BORN: Marguerite Johnson, 1929, San Francisco, California.


Education: High school graduate.

Previous employment: Conductor, San Francisco Cable Cars (Market Street line); cook at the Creole Cafe; waitress, whorehouse madame; prostitute; B-girl; dancer in a strip joint; calypso singer; actress; songwriter; screenwriter; journalist; editor.

Current employment: Novelist; poet; playwright; director; Distinguished Visiting Professor in English, literature, and philosophy.

Unlikely! But the tall, brown, beautiful woman who welcomes me to her home has played all those roles. The dancer's flash, actress's cat, journalist's keenness, poet's vulnerability, and scholar's depth—yes, Maya Angelou contains multitudes.

Yet in a world of suspicion, requirements, rigidities, and conduct no-nos of all kinds, what was written on the magic passport that led to this wild mélange of (it would seem) mutually exclusive experiences?

Her two autobiographical novels, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings and Gather Together in My Name, contain fascinating glimpses of a life few would have chosen—just a life, dumped haphazardly on one particular black girl. At the end of Gather Together Maya realizes she has been tricked by a lover into becoming a prostitute; she gathers herself and her son together and goes home to mother in San Francisco. Okay. But how does she get from there to here?

With that question in mind, I climb into my car and careen out of Berkeley and across the hills and valleys to Sonoma, in the heart of California's wine country. Blundering down a maze of country roads in the middle of an intermittent thunderstorm, I find the large, low, rambling house at the end of a well-manicured suburban street.

Maya stands in the doorway, tall and calm, saying, "Welcome." in a soft, rich voice. Inside, the rooms are large, cool, and filled with a welter of half-unpacked cartons. Maya and Paul have just returned from several months of teaching, touring, lecturing, and the premiere production of her adaptation of Sophocles' Ajax, at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. They are moving into a new home, and they show me the Japanese garden where golden carp huddle in a small, bridged pond under the watchful eyes of a squadron of birds; the huge swimming pool, and past the fence, some sun-filled acres of golden grass. Hills rise toward the horizon, limned in smoky shadows of blue, purple, and gold.

"Let's sit in the sun by the pool and have a beer — like the Big People do."

Paul, relaxed and attractive in sweats and slacks, hops about with one broken leg in a plaster cast. He recently published book, Let's Hear It for the Long-Legged Women, talked about his brief, eccentric, but entertaining marriage to Germaine Greer, and touched lightly on his involvement with Maya. Paul is, in a way, the English equivalent of Burt Reynolds. His nude form decorated the centerfold of Cosmopolitan's English edition the same month that Reynolds's picture appeared in America. (The photographer sprayed him with a light coating of gold paint, and airbrushed his navel; his genitals were coyly hidden behind an upraised knee).

He selects a book from a carton and drifts off to the living room.

We settle down in deck chairs by the pool with glasses of California wine, and I ask how it all happened.

She looks startled. "Wow! All in one go? It would be hard to say — even in a twenty-hour interview. I hope to do five autobiographical books; Gather Together in My Name is the second in the series. About the time it ends, I went to work in a record shop and began to learn about music. And I made my first white friend, the woman who owned the store. She introduced me to another way of life. With her help, I began to give up my ignorance and become aware. I'll never know what she saw in that twenty-year-old, six foot tall, closed, withdrawn black girl. But somehow she was perceptive enough to know she had something to give me. I began taking more dance lessons, and eventually I got a dance scholarship that took me to New York City. Then I got a job at the Shakedown, a strip joint in the North Beach area of San Francisco. My costume consisted of two sequins and a feather.

"There were three other dancers, all white, and all strippers. But I didn't strip, because I didn't have anything on to begin with. They paid me $75 a week plus what I could make on drinks. When men asked me to have a drink with them, I would explain that the drinks I got were only 7-Up — so the best thing would be to buy a bottle of champagne instead. I made a lot of money because I was honest about it."

"I danced fifteen minutes of every hour, six times a night. The other ladies would go out and strip, and the band would play, "Tea for Two," or something like that, because the women..."
I was thirty years old, but I have never been
...soon after this. She fell in love with Shakespeare, and
...loved it. Everything dances. I haven't
to me. Everything dances. I haven't
danced in twelve years, and this screws up the young boys so
...bored with all that grind, grind, grind. But I was a dancer, and
...continued to see me. Then I met the people from the Purple Onion across the
...One night Mort Sahl was playing there, with guitarist Stan Wilson. They
...elegant gigs and came to pick me up. We were all sitting around at someone's house, when
...said, "Oh, now I understand! You are supposed to
take my place in the show, because I'm going to New York." So I took some
...and to work. And they loved it. Then I joined the cast of Porgy and
...opened at the Purple Onion — as the star.

"People would line up outside for blocks, waiting to get in. In the middle of
...style of a song, I'd forget the lyrics, so I
...but I kept on writing. When I was nine, I fell in love with Shakespeare, and
...I learned a lot from him — about poetry, and theater, and about songs. I started
...writing songs when I was about fifteen. In the late fifties, I wrote the songs for
...a movie called Calypso Heat Wave, starring Johnny Desmond. Then I
...singing professionally.

"I started working with Martin Luther
...Coordinator of the Southern Christian
...the music for Genet's play, The Blacks, and starred in it for a few months in
...New York at the St. Marks Playhouse. Then I met an African man, a diplomat, and
...Egypt. I lived there for two years, working as a journalist.

"How did I like Egypt? Well — they
...trouble about women. When I hear Western women talking about the
...muslim trip, to me it's a joke. Sexism
...is so much a part of their lives and their religion. Western women have no
...concept of the lack of stature of women in muslim society. A woman is less
...important than the water buffalo. Its milk and flesh are eaten, and its muscles
...the wheels to irrigate the farms. No woman can compete with that!
...Women are abused there. So when I hear women say they subscribe to
...thought, I think, Damn! If you really
...saw it? But there I was, non-Arab, non-Muslim, and a six-foot-tall American
...femal intellectual.

"But what could I lose? I always
...know that. The only thing I can be sure of is that I will die. I can't even be sure
...how this day will end. So I'm free to
...anything. I took the post as associate
...question. The only thing I can be sure
...to get in, you have to be from somewhere else. But
...never been in love with him. A mother raising a son
...alone usually falls in love with him, and this screws up the young boys so
...badly they can't get unscrewed. But
...year was difficult for both of us.

"When I came back, we went to live
...on a houseboat in Sausalito. It was a
...commune, back in the fifties before anyone knew about communes. It just
...wasn't done — but it was wild and we
...loved it.

"I was singing professionally, but I now had
...a feeling about singing professionally. Dance is different; it's like a narcotic to me. Everything dances. I haven't
danced professionally in twelve years, yet when I look outside at the moun-
tains and the trees, I think of choreography — how this would look on a
...stage, in dance."
She smiled. "So far, it's a nice prologue to a piece of work that I am about to start. This summer I intend to learn to fly — there is a small airfield nearby. And I have signed on at Sacramento State College as Visiting Distinguished Professor. I will be giving classes in English, literature, and philosophy. And I have just been asked to share with Shana Alexander and Studs Terkel the production of the National Bill Moyers Journal, for television. I will do six shows. Next year, I hope to begin directing the movie versions of my first two books. I'd like to have either Nina Simone or Roberta Flack do the music.

"Then we want to clear some of the land here and plant vegetables. Last year when we lived in Berkeley, we fed not only ourselves, but our family and most of our friends. We had all sorts of things — corn, cabbage, lettuce, onions, collard greens, potatoes. When I went out shopping today for lunch, I saw how expensive everything is. It's bad enough to feed yourself, but imagine having to feed a growing family — and kids with those great appetites. How do you explain high prices to somebody young who is hungry? We will grow great gobs of vegetables to share with our neighbors and friends, and have plenty for ourselves. It's necessary; it isn't, 'Let's just join the fad and get back to the land.' "

"It's 'Let's eat.' "

I asked her about her marriage to Paul. "We've been married for a year and a half, in the eyes of God. And we are gloriously happy. We respect each other — and we find each other most amusing. We have good, wonderful, healthy arguments. Any time he disagrees with me, it has nothing to do with his thinking that my mental machinery would not be up to handling his opposition. He is kind, but he doesn't molly-coddle me. He'll say, 'Why do you take that position?' And I say, 'Why do you take that position?' "

"It's stimulating. I learn something. That's what it's all about. "

"Life is ruthless. Nature has no mercy at all. Nature says, 'I'm going to snow.' "

"I'm going to give you this situation. Will you learn?" And you cry. And Nature says, 'Okay, here you are, right again... same thing!' And you have to deal with that, and learn the lesson. And forgive yourself. Then you can move on. And every time you see him, no matter what clothing or what face he's wearing, or what language he is speaking, you say, 'Hi, yes, I know you well. And I don't have to do that. No way. Thank you very much.' So you can move on to the next lesson."

"Reading your books," I said, "one of the things that struck me was that you were faced with a lot of weird situations — where you didn't have the slightest idea what the trick to do. And there were all these people, doing these things to you."

"Those smart people," she says with a laugh.

"Thinking back, you probably say, 'God, how could I have been so dumb?' And yet, that's where it's at." She nods. "Yes, that's right... go through it all, and go to everyone clean. Clean as a bean, as my mother would say. And trust a lot. And let the machine work. And you'll come out. You'll get all the way through it, and come out the other side. Then you say, 'I did that. Now, what you got next?'"

"Well," I say, representing some inscrutable and nonsensical Fate, "we call this course Life 201."

"Ready! Okay! Yep! And the scars that you can't help but acquire can be truly marks of beauty, like dimples or a cleft chin. You decide: That hurt. I will not deny that hurt. But I will not carry it in another circumstance where I may not be hurt. But it makes your voice a little softer. When you've just been raped, abused, or assaulted in some way in the street and you walk into a room, you have no idea what has happened to the other people in that room. So if you say, 'Oooh, this happened to me, 'somebody may say coolly, 'Oh, really?' You have no idea what those people have to give you. Their stories might make you understand. 'Honey, you were fishing in very shallow water. There were sharks out where I was.'"

"Living life fully, fiercely, devotedly, makes you much more able to accept other people who are doing the same. All we're trying to do is get from birth to death. And you can't fail. Even if you only live five minutes, you have succeeded. And everybody's out there, trying to do the same thing. Some don't know it, and they think they have to step on your neck to survive. It's unfortunate for them. If I ever see someone trying to do that, I try to encourage the person who is standing underneath to move away, so that ill-informed person can gain some understanding. And I certainly move away. I am not helping anybody if I allow them to use or abuse me."

"But it seems to me that life loves the liver. I see it in my mother. She loves life. When I was thirteen or fourteen, I remember her saying, 'Baby, if I die today or tomorrow, the world don't owe me shit!' And she's just out there, doing it. That's the joy."

"This morning, there was a letter in the mail from a woman who is Mexican-American and married to a Jewish man. She said, 'You don't know me, but I want to welcome you to the Valley of the Moon. There is a lot of excitement here because you have moved in. There was some difficulty when I moved in, but I rode it through. Many of our new neighbors have dropped by to welcome me. I have a friend in Stockton, who told us that when he moved into his neighborhood, he felt he had to sit up every night for about a month with his rifle pointing out the door. That was only a few years ago. So I didn't know what would happen. Now the people are coming over, saying, 'You are welcome here. They are making too much of a fuss for it not to be anything. But it will teach them something. They will learn something about grace, if they know me... about generosity, and courage, and ease. And I will learn something, too. We will have a lovely time.'"

I asked if she had any hard feelings about life.

"No. I don't. There are many things I wish were better for a number of people — for all of us, really. We could have such a great time, sharing, laughing, growing, teaching, learning, dying. Coretta King said the greatest violence is seeing a child go to bed hungry. These are the great violences: assaults on the body and soul. Hunger, poverty, fear, dirt, and guilt — I will not have it. That's what my life is about: high-lighting these things and, hopefully, encouraging others to help make things better. But bitterness about life, no. Life is like electricity; it's just there. You can plug into that electricity and light up a synagogue, or a church, or keep a heart machine going; or you can electrocute a man. Life is the same way. It says, 'Okay, I'm going to be in your unit for a bit. Want to use me? Want to walk around drugged or sick? All right. It's your business. No value judgments! Is there for you to use.' Life! When it's through with me, I hope to be through with it. I'll tip my hat, and split."

"It usually works out that way," I said amiably.

"But in that way, I disagree with Dylan Thomas and what he said in his poem, 'Do not go gentle into that good night... .' When life is through with me, I want to say to it as you would say to a lover, or a friend, or a child: 'Goodbye! It's been a ball... truly. And thank you.'"
When I watch you
wrapped up like garbage
sitting, surrounded by the smell
of too old potato peels
or
when I watch you
in your old man's shoes
with the little toe cut out
sitting, waiting for your mind
like next weeks grocery
I say
when I watch you
you wet brown bag of a woman
who used to be the best looking gal in Georgia
used to be called the Georgia Rose
I stand up
through your destruction
I stand up.

That is a poem of Lucille Clifton. Its seems to me to tell us in effect
and, in fact, that out of destruction can come something quite remarkable,
and young men and women who are now entering into Wake Forest in the
and out of the destruction of your earlier life, something quite wonderful
will come.

Into each life, at one time or another, something quite splendid
appears. A beautiful sunset, a perfect peach, a day of robust health.
Sometimes a poem which mends the languishing heart. Something quite
marvelous, quite splendid, but oft times quite temporary.

Today, your presence here at Wake Forest as entering men and
women, assures me that you have contradicted that norm. You have begun
with a splendid thing which will be life-long. You have begun the pursuit of
education. I don't mean to tell you that you have begun education and you
will end it here. I am always made a little uncomfortable when someone
tells me someone else is educated. It's a little like being told by a person
that, "I am a Christian." I always wonder, "Already? Really?"
What you have begun, really, is a life-long pursuit, and it is exciting.
It is a transaction which will influence you, your friends and families, your
nation, your world. In fact, history itself will be influenced by how you
discharge or do not discharge this particular transaction which you have
entered into today. You are privileged to have been offered this moment,
this season of growth.

Facts you have learned and probably cherished will be confronted
here. And I hope, if they are false facts, they will be jettisoned here. I pray
for you. I pray that you have courage. It is the most important of all the
virtues, I suggest. Because without courage you cannot practice any other
virtue with consistency. You can't be consistently fair, or kind, or
generous, or just, or merciful, or loving. Not consistently, not without
courage. I wish I said that first, actually Aristotle said it, but never mind.
There is a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay which I love a lot. Of course, trying to be a poet, like trying to be a Christian, I use poetry quite a lot to make my point. So let me give you this poem and encourage you to try as soon as possible to get into my class and we’ll discuss this. This is Edna St. Vincent Millay:

I shall die, but that is all I shall do for Death.

I hear him leading his horse out of the stall; I hear the clatter on the barn-floor.
He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in the Balkans, many calls to make this morning.
But I will not hold the bridle while he cinches the girth.
And he may mount by himself: I will not give him a leg up.

Though he flick my shoulders with his whip, I will not tell him which way the fox ran.
With his hoof on my breast, I will not tell him where the black boy hides in the swamp.
I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death; I am not on his payroll.

I will not tell him the whereabouts of my friends nor of my enemies either.
Though he promise me much, I will not map him the route to any man’s door.
Am I a spy in the land of the living, that I should deliver men to Death?
Brother, the password and the plans of our city are safe with me; never through me
Shall you be overcome.

That’s an excerpt from the poem. However, I hope that in this season, these four years while you are here at Wake Forest, you will have the courage to face some of the ideas that you have held to be true and fair and factual and certain. And that you will have the courage to jettison them when they prove to be false. I pray that you will enter into a living—a long living—experience with facts that turn to be the truth and that you will be able to use them to make this a better world. From this evening and the rest of these four years you will labor over philosophies, which will wane or increase in value in exact relation to the ways in which you are able to apply or release them.

Now, having said that, let me examine why you really are here. If you believe you have entered Wake Forest to aquire a coat of varnish, you are wrong. If you think you have entered into this University so that when you leave you will be able to afford a better, nice job and maybe a three-car-garage and marry this person you think you want right now and have two-and-a-half children, you are wrong. You have already been paid for. It is imperative that you understand that coming into the University. I don’t mean that your tuitions have been paid; that’s your own business. But, you have been paid for.
Whether your ancestors came from eastern Europe escaping the pilgrims, arriving at Ellis Island having their names changed from something utterly unpronounceable, or whether they came from Ireland in the 1840’s and ’50’s, trying to escape the potato blight; whether they came from South America or Mexico, hoping to find a place that would hold all the faces, all the Adams and Eves and their countless generations; whether they came from Asia in the 1850’s to build the country, unable legally to bring their mates for eight decades; whether they came from Africa, lying spoon fashion in the filthy hatches of slave ships, they have already paid for you. Already, without any chance of ever knowing what your faces would be like, or what names you would bear, or what mad and eccentric personalities you would foist upon the world. They paid for you. It seems very clear then that you are in this institution to prepare yourselves so that you can go out and pay for someone who has yet to come. It’s very simple.

One form of education is only as thick as varnish. It is painted on hastily, can never be used profoundly and can disappear in the twinkling of an eye or an age. There is no glory in that education or in education for its own sake alone.

The possession of facts of themselves do not determine the presence of peace or the absence of war. Facts of themselves, despite the eloquence with which they are bruited about are inanimate and cannot positively affect the quality of life nor the quality of death. Since you entered your senior grades in high school, walls of stone and ideas have tumbled around the world. Walls made by men and women which seemed to be erected for all time, have within a year or year-and-a-half, achieved the poignancy of Ozaman Dias’s crumbling stature.

In these weeks since you have been getting to Wake Forest, arranging yourselves in your dorms, and your apartments and digs, walls made of words and will, made by men and women who have the intention of creating something eternal, or disappearing into the atmosphere as if they had never existed. So the question which really faces you is, “What will I do? What effect will I have on the world with this bargain I have entered into called ‘education?’”

There is an African saying that goes, “The trouble for the thief is not how to steal the chief’s bugle, but where to blow it.” So the issue which faces you is, now that you have entered into this bargain and you have begun this excitement toward education, to what end? What will you do? Will you remember that there are thousands, tens of thousands of people who are homeless? That they look just like you? Will you remember that there are tens of thousands of people who are hungry, and they look just like you? Will you be able to take all this data that you will accumulate in the next few years, in fact you will get a lot in the next few weeks, especially if you are in my class. Will you be able to take this data and see through it ways in which you can make this country better? It is your country, it is my country. I believe that the instinctual desire that has brought a species out of the muck and mire just a few thousand years ago, will take us with your help, at least to the bank of the swamp, at least to the bank.

I don’t expect us all to be beating our breasts and saying, “Aye, call me, if the Lord wants somebody, here am I, send me.” I didn’t ask you that. But I do ask you to think, and ask yourselves, “Why, why am I here? Why? Why will I be asked to do a kind of concentration, create a kind of concentration in my mind usually only to be found in someone about to be executed in the next half hour? Why? To what end?”
If your intention is not great, you will not be great. Understand that one of the phrases used in North Carolina which I like so much and use all over the world as if I had created it is, "If you came to do good, you may end up doing well." If your intention to achieve an education is to spread the bounty around so that your gifts received from those who have gone before will reach those who are yet to come, it is very likely that you will do very well.

I encourage you, young men and women, set your sights high, very high—beyond your family, beyond your friends, and even beyond your professors. Set your sights so high that you have to stand on tiptoe and stretch yourself and still not be able to reach them. And don’t be afraid to say, "I have set my sights much higher than that." If you say that to your peers, if your peers ask you, "Oh, come on, what is this?" Don’t be afraid. Be courageous enough to be unique, because you are unique and say, "I have set my sights higher than that; I may not achieve it, but I will at least be reaching toward it."

You will be anxious these first weeks and months; it is given and so don’t be surprised at that. I would like to see you use your excitement and your anxiety to claim a foothold in this particular effort so that you will draw me up to you and everyone will be drawn up to you. It is important that you see yourselves as you see yourselves. It is also important for you to see yourselves as you are seen. A little self consciousness is all right. May I ask the young men and women who have just entered Wake Forest to raise their hands? Will you hold them up? People, will you turn around and look? Just hold them up, look, those are the hands, just possibly, which will make us a better world. Thank you.
Alive and Present

Most people celebrate their birthday once a year.
Blow out the candles. Open gifts.
Scarf cake. Get on with life.

That has not been the case for Maya Angelou, a cultural treasure revered worldwide for her work as a poet, author, singer, actor, educator, director and activist.

Angelou turned 70 back in April, and the private and public festivities marking the occasion have yet to wane. Talk-show diva Oprah Winfrey threw Angelou a birthday bash that culminated in a week-long cruise. Another celebration was held in the ritzy Dorchester Hotel in London, with proceeds benefiting the Maya Angelou Center for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

For Angelou, all the partying is starting to feel suspiciously like work. No sooner does she catch her breath than another gala pops up to fatten her already busy schedule and test her stamina.

"Yes, the celebration has been going on all year — and I'm still standing, thank you," Angelou said from her home in Winston-Salem. "I believe I've had enough birthday parties this year to carry me into my 90s.

"Certainly, I'm flattered and touched by all the love and attention, and I'm thrilled that I'm still alive to enjoy it. But I do have to admit that my favorite parties have been my own private celebrations."

She laughed. "You see, at those, I wasn't obliged to talk about how old I am and how I feel. I just ate and drank."

Angelou's Year of Happy Birthday Redux will culminate — perhaps — with the Maya Angelou Birthday Gala on Oct. 3 at Kenneth R. Williams Auditorium at Winston-Salem State University. The event, which costs $60 and $75 a ticket, will feature composer Quincy Jones as host (he will not perform) and performances by Angelou and the R&B duo Ashford & Simpson.

Angelou seemed taken aback when asked if she was going to perform any tunes from Miss Calypso, her surprisingly solid album of limbo-ready island fare from 1967. "Oh, so you know that album?"

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TOUCHEd: Maya Angelou has received a lot of attention lately.
she said, laughing. "It's a nice album, but I think you might agree that it's in everybody's best interest to leave those songs alone."

Angelou did confirm that she would perform material from *Been Found*, her 1996 collaboration with her friends Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson. The album was conceived during one of Ashford and Simpson's periodic trips to Winston-Salem to visit Angelou. Ashford and Simpson wrote the music and sang; Angelou provided lyrics and spoken-word embellishment.

During the '60s, Ashford and Simpson, staff writers and producers at Motown, wrote such enduring songs as "Let's Go Get Stoned," "Aint' No Mountain High Enough," "You're All I Need To Get By" and "Reach Out (And Touch Somebody's Hand)." As singers, the husband-and-wife duo enjoyed several Top 20 hits, including "Is It Still Good To Ya?," "Found A Cure" and "Solid."

"I really enjoyed making that album with Nick and Valerie," Angelou said. "They are like children of mine. They are always so funny and cheerful, and they are great musicians and songwriters. So when we get together, they sing their hearts out — and I speak. It works out well."

Proceeds from the event — or "The Do," as Angelou calls it — will benefit the newly established Maya Angelou Institute for the Improvement of Child and Family Education, as well as other educational programs at Winston-Salem State. The purpose of the institute, first proposed to the university in 1992, is to amplify Winston-Salem State's role in preparing parents and teachers to better educate children. The institute hopes to serve as a community model to better the quality of education and the manner in which it is delivered. By creating an environment that encourages dialogue and input between children, teachers and parents, the institute hopes to benefit all involved.

"I am very excited about "The Do,"" said Angelou, who has been moved to reflect on the role of the modern poet. "Every poet should keep a day job."

"A poet takes the very ordinary experience of life, then tries to extract from that situation its essence. It would be a little like taking a piece of fruit and making one drop. That is the essence. In that drop, there is the pulp, the juice and the skin. So it is with poetry."

"Without poetry — and poetry can be found in dancing, painting, sculpture, music — we would all be brutish. Poetry is beauty and elevation. It lifts us up, it excites the spirit. The swings of Tiger Woods, Mark McGwire, Sammy Sosa and Venus Williams — they are certainly poetry. Such things make us feel 'mrmrmrmrmrmr,' a smile rushes across our face, and we are glad. The world is a better place for the poet."

Any advice for the poets of the future? "Why, yes," Angelou said, laughing. "Every poet should keep a day job."

