i still prefer Wes Montgomery. i luv Don Lee. But Leroi-at times-is much too deep. i didn't come to fuck up yo' minds. (i'll let time split those maiden heads). i came to put somethin' on'em. um gon' ask you again - how black is black? Swahili gives me headaches. and yoruba - shit i have better luck paint'n the ski. and i use quotes from the bible - that's right - the christian bible. i can talk to hunkies - not for long - but for a while. i don't salute the american flag. but neither have i burned one--recently. now tell me Black FOUNDIN' FATHERS - am i a tom? (or do i have enough blackie points to make me a genuine brotha). what are the rules for joinin your black club? Who made'em/ Karenga? Jones? who judged them? who judged the judges. How black is black? removed yo' tinted bifocals dear brothas. strike a match. illuminate the blackness. before it blinds you. as the glare of whiteness blinded them. look around brothas. all apples ain't red. but worms don't give a damn. i ain't tryin' to wolf on ya! um tryin' to hip ya.--you hipped me. remember? and i wanna thank ya. um not doin' this out spite. um doin' it outa love. i wanna rain on you the same

BLACK?

love you rained
on me.
so put away your umbrellas
revolutionarys - militants - nationalists - panthers
and soak up some
o' this rain --- with your people.



ASS-SIMULATION: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Tried to separate

Human commitment

from human contact

Tried to separate

Procreation

from the sex act

Tried to separate

Dying

from living

And became a pale-white,

sterile, priestly

thing . . . sick . . .

Turned –

Tried to separate

Human contact

from human commitment

Tried to separate

The sex act

from procreation

Tried to separate

Living

from dying

But failed . . . failed

GLORIOUSLY

And almost got

back, er black

September 24, 1969

Letter to the Editor of the *BARRISTER*

SOUTH AFRICA • • • **A Police State**

The fact that a police state exists on the continent of Africa in the year 1969 A.D. is almost unbelievable. Yet, the unfortunate truth is that the Republic of South Africa has many gestapo aspects.

One recent indication of the state of affairs in South Africa is the General Law Amendment Act of 1969 which, among other things, makes it a crime to talk about the newly created Bureau for State Security — “B.O.S.S.” — (Clause 10) and which also empowers the “Prime Minister or any person authorized by him or . . . any other Minister” to prevent evidence being given in court if they think it to be against the interests of the state (Clause 29).

The text of Clause 10 is:

Any person who has in his possession or under his control any sketch, plan, model, article, note, document or information which relates to munitions of war or any military, police or security matter and who publishes it or directly or indirectly communicates it to any person in any manner or for any purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the Republic, shall be guilty of an offense and liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding one thousand five hundred and or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding seven years or to both such fine and such imprisonment.

... “police matter” means any matter relating to the preservation of the internal security of the Republic or the maintenance of law and order by the South African Police;

... “security matter” means any matter relating to the security of the Republic and includes any matter dealt with by or relating to the Bureau for State Security

Clause 29(1) reads:

Notwithstanding anything to the contrary in any law or the common law contained, no person shall be compellable and no person shall be permitted or ordered to give evidence or to furnish any information in any proceedings in any court of law or before any body or institution established by or under any law, as to any fact, matter or thing or as to any communication made to or by such person, and no book or document shall be produced in any such proceedings, if a certificate purporting to have been signed by the Prime Minister or any person authorized thereto by him or purporting to have been signed by any other Minister in produced to the court of law, body or institution concerned, as the case may be, to the effect that the said fact, matter, thing, communication, book or document affects the interests of the State or public security and that the disclosure thereof will, in the opinion of the Prime Minister or the said person so authorized or other Minister, as the case may be, be prejudicial to the interests of the State or public security.

It is apparent from a reading of Clause 29(1) that a person may be *prevented from giving evidence in his own defense!* And this denial is not even subject to judicial scrutiny! Under Clause 10, a person can be punished for communicating information relating to the Bureau for State Security. But the operations of “B.O.S.S.” are secret, so how is one to know that he is talking about a matter relating to the Bureau for State Security?

Ostensibly, the General Law Amendment Act of 1969 applies to black and white people.

Some of the other restrictions against Black South Africans are:

- Cannot rely on the usual presumption of a person's innocence in many laws of great importance which carry criminal penalties.
- Cannot demonstrate against existing laws. (Remember the Sharpeville Massacre?)
- Cannot vote in national and provincial elections.
- Cannot serve in Parliament.
- Cannot elect representatives to Parliament.
- Cannot remain in any urban area over 72 hours unless he satisfies certain long-term residence or employment standards.
- Cannot, in various circumstances, live with wife or husband in an urban area where one has a job.
- Cannot own or occupy any land area in South Africa that is restricted to other groups.
- Cannot (if more than 16 years old) move outside his home without a "pass" book which must be produced on demand.
- Cannot strike or bargain collectively.
- Cannot fill positions in industry or commerce reserved for whites by Government regulation.
- Cannot break various contracts of employment without criminal penalty.