Maya Angelou will appear with Ashford & Simpson and Quincy Jones at 8 p.m. Oct. 3 at Kenneth R. Williams Auditorium at Winston-Salem State University. Tickets are $60 and $75; all proceeds will benefit the Maya Angelou Institute for the Improvement of Child and Family Education. For tickets: (336) 722-6400.
On The Pulse of Morning
by
Maya Angelou
On the Pulse of Morning
by Maya Angelou

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since departed
Marked the mastodon
The dinosaur, who left dry tokens
Of their Sojourn here On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly,
forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no heaven in my shadow,
I will give you no more hiding place down her

You, created only a little lower than
The angels, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness
Have lain too long
Face down in ignorance,
Your mouths in spilling words

Armed for slaughter,
The Rock cries out to us today,
You may stand upon me;
But do not hide your face.

Across the wall of the world.
A River sings a beautiful song.
It says, Come, rest here by my side.

Each of you, a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.
Yet today I call you to my riverside,
If you will study war no more.

Come, clad in peace,
And I will sing the songs
The creator gave to me when I and the
Tree and the stone were one
Before cynicism was a bloody sear across
your brow
And when you yet knew you still knew
nothing:

The river sang and sings on.
There is a true yearning to respond to
The singing River and the wise Rock.
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew
The African, the Native American, the Souix,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French,
the Greek,
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheik,
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,
The privileged, the homeless, the Teacher.
They hear. They all hear
The speaking of the Tree.

They hear the first and last of every Tree
Speak to humankind today.
Come to me,
Here beside the River,
Plant yourself beside the River,
Each of you,descendent of some passed
On traveler, has been paid for.
You, who gave me my first name, you,
Pawnee, Apache, Seneca, you
Cherokee Nation, who rested with me, then
Forced on bloody feet,
Left me to the employment of
Other seekers—desperate for gain,
Starving for gold.

You, the Turk, the Arab, the Swede,
The German, the Eskimo, the Scot,
The Hungarian, the Italian, the Pole,
You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought
Sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare
Praying for a dream.
Here, root yourselves beside me.
I am the Tree planted by the River,
Which will not be moved.
I, the Rock, I the River, I the Tree
I am yours—your passages have been paid.

Lift up your faces, you have a piercing need
For this bright morning dawning for you.
History, despite its wrenching pain,
Cannot be unlived, but if faced
With courage, need not be lived again.
Lift up your eyes
Upon this day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream.

Women, children, men,
Take it into the palms of your hands,
Mold it into the shape of your most
Private need. Sculpt it into
The image of your most public self.
Lift up your hearts,
Each new hour holds new chances
For a new beginning.
Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness.

The horizon leans forward,
Offering you space
To place new steps of change
Here, on the pulse of this fine day
You may have the courage
To look up and out and upon me,
The Rock, the River, the Tree, your country.
No less to Midas then the mendicant,
No less to you now than the mastodon then.

Here on the pulse of this new day
You may have the grace to look up and out
And into your sister's eyes,
And into your brother's face,
Your country.
And say simply
Very simply
With hope—
Good morning.
MAYA ANGELOU

The exuberant writer goes back to Africa in her ‘Traveling Shoes’

By Craig Wilson
USA TODAY

WASHINGTON — Maya Angelou’s life revolves around three activities.

“I write, I cook and I drive. And when I drive from Washington down to Charlotte, I time it so the talk shows are on.”

Author Angelou, whose hypnotic, didactic voice has comforted many a listener, loves calling radio.

“I ask myself, ‘Now, have I got forty of them left to call? And then, there I am, standing on the side of the highway, talking on the phone, saying, ‘How can you dare spread such ignorance?’”

Angelou turns her hand to talk shows. She loves a good story, good bravery and a good company.

She’s probably the best company anyone could ask for. She has the gift of making everything she says sound like an inspirational poem.

“She has kind of a little-girl wisdom,” says author and 30-year family friend Baldwin. “I don’t think she’s really aware of it. But she is there.”

Angelou’s most recent musings are in All God’s Children Need Travelling Shoes (Random House, $15), the newest addition to her line of autobigraphical books. If it, the author of I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings continues pursuing the human condition’s “It’s a portrait of a nation. It’s a certain evolution. She’s moved on with the country.”

Angelou’s newest work, which she says is “a poem in prose,” recounts her travels to Africa and back. The truth is you never leave that place, she says. “It’s been with you all the while.”

Her home now is Winston-Salem, N.C., where she’s Reynolds professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University. Her lectures there and around the country are a big theme — man can only survive, but flourish.

“We all come from the creator with wings of glory, although you may not believe in it. If you come out of the days of 1943, 60 fear, then I am one of those who think that fear is a disease.”

Angelou’s house in Winston-Salem is testimonial to her new work. After her marriage — the marriage is still going strong with 18,000 angels dancing under the bed — she decided to “give California a rest.”

“I was going to buy a pretty little cottage with a fence and a gate because I don’t like to call it around me,” she says. “And then I thought better of it. Because then I would have become completely isolated. So I bought a house the same size as the one in California and added six rooms.”

“It is there that she entertains her friends around a table that holds as many as she could. I respect food, I respect the material and I respect the people who eat it and I respect the act of it.”

“Those are all lovely, but the truth is, my work is going badly, I can stand and make a meal and I forget all about my writing. I’m good for about two hours. I’m not even there and when I go back, it’s as though I’ve been on holiday.”

A frequent visitor to the Angelou home is Robert Louis, her editor at Random House for 18 years. “I’d follow him . . . if he left,” she says. “We stumble around, drink too much and argue. Oh, we argue. And I’ll tell him he can leave and I never want to talk to him again. And then I’ll send him a telegram and say, ‘OK, you were right. So what?’”

Loomis laughs when told this. “Mays makes sense out of life. A lot of people can’t do that. She sees a pattern. A meaning. She’s able to convert that into something meaningful to me. She has a strong consciousness about herself and her place in the world.”

When she was young she thought she was going to be a successful real estate woman “and have a bungalow off in the country” But that was not to be. Her life became an adventure. “I don’t know what I’m going to say, except not the least bit concerned. ‘My great hope is to laugh as much as I can.’”

And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. She is about to pick up another cigarette and talk through a book.

“‘The Health Food Doctor,’ she announces, beginning a poetry reading. The autobiographical poem is the lament of a smoking, ‘smiling curtain’ caught amid the spectrum of a healthy food shop.

‘The American Beef Packers Union loved it,’ she says.

And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs. And with that, Maya Angelou laughs.
The Mount Zion Baptist Church Inspirational Choir

"Presents"

“A Healing Time, A Healing Place”
— The Vision of Maya Angelou —

An Evening of Poetry and Song

featuring

Maya Angelou and Ossie Davis

Directed by

Ossie Davis and Defoy Glenn

Friday, November 22, 1996
7:30 p.m.
M. C. Benton Convention Center
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
The Stage

Maya Angelou
Poet, educator, actress, producer, director, civil rights activist, philanthropist, Maya Angelou is a Winston-Salem resident and a member of Mount Zion Baptist Church. She is remembered in the most recent past for her poem, “On The Pulse Of Morning” at President Clinton’s Inauguration. Ms. Angelou is the Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University. Her theatrical career began with the study of drama and dance which fostered a European theatre tour of “Porgy and Bess.” Ms. Angelou has collaborated with the Mount Zion Baptist Church Inspirational Choir on several occasions, including performances in “A Symphony of Poetry and Song,” “The Old Ship of Zion,” and “Bringing In The Sheaves.” Her spirit of concern and compassion for humankind is evidenced through her involvement with this year’s program. We embrace our Sister-in-Christ and we pray that God will always sing to her so that she may “say” to us of HEALING . . . a people a nation a world.

Ossie Davis
Director, producer, actor, writer, author of the award winning play Purlie Victorious, Ossie Davis began his career while attending Howard University in Washington, D.C. Mr. Davis’ research of the theatre led him to New York where he joined The Rose McClendon Players Theatre Group in Harlem. Since his debut on Broadway, Mr. Davis has skillfully combined and shared his talents with the theatre and the film and television industries. He is recognized around the country as a speaker as well as a performer, often with his wife, Ms. Ruby Dee. They are the owners of Emmalyn Enterprises, a production company. Mr. Davis is starring in the new Spike Lee movie, “Get On The Bus,” released October 16, 1996. We are honored and enthusiastically welcome Mr. Davis, one of our national treasures, to our circle, our city, and our sanctuary.

The Support

Defoy Glenn
Director, actor, writer, Defoy Glenn is a native of Charlotte, North Carolina and has acted in and directed plays in major theatres on a national and international level. The Meadowbrook Theatre in Michigan, The Alliance Theatre in Atlanta, One Flight-Up and The Pasadena Playhouse in California, and The New Dramatist in New York have benefited from Mr. Glenn’s involvement with the Arts. He has taught at Oakland University and The North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem. Mr. Glenn wrote four episodes for the television show, The Jeffersons. He is the founder, executive director and owner of GM Productions Theatre Company in Charlotte, NC. Trained at The Theatre Academy of Dramatic Arts in the state of Michigan, Mr. Glenn has to his credit the 1984 world premiere of Maya Angelou’s play On A Southern Journey. He produced and directed Scott Joplin’s “Treemonisha.” Mr. Glenn worked with the Mount Zion Inspirational Choir in its production of “A Symphony of Poetry and Song” featuring Maya Angelou in 1984 and was the director of their 1985 production, “The Old Ship of Zion.” We are pleased to welcome this talented director as he again is a great supporter of our musical ministry.
## Program

**THE OCCASION** .......................... Ossie Davis

*Of Fire and Faith*

"On Christ The Solid Rock"
The Inspirational Choir

*Happenin' Harmony* (Eugene Redmond) .......... Maya Angelou

... "Romans 8"
Arlease Smith The Inspirational Choir

*Between The World and Me* (Richard Wright) .... Maya Angelou

"Soon - Ah Will Be Done"
The Inspirational Choir

*Dark Symphony* (Melvin B. Tolson) .......... Ossie Davis

"When God Is In The Building"
Laura Allen The Inspirational Choir

*Southern Mansions* (Arna Bontemps) .......... Maya Angelou

*The Human Family* .......................... Maya Angelou

*Black Preacher, Black Poet, Black Church* .... Ossie Davis

"Show Some Sign"
Chandra Irvin The Inspirational Choir

*Ain't That Bad* ............................... Maya Angelou

*Antebellum Sermon* (Paul Lawrence Dunbar) ... Ossie Davis

"Order My Steps"
Addie Jabbar The Inspirational Choir

"Ain't Got Time To Die"
Clif Carmon The Inspirational Choir

--- Intermission ---

**A MONOLOGUE** .......................... Maya Angelou

"He's Coming Back"
Dyna McGriff The Inspirational Choir

*The Hope We Had - The Hope We Still Have* ..... Ossie Davis

*Let America Be America Again* (Langston Hughes) ... Maya Angelou

"The Decision"
Wendy Scott The Inspirational Choir

*A Poetic Collage* ............................ Ossie Davis

Absalom Oh Absalom (The Second Book of Samuel)  Dry Bones In
The Valley (The Prophet Ezekiel) By The River of Babylon
(Psalm of David) In As Much As Ye Have Done It (Gospel of
Matthew) To The South On It's New Slavery (Paul Lawrence
Dunbar) Stanzia on Freedom (James Russell Lowell) Second
Inaugural Address (Abraham Lincoln) A Prayer For We Who
Have Been Thus Afflicted (Ossie Davis)

*Savior and Preacher Don't Promise Me* .......... Maya Angelou

"Never Say No To Jesus"
Laura Allen The Inspirational Choir

*Strong Men* (Sterling Brown) ............ Maya Angelou and Ossie Davis

"God Is Not Dead"
Laura Allen and Dyna McGriff The Inspirational Choir

"LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING"
(National Negro Anthem)
The Inspirational Choir
"For the People Had A Mind to Work"
From the Annals of Mount Zion Baptist Church

From a small group of Virginia singers to a thriving congregation of witnessing Christians. From the corners of Third and Hickory to a main artery of East Winston intersecting at Ninth and File Streets. From a simple but inviting wood frame structure to an architectural showcase. From a single day of worship to around the clock operations seven days a week. From an evangelical preacher to a modern CEO. From a modest beginning to a multi-faceted enterprise of the first Christian order. From 1889 to 1996 ... the memberships, missions and ministries of Mount Zion Baptist Church have served to help bring hope to many in the face of despair, calm in the midst of confusion, and peace in time of strife.

Defining moments in the history of MZBC speak of it’s Christian resolve to address compelling issues in the community at key intervals along the time continuum. Each unfolding supports in theory and practice the principle that the church must be a vanguard for raising the level of social consciousness for those within and beyond its structured walls; those with whom it interacts on a regular basis; and those unknown to it except by the common bond of universal Christian love.

The early pastorates of the late Reverend G. W. Johnson and Dr. R. L. File helped to establish Mount Zion as a mission station where convenant between God and people is regularly reflected in word and deed. The quality of those pioneer years underscores the Mount Zion profile of today giving credence and momentum to an active social gospel. Against this backdrop the setting is right and ripe for "A Healing Time, A Healing Place."

The visionary leadership of Dr. K. O. P. Goodwin, who served as third pastor of Mount Zion for more than thirty years, brought with it great strides in spiritual enhancement, physical growth, and human relations. Motivated by the scriptural mandate "For The People Had A Mind to Work," members undertook the work of the church, and church work with compassion and a great zeal for improved human relations throughout the land. Outreach programs echoing the anthem "Let There Be Peace On Earth, And Let It Begin With Me" reverberated throughout the church family during urban renewal which displaced MZBC from its former site at Ninth and Maple Streets in 1963, and which continued to be heard with the dedication of new quarters in 1969.

Under the management by objective style of its fourth prelate, the Reverend Gilbert G. Campbell of Richmond, Virginia a new generation of young worshipers and core members was ushered in and flourished during the interim 1979-1981. The convictions and charisma of the young theologian from Andover-Newton helped him to be a believable drum-major for people to people actions. In dimensions of his ministry the essence of "New Leadership, New Directions" helped Mount Zion to grow in appreciable numbers. The emerging goal came to be "helping Christians effect positive changes in a complex social order."

The arrival of Mount Zion’s fifth pastor in 1984 updated the clarion call for church and community to re-examine their partnership. With the man from Yonkers, New York, Dr. Serenus T. Churn, Sr. at the helm, the “old ship of Zion” set sail for new ports, the status of incorporation, a centennial celebration, and the on-set of the twenty-first century. Completed construction of the File-Goodwin Life Enrichment Center with station, staff, and services for senior day care, child care, drug treatment programs, health fitness activities, open forums, educational workshops, political action meetings, and fellowship gatherings, put the church at the cutting edge of meeting the full range needs of the community. And under the shepherd’s spiritual guidance many have come to know why the church can not afford to be on the sideline of a vibrant social gospel, and why "The Joy Of The Whole Earth Is Mount Zion."

Now, given the power and progression of its studied history it is understandable that Mount Zion’s righteous indignation, prayerful deliberation, and unction of the Holy Spirit collectively give rise to this production of “A Healing Time, A Healing Place.” In the context of rich tradition the church incorporated, the church universal, and the Inspirational Choir (now in its 19th year of musical ministry) are divinely led to present this evening of poetry and song featuring Dr. Maya Angelou and Mr. Ossie Davis. These offerings are dedicated to the memory of fellow sojourners in the history of Mount Zion Baptist Church - past and present - and to the solace of sister churches whose edifices have been victimized by raging fires recently. May each sentinel’s watch on duty, therefore, serve notice of solidarity and firm resolve to “to speak, to utter, to pray” - and to work until marching days are done! Glory! Glory, hallelujah ... His truth is marching on.
"Any attack on a church or synagogue or mosque or temple is an attack on all people of faith and every house of worship in America."

*The Burned Churches Fund*

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*A portion of the proceeds from this program will be contributed to the Burned Churches Fund. Thank you for your support.*
Acknowledgements

— Guest Soloists —

Dyna McGriff
Wendy Scott

— Guest Musicians —

Tony Gilliam - Keyboards
Everette Funches - Drums

Special Acknowledgements

Cheryl Jones Byrd - Interpreter
Denise Franklin Enterprises - Communications
Jarvis Sound and Music Design - Technicians
Eddie S. Langston, III - Technical Director

The Singers

Mount Zion Inspirational Choir

Edward Patterson - Director  Dyna McGriff - Choral Director
Robert Grier - Bass Guitar  Linda Thompson - Organist

Carletta Adams  Robin Amason  Laura Allen  Emma Bethea
Nancy Bratton  Sharon J. Buford  Delarion Campbell
Cliff Carmon  Alberta Clark  Paulette Clements
Melvyn Davenport  Herman Eure  Kristy Franklin
LaVerne Gaither  June Garner  Robert Grier  Shirley Grier
Karen Hairston  Leslie Hairston  Verdell Hayes  Kaye Henighan
Louis Henighan  Joyce Hicks  Toussaint Holland  Chandra Irvin
Addie Jabbar  George Johnson  Cassandra Jones  Selina Jones
Frances Jowers  Beverly Leath  Carrie Loftin  Evelyn Moore
Ed Patterson  Pauline Perry  Avis Ray  Pat Renwick
Blanche Robinson  Arlease Smith  Hubert Stanback
Mary Stanback  Gwen Thompson  Linda Thompson
Addie Todd  Kirsti Williams  Pauline Winphrie
William Witherspoon  Michelle Woods
Special Thanks To:

The Mount Zion Baptist Church
Nurses' Board
On-Site Supervision
Youth Ushers

For assisting us this evening
with the amenities for our guests
at this
"Healing Time"
Maya Angelou is one of the nation's most engaging storytellers, and one of its most powerful autobiographers. In five novels and five collections of poetry, she draws on her personal experiences to convey the pain of growing up, the struggle to overcome racial and economic obstacles, and the strength of the human spirit.

And she does it with an eloquence, preponderance and poetic grace that have earned her respect as the matron saint of modern African-American women writers.

Ms. Angelou skillfully expresses herself in several media, including writing, singing and dancing. She also has been a voice for social reform. A leader in the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s, she was drafted by Martin Luther King Jr. to serve as northern coordinator of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Maya (Marguerite) was born in St. Louis in 1928, but her divorced parents sent her at age 3 to live with her grandmother in Stamps, Ark. For 10 years, she grew up under the wing of her grandmother, who taught her that with hard work and confidence, she could control her own destiny.

But there were some things, Maya learned, she could not control. When she was barely 8, she was abused by a family friend; shortly after the man was released from prison, he was found beaten to death. Feeling responsible, Maya lost her self-confidence and her will to communicate.

"I had to stop talking," she wrote in her autobiography, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings. "I began to listen to..."
Mother Angelou
From IB

everything. I probably hoped that after I heard (the sounds) and packed them down, deep in my ears, the world would be quiet around me.

For five years, Maya remained mute. A caring neighbor met with her many afternoons, reading literature aloud to show her the beauty of language and the importance of self-expression. Eventually, the words of Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson and Edgar Allen Poe drew her out of her cocoon, and she joined the world of the speakers again.

Maya's teen-age years were spent in San Francisco in a boarding house run by her mother and stepfather. Although surrounded by squalor, she learned to sing, act and dance. She practiced her dancing and singing until she was so accomplished, she was offered a part in the Broadway production, "House of Flowers" - a part she turned down to join the European touring cast of "Porgy and Bess."

When she made a commitment at age 30 to become a writer, Ms. Angelou worked intensively at improving her skills until they met the highest standards. In 1959, she moved to New York City and joined the Harlem Writers Guild, where she met James Baldwin and other prominent Black writers. They critiqued and nurtured her until she developed fully a unique and effective style of writing.

Said James Baldwin of Angelou: "You will hear the regal woman, the mischievous street girl; you will hear the price of a black woman's survival and you will hear of her generosity. Black, bitter, beautiful, she speaks of our survival."

Ms. Angelou wrote the original screenplay and musical score for the film, "Georgia, Georgia," and wrote and produced a 10-part television series on African traditions in American life. She also is the author of the television screenplays "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "The Sisters."

Ms. Angelou has a lifetime appointment as Reynolds professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, N.C. She is fluent in seven languages and has received 30 honorary degrees. She was nominated in 1970 for the National Book Award, and in 1972, for the National Book Award for the Pulitzer Prize. She won an Emmy a few years later for her portrayal as Nyo Boto in the award-winning mini-series Roots.

Along with all of this, she has managed to balance raising a son, teaching, writing poetry and producing films with the making of hundreds of appearances each year on TV talk shows and college campuses, stirring audiences with her grace, wisdom, strength and dynamic style of oratory.

"I have led a roller-coaster life," Ms. Angelou said. "There has been this disappointment and that satisfaction, and then it begins all over again."

Maya Angelou is one of 12 people selected for "Gallery of Greats: Black Authors...A Voice for the People," a collection of portraits commissioned by the Miller Brewing Co. The collection, which honors all Black authors, is on a national tour of museums, art galleries and universities throughout 1990.
Maya Angelou – Author, Dancer, Teacher...an

The Sentinel

Family Pages

It was a first for Maya Angelou, author of books, poet, playwright, actress, director, produc-
er, singer, dancer, civil rights leader, lecturer,
and teacher of college students (as Reynolds Profes-
sor of American Studies at Wake Forest Universi-
ty) and other students; a woman who has lived and
learned in many parts of the world.

She stood before a small audience (20 people, a
full house), regal in dark green palazzo pants and
a white blouse with a small green geometric
figure, and gathered her voice to talk about West
African cooking.

That was the first—teaching a class in cooking.

She stood behind the stove in the classroom at
the Stocked Pot in Reynolds Village and talked about the dishes of Africa and their origins, the
peanut and its uses, the fact that rice is a staple
in the diet of the people and the special dishes, such as
"Groundnut Stew" in her repertoire a dish of
chicken, tomatoes and peanut butter, heated with
the stove and red peppers and how a cook
parades her version of "Groundnut Stew" on spe-
cial occasions as evidence of prowess.

At one point, after a question, she leaned for-
ward, straight-armed, to the counter and said, "I
didn't expect to give an anthropology lecture
but it's a good chance — Africa is matrilineal, that is, inheritance is through the mother's
line."

My husband might be rich, but his sister would
inherit from him, and I would inherit from my
brother.

And again: "We don't understand creativity any
more than we understand electricity. I think all
human beings are born with the ability to be
creative."

Much, though, pertained to cooking.

"I'll give you a fool-proof way to cook rice. It is
to wash the rice first in warm water, like this (and,
in the pot, she rubbed the grains between her
hands under the water). After washing, continue to
rinse until the water is opaque to clear; it
shouldn't be really clear.

"Put water in to cover to the first joint (holding
her thumb to forefinger at the first joint), she put
her forefinger in the pot to show the water level
when the tip of her finger touched the rice).

"Back to the cooked rice — let it come to a boil,
cover it and set it on a low eye and it'll come out
perfect every time."

And: "The nose, next to the eyes, will tell you.

At times, she appeared taller than her 6-foot
height, other times, she seemed more like a child
playing with pots and pans. What issued from
those pots and pans, though, was indicative of a
sophisticated cuisine, executed by a sophisticate.

The next day, she explained her interest in food:

"When I was young, my grandmother, who
raised me, used to look at my skin and when she
saw some bumps, she'd say, 'Oh, Sister, look at
those bumps on your face. Mama's going to have
to cook you some greens.'"

"And for supper, greens — turnips, dandelions,
poke salad or others — would be on the table. The
others would enjoy them, but I knew they were for
me.

"I always cook greens or soup when I'm tired or
despairing or hurt.

"Early, I began to think that food can be heal-
ing, not only esthetically wonderful."

Ms. Angelou, then Marguerite Johnson ("Maya"
is her brother's shortening of Marguerite and
Angelou is based on her former husband's name),
left home at 13, without ever having cooked under
her grandmother's tutelage.

Her mother, too, influenced her in the kitchen.

"About every three weeks, she'd take my broth-
er and me out to dinner. As we ate, she would ask,
'How do you think this is prepared?' Later, she'd
copy the dish."

Her mother, she said, would blend food, then
freeze it. When company came, she would take it
from the freezer and it would be ready in a few
minutes.

"She's still a magic cook," Ms. Angelou said.

Maya Angelou's Jollof Rice

3 cups uncooked long-grain rice
2 tablespoons peanut oil
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped parsley
1 cup (10 1/2 ounces) beef or
chicken consomme, or homemade
stock
3 cups water (about)
1/4 cup peanut oil
1/4 cups chopped onion
3 cups cooked, diced ham
1 can (1 pound, 12 ounces) whole
tomatoes, diced, undrained
1/4 8-ounce can tomato paste
2 hot dried red peppers, soaked
in water, then squeezed, or 1/4
teaspoon cayenne pepper
3 hard-cooked eggs, halved
3/4 cup chopped parsley

Wash rice in warm water, changing water until
it is almost clear, about 30 minutes.

In a 4-quart saucepan, heat 2 tablespoons oil
and salt. Add 1/4 cup rice. Brown lightly, about 5
minutes, stirring frequently. ("That's just for the
pretenses," she said.) Add remaining rice, con-
summe and water to cover rice about 1 inch (the
fool-proof, first-joint method). Bring to a boil,
cover and simmer gently. (The rice will wait until
the meal is ready, within reason, she said. The
recipe directions call for simmering it for an
hour.)

In a 10-inch skillet, heat 1/4 cup oil. Add onion

She never cooked under her mother's tutelage,
her first job, though, was as a cook.

I was 15 and had a child, and I didn't know
what to do. I passed a place called 'Creole Kitchen'
and it had a sign, 'Cook Wanted.' I had never
cooked, but I said sure, I could cook Creole, that
was what they wanted.

She asked advice and was told: "Cut up onions
and green peppers and a little garlic and fresh
tomatoes. Put that in anything; that's Creole.

"I built up business as a Creole restaurant."

Ms. Angelou still cooks every day.

When she is visiting in Los Angeles — her
hostess there, Dr. M. J. Hewitt, director of the
Museum of African American Art, was visiting in
Winston-Salem at the time of the class and served
am as her assistant — she stays out of the kitchen
for two or three days, she said. "Then I have to get in.

They'll come home, and dinner will be ready.

In Winston-Salem, "I live in this big house by
myself. When I'm frustrated or lonely, I cook
bourguignonn, pot au feu, Asian food.

"I cook every day. It's one of the things that
keeps me sane, or at least acting sane."

But she declined to name a favorite style of
food. "If I couldn't have Southern cooking any
more — or any of them — I'd miss it."

Ms. Angelou has lived in Africa and for the
class, cooked three of her specialties, a rice dish,
Jollof Rice, a beef one, Kontumre; and her version
of Groundnut Stew.

The rice dish, she said, is named for one of the
tribes of Senegal — "I don't know why the Jolla
one." As she makes it, it is molded with hard-
cooked egg halves, yolk down, in the bottom of the
dish and surrounded with parsley. When it is
unmolded, the eggs and parsley are on top of the
rice, contrasting with the pink (from tomato
and chunks of cooked ham) rice. It can be made
with fish, but almost always includes cured pork
of some sort, she said.

"Groundnut Stew" — in her repertoire a dish of
chicken, tomatoes and peanut butter, heated with
the stove and red peppers — how a cook
parades her version of "Groundnut Stew" on spe-
cial occasions as evidence of prowess.
and saute until transparent. Stir in ham, tomatoes and juice, and tomato paste. Cover and cook over medium heat 10 minutes. Drain off 1 cup liquid and reserve.

Add ham-tomato mixture and juice from peppers to rice, blending well. Cover and cook until tomato mixture is absorbed, about 3 minutes. (If rice is too dry, add a bit of reserved liquid.)

To assemble: Butter a 6- to 8-cup round mixing bowl. Arrange hard-cooked eggs, cut side down, on bottom of bowl. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Add rice mixture, packing firmly. Wait a few minutes to unmold. Turn out onto serving plate. Makes 8 servings.

"Kontumre," pronounced with the accent on the final syllable and with a rising inflection, almost like a question, is a beef-okra-greens dish, a surprising combination — and delicious. Beef is seldom used in Africa because the taste fly makes it scarce, she said. It is very expensive, and this would be a special-occasion dish.

Maya Angelou's
Kontumre

2 1/2 pounds top sirloin
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon chili powder
1/4 teaspoon cumin
2 to 3 tablespoons peanut oil
1 cup chopped onion
2 packages (10 ounces each)
frozen spinach, cooked according to package directions, well drained
1 package (10 ounces), frozen
cut okra, thawed
1 cup chicken broth
1/4 cup tomato sauce
2 dried red peppers, soaked in water, then squeezed

Remove all fat from meat. Cut across the grain in thin strips and place in bowl. Add lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Marinate two hours or more. Remove meat and pat dry. Toss with chili powder and cumin.


If using a less-tender cut of meat, cook an additional 30 minutes after returning to skillet, or until fork-tender.)

Serve with rice.
Makes 8 servings.

As Ms. Angelou talked about the ingredients of "Groundnut (peanut) Stew," she must have noticed wrinkled noses. Don't prejudge it, she said, "I think you'll be surprised."

Maya Angelou's
Groundnut Stew

2 whole frying chickens, cut up
1/4 cup lemon juice
Salt
Flour
3 to 4 tablespoons peanut oil
1/2 to 2 cups chopped onion
2 cups chicken broth
1/4 cup creamy peanut butter
1 can (8 ounces) tomato paste
2 hot dried red peppers, soaked in water

Garnishes:
Diced avocado
Diced papaya
Diced pineapple
Diced tomato mixed with raw onion
Chunks of banana, fried in butter and sprinkled with cumin.

Cut chicken into pieces, making 4 drumsticks, 4 thighs and 4 breast halves. (Reserve backs and wings to make chicken broth.) Place in bowl and add lemon juice, mixing to coat evenly. Cover and marinate at least 2 hours.

Remove chicken and pat dry. Salt and dust lightly with flour. (In the class, she put seasoned flour into a paper bag and shook several pieces of chicken at a time in the mixture, Southern-style.)

Heat oil in a 12-inch skillet and brown chicken well. Remove to platter. In same skillet, saute onion until transparent.

In a bowl, combine chicken broth, peanut butter and tomato paste. Add to onion in skillet, mixing thoroughly. Add chicken pieces and any juice that has accumulated in platter. Cover and simmer 40 minutes.

Just before serving, squeeze juice of 2 red peppers, soaked in water to cover, into chicken mixture. Serve with garnishes and Jollof Rice.

Makes 8 servings.
Author Maya Angelou talks about the life that led her to write five autobiographies.

Angelou, jazz trio headline
Black American Arts Festival

"Who's Who in America" lists Maya Angelou as an author. What else would you call a woman who has already published five autobiographies?

Perhaps poet, teacher, historian and lecturer. Those are recent credits, but they explain the Winston-Salem resident's place as a featured speaker in the Black American Arts Festival going on in Greensboro.

"I'm going to deal with black American poetry and prose and how important it is and has been in the survival of black Americans," she said of the lecture she plans to give.

"I don't mean just survival ... The capability of thriving can be credited in many cases to art and culture," said Angelou, who came to literary notice in 1970 with the publication of her first autobiography, "I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings."

Trained in dance but unable to find work at first, Angelou pulled herself up from hustling drinks in a strip joint to singing in a nightclub, then won a dancing role in a touring company of "Porgy and Bess" that overwhelmed Europe in the mid-1950s.

She went on to act, write, direct and produce for stage, television and film, earning a Golden Eagle award for her Public Broadcasting System special, "Afro-American in the Arts."

Meanwhile, in the '60s she was northern coordinator for Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

The sensibility that led her to civil rights activism is evident in her writing. There is keenly felt injustice in her books and pride, sometimes serene and sometimes sashaying, in her poems.

The experiences of her life, and her desire to share them, have brought more than recognition in the field of entertainment. She has received honors.

(See Festival, page 2)
Festival From page 1

ary degrees from four colleges, is a Chubb Fellow at Yale and in 1981 became Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University.

Although she never finished college herself, the 56-year-old devotee of literature has students who call her Dr. Angelou as she teaches an upper-level course called “Race, Politics and Literature: 100 Years.”

She is a hard teacher, she says, and her 20 students “love it. I’m not above hugging them, thumping them, tweaking their ears or giving them a kiss.”

At the beginning of each semester, she says, “I tell them I pity them. I start to laugh. I say, ‘You’ll never work so hard, you’ll never enjoy it so much. You’ll never be the same.’”

But that takes all semester. For a cram course in Maya Angelou, the Black American Arts Festival offers her lecture at 8:15 p.m. Jan. 24 at the Carolina Theatre. Tickets are $3 for adults and $7 for students and senior citizens.

The festival, coordinated by the United Arts Council of Greensboro, began Jan. 10 with the opening of the Charles White exhibition at the Greensboro Art Center. Exhibits, films and performances are scheduled through February, which is Black History Month.

White, who painted murals for the Works Progress Administration, preserved not just a record, but a commentary on black experience during the Depression. His work will hang until Feb. 14 in the Greensboro Artists League’s main gallery.

Meanwhile, “Juan Logan: The Artist and His Collection” will be on display from Feb. 1 to March 27 in the Green Hill Center for North Carolina Art. The show will include paintings, drawings and prints from his collection of Afro-American art as well as pieces of his own work.

Angelou’s appearance at the Carolina Theatre will be followed by three other performances, including the Billy Taylor Trio at 8:15 p.m. Feb. 12. Taylor, known as “Dr. Jazz,” is a pianist who has played with such greats as Bille Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Charlie Parker. All seats will be $12.50.

Next is the North Carolina Black Repertory Company’s performance of “Don’t Bother Me, I Can’t Cope,” at 8:15 p.m. Feb. 21.

The Grammy-winning musical is based on the everyday struggles of blacks in America and opened on Broadway in 1972. The Black Repertory Company, North Carolina’s only black professional theater troupe, has received rave reviews for previous productions of “Cope.” Tickets are $10 and $9.

The Chuck Davis African American Dance Ensemble caps the performances at 8:15 p.m. Feb. 28. The ensemble, part of the prestigious American Dance Festival in Durham, blends traditional dance styles from Africa, Europe and America.

Instructor, director and dancer Davis likens the vigorous performances to a “celebration of life.” Tickets are $8 and $7.

Four films about the black experience will round out the festival, starting with “Body and Soul,” a silent film starring Paul Robeson in a story of a corrupt Harlem preacher. It will be shown with live organ accompaniment at 7:30 p.m. Feb. 3.

Sidney Poitier has a chance to escape from the ghetto when his family receives a life insurance check for $10,000 in “A Raisin in the Sun,” to be shown at 3:30 p.m. Feb. 8.

Robeson returns as “The Emperor Jones” at 7:30 p.m. Feb. 17 in a cinematic version of Eugene O’Neill’s play.

Finally, “Ain’t Misbehavin’” will showcase the swing music of Fats Waller in a film based on the triple-Tony-winning musical. It will be screened at 3:30 p.m. Feb. 22.

All four films will be shown at the Carolina Theatre at 310 S. Greene St. Tickets are $2.50 each.

Tickets for all performances are on sale at the theater box office, open from noon to 5:30 p.m. weekdays. For ticket information, call 275-2536.

The art exhibitions are free and are in the Greensboro Arts Center at 200 N. Davie St.

The festival is sponsored by the Miller Brewing Co. and the Greensboro News & Record. For more information on the festival, call the United Arts Council at 373-4510.
Three Sisters Clash
In North Carolina

The raw chill of a southern winter sets the
stormy mood for the made-for-television movie
"Sister, Sister," by author Maya Angelou.

The film, which takes place in middle-class
black society, is the writer's first fictional
work for network television.

Diahann Carroll stars with Rosalind Cash
and Irene Cara in the contemporary story
about three contentious sisters whose conflict
reflects a growing crisis that threatens their
family. The film will be televised on

Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8 p.m. on NBC.

As the film opens, the three sisters find them-
selves in a familiar setting - the family
home, a place where the sisters are forced
to confront their past and present
relationships. Each sister seeks to

preserve their own identity while
struggling with the challenges of life
in a small North Carolina town.

The film explores the complex
relationships among the sisters,
highlighting their differing
perspectives and struggles. It

chronicles the sisters' attempts
to maintain their own identities
and hold onto the values they hold
close to their hearts.

A Writer Reflects Some Attitudes

Maya Angelou is an author and
professor known for her powerful
work that often addresses the
struggles of African Americans.

In a novel of her own, Angelou
shares the stories of three sisters
who come from a small town in
North Carolina. The novel
explores themes of family,
identity, and personal growth.

The sisters each have their own
tales to tell, and through their

stories, Angelou showcases the
richness of the American
experience.

Fields Sparks Anger Over 'Sister' Film

By Gary Debb

Diahann Carroll, the actress who

played the role of the eldest sister,
said that the film is a "controversial,
anti-christian" work. She was

responding to the controversy
surrounding the film's release.

CBS, which was scheduled to

broadcast the film, decided to

pull it from its lineup due to the
controversy. The network

ultimately aired the film on

the Showtime cable network.

The film has been the subject of

intense debate and discussion,

with many calling it a parody of

the Christian faith.

As the controversy continued,

Angelou's response was one of

frustration. She said, "I'm

surprised. I'm flabbergasted.

I thought we had come a long way,

in terms of acceptance and

tolerance. I'm just amazed that

people can still be soMXe.

This is the United States of

America."

Wildmon's response was
different. He claimed that the
film was a "attacks on Christianity.

I think it's a tragedy."

The film was released in

November 1979, and it

remained controversial for many

years. It was ultimately

removed from television

broadcasts, and the controversy

surrounding it continues to
disrupt the film industry today.

Aside from his strong stance
against "anti-christian" works,

Wildmon has been a vocal

critic of the entertainment

industry. He has criticized

movies, television shows, and

even the music industry for

what he sees as a lack of

morality and values.

On April 5, 1982, Wildmon sent

a letter to the president of

CBS, urging the network to

remove the film from its

lineup. The network

ultimately complied, and the

film was taken off the air.

The controversy surrounding

the film is a testament to the

divisions within society,

highlighting the struggle to

preserve traditional values in

a world increasingly

challenged by new ideas and

ideas.

Despite the controversy,

Angelou and her work continue
to inspire and challenge us all.

She remains a powerful

voice in contemporary literature,
Continued From Page 4
been removed for next fall despite disappointing Nielsen numbers.

Compare that with the nightly tripe being forced on CBS and ABC. The fiasco at NBC ever gone so far as to rescue 'Taxi,' the wonderful, humanistic comedy that ABC canceled.

Such facts mean nothing to Donald Widem, whose views on morality are so narrow that he probably blushes every time Lawrence Welk refers to his orchestra's 'champagne lady.'

Even the two most conservative and family-oriented programs in prime time, 'The Little House on the Prairie' and 'Father Murphy' — both of which, incidentally, are staples of the 'evil' NBC, are pro-pushed by Widem. In a Chicago TV 'debate' with this columnist, he declared that the morality and religious content of 'Little House,' and 'Murphy' are almost useless because both programs are set in the long-ago 1800's. I guess that time-frame argument pretty much blows the Bible to smithereens, too.

The only new aspect of the imbroglio surrounding 'Sister, Sister' is the swift response of black groups in defense of the movie. Television certainly doesn't do a respectable job of reflecting an accurate view of black Americans, but NBC has to be considered the best of a bad bunch, particularly in view of its recent "Sophisticated Gents" miniseries, the splendid multipart 1978 biography of Martin Luther King and the coming TV adaptation of 'Ain't Misbehavin'..

Thus, the black groups are responding to the Widem threat with a threat of their own: Boycott 'Sister, Sister' and we will boycott you and your products.

Faced with a choice between angering a lot of black people or angering a lot of ultraconservative Nazis, the scheduled sponsors of 'Sister, Sister' have to be squirming. It will be interesting to see which course they take.

Camel cigarettes are 'where a man belongs,' according to the catch phrase used in that product's advertising. Nevertheless, federal officials have ruled that Camel definitely don't belong inside the ring when heavyweights champ Larry Holmes puts his title on the line against "great white hope" Gerry Cooney.

Don King, the fast-talking boxing promoter with the electrifying hairdo, had wanted to squeeze as extra $200,000 or so out of the J. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. deal. But he would have a huge Camel logo painted on the Caesars Palace ring mat; four Camel decals installed on each ring post and similar camel-flagged ads for the cigarette news on the outlet worn by the sexy dames carrying the round card.

But when Rep. Henry Waxman (D-Calif.) caught wind of the plan, he quickly put the kibosh on it.

It seems that the Holmes-Cooney fight, set for Friday, will be widely televised on closed-circuit theater hookups and on various pay-TV channels. Since 1971, cigarette advertising has been banned from television by congressional decree.

In the meantime, the tobacco industry has done everything possible to dodge that law. They have paid dearly to be part of the title of sporting events carried by the networks (such as the Marboro Cup thoroughbred horse races and the Virginia Slims tennis tournaments). They have bought huge chunks of newspaper space adjacent to the daily TV program listings. They have even created needless public-opinion polls, such as the 'Hard Report,' in a bid to get the name of their smokes mentioned on TV news.

But the degradation of the Las Vegas professional ring that will render Holmen and Cooney two zeroes from now wont a little too far, even for a business as frequently manipulative as television.

Waxman is chairman of the House subcommittee on 'Health and Environment,' which tries to ensure that nobody violates the 1-year-old banishment of cigarette commercials from that living-room tube. Progressive fellow Rep. Henry Waxman quickly sealed some Justice Department lawyers, who promptly persuaded the Camel folks to get their stupid logo decals and slogans out of the ring.

So why doesn't the same thing happen when there's a tangle on the Marboro Cup or a Virginia Slims event?

Because neither Marboro nor Virginia Slims places his name or logo in areas that guarantee that the brand-name will be seen almost continuously by viewers at home. The Camel play at the Holmes-Cooney fight on the other hand, would have been one continuous, subliminal commercial for Camel cigarettes.

Elsewhere on the Holmes-Cooney beat, Los Angeles, whose Momentum Enterprises is promoting the closed-circuit and pay-TV tobacco fix of the fight, already has sold 500,000 of the 770,000 seats available at closed-circuit theater and arena locations across the country. Tickets for the closed-circuit viewings range from $25 to $110.

An exciting one-hour premiere of the fight, "Holmes-Cooney: A Matter of Pride," has been sold by Syndlen Services for telecast in most major cities. It has been produced and written, in part, by sportswriter Jerry Reisman.
HOLLYWOOD — The reverend's raiders are riding again.

The Rev. Donald Wildmon, through his Coalition for Better Television, is pressuring sponsors to yank their ads from "Sister, Sister," an NBC movie scheduled to air Monday after being held by the network for more than three years.

Wildmon is describing the two-hour drama written by the gifted Maya Angelou as being an "anti-Christian film."

"Now that is ignorant," Miss Angelou said Tuesday, responding to Wildmon's charge. "This silly man. Indeed."

Not silly at all is the waffling of some of the sponsors. After receiving a letter from Wildmon that attacks "Sister, Sister" as "anti-Christian, anti-religious stereotyping" by NBC, some are said to be considering withdrawing from the program.

"We're doing our damnedest to avoid that happening," said Aaron Cohen, NBC vice president for national sales.

NBC and its parent RCA have been the targets of a boycott started March 4 by Wildmon's national coalition, a boycott that has had no noticeable impact. For some time, Wildmon, a United Methodist minister, accused all three networks of producing oversexed programs. Later, he changed emphasis and began accusing them of an anti-Christian slant.

So "Sister, Sister," is taking it on the chin. Completed in February 1979, "Sister, Sister" is a bruising story tracing deep emotional conflicts among three black sisters in the contemporary South. One of the pivotal characters is an unsavory black minister who steals and has affairs with two of the sisters.

In Wildmon's view, that makes "Sister, Sister" anti-Christian. Baloney.

Wildmon would have a point if the black minister were meant to be a metaphor for all of Christianity. But he is not.

Miss Angelou is a Renaissance woman whose Southern upbringing gave her a strong sense of religion that imbues much of her writing. As she notes, her millions of devotees would have a good laugh over her being accused of doing something un-Christian.

"I'm devout, a religious person," she said on the phone from San Francisco, where her son Wildmon is now asking his followers to watch the film and then to join the coalition's boycott of RCA-NBC. "But Wildmon seems more interested in polemics than facts. And — sadly, chillingly — his tactics may be working.

Irv Wilson, executive producer for "Sister, Sister," said he was told by Cohen and Brandon Tartikoff, president, NBC entertain-
A Caged Bird Polishes Her Song

By Clifford A. Ridley

"Daddy," said the son of Martin Luther King, Jr., "white people are pretty, and black people are ugly."

Martin paused a moment, then drew the boy's gaze to a black-oriented magazine. He lingered over a beautiful ugly, "I was wrong, Daddy," the son admitted. "It's black people who are pretty, and white people who are ugly."

"And so," Martin recalled later, "I had to start all over.

It is this condition, perhaps—the need to define oneself in terms of somebody else and the frustration of being forever unable to do so—that lies at the root of the black experience in America. Other peoples have known dirt-poverty, genocide, and enslavement. But has any minority in history been so unable to ignore the majority among which it lives? Has any so exalted majorities to standards, majority expectations, while being so cruelly denied the opportunity of meeting them?

American blacks have dealt with the condition in a variety of ways. The church, for one. It promises them, whatever their status in the here and now, eternal rest and salvation in the hereafter. But there is more to the matter than that. In I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, the first volume of her extraordinary continuing autobiography, Maya Angelou describes the Negroes in her native Stamps, Ark., emerging from a revival meeting.

They basked in the righteousness of the poor and the exclusive-

ley Johnson. "My pretty black brother was my Kingdom Come," Ms. Angelou writes in Caged Bird; through both of the first two books, his brooding rectitude is her rock at moments of crisis. Leaving home, he signs on as a waiter with the Southern Pacific. "The future looks good," he says. "The black man hasn't even begun to storm the battlefronts." He takes a wife, watches her die, turns to dope but keeps his job; at night he reads Wolfe, Huxley, Philip Wylie. Then, through most of Singin' and Swingin', he disappears from Ms. Angelou's life. When he turns up again, it is at second hand; his sister speaks of his "pigniant and poetic tales of prison life."

Visiting a white psychiatrist, she asks, "Would he comprehend why my brilliant brother, who was the genius in our family, was doing time in Sing Sing on a charge of fencing stolen goods?"

"All knowledge," Bailey had often said, "is spendable currency depending upon the market." He found his market, and no one offered him another.

Raped by a stepfather at the age of 8, an unwed mother at 17, proprietress of a two-girl whorehouse at 18, a chippie for a week at 20, the young Maya Angelou went in many markets. But somehow she survived them all (it helped—how it helped—to have been born of a street-wise mama and a down-home-wise grandmother), and Singin' and Swingin' finds her in San Francisco, ready to ascend life's ladder. Still, though, she must deal with that omnipresent white cloud.

"Whites," she writes, "were as constant in our history as the seasons and as unfamiliar as affluence." She takes a white husband and dabbles in white religions; they prove equally unsatisfactory. She becomes a shake dancer and B-girl, working alongside white women who resent her honesty, her success, her talent developed in nighttime dance classes. She is discovered by the crowd at the Purple Onion, dandish white folks who believe in her, provide her a new name and a new history, and make her a star.

She goes yachting with an arty crowd to whom color is irrelevant, dines on frogs' legs with a Broadway producer, eventually signs on as premiere dancer with a European touring company of Porgy and Bess. At last she is a black artist among black artists, yet even now that white cloud hovers. Europeans, unused to the sight of Negroes, both befriended and jealously her in the street; an aged Yugoslav awakens her in the mornings with mash phone calls; a Greek doctor proposes marriage, seeing in her his ticket to America; dark-skinned poverty and servitude in North Africa dampen the thrill of "coming home."

On her first night with the Porgy and Bess company, Ms. Angelou sits backstage and listens to the velvet-voiced singers warming up, emitting the most unlikely and unmusical yelps and howls. "Preparation," she reflects, "is rarely easy and never beautiful." In a sense, the rarely easy life she chronicled in Caged Bird and together was her own preparation for the performance she now begins to give in Singin' and Swingin'." The notes remain the same—womanhood, manhood, poverty, equality, opportunity, God, blackness and whiteness—but they are rounded and polished with a musical intelligence born of experience and maturity. It is a performance not to be missed.

"Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas. By Maya Angelou. Random House. 269 pages. $8.95."

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**Point of Departure**

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ness of the downcast, whitefolks have their money and power and segregation and sarcasm—and mostly—mostly—let them have their whiteness. It was better to be meek and lowly, spat upon and abused for this little time than to spend eternally frying in the fires of Hell. No one would have admitted that the Christian and charitable people were happy to think of their oppressors’ turning forever on the Devil’s spit. ... But that was what the Bible said and it didn’t make mistakes.