This is the truth. Believe it or not.

Daisy G. Collins

Several Million Men Off to War

Off to war against the enemy, these were the humble but brave. To bear quite a heavy burden upon their shoulders, to fight against being a slave.

Obstacles to the right, more than one could begin to bear. But fight we must, that is the only way to receive our complete share.

Not only were their resources meek, but meek also were many minds
Yet the concept of being the "Minority" was kicked out and confidence wasn't hard to find.

For hundreds of years they had toiled and sweated, working for "other People's land."
Then a few more years they had chanted down the streets of the Capitol, hand in hand.
But this mistake could not be made over and over again
Because together as a race they realized that they also were men.

So through determination, and the fact of long suffering degradation
These proud people started a drive for total education.
And as the years went swiftly, conservatively by a huge amount of preparedness, was stored in supply.

No more shall the corrupt, corrupt the weak
No more shall we continue to starve when we can eat.
No more shall we say "Amen", not in or out of church
No more shall we praise a blue-eyed God, his commandments bull shit and such.

If there be a god, where was he in Mississippi, Georgia, Carolina, where was he all over the world?
When our fathers and Fore-fathers suffered and hung
When we were counting "beans", and the blue eyes were buying pearls.

This total establishment, this great White way, must end
So back to back we will stand until our blackness rubs off,
Until our blackest roots of blood shall blend.

Long may the revolution wage, till our fathers and mothers in Africa's dead oceans arise.
And grasp that prejudiced, cold faced god from his seat within the sky

Bring him down here amongst us to live with his concern
Then given us a match, on a clear day and see who the hell we burn.

Several million men, off to war and a dreary day
knowing deep within, that we won't be coming back a miracle if we may.
Remembering once we began there's no turning back
prepared to follow our brothers to that filthy grave, filled with blacks
Fight on dear brothers, your cause is strong indeed
My whole body and soul is coming along with you, if you will then I too shall bleed.

November 22, 1968
James Roland, III



African Book List

The following is a suggested list of books and Pamphlets, Brothers and Sisters should be checking out and dealing with at this time.

Political

Post-Prison Writings and Speeches
 The Struggle for Mozambique
 Neo-Colonialism – the Last stage of Imperialism
 Wretched of the Earth
 African Socialism
 Not Yet Uhuru
 Pan-Africanism
 The Revolutionary Years: W. Africa Since 1800.
 The Black Uprisings.
 Castro's Revolution
 Diary of Che
 Ho Chi Minh on Revolution
 Selected Military writings

Eldridge Cleaver	\$ 1.95
Eduardo Mondlane	\$ 1.65
Kwame Khumrah	\$ 2.85
Frantz Fanon	\$.95
W.H. Friedland	\$ 1.95
O. Odinga	\$ 2.45
C. Legum	\$ 7.50
J. Webster	\$ 2.00
L. Steward	\$.35
T. Draper	\$ 1.95
C. Guevara	\$ 1.25
J. Lacoutre	\$ 1.95
Mao-Tse-Tung	\$ 2.75

Psychology

Black Rage
 Black Bougeoisie
 Black Skin, White Mask
 An African Bougeoisie

William Grier & P.M. Cobbs	\$.95
E. Franklin Frazier	\$.95
Frantz Fanon	\$ 1.95
L. Kuper	\$ 1.45

History

Black Heroes in World History
 Africa: Yesterday and Today
 African Nationalism in the 20th century
 African Beginnings.
 Africa: History of a Continent.
 Africa's gift to America
 Before the Mayflower
 From Slavery to Freedom
 Sundiata: An Epic of old Mali
 The World and Africa

Tuesday Magazine	\$.60
Clark Moore & Ann Dundar	\$.95
H. Kahn & W. Solskhy	\$ 1.45
O. Vlahos	\$ 1.45
B. Davidson	\$25.00
J.A. Rogers	\$ 7.50
L. Bennett	\$ 2.45
J.H. Franklin	\$ 8.95
D.T. Niane	\$ 1.95
W.E.B. DuBois	\$ 2.25

Art

Images of Dignity
 The art of Central Africa
 The art of Western Africa
 American Negro Art
 Art in Nigeria
 Drawings

Charles White	\$10.00
William Fagg	\$ 1.25
William Fagg	\$ 1.25
Ed. Cedric Dover	\$12.00
U. Beier	\$ 1.95
U. Okehe	\$ 1.25

Music

Black Music
 Blues People
 Famous Negro Music Makers
 Jazz, It's evolution and Essence.
 The Jazz Story
 Negro Slave songs in the U.S.A.