When the main crowd of worshippers reached the short bridge spanning the pond, the ragged sound of honky-tonk music assailed them. ... Miss Grace, the good-time woman, had her usual Saturday night customers. The big white house blazed with lights and noise.

A stranger to the music could not have made a distinction between the songs sung a few minutes before and those being danced to in the gay house by the railroad tracks. All asked the same questions—How long? Oh God? How long?

I quote the passage at some length because it suggests a wholeness of experience, an organic perception of life that may be unique to the black American condition. Religion equals social reality equals hedonistic escape; the Bible and the bordello are two sides to the same coin. One is no more a luxury than the other. In a world existing perpetually under a cloud of white, any affirmation of blackness is an achievement, any denial of blackness an affront.

The motif sounds again and again in Ms. Angelou’s own story, which continued in Gather Together In My Name and now advances further in Singin’ and Swingin’ and Gettin’ Merry Like Christmas. Piece by piece, vignette by vignette, the books assemble a picture of a game played by someone else’s rules—rules, moreover, seldom fixed for more than an inning at a time. In such a game, words tend to lose their meanings. “Education,” for instance, is a joke when it means new microscopes for the white school and a new athletic field for the black. “Crime” becomes synonymous with cleverness when it seems the only way in which cleverness may be manifest. “Hope” is a condition not of promise but of imminent peril, too often merely the prelude to bitter irony.

There seemed ample hope for Bal-
An autobiography of five, or perhaps even seven, volumes seems audacious for a woman not yet 50. But a life as full of creativity amid chaos as Maya Angelou's deserves — requires — such attention.

The first three volumes, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," "Gather Together in My Name" and "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas," have been published.

Miss Angelou hopes to begin the fourth book early next year, she said during a recent interview here. She was visiting her old friend Dolly A. McPherson, lecturer in English at Wake Forest University, while in town to receive an honorary doctorate in humane letters from Wake Forest.

The interview was primarily about the new Broadway musical which Miss Angelou has written (book, lyrics and music) and will direct. But the conversation in Ms. McPherson's art-filled living room inevitably turned to the autobiographical volumes: Miss Angelou considers herself, first of all her talents, a writer, and although the writing and directing of the musical will fill the next half-dozen months, the autobiography looms.

"I'm almost afraid to talk about it," Miss Angelou said. "I've been skirting it with McPherson in these days... She is a sounding board for all the books, literally my life saver.

"When I'm working on a book, I may work for three or four months without having that glorious time when the work is just flowing. There will be months of working, 7:30 to 2:30, day after day — and then suddenly the work is in its flood."

When that happens, she takes, the telephone off the hook, draws the drapes — the door is already locked, if she is in her New York apartment instead of her California house — and she works 18 hours a day.

In those New York writing days, "D (Ms. McPherson) would pass by my house and see the drapes drawn, and know. Every three days or so, she would come to the door and just stand and blam, blam, blam on the door. She would get to be such a nuisance that I would open the door, and she would hand me a casserole.

"If I could, I would take before she could get her foot in the door and come inside to get the casserole she had left three days before, which would be" — sounds came from both women which could only be interpreted as giggles — "covered with mold.

Those 18-hour days of writing "can only be described as a holy time, when one is really, really in a state of grace. It's worth the year or year and a half, or however long it takes to write the rest of the book.

"I feel as if my body is plugged into a socket. ..." Her arms spread wide, momentarily displacing her quiet dignity with that spark that lies shimmering, ever present beneath the surface.

Both the dignity and the spark are the core of her autobiographical volumes, which tell the story of her life in vivid description, painful insights and lively dialogue.

The vignettes and the dialogue ring true, as if they happened yesterday. "I have a strange kind of memory," Miss Angelou said. "I have total recall, or none at all. There are things I remember that seem to have locked in."
Angelou: Language Transforms Life Into Art


When I Knew Who the Caged Bird Sang by Maya Angelou was published in 1970, critics had no reason to think that a first book by a woman in the entertainment world would be of particular literary importance. She had performed as a dancer and a singer in small clubs and on tour. At the time, however, Angelou was already sounding ambitious, if not hazardous her word for her electric audacity, in announcing that Caged Bird was the first of a planned four-volume autobiography. Since then, her self-confidence has grown in proportion to her success, and recently on the Today Show she casually announced that she would probably write as many as eight volumes before her life was old.

With the publication of number four, The Heart of a Woman (already in its second printing and running to 40,000 copies), the autobiography of Maya Angelou seems likely to be as prominent in contemporary American literature as the four-volume nature of the author is among a number of admiring writers a persona that draws like a sun.

It is appropriate to let the shape and sound of the self with the shape and shadow of the woman, because autobiography is the autobiography of Maya Angelou, and blackness is a subject that Angelou has examined as a jewel, beginning with Caged Bird. If it seemed a back-stroke, Caged Bird told us what it was like to be a black child in Arkansas and to feel permanently unacceptable.

Between that first volume and The Heart of a Woman, Angelou discovered, or accepted, the fullness of her racial, sexual, and spiritual humanity, and in this fourth volume she examines what it is like to be a woman.

Her relationship to her teen-age son, Guy, born out of wedlock when she was 17, is the heart of this book, and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives, but the path he took in social and economic terms, the kindnesses from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely, he must have been in a distant land too.

The world of Maya Angelou — beginning in her childhood in Stamps, Ark., and moving (always a-moving', as the spiritual goes) to California to New York to Europe, Asia, and Africa — is that "distant land," in which the imaginative mind engages experience in both its actual and its fictive possibilities. Angelou needs to us a life lived with intensity, honesty, and a remarkable combination of innocence and knowledge.

Autobiography has long been comfortable territory for black writers. When people are denied public voices, perhaps autobiography becomes the natural place from which they can address their letter to the world. Included in the body of black narratives are those by Frederick Douglass, William E. B. Du Bois, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson, Booker T. Washington, Zora Neale Hurston, and Malcolm X.

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Still She Rises— to Conquer

Poet, Actress and Teacher Going to Direct Her Own Broadway Show

By GENIE CARR

- 19-77 Sen.

One would have thought Maya Angelou had conquered all the creative worlds there are, but she sets off in a couple of days for a new field: Broadway.

Miss Angelou is a poet and autobiographer; she has acted and directed for television and the stage; she has taught (at Wake Forest University, where she was a visiting poet in 1974); she has written plays.

She has been to Broadway, of course, as an actor — for instance, in the original "Porgy and Bess" and five years ago with Geraldine Page in a two-woman show, "Look Away."

But now she goes to be on the other side of the curtain. She is writing the book, music and lyrics for a new show, "Still I Rise," which is scheduled to open in a Stubert theater in New York the first week in October.

Oh, yes. She is directing the show, too.

"I didn't realize," she said yesterday, "that to prepare a play for Broadway means that one must be girded in resolution, if not in talent." She chuckled with that softly throaty sound that has captivated listeners when she has, reluctantly, performed — reading poetry and acting in plays and on television.

Miss Angelou was interviewed on the Wake Forest campus, where she received an honorary doctor of humane letters degree Monday. She has remained in town this week to visit her friend of "a thousand years." Dolly A. McPherson, lecturer in English at the university, and theoretically to relax before spending the summer in New York working on the show.

She's been sneaking in some work, though, to finish a cantata for "Still I Rise." The show has the cantata and 17 songs — "all mine" — to be performed by a cast of 14, mostly black with a few "others" (white, Asian, Latin).

The show started simply enough, she said. Last spring, the Oakland (Calif.) Ensemble Theatre asked her to do something it could produce for a couple of weekends. They had chosen a play for her to direct, but she didn't like it, so with a month or two she had free — a novelty, surely — she decided to "pull together" something of her own.

Instead of two weekends, it played for four weeks to standing room only audiences and got "good reviews from serious critics." It also received attention from a New York producer.

"The play has now grown in ambition, if not achievement," she said with another chuckle.

She said the play "really deals with the stages of human life, beginning at death and looking back to childhood, adolescence, mature love, religion, old souls and death..."

"It's the story of two people who have died and who have not yet been assigned to their final destination.

We find early on there are not just two possible destinations; it is suggested by some forces outside these people there may be as many as eight."

To get their assignments, the people must recall their lives, "the positives and negatives that formed them." The other 12 members of the cast "appear in lights and help to recreate those things that were most important in their lives."

In the process, it is discovered that "the woman, who starts off being a virago, is not really so mean and hard. And the man is not really such a goody-two-shoes."

She is "in negotiation with two people who are quite famous" to play the leads, but since they haven't signed contracts yet she didn't want to say who they are.

She did say who her designers will be, and they are among the best — they include George Faison, who choreographed "The Wiz" and "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope."

Miss Angelou lives in California, but she keeps an apartment in New York for just such occasions as this job. For the first few weeks of her pre-production work for the musical, however, she will stay with another friend, writer Shana Alexander, on Long Island.

Miss Alexander's house is close enough to the city so Miss Angelou can meet with the designers frequently during the first planning stages — and far enough away so they can't appear on her doorstep at 4 a.m., as creative theater people are wont to do.

The house has an extra attraction, too, Miss Angelou said — a piano that was once owned by George Gershwin. "I hope between the keys there is still some magic," she said, running her long fingers down an imaginary keyboard and chuckling.
Years of Joy—Accompanied by a Sad Strain

Maya Angelou, always at the center... 

The Childrens of

Bourjaily

New Parent-Authors Accept Old Values

In December 1976, Maya Angelou released her third autobiography, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," which was accompanied by a "Sad Strain." The book marked a pivotal time in her career as a writer and performer. Angelou had already made a name for herself in the 1950s with her first two autobiographies, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "Pair of Brown Eyes," and had gained national attention for her work as a poet and essayist. Her third book, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," was a powerful and poignant account of her early life, including her experiences of racism, poverty, and sexual abuse.

The book was well-received by critics and readers alike, and it cemented Angelou's status as a literary giant. It is considered one of her most important works, and it has been translated into multiple languages and adapted into film and stage productions.

In the years that followed, Angelou continued to write and perform, and she became a beloved figure in American culture. Her work has been celebrated for its honesty, strength, and beauty, and she remains an inspiration to many people around the world.

In her later years, Angelou continued to write and perform, and she remained an active member of the literary community. She passed away in 2014, but her legacy lives on through her work and the impact it continues to have on readers and performers alike.

Maya Angelou's life and work continue to be celebrated and studied, and her influence on the world of literature and the arts is immeasurable.
Play on Racism Is for Teens

Angelou: Distance Between Black and White Females

By MARIA von NICOLAI
Teen Page Reporter

Post-playwright Maya Angelou says she crystallizes questions about racial prejudice in her new play, "On a Southern Journey," written specifically for students in junior and senior high schools.

And the consensus of those involved in the production here is that the response of many teenagers who have seen the play is very positively against discrimination.

Mr. Angelou commented, "This is the first one-act piece I have done. I called it a 'theatrical vignette' because it is a work in progress. I did it by request of the poet Emily Wil-son and wrote it for junior and senior high school students.

At present I am working on extending it to a full-length play.

"Ms. Wilson wanted a play about a black and a white person or people, and for the past seven or eight years I have been deliberating on the distance between black and white women. That theme has caught me so, during these years I have been writing around it. We must see how to bridge the distance which is left from centuries of hate, fear and misunderstanding.

The play is about a black woman and a white woman who meet in a train depot and try to see eye-to-eye despite old racial tensions which spring up between them. Ms. Angelou has donated it as a gift to the state of North Carolina.

In a Teen Page interview, Ms. Angelou, Florence Anderson, who played Anna, the black character, Diane Rousseau, who played Anna, the white woman, and Pat Toole, the director, discussed the play.

"The show, 'On a Southern Journey,' takes kids on their own journey of understanding their feelings regarding race relations," said Ms. Anderson, long active in drama in public schools here and teacher of Advanced Placement English.

Ms. Rousseau said, "I felt enormous excitement when I first read the script. It is a great desire to share it with as many people as I could. We needed to get an audience whose emotions are not engraved in stone. Young people are where racial tensions will change, even if parents still remember hurt piled on hurt."

Ms. Angelou said, "I can't worry about how youths will react and I can't influence that. If I am able to leave them with ideas to reject, argue or accept, then the work is good. I don't want to pull anyone to my side, but to start dialogue and conversation about it."

In portraying the role of the black woman in the play, said Ms. Anderson, "I wanted the message to be crystal clear. Many times parents are disturbed by reports of the kids and how they perceived something."

"So I wondered how I could help get the message across. The greatest test of a work can be doing it before a young audience. They can be your biggest critics. We did the play before junior highs, a high school and one group of senior high students."

Ms. Anderson said, "It was interesting to see the different reactions. As far as the message is concerned, generally youngsters reacted in the same way, which was a plus for the show. Most saw it almost as a plea to recognize the weakness in human relations and to do something about it."

"They were inspired to raise provocative questions of themselves and to explore their own role in stimulating race relations. More than give the audience an answer, the play helped crystallize questions that they will talk about for a long time."

"It was a plus that some didn't understand the term 'prejudice' because they had not experienced it. Parents have not clouded their thinking and it is good that they do not know of it and as a result won't practice it."

"Teachers Help"

"I love what the teachers did with students to prepare them," said the director, Ms. Toole. "Part of their class-work was to write down their personal feelings on the opposite race and on racism."

Ms. Rousseau said of the play, "It stimulated all kinds of feelings, discussions and intense questions such as 'Where do prejudices lie? The kids seemed to feel very hopeful and were defensive of the posture of being hopeful. They want to be identified with growth and change and not with the old ways."

"Some said, 'What about maintaining racial traditions?' Even if races mix, we won't forget these. Too much has been written already and we don't need to keep on opposite sides of the tracks to keep traditions."

Ms. Rousseau gave insight into the action and implications of the piece: 'Two women have returned home to North Carolina and are waiting to be picked up from a train station. They try to "touch" each other, but they have stepped back to the old notion of worth that they knew tapped. Coming home is very important in this play's setting—that's when fears take over again."

"The terrifying thing is the minute you're under any kind of stress, you'll fall back to a habitual response. It is the least threatening thing to do. Fear of the other woman and the need to feel bigger than one really is becomes a hindrance. Anna says she needs to look down on someone else to feel better. Even in the same race you have scholar-athlete tensions."

Ms. Toole said, "I grew up in California and went to church regularly. The message I got there was that all people are my brothers and sisters, and I really believed it. Then I found out that my parents did not believe it. Some of our parents' prejudices rub off on us, and every one forms some kind of prejudices."

"There have been gentile-Jewish, caucasian-oriental conflicts. For example, Americans put Japanese into American concentration camps during the war."

Ms. Anderson said, "It is frightening when humans can't understand or relate to each other, and it is beautiful when they do. It never ceases to amaze me how much we miss out on from both cultures because we have been so far apart. But I think this also varies with a person's intellectual level. More intelligent people seem to show less racial prejudice. This show is intended to show more of sound human relations and help youngsters identify with a human experience."

Ms. Angelou said, "Racism is everywhere in America. It is unfortunately not a regional disease."

"I grew up in North Wilkesboro, where we had segregated schools," said Ms. Rous­seau, "Blacks and whites had no opportunity to be together for anything."

"Teens Progressing"

Ms. Rousseau said, "Now I think each generation will get a little closer. The students we performed for are already closer than my generation."

Ms. Anderson, who was born in Winston-Salem and has lived in West Virginia and New York said, "When I was young I lived a sheltered life and was not as keenly aware of racial tensions. I went to an all-black elementary and high school, but did not ask questions until high school. Not until I was an adult was I conscious that society was divid­
missing. The old specter of black and white prejudice is greasy stuff and it keeps making them slip. The play is about a lack of trust."

Ms. Toole, giving the director's view of the confrontation, said, "If they had only met in the north, things may have been so different. But they decide they will try anyway. They must overcome much anger and hurt..."

"And fear," added Ms. Rousseau. "I assume both are career women and are very ambitious. They are frightened of trying to communicate, and when you're afraid, old patterns and prejudices are at the forefront to be"

"In the north I was always around theater people and there everyone is just a human being. We all did things together. It's not so different down here. When I left college I was aware that outside the theatre there was a difference in the way they lived, there were separate communities. I think succeeding generations now are making strides to become closer."

Ms. Rousseau said, "But it is important to realize that we haven't gone the whole distance by a long shot. If someone gets a job over you and you think it is because of his or her race, you've lost the race."
VIBRANT PROFESSOR-WRITER SHARES HER TALENT, HER SEARCH, HER SELF

By Greg Hitt

IT IS AN Easter Sunday crowd on a late November afternoon. Cars line both sides of the street behind Mount Zion Baptist Church. The sanctuary is full, its balcony bulging, as more than 1,000 people squeeze in for a Sunday night shout with Maya Angelou and the Inspirational Choir.

"We're not a small church," says the Rev. Serena T. Churn. "But I don't mind telling you, we don't push the walls back like that every Sunday."

Miss Angelou is a poet and writer whose works have won international acclaim as testaments to black life in America. She lives in Winston-Salem, teaches at Wake Forest University, and attends church at Mount Zion on Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., where once a year she gives the congregation what she spends the rest of the year giving the world: a reading.

This night she breathed life into works of Langston Hughes, June Jordan, Richard Wright and Paul Laurence Dunbar, as well as poems of her own. But it was her voice, as much as the words, that engaged the crowd. Butted, and full, the voice is a theatrical blend of city sasses and back-country molasses.

"I have known rivers," Miss Angelou says, casting sadness over the crowd with the opening line to Hughes' The Negro Speaks of Rivers, "I have known rivers ancient and older than the flow of human blood in human veins — and my soul has grown deep like the river."

She draws out the word "deep" as if using it to measure the water, and here and there members of the audience say "Amen."

"I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young," she continues. "I built my hut along the Congo and it lulled me to sleep. I lived along the Nile, and I built those tremendous pyramids high above it."

"I saw the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went all the way down to New Orleans," she says, adding sweetness to her voice, "and I have watched its muddy bosom grow all golden in the sunset. I say I have known rivers — and my soul is as deep as all the rivers."

A baby's cry breaks the silence as Miss Angelou yields the altar to the choir, which after a short piano introduction, launches into "God Is Still Moving," a gospel song that is more march than hymn.

Miss Angelou stands to the side, her hand tapping out the slow beat of the song.

"My God," the choir sings, "He moves me."

OVER LUNCH and a bottle of white wine at her home in Old Town a few days later, Miss Angelou offered a prayer to God, and after giving thanks for the most loaf and rice, she gave thanks for something else.

"The Lord has a marvelous wit," she said after unfolding her hands. "How can we not see it in ourselves? In who we are and how we act?"

Her self-criticism was to the point. Miss Angelou, 59, has made a name for herself by examining her life — by exploring the Lord's wit, if you will, and its work within her. Her life has been well-chronicled in her five sequential volumes of autobiography. Her works have been translated into 10 languages and have made best-seller lists in New York and London.

The most famous, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, was made into a television movie in 1979. The book describes a troubled childhood that led her from the segregation of Stamps, Ark., to California and the harsh realities of being an unwed mother.

Miss Angelou was born in St. Louis and lived for a short while in California before her parents split up and her father sent her and her brother, Bailey Johnson Jr., to live with their grandmother in Stamps. Miss Angelou was 3, her brother 4, and they made the train trip by themselves, with a "To Whom It May Concern" note tied to their wrists telling who they were and where they were bound.

Under her grandmother's watchful eye, she learned to be mindful of Stamps' racial division and respectful of the

RESUME

FULL NAME: Maya Angelou.

AGE: 59.

PROFESSION: Author and poet.

PUBLIC POSITION: Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University.

BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis, Mo.

FAMILY: Son, one grandson.

HERO: Vivien Baxter Wilburn, her mother.

JOURNAL REPORTER 800UUU/
Maya Angelou: "I want to know more... so I can be... an honest, courageous, funny and loving human being."

The sonnet rolls off her tongue with little prompting:
"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone bemoan my outcast state. And trouble a deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate..."

"That was me — absolutely me — wishing to be anything rather than to be black and poor and a girl in the dirt roads of Arkansas," she said.

"Can you imagine if somebody told him in the 15th century, 'Listen, you're going to inspire a black girl in the 20th century in Arkansas, who will be a mute?'"

In 1941, when she was 13, she and her brother left Stamps for California again to live with their mother. There, she said, she came into adulthood, working as a Creole cook, a bordello madam, and eventually a dancer and singer.

Her stage work won her a role in a tour of Porgy and Bess that took her to 22 countries in Europe and Africa in 1954 and 1955. Upon her return, she found her talent in steady demand.

In 1969, she moved to New York..."
Mays Angelou: "The Lord has a marvelous will. How can we not see it in ourselves?"

"If we can only keep love as the constant," she added, "we can only keep love as the constant."

"We can only keep love as the constant."
She realized then, Mrs. McDermott said, that though she was black, she was not totally African.

She often wore African-style dresses and headwraps, but she saw herself as an American, as well as a Southerner.

"The South and I are inseparably bound by recent history," she said.

The last 200 years, and the history of slavery, have made me a Southerner.

THE SINGERS of the Inspirational Choir have Mount Zion clapping and singing along with a beat-stomper of a song. "Where Shall I Be?"

"Where shall I be when it shines," they sing. "Where shall I be when it shines?"

The choir finishes in a unison that leaves no doubt that it is the autobiographies that have put butter on her bread. When working on one, she rents a hotel room, and every day for five or six months she goes there to hammer out the words.

It was publisher Robert Loomis, the vice president and executive editor of Random House, who first persuaded her to try Capek's play. He did so at the suggestion of Judith Fiffer, the former wife of editorial cartoonist Jules Feiffer.

"They had had a dinner party and Maye and James Baldwin and Jules Feiffer and Judy all ended up trading stories," Loomis recalled. "Now that's a crowd with good storytellers - recounts every one - and Maye held her own. Judy called me up and told me that she was really something."

Loomis made Miss Angelou two or three offers, but she didn't warm to the idea until he expressed it as a challenge.

"He called me again," Miss Angelou said, "and said that he wanted to change the idea until I agreed it as a challenge."

"I called me again," Miss Angelou said, "and said that to write an autobiography - as literature - is almost impossible, I said right then, 'I'll do it.'"

Miss Angelou's books are not as much about what has happened to her, as they are about what she has learned.

One theme comes up repeatedly: the devotion to growth, to self-education, whether she's writing about prejudices or poetry or politics. Loomis remembers meeting Capek's play and wondering about its openness and its liberating spirit. "It was different than anything I'd ever read," she said.

"It was special and unique. She wrote with such anger and disgust at prejudice, but did not have any of that bitterness, which ruins a lot of writers."

WHAT COMES OUT in the books is a sense of someone sick of stagnation - someone searching for change.

That search brought her to Winston-Salem in 1961, when she accepted a lifetime position as a Reynolds Professor of American Studies. She teaches courses in black literature and cultural history.

She is no different as a teacher, she said, than she is as a friend, lover, or writer.

Her goal is always the same.

"My aspiration is not achievable,"
They move into condos, up over their ranks. They lend their souls to the local banks. Buying big cars they can't afford, then ride around town actin' bored.

"My life ain't heaven, but it sure

My aspiration is not achievable, which may be all right if I accept that the process is more important than the result," she said.

"I want to know more — not intellectually — to know more so I can be a better human being, to be an honest, courageous, funny and loving human being. That's what I want to be — and I blow it about 80 times a day. My hope is to cut that to 70."

She laughed, but her voice carried an edge of sarcasm. She sipped from
An Author Finds Wake Forest the Place to Rest Her Traveling Shoes

Maya Angelou’s latest book, All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes, is reviewed on Page C4.

By Linda Brinson
JOURNAL REPORTER

MAYA ANGELOU SMILED like a proud parent as she discussed the progress of her newest book on the non-fiction bestseller list. “It’s No. 11 this week,” she said.

All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes is her favorite — so far — of her series of autobiographical books.

She has written five volumes of her personal narrative, starting in 1970 with I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, the story of her troubled childhood as a black girl in Stamps, Ark.

The book helped propel her to fame in between her teaching and her lectures and poetry readings. She has chronicled her life as a young, unwed black American girl in Stamps, Ark.

Like Christmas, She has written five volumes of her personal life story, “It’s No. 11 this week,” she said.

All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes, is a statement of that theme of impermanence. “So often we think that this promotion, or this job, or this relationship is it, that we’re set for life,” she said.

“All of us need to keep on traveling, because anything can change. Even with the most solid-seeming thing, the sand can shift under your feet in a second.”

This book recounts how Ms. Angelou searched for a spiritual and ancestral home by joining a colony of American blacks in Ghana in the early 1960s. Although she gained in her understanding of how the African heritage affects American blacks, the experience was disappointing in many ways.

Now, Ms. Angelou said, she feels that she has found a home in Winston-Salem. She sat in her spacious, attractive house not far from Wake Forest University, enjoying her morning coffee and croissant and watching the birds come and go in her backyard.

“My books and my paintings are here now,” she said. “This is home.” In addition to an eclectic collection of paintings, the house is brightened and given character by numerous pieces of African art, works of wood, ivory and cloth.

Ms. Angelou still has trouble explaining to some of her friends why a black woman who could live just about anywhere has chosen North Carolina. People were the key, she said, and the decision evolved over several years.

In 1971, when she lived in California, she was invited to speak at Wake Forest University. She met Thomas Mullen, dean of the college, and Elizabeth Phillips, a professor of English.

“I liked them,” she said. “And I thought if I lived here, or they lived in California, we’d see each other once a month or so.”

The next year, she was invited back to Wake Forest, met more people “and the circle grew.”

“I began to say I have friends in North Carolina. Whenever I was in the South — shooting Roots, and so on — I would arrange to come to Winston-Salem to see these friends.”

“IT gave my papers to Wake Forest, and I was voted onto the board of visitors — every year something happened tiring me to this school.”

In 1971, “a marriage ended in California, and I decided to give California a rest. I looked and looked and what I saw was Winston-Salem. I thought, that would be nice.”

In December of that year, Ms. Angelou accepted a life-time appointment as Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest.

Ms. Angelou has often said that despite all her other activities, she thinks of herself primarily as a writer.

And now I find that I’m also a teacher,” she said. “I love that.”

She particularly enjoys a course called “Race, Politics and Literature: Aspects of American Life From 1820 to 1930,” in which students “must take an idea or a person from the period we are studying and defend that person’s actions — whether a slave owner or a slave, or a rotten politician or one of the people we call our heroes.

“The only mistake in my class,” she said, “is not to commit yourself.”

“We have such an intense exchange,” she said, “with one of her wide, warm smiles.” The students all, See Angelou, Page C12.

Maya Angelou: Impermanence as a theme
FOCUS:
Connective Currents

By Rosalind C. Truitt

I am a black woman tail as a cypress strong.
Beyond all definition still dwelling place and time
and circumstance associated
impossibly, indestructible
Look on me and be renewed

When Mari Evans wrote "I Am a Black Woman" in 1970, the poet was, as in all her works, "reaching for what will not find black heads over common denominators... from Maine to Mississippi to Montana."

Evans knows what forces her to write, to grab snatchers of time when and wherever she can. And with the publication of Black Women Writers (1950-1980) in which she conceived and edited, Evans hopes readers will better understand what motivates other writers to commit fleeting thoughts to paper.

The 15 women in the book (including Alice Walker, Maya Angelou, Toni Morrison, Nikki Giovanni, Gwendolyn Brooks and Evans herself) have compellingly said why they write, some in flowing prose, others with sparse phrases. But Evans, a professor of African-American literature at Cornell University, wants it known that the book is primarily a critical evaluation.

"I wanted to make sure we paid the work of these women some attention in a scholarly way, not just that we heard it occasionally or read it and said 'This is a good novel, why don't you read it?" she said during a stop in Washington. "Let's dig it into [the writing] and give it the same critical assessment that has been given to others in this country and in the world for years, for centuries."

"The women are as diverse as any 15 people you could pull out of clear air. The one thing we can observe that ties them together is ethnicity. They are all black and therefore they've all experienced the black experience, in quotes," she adds, "which is a nebulous kind of thing. They've all experienced it in different ways, in varying times, and their material comes from that experience."

"In that way, they share something... They share being black and being female."

Evans says she chose the three decades of 1950-1980 specifically because of the social changes during that period.

"By selecting that era we have the period before the turmoil of the 1960s, the turmoil of the '50s and the question that followed. I felt there would be a good chance to follow the movement writers' approach, their writing styles and how much, if at all, various writers were influenced by the turbulence of the 1960s."

Some of the women whose work is critiqued have focused on the derogation of blacks in general and black women in particular. Others, like Pauline Marshall (The Chosen Place, The Timeless People) and Alice Walker, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel The Color Purple, have reached back to a Caribbean or African past to illuminate the present.

Writers such as Gayle Jones (Corneledown) and poet-critique-essayist Maya Angelou (I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, among many works) have illuminated the psychological abuse of women.

In Evans' collection, there are stories of large, vibrant cities and small dusty towns, of women beaten down, and those who triumph, uplifting others in the process.

The critics, drawn from around the country, point out that the writers convey their varied messages in different voices, ranging from the singing rhythms of the street to the structured cadence of a classroom teacher.

"George Kent, for example, a writer and a literature professor at the University of Chicago, writes of poet Gwendolyn Brooks, author of works as Street in Bronzeville, Annie Allen and The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman.

"... As part of her mission to help inspire the bonding of blacks to each other, she wanted to write poetry which could be appreciated by the person in the tavern who did not normally read poetry... The imagery remains realistic on a very simple level: diction and syntax approach the reader as old friends and the narrator is an intimate chronicle."

Of her own writing, Evans says, "I make a statement as a black person that is outside my experience of being a woman. I am concerned about the concerns of the group (women), and even though I experience all of the restrictions and impositions—I least I imagine I do—that women everywhere do in varying degrees, I am concerned with writing as a black person primarily."

"I think," she muses, "that the 15 women in the book might come pretty close to understanding blackness in the same way, I'm not sure we would come up with exactly the same wording for a definition, but I think our understanding of blackness might be the same. I think that we'd all feel there was something deeper than a skin color, something deeper than race involved."

In Black Women Writers (paperback, $12.95; hardback, $22.95; 543 pages, Anchor Press/Doubleday), she says, "Who I am is central to how I write and what I write. And I am the continuation of my father's passage. I have written for as long as I have been aware of writing as a way of settling down feelings and the stuff of imaginations..."

"imagism becomes the magic denominator, the language of a passage, saying the ancient, unchanging particular, the connective currents..."

"If there are those outside the black experience who hear the music and can catch the beat, that is serendipity; I have no objections. But when I write, I write according to the title of poet Margaret Walker's classic: 'for my people.'"

Evans' career has included writing for a black weekly newspaper and, in the mid-'60s, writing technical works for a manufacturing company. She has taught on the college level for 15 years, including the last four at Cornell. Her works have included short stories, poetry and critical essays. She is now at work on a play and a volume of poetry.

Among the biographies on the writers in the book, Evans is one of the briefest: Born, Tubod, Ohio. Attended University of Toledo. Divorced, two sons. When asked for more, she firmly declines, "I prefer to let my work speak for me."

Regardless of other pressures, she always, she says, finds time to write.

"All of us have trouble finding time to write, I have more trouble finding time to have a meal than I do finding time to write. I can get on a plane and have a chicken sandwich."

Rosalind Truitt is a Washington freelance writer.
A Review of Reviews

NE thing that's clear—talking to the men and women around the country who are involved in putting out the proliferating number of small book reviews—is that the process is always a labor of love.

"We've survived for 10 years," says Ron Nowicki, the founding editor of the San Francisco Review of Books, "because we've had a lot of volunteers." This sentiment is echoed by, among others, Tom Auer, editor of the Denver-based Bloomsbury Review; and Matthew Gilbert, managing editor of the almost-a-decade-old Boston Review. "We have two paid staff members," Gilbert says, "and we use those interns on a regular basis. But the passion which gets these periodicals off the ground and keeps them three years ago attract the talents of equally committed writers, many quite well known, who are willing to be paid in free subscriptions or less.

William Krotzblad, Kay Boyle and Stanley Weintraub are contributing editors of the San Francisco Review of Books; all of them came to Nowicki's aid when he started back up in '75 and have stayed on the masthead. In addition, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Niven Bush ("He just reviewed the Norman Mailer book") have also appeared in SFBR's pages, and Constance Caseley, now book editor of the San Jose Mercury-News, was an early and longtime volunteer.

At the Boston Review, they've run original stories by Bobbie Ann Mason and Ann Beattie, essays by Adrienne Rich and Dana Doniger, and they've featured such poets as James Merrill and John Ashbery. "We began in more strictly a literary review than we are now," explains Gilbert. "Now we're on a 'arts review' and that includes literature.

But the book reviews are still listed first in the table of contents.

Bulletin Letters is the name of the "new national review of books by women" based in northern Virginia and edited by Janet Mullaney, who put out the preview issue this past spring. "I decided to see of the great outpouring of fine writing by women. I also noticed how many people I knew were involved in reading these books," recalls Mullaney, who, before starting Bulletin Letters, had no publishing experience.

Avenue, also, that a similarly oriented journal, The Women's Review of Books, has been coming out of Boston. Mullaney says her ambitions for Bulletin Letters lie in a different direction. "I'm looking for us to be more journalistic and entertaining and more well rounded. The newest issue, just out, contains a piece by Doris Grumbach, poet Linda Pastan and novelist Joyce Kornblatt, and there's an interview with Ninoia Shange.

"Bulletin's best-known writer is probably Edward Abbey," Tom Auer says. "But we use everyone from professors to bookstore clerks, they just have to write and to know the subject well." Started originally as a Denver bookshop's newsletter in 1977, it's grown into a periodical that's sold in bookstores in "46 states, plus Canada, with subscribers in every state as well as abroad." Like other small book review editors around the nation, Auer sees his mandate as "complementing the bigger review media," even while maintaining a definitely regional flavor.

But, perhaps, Russell Hoover, managing editor of The American Book Review, located in Manhattan and publishing six times a year, best describes what those periodicals do when he says, "We were founded to give attention to small presses, university presses and the major commercial publishers"—in that order. Some of the better-known contributors to The American Book Review have included Seymour Kline, Ed Sanders and founding editor Ronald Sukenick. "We have five regional distributors and we're in bookstores, if not quite to the extent that we'd like... but then it's newer to the extent that we'd like!" Hoover laugh.


And, soon to be launched, according to recent announcements in Publishers Weekly, are the Philadelphia Review, "a monthly newsletter for booklovers and writers" (with a special feature on Philadelphia material) and the Washington Book Review, "a bi-monthly tabloid [revered] approximately 100 books in every issue.

Side Bets

In the latest issue of The Armchair Detective, a quarterly for mystery aficionados, best-selling novelist Father Andrew McGreevy looks at a fellow best seller, Umberto Eco. His conclusion: The Name of the Rose takes a definite second place to the "traditional whodunits" of the Englishman, Ellis Peters (real name: Edith Purdom). Her nine detective stories featuring Brother Cadfas are set 200 years earlier than Eco's 14th-century Italian masonic teaser. Francesco's Necrologie—Umberto Eco undoubtedly describes truth in his book. Ellis Peters, for her part, has only verisimilitude; and, as any storyteller knows, verisimilitude makes for a better story than truth and may, finally, at the level of myth and symbol, be even more true. (The Devil's Nook, the eighth Cadfas chronicle, is available this month, in paperback, from Fawcett, who also list others in the series.)

September 7-14 marks the fourth annual Banned Books Week. The theme this year is "Free Speech/Freedom Press," and the weeklong event, sponsored by the American Library Association and other book organizations (American Booksellers Association, Association of American Publishers, etc.), features an eye-catching poster. On it nine writers—Earl Varragre, Joseph Heller, Judy Blume, Maya Angelou, Norman Mailer, Alexander Schenken, James Baldwin, Mark Twain and Shakespeare—are pictured with black tape over their mouths. And the accompanying booklet tells us, library censors are currently at an all-time high. But which of these authors tops the current "most-banned" list? In 1984-85, it was Blume. Her juvenile novels (Blubber, Dog Man, Forever, etc.) were challenged more than any others in libraries and school systems across the United States, taking the place of previously top targets, Go Ask Alice, (an anonymous account of a young girl's involvement with drug) and J.D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye.
Howard Grads Told to Prepare To Help Others

By Arthur S. Brisbane
Washington Post Staff Writer

More than 2,000 Howard University students were graduated yesterday in exercises stressing their responsibilities for the future and their debts to those striving blacks who went before them.

Baking under a warm sun in black robes and mortar boards, the students basked in their academic achievement as they listened to graduation speaker Maya Angelou's sobering words, "Your ancestors took the lash, the branding irons, humiliation and oppression because one day they believed ... you would come along to flesh out the dream."

The amplified voice of university President James E. Cheek rang across the Howard University stadium, where about 18,000 persons witnessed the three-hour ceremony. In addition to the awarding of undergraduate and graduate degrees, seven individuals, including Washington newswoman J.C. Hayward, received honorary degrees.

Onlookers ringed the stadium and filled the seats on the field, surrounding the students, for whom it was a singular day of rituals. There was even royalty on hand—in the person of Queen 'M'amohato Bereng Seiso of Lesotho, an African nation that had two citizens among yesterday's graduates.

"It's something you never think is really going to happen, and then it happens," said Karyn Collins, a 21-year-old Chicago woman who earned a bachelor's degree in print journalism. "I keep thinking somebody is going to put some fast one over on me and tell me I need three credits at the last minute."

There were no fast ones, though, and as Cheek conferred degrees orally on the students in each of the university's schools and colleges, they cheered, shook hands and released balloons into the air.

"You have been loved," intoned Maya Angelou, a writer and American studies professor at Wake Forest University, whose rich voice carried theatrically to the fringes of the crowd. Angelou, who received an honorary doctor of letters degree, told the graduates their achievement rests on the efforts of activists and ancestors who preceded them.

Referring to writer James Baldwin's observation that "we have all been paid for," she said graduates should feel obligated to "laying the groundwork for—future generations."

Citing as an example "the 14-year-old girl who prepares now to go to 14th Street and lose herself," she said, "You have started, paying for her now."

Angelou, whose first autobiographical volume, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," won her fame, urged the graduates to "turn their attentions to the oppressed, the hungry and the poor in Latin America and South Africa, and to end the erosive social cancer of racism in this country."
Her Writing Helps Others See Themselves

By Carol Deegan

NEW YORK (AP) — When Maya Angelou writes, she keeps a Bible, a dictionary and a deck of cards by her side.

"Well, I play solitaire. Sometimes in a month I use up three or four decks of cards," said the author of the best-selling "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," whose most recent book was "The Heart of a Woman."

"You know," she said in an interview, "black Americans have a saying, 'Oh, that didn't even cross my little mind.' I've long loved that phrase.

"I think that when you're writing it's very good for the little mind to have something to do, so that the deeper mind can rest and try to cope with the thoughts and put them in some order, evaluate.

"So I play cards. And, I mean, I know I'm not really playing, but it's something for my little mind to do."

"The Heart of a Woman" is the fourth volume of Miss Angelou's autobiography. She is also the author of three collections of poetry, one of the few female members of the Directors Guild and has produced a 16-part television series on African tradition in American life.

Maya Angelou, 55, was born Marguerite Johnson in St. Louis and spent most of her childhood in Stamps, Ark. She now lives in Winston-Salem, N.C., and plans to teach at Wake Forest University.

"Maya" was her brother's version of the name Marguerite, and she adopted the name Angelou from the name of her first husband.

"The Heart of a Woman" traces a five-year period in Miss Angelou's life, from 1957 to 1962. During these years, she moved from California to New York City, left a career as a singer, became a member of the Harlem Writers Guild, worked as the northern coordinator for Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, became the wife of Vusumzi Make, a South African freedom fighter, and moved to Cairo, where she became the first female editor of an English-language magazine.

Miss Angelou said that becoming a member of the Harlem Writers Guild had been important because it forced her to examine herself as a writer.

She said her marriage to Vusumzi Make had been "a marvelous thing," even though the marriage did not last.

"I admired him so much because he was brilliant, he was probably the most brilliant human being I've ever met, still is, too," she said.

But Miss Angelou said probably one of the most important events in her life during that period of time had been realizing her importance to her son, Guy, who was becoming a teenager growing up in the United States.

"I realized how vulnerable he was as a black kid in a racist country and for all his pomp and verve and so forth, that he was as tender as a rose, and I always had to be there somewhere and hold him close to me," she said. "I had to really get that through, so that was a very important thing."

Miss Angelou said that in her autobiographical writing she tried to take an event that had happened to her and to write it so personally that anyone could see it and understand it and then look at himself, not just at her life.

However, she said, that's easier said than done.

"You know the statement, 'Easy reading is damned hard writing,'" she said with a laugh. "Well, I like to write so that the readers are 30 pages into the book before they realize they're reading.

"I like to write, try to write, so that the readers think they're thinking that up. To write like that, for me, means constantly editing, re-writing, until the lines just slip off the page and into the main frame. That's what I try for, and sometimes I achieve it and sometimes I don't."

She is working on a new book of poems.
Act V

Angelou’s New Book Is the Best Since ‘Caged Bird’

By Emily Wilson

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN NEED TRAVELING SHOES, By Maya Angelou, Random House, $5.95. 210 pages, $13.95.

This is the fifth volume in the continuing autobiography of Maya Angelou. Or is it Act V, for the theater is the natural place for the performance of this woman who has reminded us that all the world’s a stage. Surely she was also thinking of herself when she wrote of her son, “He was a character in a drama of his own composition, and was living the plot as it unfolded.”

All God’s Children, however, is more than performance. It is Angelou’s best book since I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings (1969), her widely acclaimed first volume, coated with by a wise and careful editor. Caged Bird, as so many readers know, is the story of her first 17 years, growing up in Stamps, Ark. In the confiding folds of her grandmother, the General Merchandise Store, and the Church, and on the razor’s edge of southern racism.

All God’s Children is about going home to Ghana. And it is no accident that the two books are comparable, for they are cut from the same cloth. In Ghana she finds Stamps among the black faces like her black facts, the laughter like her laughter. She loves God’s way, her God’s eyes like her brother Bayley’s eyes, the gestures of the Ghanaian woman like her mother’s, the sounds of African music like the hymns and jazz she knows by heart.

She understands mysteries wrapped around the ancestral bodies and bodies of a people stolen out of their homes (or sold by their homes) and passed across the oceans to the hovels of slave ships.

“Make me completely Black, BLACK, BLACK,” the narrator says, and in Ghana she steps into the Blackness.

“That was the spectacular language, the passion of self-appreciation. I had traveled it with her: the song of myself and of other human beings. The oche for home is all of us, the safe place where we can go as we are and be not questioned. It impels mighty ambitions and dangerous suppositions. We omit great fortunes at the cost of our souls. I was her necessary sin.”

If Ms. Angelou’s editor had told her what all good editors tell emerging writers, “Write about what you know,” she might have written a better book. And maybe this is why I don’t know what I don’t know but I will come to know.

All God’s Children is autobiography of a high order. Ms. Angelou has brought to perfection the voice she parlayed in Caged Bird. It is a strong book about knowledge, self-knowledge. The playwright, that ancient rite of passage, is her means, and we have arrived with her in our traveling shoes back at the place where she started.

This new book has many of the Angelou hallmarks established in her other autobiographies and in her poetry. She loves metaphor — as some of the titles themselves reflect — Caged Bird, The Heart of a Woman, Duetspin’ and Swingin’ and Gettin’ Merry Like Christmas — and once more she indulges her fancy. If the indulgence becomes mannered, it still provides her with her best language — the language of sensory perceptions — the sights, sounds, smells, and tastes in which she is so artistically attuned, “that riot of color, sound and activity provoking all the senses into constant exercise.”

I have never noticed so many gymnastic images — life is “this brutally delicious experience.” July and August of 1962 (the month following her son’s crippling automobile accident) had eaten me up. Gobbled me down. “Anger jumped up in my mouth” — and dozens more that make her the M.P.S. Flusher of autobiography. (Of course, Ms. Angelou is herself an exquisite cook, and her words are as delightfully seasoned as her chicken.)

However, it is the central metaphor — going home — that operates so well on the figurative and the literal levels and that provides the cohesive engagement for the material. From the time she says, “I am a stranger looking for a place to stay” and is taken in and identified as a native African, to the time she confesses, “I had begun to feel I was not in my right place,” Ms. Angelou is in control of her material and places the incidents, the characters and the conflicts to a convincing ending.

If the heart of Africa still remained allusive my search for it had brought me closer to understanding my self and other human beings. The oche for home is all of us, the safe place where we can go as we are and be not questioned. It impels mighty ambitions and dangerous suppositions. We omit great fortunes at the cost of our souls. I was her necessary sin.”

And yet when she writes of her examinations of her life, her deep self-examination, it becomes very clear that she has learned the right lessons from these experiences. “Self-examination is a very important aspect of my life.” She has learned to be a compassionate person and to be a human being first. “I have learned to love the people I meet on the street.”

Another strength of this book is that Ms. Angelou asks herself some very tough questions. “There would be no purging, I know,” she admits, “unless I asked all the questions.” And they are less rhetorical than I have ever heard them. Often these questions were posed out of deepest truth or deepest pain or deepest perplexity.

Was it possible that I and all American blacks had been wrong on other occasions?” Ms. Angelou asks. This question and others are answered implicitly. Ms. Angelou looks more proudly at herself that I have ever known her to do. We never knew how much an autobiographer chooses not to tell or to remember or can’t or won’t tell. But what Ms. Angelou selects is revealing. “I always knew that fury was my natural enemy.” “It wasn’t pleasant to admit I was no more moral than the commercial bandits whom I learned every crime from slavery to Hiroshima.”

“I had put on just learned airs along with my African cloth, and paraded, pretending to an erotic foreign gods I had not earned nor directly inherited.”

Finally, Ms. Angelou is once more a master of the withheld device, a device that she used for dramatic effect or compelling the reader to come inside the material or perhaps for her own self’s alchemy. Coming upon a dramatic event, describing it in concise language, she lets the reader experience it for himself, remaining in the reader’s imagination, as the author refuses to step into the void.

For example, Ms. Angelou tells of witnessing a scene in which a pious Englishman insults American blacks. Exhilarated, she leaps into the fray, and she is humbled by the wisdom of a Ghanaian servant. “Don’t let them trouble your heart,” he admonishes her. “In a way you are a ‘scream’ too. ‘Scream’ was a derivative word used for a person who had studied abroad and returned to Ghana with European airs.” But your people, they bore this from this place, and if this place claims you or if it does not claim you, here you belong.

“He turned and shuffled back to the lounge.”

After a chapter break, Ms. Angelou continues, changed. For the reader to miss these changes is to underestimate the power of the text. Perhaps those omissions are Ms. Angelou’s necessary silence. I think Ms. Angelou is giving herself more solitude, more time to reflect. We know from her books that she is always surrounded by friends and family. But Ms. Angelou knows that the deepest kind of journey is the quiet journey into herself. That is what empowers All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes more than an air ticket to Accra, Ghana.

As T.S. Elliot said, to make an end is to make a beginning. “The end is where we start from.” Once more, readers are loaded in a direction profoundly promising, though perhaps yet unknown even to Maya Angelou.

Emily Wilson is on the Salem College faculty.
And Still I Rise:
Maya Angelou
"And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou" Features Famed Author

"It was certain to me, when I was real young, ... that if you put your hand on a white person, it would go right through. They didn't have hearts and livers and organs and things."

These are the reflections of famed writer Maya Angelou, as well as the opening to a very special production of The University of North Carolina Center for Public Television. And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou airs Sunday February 3, 10 p.m., and repeats the following Wednesday at the same time.

And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou is a special offering of The Center's Black History Month programming, and has been selected by the Public Broadcasting Service for national distribution. The program highlights one who is not a native North Carolinian, but who, by choosing to make her home within our boundaries, enriches our environment in many ways.

Among the contributions of this self-described "serious Winstonian" to her adopted state is Angelou's service as Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem. She has assisted two U.S. presidents, as a Bicentennial Commissioner for President Gerald Ford, and on the Commission of International Women's Year, an appointment by President Jimmy Carter.

Angelou proved an intriguing and noteworthy subject on several counts. Her multifaceted career began in earnest in 1952, when Angelou (born Marguerite Johnson in St. Louis, Missouri) received a scholarship to study dance with Pearl Primus in New York. Her first professional appearance, however, was two years later, as a singer at San Francisco's Purple Onion.

In 1954, Angelou was cast as Ruby in the U.S. State Department-sponsored production of Porgy and Bess. She was also the lead dancer in the show, which toured 22 countries in Europe and Africa between 1954 and 1955.