Ameer Baraka	\$ 1.95
Ameer Baraka	\$ 1.95
L. Hughes	\$ 3.50
A. Hodeir	\$ 1.25
D. Dexter, Jr.	\$ 2.45
Fisher	\$ 1.25

Poetry

Don't Cry, Scream
 Home Coming
 Black Judgment
 Black Pow-Wow
 Fly to Allah
 Anthology of Black Poetry
 Black Magic Poetry
 In the Mecca
 Paper Soul
 Negro Verse
 Poems from Prison
 While Cities Flame
 For Malcolm: Poems on the life and the death of Malcolm X

Don L. Lee	\$ 1.00
Sonia Sanchez	\$ 1.00
Nikki Giovanni	\$ 1.00
Ted Joans	\$ 1.95
Marvin X	\$ 1.50
Ed. Dudley Randall	\$.95
Ameer Baraka	\$ 3.95
Gwendolyn Brooks	\$ 4.95
C. Rogers	\$ 1.25
Ed. A. Hollo	\$.75
Etheridge Knight	\$ 1.00
Dudley Randall	\$ 1.00
Ed. by Dudley Randall & Margaret Burroughs	\$ 2.00

Anthologies

Black Fire
 Black Voices
 Whispers from a Continent
 An African Treasury
 Malcolm X — The Man and his times
 The Black Power Revolt
 Black Arts: An Anthology of Black Creations
 and Harun Kofi Wangara
 African Writing Today

Ed. Ameer Baraka & Larry Neal \$ 3.50
 Ed. Abraham Chapman \$ 1.50
 Ed. William Carter \$ 1.95
 Ed. Langston Hughes \$.50
 Ed. J. H. Clark \$ 1.95
 Ed. Floyd Barbour \$ 1.50
 Ed. by Ahmed Alhamisi \$ 2.00
 Ed. E. Mphalele \$ 1.95

Biographies and Autographies

Blame me on History
 Congo, My country
 Die Nigger Die
 Autobiography of Malcolm X
 Autobiography of W.E.B. DuBois
 The Big Sea
 Ghana
 I will try

B. Modisane \$ 2.00
 P. Lumumba \$ 6.50
 H. Rap Brown \$ 3.95
 Malcolm X \$ 1.25
 W.E.B. DuBois \$ 3.25
 Langston Hughes \$ 2.25
 Kwame Nkrumah \$ 6.00
 L. Kayira \$.75

Philosophy

Muntu
 The Egyptian Book of the Dead
 Four Essays on Philosophy
 Thoughts and Meditations
 What Buddha Taught
 Quotations of Mao
 The Quotable Karenga

Janheinz Jahn \$ 2.45
 E. Wallis Budge \$ 1.95
 M. Tse-Tung \$ 1.00
 L. Gibran \$.75
 W. Rahula \$ 1.75
 Mao Tse-Tung \$ 1.00
 Ron Karenga \$ 1.00

ALL OF THE ABOVE BOOKS CAN BE
 PURCHASED AT DRUM AND SPEAR BOOK STORE
 Located at 2701 14th Street, N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20009
 (202) 234-2883

Plays

New Plays from the Black Theater
 Four Black Revolutionary Plays
 Three Short Plays
 New Black Playwrights
 Negro Playwrights in the American Theater
 A Risin in the Sun
 Ten One-Act Plays
 Five Plays by Langston Hughes

Ed. Ed Bullins \$ 1.25
 Ameer Baraka \$ 2.95
 Wole Soyinka \$ 1.65
 Ed. W. Couch, Jr. \$ 6.95
 D.E. Abramson \$ 2.95
 L. Hansberry \$.60
 C. Pieterse \$ 1.25
 Langston Hughes \$ 1.95

Religion

Black Theology and Black Power
 The Black Messiah
 The Akan Doctrine of God
 Message to the Black Man in America
 God, Allah and Juju
 Islam
 Black Nationalism
 The Negroes God
 Voodoo in New Orleans

James Cone \$ 2.95
 Albert Cleage \$ 2.45
 J. Danquah \$ 6.75
 E. Muhammad \$ 3.50
 J. Mendelsohn \$ 1.95
 A. Guillaume \$ 1.25
 E.U. Essien-Udom \$.75
 B. Mays \$ 2.75
 R. Tallant \$.95

Criticism

Black Expression
 Crisis in the Negro Intellectual

Ed. Addison Bayle \$ 4.75
 Harold Cruse \$ 3.50

Literature

Things Fall Apart
 No Longer at Ease
 Jagua Nana
 People of the City
 The Spook who sat by the door
 The Free Lance Pallbearers
 The Siege of Harlem
 The New Negro
 The Learning Tree
 The Militant Black Writer
 System in Dante's Hell

Chinua Achebe \$.75
 Chinua Achebe \$.75
 Cyprian Ekwensi \$.75
 Cyprian Ekwensi \$.75
 Sam Greenlee \$ 1.25
 Ismael Reed \$.75
 Warren Miller \$.75
 Ed. Alain Locke \$ 4.95
 Gordon Parks \$.75
 M. Cook & S. Henderson \$ 1.95
 Ameer Baraka \$.95