By the late '50s, Angelou was back in the States, making a living performing in California night clubs. It was then that she began writing poetry. At the advice of John Killens, a founding member of the Harlem Writers Guild, she moved to the teeming creativity of New York's black artist community. Her theatre career continued to climb with her lead role in Genet's The Blacks, which won a 1964 Obie award for the best off-Broadway play.

Angelou employed her theatrical career for social concerns with Cabaret for Freedom (a cabaret for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference) as producer, director and star. At the request of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Angelou served as the North-
ern Coordinator for the Conference in 1960 and 1961. …

Already successful as a singer, dancer, actress and poet, Angelou moved to the Middle East and into a journalism vocation. Having married an African freedom fighter and relocated to Cairo, she became the first woman to serve as editor for The Arab Observer. After this stint with the Middle East's only English language news weekly, Angelou became feature editor of The African Review in Accra. At the University of Ghana, she taught at the School of Music and Drama.

After returning to the U.S., Angelou moved from writing to producing, with her 10-part PBS series on African traditions in American life. She also wrote songs, poetry and plays.

The writing for which Angelou is most famous is not, however, her writing for television, nor the film industry's Georgia, Georgia, the first original screenplay by a black woman to be produced. Her first autobiographical novel, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, was published in 1970 by Random House. A best seller, it was succeeded by three other volumes in an autobiography, which progresses approximately three years at a time. In addition to her novels, Angelou has published four collections of poetry. It was from the third, And Still I Rise, that The Center's production derives its title.

"There are facts and there are truths. Facts, oftentimes, obscure the truth." And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou ponders a reality which transcends the factual, moving to truths experienced within her inner life.

Taped at the writer's home in Winston-Salem, this production juxtaposes the views of Angelou the poet and her interviewer, historian Nell Painter. The use of newsreel archives creates a context for conversation between two women of different generations and differing viewpoints, who nonetheless share common ideals and mutual affection.

Painter met the author, dancer and producer in Ghana in 1964. "I never knew how old Maya was. She seemed young and bright and energetic." Indeed, to hear Angelou speak is to be overwhelmed by a flow of powerful insights, each uniquely her own. Among her perceptions is that source of creativity inside herself which she terms "invocative," an area into which "no one has the right to intrude." Finding that individuals are all "tragically alone" in every aspect of existence, "in that sense we are always strangers. In that sense we are striving, if we have enough energy and insight, striving to get close."

One of Angelou's resolutions, in light of this solitary existence, is not to "allow anyone to narrow the tunnel of my life," while maintaining a "determination toward excellence in everything." She admits "the thing I am learning at this last stage is that finally beginning. The potential is so great. Suppose we are living at one-tenth of our potential as a nation. My God, what would we be?"

The hope Angelou expresses in this program extends beyond issues and nations, however, to touch every viewer. "I know that in my work and in my life I do encourage people to be bodacious enough to invent their own lives every day. Every day I mean, otherwise, somebody will invent it for you." She speaks candidly with Painter on the rewards, including monetary remuneration, of fame. However, Angelou reveals that the "real payment is that people enjoy and themselves are made larger."

And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou is more than documentary, being the interaction between women with mutual admiration and respect. Declaring "facts are so rarely deep," Angelou predicts that Painter will respond in the future to a questioner as she, Angelou, has responded to

"You will not be critical. You will understand and you will love her because you see the truths behind the facts." The truths behind the facts: And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou. And rise, she does.

Transcripts of the program may be obtained by enclosing $4.00 with a written request to:

PTV Publications
P.O. Box 701
Kent, Ohio 44240
Maya Angelou

Poet, playwright, autobiographer, actress, teacher, traveler, lover, she sings of the soaring spirit within us all.
A Pilgrim Shining

by Brooke Pacy

Even as she moves in passionate pursuit of people and possibility, Maya Angelou stays within the still center.

Two weeks before the Clinton inaugural, “On the Pulse of Morning” still incomplete, Maya Angelou looked out past a TV lighting crew at her community of Wake Forest University well-wishers. There was a moment of quiet. Palpable affection flowed between the imposing woman in black and gold and the diverse friends focused by her potent presence. Then the extraordinary voice pealed out, a bronze bell lined in brown velvet, and welcomed them. She felt humbled by a gathering she saw as a mirror of the U.S.—the “black and brown and beige and red and white faces” looking expectantly at her. With the humor and perception that inform her life and work, she distinguished between her humility and modesty: “Modesty is a learned affectation. When life pushes the modest person against the wall, the modesty drops off with an alacrity which is embarrassing. But humility comes from the inside out. It says someone was here before me, found the path, laid the road, and beck-
Elizabeth Phillips recalls the “magical performance” Angelou gave on her first visit to Wake Forest.

oned me along, and supported me along.”

Naming the friends whose particular concern and love in the last twelve years have moved her forward and helped her create a home in Winston-Salem—“Lucille and Carl [Harris], Ed Wilson, Elizabeth Phillips, Eva Rodtwitt, Dolly McPherson”—she asked the blessing of all present for her poem: “You people out there who pray, pray for me—by name. Don’t just say ‘God bless everybody,’ or ‘Lord bless all tall black ladies’—pray for Maya Angelou.”

Undoubtedly, the prayers were heartfelt.

The gentle community of scholars of which Ms. Angelou is now a part has recognized and welcomed her delightfully from the start.

WAKE FOREST is a remarkable creation, a traditionally academic Southern college that prides itself on being first of all a teaching institution, but which tries to eschew narrow focus and provide a comfortable matrix for the work of nonconformists. President Thomas K. Hearn Jr. proclaims resistance to hierarchical models for a climate that is “hybrid, heterodox, and orthodox.” Faculty members know and support one another’s writing, so that no one writes alone in the void. The academic community has broadened gradually since the forties to include female and African American professors. Women constitute 23 percent of the current faculty, occupy administrative positions, and have been recognized for excellence, most recently, when Elizabeth Phillips, the first tenured woman and only female chair of the English department, received the Medallion of Merit and women’s athletics pioneers Marge Crisp and Dot Casey became the first female Hall of Fame inductees.

Yet, as sociology professor and researcher Willie Pearson remarks, an African American has yet to become an academic dean or department head at Wake Forest, so it is all the more remarkable that Maya Angelou was offered in 1981 the first Reynolds Professorship in American Studies, an endowed chair funded by the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation which allows her to design her own courses and carry a light teaching load in order to write, accept speaking engagements, and knit herself into the life of Winston-Salem. There, she has bridged distances, according to Ed Wilson, between separate communities—black and white, town and gown, Winston-Salem and the cosmopolitan world of the arts. Admiring colleagues report that her home expands the concept of extended family. It is a mini-UN, a mecca for people of various shapes, colors, and persuasions. “Fat or skinny, gay or straight,” says Pearson, they are welcome at her generous and excellent table. She makes room in her house for students, abused women, all sorts of human beings who need a temporary haven.

Some of these became known to her through the Mt. Zion Baptist Church in whose life she is deeply involved as a parishioner. She has adopted needy families and provided Christmas for others; she underwrote the salary of a staff member, making possible a senior day care program to assist frail elderly members, and she helped provide playground equipment for the Child Development Center. Dr. Serenus Churn, Mt. Zion’s rector, is most thankful, however, for her presence and participation. He says of Ms. Angelou that “no inauthentic note is ever sounded by her.” She awakens members to the bracing air of possibility as she performs readings, in conjunction with the youth choir, delivers the Children’s Message at a service, or brings Oprah Winfrey with her to church, real and live, to be greeted and seen close up. With her unerringly accurate approach to an audience, Ms. Angelou inspires adolescents to write—specifically two young men, undistinguished academically, who saw their own pieces published in the local paper.

Student interest may have sparked the series of connections that drew Ms. Angelou back to her native South and Wake Forest. One evening, Betty Rankin (’74) gave her poetry professor Elizabeth Phillips the recently published first volume of the Angelou autobiography, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings. Captivated, Phillips read it in one night. A black awareness group brought Ms. Angelou to campus, and Phillips remem-
Her home expands the concept of extended family. It is a mini-UN, a mecca for people of various shapes, colors, and persuasions.

Dean Tom Mullen approached Ms. Angelou afterward and said, "If you ever want to retire or just to teach for awhile, we will make a room for you here at Wake Forest."

"How lovely and how beautifully offered," remembers Ms. Angelou now. She says "beau-ti-ful-ly," her voice blessing each syllable.

Her experience is so deeply integrated that, as a great novel opened at random will yield a paragraph suggestive of the entire work, so a moment in her life resonates with the history of her developing consciousness, with the romantic, heroic process that truth-finding and truth-telling require.

"Heroic" is not too strong a word. Dolly McPherson compares aspects of Maya Angelou’s life to the “picaresque,” placing her in the tradition of fictional adventurers...
 Diedra Jones remembers a class with Angelou as the highlight of her Wake Forest undergraduate experience.

Like Arthur, Ms. Angelou longed for magnanimous kinship and a nobler, less brutish world. She sought the true home, “the place where we can go as we are and not be questioned.” In searching, she has had to free herself from a series of cages, internal and external. At first, in segregated Stamps, there was the petite, blonde ideal image that denied the tall, brown child’s true beauty and alienated her from herself; later, paralyzing terror at the power of her own words when the rapist she named in court was killed. She opened one cage door only to meet another as she moved out from Stamps to California, New York, Europe, and Africa—the evasions she encountered trying to join the WACs, the obtuse timidity of her son’s teachers in the face of truth, the constraints laid on her by two controlling husbands. The most unyielding bars were forged out of historical perspective, her heavy consciousness of African treachery and American slavery. In All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes, Ms. Angelou speaks of being caught tragically between two homelands that are not home: self-assured Africa—where the “odor of old slavery” isolated Black Americans, and where she realized the U.S. flag they jeered for its hypocrisy was their only flag—and cruelly complacent White America. She capitalizes “Black” and “White” as she capitalizes “South,” as though they were distinct territories. In her poem “Family Affairs,” history seems too wide a desert to cross with friendship. The woman whose “seas of golden hair” invited princes to her tower cannot expect suddenly to “step lightly over . . . centuries of horror” and befriend the woman whose “dusty braids” left ruts on an African beach.

M.S. ANGELOU has lived like a trapeze artist, letting go and reaching out for the next opportunity. She could leave her car, all she owned, in a San Diego railroad station to start a new life with her three-year-old son. She read, cooked, sang, danced, loved men who betrayed her, moved on, married, left because the marriage was “sterile” once the spirit had gone out of it, wrote, edited, acted, married, resisted when she couldn’t “stand not knowing where her air was coming from,” traveled, walked out on a houseful of servants and expensive furniture to begin anew when her second marriage dissolved and her son declared his independence in Africa . . . and always she read—the phenomenal willingness to reinvolve herself fueled by her romantic imagination. In the midst of despair, she could read the signals, recognize and seize the offered hand; she could transform the experience into light and renewed hope, into the epiphanies McPherson sees as giving the Angelou life story “power and value.”

Grandmother Henderson, who transcended the insults of white children through stoic dignity and slapped young Marguerite for her obliquely impious “by the way,” instilled in her a powerful religious heritage, channeled an instinct for truth, and rooted her in communality. She learned through discipline “that the behavior of one in that Southern Black community over time affected the lives of all.” “Arrogance,” the foregrounding of the self, had to be controlled for safety’s sake in a town where to be noticed by whites was to endanger all blacks. Here and in other, freer black communities, one member’s need belonged to all. No matter in what direction she would strike out independently, she would feel bound to those who shared her history, and she would quite naturally and without narcissism choose the autobiographical form to celebrate her own discovery of world and self as a voice speaking for all African Americans. She explains the title of her second

A Pilgrim Shining
Ms. Angelou has lived like a trapeze artist, letting go and reaching out for the next opportunity.

R

eturning to the South took more than self-confidence. Haunted by Arkansas, Ms. Angelou had written: “Old crimes like moss pend from poplar trees. / The sullen earth/is much too/red for comfort.” It was unbearable for her to be where “the past is brighter yet,” and “today is yet to come.”

More recently, she wrote in articles for Ebony (in February 1982 and April 1990) about the complexity of her feelings and those of the many African Americans returning South—the dread/hatred aroused by the accents of her native prison mixed with the “siren song” attraction of intense feelings and experience. The ultra-personal nature of relations in the South, however painful, was less dehumanizing for many than the occasionally polite indifference of Northern life, and, for her, allowed her to begin university teaching in her fifties, Ms. Angelou says, “I haven’t found myself put out of joint by any world. I know that if I’m invited into a world and I accept the invitation, I am going to comport myself wonderfully.” She laughs, an infectious sound that wells up from a deep place. “Not everything I do will be brilliant, but I’m going to do a journeyman job—I’m not going to embarrass anybody—because I have some intelligence and I know how to go to a library. If I have to build a room, I can figure out how to hang sheetrock, how to tape, how to plaster—I’m going to do a decent job.”

An ardent admirer and dear friend, Edwin G. Wilson was instrumental in bringing Angelou to Wake Forest.

confrontation of the old cage was the next necessary step in a life that is about “survival with grace and faith.”

On her first evening at Wake Forest, she was disarmed by a mixed group of black and white students, seemingly eager to talk to her and one another about the issues that divided them. She recognized their need “to develop a language for honest exchange,” and seems to have based her brilliantly intuitive teaching on that perception.

Her teaching, Socratic in method, galvanizes students into thoughts and revelations that amaze her and themselves. Dideona Jones, a first-year law student, remembers studying charismatic leaders with Ms. Angelou as the highlight of her Wake Forest undergraduate experience. As the course began with introductions, students beguiled into trust revealed aspects of their inner lives to one another and achieved a tearful bonding. Asked how that was possible, Jones said, “I don’t know. She is so in touch with people, so able to focus in on what makes us all unique—we knew she loved us all.” The class considered Martin Luther King, but students chose their own models to study as well—figures as disparate as Nat Turner and Mother Teresa. Throughout the course, Ms. Angelou kept returning the students to the figures they had chosen, deepening the experience of each.
As a great novel opened at random will yield a paragraph suggestive of the entire work, so a moment in her life resonates with the history of her developing consciousness.

A deepened awareness is what Ms. Angelou's teaching is about. Her writing, her teaching, and her living are a single whole as she talks: "Try to make your friends those who can teach you and those whom you can teach. Try. If some people have nothing to give you at all, you may still want to give to them but not to pull them to your heart, because, sooner or later, if they can't give you anything, they'll begin to resent it." She herself learns from her students, and they adore her.

She goes on, quiet and emphatic: "A serious writer may have five or six topics, but he or she has only one theme. One may teach the scherzos of Chopin, how they reflected the folk music of Poland or something, but the truth is one is teaching the stretching toward excellence—one is not only capable of excellence, but one is responsible for excellence—an awareness that it exists and you can lean toward it, aspire to it. So if I'm teaching East Indian nose flute or German jokes, you know, really at heart I'm teaching my thesis that human beings are more alike than we are unalike, and everything we do shows us that—everything. Whether one is looking at the people of Malta and those incredible garden terraces—incredible to know that in areas where the earth has been so overused by a populace, the people have had to take baskets and go to the sides of the river to get silt, rich silt, and bring it back miles to sprinkle it over the terraces so they can grow vegetables that will go into the ground only an inch, do you see? That's happened in Malta. It's also happened in China. One sees it in certain areas of Britain; in Africa. So human beings show their ingenuity, their persistence, and their need to survive. And their need for beauty, because it is lovely to see them."

The motion of her speech makes an image of her pattern of thought, of life. Reflecting, moving from the impersonal "one" to the immediate "you" and "I" as her subject absorbs her, synthesizing wide experience as she talks, Ms. Angelou blends naturally the friendship, the teaching, and the writing as though they are all part of the same process—which, of course, they are in a sane world—and equates excellence with deeper participation in humanity.

She takes as a theme for her three-week master course, Poetry and Dramatic Performance, the precept, "I am a human being; nothing human can be alien to me." For three weeks, students immerse themselves in poetry that ranges widely from Yeats and Burns through Gide, Mallarme, Lorca, and Millay to Dunbar and Brooks. Ms. Angelou says "Here we are. We are human beings, so I will give a man's poem to a woman, a black person's poem—about being black—to a white person." She tells the students, "You are it! You must be able to feel these things!" So she asks black students to do Robert Burns in Scottish dialect and whites to do Paul Dunbar in the black vernacular. "Well, I wanted to show how these two men reached into their people's mouths," she says, demonstrating with her hand, "and got their most common speech to show their genius and beauty and their humor—their bathos, if you will, as well as pathos—just reached in and got it and said, "Here, this is how human beings sound. Look at this. See?"

The course won Ms. Angelou the recognition of the Robert Burns Society, which invited her to become the principal speaker at their meeting in Scotland, held unfortunately on January 19, the day before the inauguration. More significant to the students, they learn the poems for dramatic recitation, learn them so "they're in there, behind the knee-cap," and take with them a sense of poetry as their own natural speech, a power.

For the theater department, Ms. Angelou produced Macbeth with two casts to play on alternate nights, one composed of female students, the other males except for Lady Macbeth, played by a female friend from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Ms. Angelou directed the men to be soft, sensual, and emotive, everything moving in interlocking circles—the witches whirling in hoops—while the women's movements were angular and remote. They were "tough, principled, pointed," as we imagine men to be. "I just wanted to say to young men and..."
women—these are supposed to be attributes or attitudes or postures of women. Look, men do that. These are supposed to be attitudes of men, but women do that. If you are human and you have any balance in your life, you have some of all of that.”

“Balance” is a dancer’s necessity—the gift of one who knows where the still center is even as she moves. Appearing settled for the moment at Wake Forest, the name she has chosen trailing her thirty or more honorary doctorates, Ms. Angelou may find here a balance between the longed for haven and the motion that has been the informing principle in her life. Her writing, her teaching, her enormous extended family, her church are hers wherever she is, and her home lives within her.

In the incident that opens her autobiography, she recites an Easter poem to the congregation of her church. She later recognizes one line, “I have not come to stay,” as the expression of an attitude, a shield she used against rejection. Dolly McPherson finds the line prophetic of Angelou’s dynamic pattern of “renewal, rebirth, change in consciousness, and...recovered innocence.” It is emblematic as well of the deepest wisdom. Not one of us comes to stay, but few live as though they know that truth. Possessing it, Ms. Angelou possesses the simplicity and natural graciousness of a great spirit, evident even in little things. An example: a seventeen-year-old student who accompanied me to our interview wanted Ms. Angelou’s signature but had brought nothing for her to sign. When I donated my copy of All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes for the excellent cause, Ms. Angelou took it and wrote in a strong, legible script: “Nikkia Rowe, Joy! from Brooke Pacy and Maya Angelou Jan ’93.

She has brought herself from a “maelstrom of rootlessness” to vital, focused transcendence by living fully, an integrated person, her sensuality neither separate from nor judged by her intellect. Her rich, deep-hued synthesis of crises has moved her forward and inward. She doesn’t fly over the territory; she travels through it, equipping herself to speak profoundly of humanity to humanity.

One of E. M. Forster’s heroines discovers while traveling that, although social barriers do exist, they aren’t very high and are easily jumped. That is so, if one is as buoyant and resourceful as Maya Angelou. Lately, “Black” and “White” are giving way in her writing to more accurate and less political observations of plum, coffee bean, eggplant, peach, apricot, cream. Perhaps she can teach us all to forgive history. She says, “We have it in us to be splendid!” In her presence, magnanimity seems inevitable. It seems possible that we can, for the tiny mote of time that we call this planet ours, “have the grace to look up and out/ and into your sister’s eyes, into/ your brother’s face, your country” and greet them with her simplicity—if we can summon her courage.

Brooke Pacy is a freelance writer and English teacher living in Baltimore.

“Fat or skinny, gay or straight,” everyone is welcome at Angelou’s generous table, says Willie Pearson.

Her teaching, Socratic in method, galvanizes students into thoughts and revelations that amaze her and themselves.

A Pilgrim Shining
The 54th birthday of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was marked in Winston-Salem yesterday with a ceremony in front of Mechanics and Farmers Bank on Clarendon Avenue. Alderman Larry Womble, left, reads a proclamation for the ailing Mayor Wayne Corpening. Above, poet, author and Wake Forest professor Maya Angelou addresses the gathering. Some 300 city residents attended the ceremony, which was sponsored by the Winston-Salem chapter of the NAACP and radio station WAAA.
By Rosellen Brown

THE WENDEY years ago, the best of my black college students were starved for the nourishment of the words of their own people. Though they read Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin, and Ta-Nehisi Coates, and tried to find an affordable version of Paul Marshall's work, the pickings were slim. They lay a clear message about what was "valuable" and what was not. But that superb work hadn't been written by the mid-1960s — one must now address the vacuum of the publishing world with the enduring urgency of the writer — but work that had been identified as significant by the universities came to the bookstores. Other books, for those students and for me, their struggling white professor, might well not have existed.

Then came the double revolution, in the late 1960s, of black and of women's writing; now it is hard to reconstruct the time of Hemingway's and Faulkner's hegemony. "Black Women Writers (1980-1990)," edited by Mari Evans, is a celebration of the many folks who (to borrow the language of the poet Carolyn Rodgers') "got over" to a vast and eager public. In addition, like the Rev. Jesse Jackson registering new voters, they have identified, assimilated and imprisoned a whole new constituency of readers and listeners who have always revered words but were never before engaged by literary enterprise.

Mari Evans has amassed a generous sampler that contains comments by most of the writers on the intentions, difficulties and satisfactions of their own work. Margaret Walker, Alice Childress, Gwendolyn Brooks, Paul Marshall and Miss Evans herself represent the older generation; while Giny Jones, Alice Walker and Nikki Giovanni represent the younger. A surprising number of these authors were first published in the astonishing period between 1966 and 1976. There are two essays on each writer, written for the occasion, by John Hope Franklin and Margaret A. Henderson that puts this explosion of talent in historical perspective and a bibliography and bibliography so detailed that it includes the home addresses of the majority of the writers and even names the cities that have given birth to these "writers under a double disadvantage."

Rosellen Brown is a poet and novelist whose most recent book is "Civil Wars."
Maya Angelou—a voice for the people

Milwaukee—Maya Angelou is one of the nation’s best storytellers. In five novels and five collections of poetry, she draws on her personal experiences to convey the pain of growing up, the struggle to overcome racial and economic obstacles and the strength of the human spirit.

Angelou skillfully expresses herself in several media, including writing, singing and dancing. She also has been a voice for social reform. A leader in the civil rights movement in the 1960s, she was drafted by Martin Luther King Jr. to serve as northern coordinator of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

She was born in St. Louis in 1928, but Angelou’s divorced parents sent her at age three to live with her grandmother in Stamps, Ark. For 10 years, she grew up under the wing of her grandmother, who taught her that with hard work and confidence she could control her own destiny.

But there were some things, Angelou learned, she could not control. When she was barely eight, she was abused by a family friend. Shortly after the man was released from prison, he was found beaten to death. Feeling responsible, Maya lost her self-confidence and will to communicate.

“I had to stop talking,” she wrote in her autobiography, “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings.” “I began to listen to everything. I probably hoped that after I heard (the sounds) and packed them down, deep in my ears, the world would be quiet around me.”

For five years Angelou remained mute. A caring neighbor met with her many afternoons, reading literature aloud to show her the beauty of language and the importance of self-expression. Eventually, the words of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson and Edgar Allan Poe drew her out of her cocoon.

Angelou’s teenage years were spent in San Francisco in a boarding house run by her mother and stepfather. Although surrounded by squalor, Angelou learned to sing, act and dance. And she learned the value of hard work.

She practiced her dancing and singing until she was so accomplished, she was offered a role in the Broadway production, “House of Flowers,” —a part she turned down to join the European touring cast of “Porgy and Bess.” When she made a commitment at age 30 to become a writer, she worked intensely at improving her skills until they met the highest standards.

In 1959, Angelou moved to New York City and joined the Harlem Writers Guild, where she met James Baldwin and other prominent black writers. They critiqued and nurtured her until she developed a unique and effective style of writing.

said James Baldwin of Angelou, “You will hear the regal woman, the mischievous street girl; you will hear the price of a black woman’s survival and you will hear of her generosity, Black, bitter, beautiful, she speaks of our survival.”

Angelou wrote the original screenplay and musical score for the film, “Georgia, Georgia” and wrote and produced a 10-part television series on African traditions in American life. She also is the author of the television screenplays “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings” and “The Sisters.”

Angelou has a lifetime appointment as Reynolds professor of American studies at Wake Forest University, in Winston-Salem, N.C. She is fluent in seven languages and has received 30 honorary degrees. She was nominated in 1970 for the National Book Award and in 1972 for the Pulitzer Prize.

And somehow, squeezed between teaching, writing, poetry and producing film, Angelou makes hundreds of appearances each year on television talk shows and college campuses, stirring audiences with her grace, wisdom and dynamic style.

“I have led a roller-coaster life,” Angelou said. “There has been this disappointment and that satisfaction, and then I begin all over again.”

(Maya Angelou is one of 10 people selected for “Gallery of Greats: Black Authors... Voice for the people,” a collection of portraits commissioned by the Miller Brewing Company. The collection, which honors all black authors, is on a national tour of museums, art galleries and universities throughout 1990.)
At 62, Angelou looks back and remembers her many roles

By SUJATA BANERJEE

The Baltimore Evening Sun

BALTIMORE — At 62, writer Maya Angelou can look back at the shy, unspeaking little girl who lived in Stamps, Arkansas, during the Depression and remember herself. She can also reflect upon the ballet dancer, the chanteuse, the operatic soprano, the screen writer, the playwright, the poet, the autobiographer and claim these for herself too.

"The more liberated a person is, the more free she can be to look at herself through various and sundry society when we say, 'because he's...'," she says. "I don't think I ever want to consider that kind of imprisonment, self too."

Angelou now wrestles with the notes for the fifth and final volume in her acclaimed autobiographical series that began with "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" in 1970, inspired by a challenge offered by an interviewer at a college presentation, she relaxed in her hotel room and talked about her life story. "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" was followed by "Gather Together in My Name," "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas," "The Heart of a Woman" and "All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes."

"I was 14 or 15. I thought I'd be a dancer, singing or writing, but I knew I had power."

Angelou completed high school and gave birth to her son, Guy, the result of a single encounter with the most popular boy in high school. Determined to support Guy, she found work as an exotic dancer and did so well financially that the bars' strippers were jealous and had her fired. Happily, her next career as a nightclub singer was followed by a role in a government-sponsored production of "Porgy and Bess" that turned out to be her moon to see me. I said, bring her over and it turned out she had heard a few of my poems, but she had never read one line and she said she loved me. I said why, for what? It turned out that she was 13 and in the Philadelphia airport, I came through, walking with a briefcase and surrounded by all these Sky Caps. She went up to them later and asked who I was. She decided I was exactly who she wanted to be."

"I wrote because I read. I really thought I could make my whole body into an ear to inhale the sounds from the room, the radio, the puppet, to be active in the absorption of sound."

"觉得自然 writer is like being a natural concert pianist who specializes in Prokofiev," she scoffs. "To read well, one works hard at understanding the language I believe it's almost impossible to say what you mean and make someone else understand."

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Angelou has also written six books of poetry, including "I Shall Not Be Moved," published this year.

Angelou's final autobiography will focus on the civil rights movement, not her career as a writer.

"I don't want to write about writing," she says. "It becomes too incestuous."

She combines writing with teaching at Wake Forest University in North Carolina, where she has a lifetime appointment as professor of American studies. As can be imagined, hers is no ordinary class.

"I teach the philosophy of liberation," says Angelou, examining literature from around the world for examples of imprisonment and escape. In her own life, Angelou has found she escaped the South only to come home again to a warm embrace.

"We get caught up in our psychological history, we talk about the South as if it's this or that, a repository of all bad things — but it's beautiful," says Angelou. "That's why people have fought for it. The place where I live is lovely. I'm a Southern black woman. I like the pace, the rhythm, the intimacy of the South.
The many lives of Maya Angelou

The writer reflects on her 'philosophy of liberation'

By Sujata Banerjee
Evening Sun Staff

At 82, writer Maya Angelou can look back at the shy, unspeaking little girl who lived in Stamps, Arkansas, during the Depression and remember herself. She can also reflect on the ballet dancer, the chanteuse, the opera singer, the screen writer, the playwright, the poet, the autobiographer and claim these for herself too.

"The more liberated a person is the more free she can be to look at herself through various and sundry prisms. It is indicative of a man's society when we say, because he's a brick mason he can't like ballet,' or because she's an intellectual, she can't speak slang." Angelou likes ballet, likes slang, and although she likes writing, she shudders at the thought of doing that alone.

"I don't think I ever want to consider that kind of imprisonment, that kind of isolation," she says.

Angelou spoke last night at Johns Hopkins University's Milton S. Eisenhower symposium "Dreams Deferred: Perspectives on Race Relations." Three hours before her presentation, she relaxed in her hotel room and talked about her many lives.

"Being a natural writer is like being a natural concert pianist who specializes in Prokofiev," she scoffs. "To write well one works hard at understanding the language. I believe it's almost impossible to say what you mean and make someone else understand."

Angelou is now wrestling with the notes for the fifth and final volume in her acclaimed autobiographical series that began with "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" in 1970, inspired by a challenge offered by author James Baldwin.

She began that book as Marguerite Johnson, the little girl in Stamps, a sleepy town where she lived with her mother, brother and grandparents. "Maya" was a nickname her brother Bailey called her, that, along with a slight adaptation of her first husband's surname, Angelos, became her stage name when she began performing as a singer in the 1950s.

The calm of Angelou's childhood was shattered when she was raped at age 8. The rapist was murdered a few hours after his conviction. Because she felt responsible, Angelou stopped talking. The encouragement of a kind neighbor led her to reading, writing, and ultimately speaking again.

"For a number of years, I was a mute," says Angelou. "I wrote because I read. I really thought I could make my whole body into an ear to inhale the sounds from the room, the radio, the pulpit, to be active in the absorption of sound."

In her teens, Angelou moved with Bailey and her mother to San Francisco. She did not dream of dancing, singing or writing, but she knew she wanted power.

"After I left Stamps — when I was 14 or 15 — I thought I'd be a really successful real estate agent and have my own briefcase," she says laughing. "The ironies of life are wonderful. A few years ago, a friend had a 14-year-old black girl visiting from Philadelphia who was over the moon to see me. I said, bring her over and it turned out she had heard a few of my poems, but she had never read one line and she said she loved me. I said why, for what? It turned out that when she was 13 and in the Philadelphia airport, I
Maya Angelou’s philosophy of liberation

MAYA, From D1

MAYA Angelou was off to work as a journalist in Egypt and Ghana. In the mid-1960s, she returned to the United States to act in plays both on and off-Broadway and to write television programs, screenplays, and film scores. The overwhelming passion that brought her back home was civil rights. Beginning in the early '60s, she served in leadership roles in the movement, working with the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. Angelou recalls that the day she returned from Africa, she spoke with Malcolm X on the telephone about plans to get together; two days later, he was assassinated.

Witness to changing roles for blacks, she began to write her own story. “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings” was followed by “Gather Together in My Name,” “Singin’ and Swingin’ and Gettin’ Merry Like Christmas,” “The Heart of a Woman” and “All God’s Children Need Traveling Shoes.” Angelou has also written six books of poetry, including “I Shall Not Be Moved,” published this year.

Angelou’s final autobiography will focus on the civil rights movement, not her career as a writer. “I don’t want to write about writing,” she says. “It becomes too incestuous.” She combines writing with teaching at Wake Forest University in North Carolina, where she has a lifetime appointment as professor of American studies. As can be imagined, hers is no ordinary class.

“I teach the philosophy of liberation,” says Angelou, examining literature from around the world for examples of imprisonment and escape. In her own life, Angelou has found she escaped the South only to come home again to a warm embrace. “We get caught up in our psychological history, we talk about the South as if it’s this or that, a repository of all bad things — but it’s beautiful!” says Angelou. “That’s why people have fought for it. The place where I live is lovely. I’m a Southern black woman. I like the pace, the rhythm, the intimacy of the South.”
She Wants to Change TV's Image of Blacks

By HOWARD TAYLOR

I want to do something important in television that will make a difference in the way black people look. I want to expose parts of our multi-faceted character that go beyond the stereotype.

Maya Angelou was summarizing what she hopes will be achieved by the dramatization of her widely acclaimed autobiography, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," which will be telecast Saturday evening at 9 on CBS. The two-hour drama chronicles Miss Angelou's difficult childhood as the product of a broken home and an "always out of place black girl." It tells of her constant being shuffled from place to place (St. Louis, San Francisco, tiny Stamps, Arkansas), of her encounters with Southern racism, and of her pre-teenage rape by her mother's lover. The production is a rare examination of the pain-laced fact that often accompanies growing up black and female in America and is one of television's infrequent attempts to explore racism and the black American family in contemporary terms (outside the context of history).

Filmed entirely on location in Vicksburg, Miss., "Caged Bird" includes performances by Diana Carroll (as her maternal grandmother), Esther Rolle of "Good Times" (as Mattie, the stern, deeply religious, maternal grandmother), Sonya Jackson (as Uncle Willie) and newcomers Constance Good (portraying Mayme Angelou) and John Driver (as Bailey Turner, her brother).

"Esther Rolle just did me in," Miss Angelou said, seated behind her expensively carved wood desk (a gift from her husband, Paul DeFeu), in her office at the Century-Fox studios. "I watched the final cut, ate lunch, in the front of the screening room, and when Esther came on screen, I wept. She doesn't look anything like my grandmother. She doesn't talk like her or walk like her. But, ohh-hhh -- she was my grandmother."

Miss Angelou's involvement in the production of "Caged Bird" was limited to co-authoring the script, and the 50-year-old writer readily admitted that she had been hesitant to relinquish control of the film's production. Realizing she explained, forced her to reconsider.

"I wanted so badly to direct the film," she said, shifting her six-foot frame in the upholstered swivel chair. "But I realized that there is a difference between being convinced and being stubborn. I'm not certain what the difference is, but I do know that if you butt your head against a stone wall long enough, at some point, you realize the wall is stone and that your head is flesh and bone. So, I gave it up. Sometimes, because a particular piece of work is so sweet to us, we get so close that we indulge it and leave it without the wisdom of distance. I don't know if I made the right decision. Maybe I will, someday.

"I don't believe," Miss Angelou continued, "that control of black films must always remain in the hands of a black person. Any white person involved in a black story should be respectful of the black person's sensibilities on the subject.

"Think about the way all black people love a good story. Other black people are often too quick to tell a child that he or she is loved. I often asked my grandmother, 'Momma, do you love me?' She'd say, 'Now, you're a good girl and Jesus Christ will love you.' But she'd send across town to the white butcher for a big piece of meat, go into the garden to select vegetables and spend the rest of the afternoon making vegetable soup. For me! Or, she'd say, 'Sister -- that's what she called me -- you're acting so nervous. Sit down here and let me scratch your scalp.' That is equivalent to being picked up, set on the lap and told, 'I love you.' Then you find out all the black men have very fine techniques that enrich a piece of work and make it a black piece.

"If I were doing a piece on Israel," she added, "I could certainly conceive of love and prayers and laughter. I can conceive of children and playing. But I cannot, in truth, know in my bones what it feels like to be a Jew whose parents lost their lives in Dachau. And I cannot understand how and why that feels sustaining and relief in Israel. I cannot! Oh, I can, as a human being, empathize. But there is a piece that will forever be missing. So, it would behoove me to listen to the descendants' point of view, respect it and allow myself to be advised."

Miss Angelou considers herself lucky to be associated with studio executive producers and network executives who respect her sensibilities, talent and technical know-how. "I went to Sweden to study cinematography. To learn what the camera can do. Remember, every aspect of it -- from breaking down a script and putting it on a 'day chart' to breaking down a camera. I know that sooner or later I will get into film, and I don't want a group of middle-class, middle-aged white men, who had succeeded in keeping black men out of their unions, to give me a feeling of inferiority. I wanted to know what they were doing."

"In television, it's just the opposite," she said. "Eight people sit in a room, discussing characters a writer has spent nights and days, and maybe 10 bottles of sherry, developing. That's difficult for me."

"Bollywood has some erroneous ideas about the black American," she continued, while sipping from a glass of sherry. "And has played to those ideas. The 'black exploitation films' of the early 70's were not black films. They had nothing to do with being black. They didn't think of reinvesting in our people are thugs and exploiters -- loveless, hateful and shallow as hell.

"It would be a wonderful thing if black capital would invest in black films," she added, pondering the possibility. "It would mean a lot to us. Not only to the artists but to us as a community. However, because of our background, we don't have the habit of adventuring with anything but our lives. We have no precedent of daring with our money. A black person with a few hundred thousand dollars to invest doesn't start dealing in stocks and bonds. He buys property, gets a gas station or a mortuary -- dares, risks and advertises his life on some Mean streets. He doesn't think to invest in films. That's unfortunate, but I guess we're just too newly come to the economic marketplace."

Currently under contract to Fox, Miss Angelou is involved in a number of other projects: She has written and produced "Sisters," another made-for-TV movie that is scheduled as the premiere offering this fall of NBC's "Prestige Theater." The film, according to NBC's Peter Andrews, is "Mary's black-Americanization of Chekhov." Further, she is functioning as both writer and executive producer of two other projects: a five-part, interrelated mini-series, entitled "Three Way Choice" and an as-yet-untitled situation comedy. "I don't know if the ideal situation is for black filmmakers to make films about blacks or to get into the mainstream and make films that have nothing to do with being black. When I came to Fox," she recalled, "I didn't want to be asked to write only black American things. However, with the projects I've chosen, that's what I've got. The time may come when I'll want to do 'The Corn is Green' or 'Mary Queen of Scots.' That time may be a long way down the road. But I want that door open."

Suddenly, Miss Angelou's voice became quieter.

"Things haven't changed that much," she said. "If you're black and American, you still have to be twice as good, twice as daring, twice as courageous as anywhere else as a person. I think the body else. I take very seriously what I believe is my responsibility. If I can get that new generation, who may be more qualified than I, to come in. Maybe then we can get some things on television that reflect the black American life that we all love and can feel pride in."

Diahann Carroll comforts Constance Good in Maya Angelou's autobiography, tonight on CBS.
Maya Angelou, Jessica Mitford

Famed Writers Are Party Guests

Maya Angelou, writer, actress, dancer and stage director, now of Winston-Salem, and Jessica Mitford of Oakland, Calif., author, were at the same party Sunday afternoon.

The party was given for Ms. Angelou by George and Virginia Newell at their home on Pickford Court. Mrs. Mitford is visiting Ms. Angelou for the holidays. Ms. Angelou used to live in Oakland and Mrs. Mitford said she knew her there.

"I'm really visiting here via London," Mrs. Mitford said, speaking with a British accent. "I was in London earlier to give a lecture for the Cobden Trust, a trust that supports the civil..."
Two Famous Writers Are Party Guests

Continued from Page 21 to her meeting with Maya Angelou.

Irene Hairston, president of the Winston-Salem chapter of the Moles, a national social and service organization for black women, raved about the success of the Moles' Christmas party Friday night. "We gave a Christmas check to Crisis Control and a box of food. There are 25 Moles and their husbands, who are called Mules, and each invited several guests. All in all, we had 135 people and we had the best time."

Pearl B. Puryear, a former high school and college classmate of Mrs. Hairston, left her husband, Dr. Royal Puryear, in the kitchen to watch the football game and came into the living room to talk with Ms. Angelou.

Dr. and Mrs. Puryear moved back to Winston-Salem five years ago after a 30-year stay in Florida. Puryear was president of Florida Memorial College until he retired. Mrs. Puryear also talked with Helen Simms while Nathan Simms, her husband, perched on the arm of Mrs. McCarter's chair and talked with her about her Christmas plans.

Priscilla Cunningham drove from Raleigh for the party. She caught up on the two Newell daughters, Dr. Glenda Newell, a resident at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco, and Dr. Dee Anne Newell Banks, chairman of the department of internal medicine at Huron Hospital in Cleveland.

Dolly McPherson, a close friend of Ms. Angelou, talked with Mrs. Hairston about the recent visit to Winston-Salem by Walter Fauntroy, the delegate to Congress for the District of Columbia. They agreed the speech he gave on behalf of the Urban League was rousing.

Robert Suderburg, chancellor of the North Carolina School of the Arts, talked with Ms. Angelou. Mrs. Mitford and Doug and Bingle Lewis. Mrs. Newell had good news to share with them. "Pat Toole (Mrs. James F. Toole) has given a $1,000 scholarship in computer science at WSSU and it will be awarded for the first time in January. She has been so supportive of us and we're thrilled she's given us this gift."

Emily Wilson dropped by for a quick visit, as did Frank and Martha Wood. Mrs. Wood is Northwest Ward alderman.

As the Lewises were saying their goodbyes, Mrs. Lewis said, "It was such an honor to meet Mrs. Mitford. She was fascinating." Mrs. Newell added, "I know, I wish we could keep her overnight. She knows so much."
"Sister, Sister," a movie on NBC-TV tonight at 9 o'clock, carries a list of imposing credits. It was written by Maya Angelou. The strong cast includes Diannah Carroll, Rosalind Cash, Irene Cara, Dick Anthony Williams, Paul Winfield and Robert Hooks. It was co-produced, with Miss Angelou, by John Berry, who also directed. It was clearly put together with care and love. But "Sister, Sister" steadfastly refuses to come to convincing life.

Set in a small North Carolina town, the story revolves about the Lovejoy family. It quickly becomes apparent that the family name is ironic. The strong-willed family patriarch has died years earlier, leaving prim Caroline (Miss Carroll) with the thankless job of raising her baby sister, Sissy (Miss Cara), who is now 20 years old. Their prodigal sister, Freda (Miss Cash), suddenly appears on the doorstep of the imposing family home with her 15-year-old son, Daniel (Christopher St. John), and the scene is rather laboriously set for confrontations among the three sisters: proper Caroline, unashamed Freda and frustrated Sissy.

As it happens, the cold Caroline is having a rather torrid affair with the married local minister (Mr. Williams), and sexy Freda has really come home from a Detroit ghetto to look up her old boyfriend Eddie (Mr. Winfield), who is now prospering in real estate. Sissy would like to pursue a career in ice skating, but ambitious Caroline is decidedly disapproving. As the plot follows argument, bitter recriminations are triggered by lingering grudges from the past. The interesting element is that this particular middle-class scene belongs to a black family, and there are valuable insights to be picked up along the way by white audiences.

But Miss Angelou's script keeps reaching for a level of tragedy that seems beyond its grasp. The target is Eugene O'Neill territory, but the end result never gets much beyond standard soap opera. The action keeps getting snagged in the familiar daddy-loved-yes-more-than-me net. The performances are fine, Miss Carroll and Miss Cash are indeed superb. And there are a number of lovely moments, most notably when Freda's estranged husband (Mr. Hooks) returns and tries to connect with his young and eager son. But "Sister, Sister" barely manages to stay on the emotionally powerful plane it was obviously aiming for.

Moving to the syndication circuit, the latest in startling developments is a daily series called "Couples," which begins a run on WPIX-TV at noon today. "Couples" comes out of the reality bud that encompasses everything from "Real People" to such video-verbatim projects as public television's "Middletown." The willingness of ordinary people to expose themselves, in whatever manner, before television cameras is little short of astonishing.

"Couples" begins with an explanatory prologue: "For many of us facing problems, counseling is still frightening, embarrassing or mysterious. We hope to remove the mysteries of what actually goes on behind the doctor's door. We hope you can benefit from the real encounter you are about to see— as a couple struggles to resolve their conflicts. Remember, these people are not acting. What you are about to watch is real."

In other words, a couple have agreed, for whatever reasons, to discuss the most intimate details of their life together in front of cameras that will record their words and gestures for unlimited distribution. The "counselor" is Dr. Walter Brackenmann, a psychologist who, the press releases say, recently became "a standing-room-only instructor at the University of California at Los Angeles with his popular course 'Making Marriage Work.'"

Dr. Brackenmann's basic technique seems to consist of making the most banal observations with what he evidently deems to be dynamic gesturing. The first programs are devoted to a couple identified only as Susan and Douglas. She is 33, he is 38. They have been married for a few years, but she has decided, she says, that "the magic, that excitement has faded." He has had a brief affair with her best friend and, as luck would have it, she just went to bed with somebody else two days before the cameras started filming— "which is interesting," she allows. The center of the talks is something called a "relationship," peppered with references to such topics as conflict or freedom or issues.

Dr. Brackenmann never for a moment loses the comforting and soothing voices of the accomplished performer. Susan and Douglas are never less than sincerely sensitive. They are introduced as "Case No. 916." One can only shudder at the prospect of being subjected to the previous 917 cases.

Will "Couples" work as a television product? Look at Richard Simmons and his diet program. Look at "People's Court." Look at all the exploitative trash that seems to be settling these days, and weep for us all.
Speakers at Service for King Urge People to Vote Changes

By Tracie Cone

About 300 Winston-Salem residents marked the 54th birthday of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. yesterday by learning that it takes actions, not just dreams, to earn social and economic equality for black people.

Speakers at a noon rally at Mechanics and Farmers Bank on克莱蒙街 said that the right to vote is the best tool black people can use to make those changes. If King's dream for equality is to become reality, they said repeatedly, black people must make their needs known by voting.

"In 1964, I want to know you were pre­pared," said Louise G. Wilson, one of the city's first civil rights activists. Mrs. Wilson called for the defeat of Sen. Jesse Helms, who she said does not work for black people, in his 1984 re-election campaign. "You black men and women can get together and decide who will rule this country."

The president of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People agreed.

"If black people had voted, we wouldn't be bothered with Ronald Reagan," Patrick Hair, also said.

Their call for change through organized voting echoed the sentiments of King, who worked to bring equality for blacks through nonviolent means. An assassin shot and killed him in Memphis, Tenn., 15 years ago.

King's memory, however, still is alive, even in the minds of children born since his death.

"He was good cause he cared for us," said Josh Pledger, Jr., who came to the memorial service with his father.

"He fought for us to go to school with white people and so we can eat in restaurants," his 18-year-old brother, Willie, chimed in. "He kept us from fighting each other. You can't get anywhere fighting each other."

The memorial was sponsored by Radio Station WAAA and the local chapter of the NAACP. The predominantly black audience stood throughout the hour-long service, occasion­ally supporting points made by the 28 speakers with applause.

Bill Jackson received one of the warmest ovations after reciting an original poem, titled "A Message From An Old Man," which said "dreams without actions accomplish nothing... if you got a dream and want it to come true, then brother, you got more than dream­ing to do," the poem ended.

Yesterday had been declared a "day of remembrance for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr." in a resolution signed Jan. 8 by Winston-Salem Mayor Wayne Corpe­ting, Larry Womble, alderman from the Southeast Ward, read the proclamation.

Corpe­ting, who is recovering from surgery to implant a heart pacemaker.

Reagan Honors King In Weekly Broadcast

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Reagan called yesterday for Americans to carry on the peaceful teachings of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the slain civil rights leader, whose "peace of hope and justice" still exist in the United States.

But he was criticized by Harlem's black congresswoman for "rolling back civil rights efforts and deliberately alienating minority groups" with his program.

Reagan has stepped up demands to make Jan. 15, King's birthday, a national holiday. But he dedicated his weekly radio address to King's memory, held a White House reception in his honor and dispatched Vice President George Bush to represent the administration at ceremonies in Atlanta.

Reagan called King "a man of character and a man of courage," who "showed us how much good a single life weighed can accomplish."

He noted King was "brutally murdered - shot down by a cowardly assassin" in Memphis, Tenn., 15 years ago. "He had remained true to his principles to the end, never succumbing to the hatred that had destroyed the effectiveness of lesser men," Reagan said.

"Through his actions, his teachings and his deep dedication to nonviolence, he opened the eyes of his fellow citizens... he awakened the moral sense of an entire nation. He appealed to the good that is in our people," he said.

"It is spiritually essential for each person to have a working goal for which to strive... King did it for equality without violence. Some battles have been won, but others still should be fought," Womble read.

"Black people have survived the battles because of pride," he said. "Maya Angelou, an author, poet, playwright and a Wake Forest University professor said, "We are the dream in the future... We represent the best traditions of our country."

"We should be grateful for the efforts of our forefathers," he said. "We have come a long way."

"It is not for us to give up hope for the future... but we must continue the fight for equality," he said.
Maya Angelou Play Opens Next Week

Journal Staff Report

CHARLOTTE — Maya Angelou's play "On a Southern Journey" will be performed at the Spirit Square here Dec 16, 17 and 18. The shows are scheduled at 8 p.m. on Dec. 16 and 17 and at 3:15 p.m. on Dec. 18.

Vanessa Baxter, a spokesman for G.M. Productions, the theater group putting on the play, said that this is the first time that the play will be performed in its entirety. A shorter version was performed earlier this year at Wake Forest University.

The play centers on a conversation between a black woman and a white woman. Both were born and raised in a Southern town, moved away and are warily returning home for a funeral.

Miss Angelou, who moved to Winston-Salem last year when she was appointed Reynolds professor of humanities at Wake Forest, said earlier this year that she has often wonders why black and white women don't talk more often.

"Very few black and white women talk to each other," Miss Angelou said. "There are very few real friendships among them."

Although she doesn't expect all black and white women to be friends, she said they can learn to respect and appreciate one another.

Starring in the play will be Berlinda Tolbert, who plays Jenny in the television show "The Jeffersons"; Beth Grant, the former creative-services director of a production company in Hollywood; and Ron Dortch of Goldsboro, the former director of the Ellington School of the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

The three actors and Defoy Glenn, the play's director, met while speaking at the Governor's School at Salem College.

Ms. Baxter said that she has talked to producers about the possibility of the play's being performed on Broadway.
Carl T. Rowan

The Missing Americans

In the days since the crowning of Vanessa Williams as the first black Miss America, I have noted reactions that were churlish, and some hyperbolic. Some black dude was on TV complaining that the gorgeous young lady fit the "white stereotype" of beauty. This joker seems not to understand that "black" is a word claimed equally by 27 million Americans who range from fair skin and blue eyes to ebony skin and curled hair. An equally debatable reaction to Williams' triumph was uttered by Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the NAACP. He likened it to Jackie Robinson's breaking into baseball.

I wish the parallel existed. It would mean that Hollywood, the television networks, the theater on Broadway and elsewhere would in a generation be as integrated as baseball, basketball and football are today. But selection of the first black as Miss America is not a harbinger of any such social change.

When a marvelous human being, Branch Rickey, chose Jackie Robinson to break the color barrier in baseball, black America wasn't reap ing a dime from "the great American pastime." If it is an overstatement to say that blacks dominate baseball today, it is an understatement to say that Jackie opened the door to millionaire status for the Reggie Jacksons, Dave Winfield and other black superstars who are so numerous. Jackie's influence reaches far beyond baseball. When he courted in Montreal and Brooklyn, professional basketball and football were still in the grip of racists. Today it is commonplace to see a National Basketball Association team put an all-black unit on the court. Jim Brown, O. J. Simpson, Charlie Taylor, Walter Payton and hundreds of other black stars of the gridiron walked to glory in the wake of Jackie Robinson.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if Hooks' wishful thinking about the new Miss America had some validity of expectation? Vanessa Williams paves way for explosion of black entertainers on Broadway, in television, in Hollywood! Wow! But the cruel reality is that no matter how brilliant the Ella Fitzgeralds, Sara Vaughts, Ray Charleses and Lena Horne's, it is the Dinah Shores, Perry Como's, Barbara Mandrells and Andy Williamses who get the lucrative long-running TV programs.

Where are the redoubts of bigotry? In Birmingham and Selma? No. They are in the plush offices of the movie moguls in Hollywood, the television executives in New York and Los Angeles. While Vanessa was romping in the sands of Atlantic City for the net of 'Pbers; actor Sidney Poitier, writer Maya Angelou and assorted blacks and Hispanics were here complaining before a House subcommittee that in TV's portrayal of "Dallas" Hispanics don't exist, and that, as Angelou said, "The data simply supports the fact that black artists do not work in film and television."

No beauty pageant in Atlantic City will move the network brass or the Hollywood moguls to employment justice. Only the well-planned, hard-nosed boycotts by blacks, Hispanics and other minorities will make a difference. Let us give a decent but brief period of praise to our first black Miss America and get on with the business of forcing some changes in Hollywood and the television industry.

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Maya Angelou
To Be Honored

Author Maya Angelou will receive one of the Matrix Awards presented by the New York Chapter of Women in Communications Inc. at its chapter's annual awards luncheon Monday in New York.

The luncheon honoring Ms. Angelou and the five other winners will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy is scheduled to be the speaker.

Women in Communications, founded in 1969 as Theta Sigma Pi, is an international professional organization with more than 12,000 members in all fields of communications. The New York chapter is the largest with more than 800 members.

Ms. Angelou, who lives in Winston-Salem, is the author of two best-selling books, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "Gather Together in My Name."

Other winners of the award this year include Jane Bryant Quinn, contributing editor to Newsweek and Woman's Day, and Mary McCurry, syndicated columnist for the Washington Post.

Independent Finland

Finland proclaimed its independence in 1917.
Maya Angelou, the black writer and former actress, said today she will take students to Africa by virtual means, because she said the school, because of its former connection with the London School of Economics, has high scholastic and academic standards. My students will have to stretch and it will be marvelous for them.

Miss Angelou hopes later to teach a course looking at "theology in our society" - all sorts of theologies and "why young people are making strides in understanding and all sorts of theology not endemic to this land. I'd like to look at that."

She said she only will be teaching in the fall and winter months during the coming three years and will devote the spring and summer months to writing. "Then in 1985 I expect to apply myself entirely to the demands of the post."

Right now she is busy promoting her latest book, "The Heart of a Woman," which is the fourth volume of her autobiography. Only out two months, it is now in its third printing. "I have been very fortunate," she said.

"I like living in Winston - I just love it," she said. "I have really become a Winstonian - or whatever you call it. I have been on the road for two months doing promotion on the new book and every time I could get two days I would fly from anywhere and come home. As soon as the plane would touch down in Greensboro, my heart would relax. I really love it here."

Miss Angelou, 53, also has written seven other books.
I can read from other works pretty easily," said Maya Angelou, "but this one is so raw to me. I don't know how it's going to... It's so new."

She took a pull of her cigarette and smiled, "In a year I'll be able to sail through it," she said yesterday in an interview at Reynolda House.

"This" is "The Heart of a Woman," the fourth and latest of Ms. Angelou's autobiographical series. It will be published Oct. 9 by Random House, and Ms. Angelou will read a section of it for the public at 4 p.m. Sunday at Reynolda House.

"I'll be reading a section that shows the ambivalence of decision-making in young people, that shows the friendship of a white couple to a young black woman and her son, that shows the poignancy of Billie Holiday, and the way in which a young black mother tries to protect her son in the United States," she said.

"It's a small section," she said, "but that's what I'm trying to show. It has to be as well as..." she slid a dramatic intensity into her deep voice — as well as sturm and drang. "There's plenty of sturm and drang.

As in the first three volumes — "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," "Gather Together in My Name," and "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas" — Ms. Angelou delves deeply into herself and her life, hiding none of her pain — or joy — as a poor but talented and determined black woman in America.

"The Heart of a Woman" covers the late 1950s to the early '60s, a period Ms. Angelou began out of work and out of luck, trying to support and nurture her young son; through friendships and courage, she made her way both in the show-business world and in the world of black activism and civil rights.

She was a singer and an executive at a northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference — a scriptwriter and a protestor. That period in either her history or the nation's wasn't to be predicted, she said yesterday; nor could she say when it might come.

"I wouldn't expect it to start again," she said. "Everything has its time. In 1960, no prophet or seer could have predicted a time like the '50s and '60s — anyway, no one did predict it.

"That is not to say that people won't protest; but the (political and social) climate and the people protesting are different now. Today, people who protest do so out of anger rather than hope, and that makes a qualitative difference in what they ask for and how they ask for it — and possibly in their success in getting it.

"The protests of the '60s had a kind of innocence" that the 1980s don't possess, she said. "The children of the '1960s really believed that if they really got that march together, they would really be able to change not only the complex ion of America, but the face itself. You would have to look hard to find someone that innocent in the 1980s.

What exists now is cynicism, not hope; people who "have gone from knowing nothing to believing nothing." She declines to join in the ranks of the non-believers. "I am not a pessimist," she said. "I simply cannot imagine what the next youthful thrust will be — and it is given to youth to have the energy and to make the thrust."

Ms. Angelou insists upon hope, catching herself whenever, in an interview, she thinks she sounds too negative. Discussing the process of her writing, she says that when writing time comes, after a 'period of fermentation,' she spends most of every day for a year and a half working on the book. She edits a lot in her head; the second rewrite is the one her editor usually chooses before he begins.
At the Heart of a Woman—Hope

Continued from Page 15

Ms. Angelou has already begun the

exhausting ritual of the author tour and

is scheduled to promote "The Heart of a Woman" from North Carolina (she

now lives in Winston-Salem) to New

York (the "Today" Show Oct. 9) and

around the country and back to Atlanta

at the end of October.

On local and national talk shows, she

will discuss the book, with an eye

toward sales. Right now, she said, she

is debating whether to talk about

something else as well: her 5-year-old

grandson, Colin Ashanti Murphy-

Johnson, to whom "The Heart of a Woman" is dedicated.

Her son and the boy's mother are

divorced, and her son (who figures

prominently as a teenager in the book) had

custody of his only child until the

boy's mother "took him away" in

April. Ms. Angelou said. Neither Ms.

Angelou nor her son knows where the

boy is, and she wonders whether it will

help them find him if she talks about

him on her television interviews.

"But it's such an emotional thing," she

said. "I'm afraid I might cry, and

that wouldn't do any good."

Not knowing where the boy is means

feeling as if she's in a half-real world.

But she won't accept despair as the en-

vironment of even that world. "Hope,"

she said. "We must always have hope."

Just Another Meeting? Not at All

Continued from Page 15

physics studies on the subject won a Nobel Prize as long

ago as 1952.

Basically, and perhaps simplistically, this is what NMR

in medicine is about right now:

Certain atoms in the body behave like microscopic

magnets. The most common of these is hydrogen, which is

present in water — which, in turn, is present in all human

tissue.

When parts of the human body are placed in a magnetic

field, these magnet-atoms line themselves up rather

neatly within that field. They are then knocked on their

sides by a radio-frequency impulse.

When the impulse is removed, the atoms begin returning

to their alignment in the original magnetic field. They also

begin reacting to one another, and spinning and wobbling a

bit like tiny toy tops, an action that gives off radio-type

signals.

Information is taken from the process by analyzing the

signals and the times involved in the atoms' reacting to

one another and returning to their magnetic alignment.

Such data go into computers, which convert them into

diagrams and meaningful information. The pictures are

similar to, though in many cases not as clear as, those

obtained through ultrasound or the sophisticated X-ray tech-
nique called CAT scanning.

Nearly all the world's major figures in NMR imaging

will be among the 500 people registered, including two

who share the "father of NMR medical imaging" label,

Raymond Damadian and Paul C. Lauterbur, both of New

York State.

Many foreign countries, where much research and

development has taken place, will be represented as well.

And Bowman Gray's Dr. Nolan Karstaedt, a co-

chairman for the symposium, will be helping compile a

book incorporating the things that come together during

the meeting: background information on NMR in

medicine, techniques in use and limited clinical results.

machines that are or soon will be available and the

potentials that can be identified now.

That collection could then become a large part of the

springboard that pushes NMR into the forefront of clinical

experimentation, at least, in medicine.

Karstaedt is excited about the meeting and its

possibilities.

But he is cautious.

"It (NMR) may become the best non-invasive test that we

have," he said Monday at a briefing session.

He added that he and others believe that the technique,
at the diagnostic power levels and frequencies used, is

harmless to the patient, though they cannot yet be certain.
WFU Prof Receives $75,000 Grant

Maya Angelou, the Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University, has received an unrestricted grant of $75,000 from the Lyndhurst Foundation of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The foundation announced that Miss Angelou is one of three people "whose religious, charitable, artistic, literary or educational work in the South has been interesting, creative and significant for a number of years."

The foundation's announcement said, "These awards are designed to recognize the work of a few special people in the region whose accomplishments are of great merit.... It is our hope that this prize will enable talented individuals who have found their stride and discovered their competence and interests to continue to work with diminished financial pressure."

The foundation also made $75,000 grants to novelist Alice Walker and Steve Suitts, the chairman of the Southern Regional Council. Miss Angelou described her reaction to being told about the grant, "I was in a strange position for a writer. I was wordless."

"Actually the grant is an honor to me, my institution, my race and my gender."

Then she laughed and said, "Of course it's an honor to all tall people, too." Miss Angelou is 6 feet tall.

Miss Angelou, a black writer and actress, was named the first Reynolds Professor at Wake Forest in 1982.

Her most recent book, "The Heart of a Woman," is the fourth volume of her autobiography. She also is the author of three collections of poetry.

Miss Angelou has been the northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

She has honorary degrees from 12 colleges and universities.
TV Preview

The Intimate Angelou

By Jacqueline Trescott
Washington Post Staff Writer

When a friend sits down with author Maya Angelou, as historian Nell Painter does in "And Still I Rise: Maya Angelou," on WHMM (Channel 32) at 10 p.m. Sunday, the results are a warm, intimate portrait of a 20th-century black woman.

This is not a study of the most-read black woman writer in the world—a status Angelou mentions off-handedly in the show—with a catalogue of books and poems, their dates and critical reception. It does not even contain an excerpt from a reading by Angelou, a highly entertaining and inspiring event. This hour is a conversation. Its intention is to give a glimpse of a celebrity behind the public image and the result is an intimate intrusion into the dynamics between two women, friends so long they don't have to move off the couch for hours.

The landscape of "Maya" is vast. The show starts with Angelou, now in her mid-fifties, discussing how as a child she didn't think white people were real. It quickly moves to a clip from "Birth of a Nation," a film that Angelou feels reflected a central problem of this century. "There's a white man in black face acting out the white male fantasy [of black male sexual prowess]. We are all victims of this mania," she says. Then the conversation moves to the relationships of black women and white women, the experiences of Afro-Americans living in Africa, the treatment of black artists in Hollywood and the 1960s civil rights movement.

Though dialogue is the form, the effects are not wooden. Part of Angelou's power is that she can take her smokey, hypnotic voice and get to the truth behind the facts—and there is quite a discourse in the show about truth and facts. Woven into the narrative are film clips of ceremonies surrounding Ghana's independence in 1957, actor Sidney Poitier accepting his Academy Award in 1964 and the 1963 March on Washington. And Angelou is also spontaneous, bursting into song, shedding some tears or pulling another writer's words out of her memory to complete a point.

The most interesting moments are when Painter raises questions about the burdens of fame, the duality of the public and private person and the peculiarities of friendship. "The real payment" of fame, Angelou says, "is that people enjoy it [the artist's work] and then the artist is made larger and dares a little bit more."

In looking at celebrity, Painter pursues the special place of famous blacks, who are often viewed as representatives of the entire race and pushed forward as spokespeople. "It is a burden, a serious burden but that is not to say it is not a welcome addition," says Angelou. "It is thrust upon us to speak, sometimes inately, sometimes falsely, sometimes pompously, occasionally truthfully. When a people are so in need of heroes and 'sheroes,' one would be not quite responsible not to try to be some of those things." And, from the corner of her couch in this show, Angelou does so—in her vintage philosophical way.
Minister Says Angelou’s Film Anti-Christian

Contained From Page 1

"I tell you," Miss Angelou said, "I offered yesterday to debate him (Wildmon) on the "Today" show about Christianity, because my life is an exercise in Christianity, but he refused to debate me.

"There must be a million people in this country who would laugh anyone out of the room who said I would do anything anti-Christian or write anything anti-Christian." Dolly McPherson, an English professor at Wake Forest who has been a friend of Miss Angelou for more than 30 years, said that Wildmon "certainly picked the wrong person to seek anti-Christian views from. Anyone who knows her knows that she is a deeply religious person, a seriously religious person. She is deeply committed to Christian values, and she not only articulates that in her work, but she articulates that in her life."

Still, Wildmon's campaign is apparently having its intended effect. An NBC spokesman in New York said yesterday that about a dozen national advertisers have asked to review the film, to see if commercials for their products should appear on the program. The spokesman confirmed a report in yesterday's New York Times that said that at least one of the advertisers, Eastman Kodak, had dropped its support of the film.

"Well, I'm sorry for the advertisers," Miss Angelou said, "because I read yesterday that there were black groups in the country that are also putting pressure on the advertisers, saying that if they pull out, their products would be boycotted. "It's a little like having a world war over the Falklands. It's just a film, I don't want to see people disbanding their forces in blacks against whites because of a film of mine. All of my work is to bring people together, not to bring people apart."

WXII, NBC's local affiliate, intends to broadcast the show Monday night, despite a request from Donald D. Forrester, the president of Winston-Salem Bible College, who wrote to the station early last month asking that the film not be shown because of its "anti-Christian stereotypes."

After receiving Forrester's letter, Reyna A. Corley, the vice president and general manager of WXII, and Meyer Davis, the station's program manager, arranged to have a special screening of "Sister, Sister" to see if there were any problems with it, according to Jerry Kenion, the station's promotion manager. Neither Corley nor Davis found anything wrong with the film, Miss Angelou said. "I offered yesterday to make him appear to be anything but Christian, and this leaves the impression in the community that all Christian ministers act like this."

Asked how she felt about her film being attacked by people who have not seen it, Miss Angelou said: "I'm saddened by it because in a time when the pope can go to England and kiss the hand of the archbishop of Canterbury and say we are all Christians — when the pope can do that, it is pitiful to see a person using religion as a bat to hurt someone, to diminish ... to use it as a weapon.

"On the soap operas there is every kind of vulgarity, obscenity, from incest to child molestation. Every day it is pumped into people's minds for four or five hours, and in the evening film — every kind of vulgarity," Miss Angelou said.

In NBC-TV film that was claims that the depiction of such a minister is typical of the "anti-Christian" bias at the network, especially NBC, which its organization has been boycotting since March 4.

Miss Angelou, the Reynolds professor of American studies at Wake Forest University, reached yesterday at a hotel in San Francisco where her son is hospitalized with a serious ailment, labeled Wildmon's contentions "ridiculous."

"Even if I had written a lascivious kind of character, which I have not, to say that this one thing, that one minister is not all pure of heart, and saying that is anti-Christian is like saying you write about one cop and all police are bad, or one bad black and all blacks are bad, or one bad white and all whites are bad. That's ridiculous."

Maya Angelou’s TV Film Under Attack by Minister

By Seth W. Moskowitz

"Sister, Sister," an NBC-TV film that was written and produced by Winston-Salem poet and playwright Maya Angelou, has come under attack by the Rev. Donald Wildmon, the chairman of the Mississippi-based Coalition for Better Television.

Wildmon, who says that the film is "anti-Christian" and reflects "negative stereotyping of Christian people," has tried to pressure advertisers to withdraw their sponsorship of the film, which is scheduled to be shown by NBC at 9 p.m. Monday.

The film stars Diannah Carroll and Paul Winfield and centers on the conflicts between three sisters (played by Miss Carroll, Rosalind Cash and Irene Cara) in a small North Carolina town. Two of the sisters become romantically involved with a minister who is separated from his wife and who has borrowed church funds for personal use.

Wildmon, who says he has not seen the film, claims that the depiction of such a minister is typical of the "anti-Christian" bias at the network, especially NBC, which his organization has been boycotting since March 4.

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See Minister, Page 2
Speaking
The Language
Of Bread...

By Maya Angelou

As the Thanksgiving season approached last year, I was working on the manuscript of "SINGIN' AND SWINGING' AND GETTIN' MERRY LIKE CHRISTMAS" in a luxurious mountaintop retreat for scholars in Bellagio, Italy, 30 miles from the Swiss border.

One evening, the study center director, William Olsen, asked if anyone had a recipe for turkey dressing. I waited, and as no offers were forthcoming, I said I made a good dressing; however, it was corn bread dressing. The Americans murmured approval, while the British scholars looked just the woeest bit interested. Dr. Olsen asked if I would be so kind as to write down the recipe and give it to the butler so the chef could buy the necessary ingredients.

The next day I began the tedious, almost impossible job, for me, of writing down a recipe. I am a cook; I love to cook. Although I follow Julia Child, James Beard, M. F. K. Fisher, Edward Gobhi and Buel Yang Chao, the truth is I still measure ingredients in the palm of my hand, just as my grandmother did when she cooked splendid meals on her wood-burning stove in Stamps, Ark. To compound my problem, instead of teaspoonsfuls, pounds and pints, in Europe one deals with grams, kilos and liters. I used a day measuring in my mind a recipe for corn bread dressing which would feed 30 people.

The next morning, Franco, the butler, sent a footman to my rooms to collect the recipe. At lunch, I told Bill Olsen I would like to be in the kitchen while the dish was being prepared and asked him to relay to the chef my respect for his position and my promise not to touch one utensil, but that as a cook, I needed to be around for the preparation just to make sure that things were going right. At dinner on Thanksgiving Eve, Bill Olsen said the chef, Angelo, would welcome me in the kitchen the next morning at 9.

The kitchen was a labyrinth of rooms with pots hanging from the ceilings; a crew of high-hatted, aproned men moved in the undeniable aroma of boiling gizzards, necks, wing-tips, celery, onion and parsley. I was welcomed coolly, but courteously, called "Dottore" and given a stool out of the way of the people who were truly important. Franco, who had once been maître de in the Rainbow Room at New York City's Waldorf Astoria, said, "Your Italian is very good so you probably won't need me, but if any-

See BREAD, C4, Col. 2
Speaking the Language of Bread

BREAD, From CI

thing comes up that you don't understand, ask Angelo to telephone me.

I watched the polenta, a bright yellow corn meal, being mixed with baking powder and other ingredients. Polenta is denser than American corn meal, so on the spot I had to revise the recipe, asking the second cook to put more baking powder in the mixture and after adding the milk, to put more eggs into the batter. When the corn bread was removed from the oven it was as beautiful as my own, albeit the brown crust had an orange tinge. I complimented Angelo and told him that that was the bread of my people.

He asked, "This is the bread of America?"

I explained, "No, the bread of Black Americans."

He asked, "What is a Black American?"

I pointed to my arm and said, "People of my color are called Black Americans."

He pointed to the third cook and said, "Then Enrico would be called a Black Italian."

I said, "Uh, no. It's more or different from just color." I started, in the steamy kitchen, to give an explanation of the racial differences in the United States. All the chefs and kitchen crew stood around, open-mouthed, not understanding the subtleties. In exasperation, I telephoned Franco. He arrived, ready to translate new measurements and I explained that we were having a cultural discussion. He turned to Angelo and the other men and said, in Italian, "Dottore Angelou is an American whose skin is darker than other Americans and her people came from Africa."

Angelo asked, "Don't all American people come from somewhere else?"

Franco nodded.

I nodded. Franco went upstairs.

The discussion was over without one explanation having succeeded.

The dressing was made and stuffed into the leggiest turkey I'd ever seen. No butter or water had been implanted into that big, white bird and no pop-up buttons were stuffed in its breast.

The chefs were busy preparing pumpkin pies, succotash and other dishes which were as exotic to them as fettuccini would have been to my grandmother. I walked over to Angelo and said to him in Italian that if he liked, I would be glad to make the giblet gravy, prefacing my offer with the restatement of my appreciation of his important position as head chef. He accepted and told a sous chef to provide me with pans and ingredients. I began to brown the flour and pour into the largest skillet. I'd ever seen, strained broth, bit by bit. I held two large wooden cooking spoons and spun the pan clockwise and counterclockwise, catching the handle and stirring almost simultaneously. When the gravy thickened, I looked up to see five cooks and four kitchen helpers all looking at me with admiration. Angelo had his fists balled, thumbs up, his elbows to his sides. He nudged the two cooks on either side, pulled his lips down and croaked, "Bene, Bene, Molto Bene."

I was accepted. One cook brought me a professional apron, tied it around and around my body. Another gave me a hat and Angelo, the superstar, came to me and asked, "Do you smoke, madame?" It was the first time since my arrival at the villa that anyone had called me anything other than "Dottore Angelou." I accepted the cigarette into clenched teeth and like all the other Italian cooks stood by the open window, letting the smoke from the cigarette trickle up my cheeks, croaking, "Bene, Bene, Molto Bene."
Writer values freedom

Maya Angelou resists staying with one form

By Bujatf Barrejo

BALTIMORE - At 62, writer Maya Angelou can look back at the shy, unspoken little girl who lived in Stamps, Ark., during the Depression and remember herself. She can also reflect upon the ballet dancer, the chamane, the opera singer, the screen writer, the playwright, the poet, the autobiographer and claim these for herself, too.

The more liberated a person is the more free she can be to look at herself through various and sundry prisms. It is indicative of a narrow society when we say, "because he's a black man he can't like ballet,' or "because she's an intellectual, she can't speak slang.'"

Angelou likes ballet, likes slang and, although she likes writing, she shudders at the thought of doing that alone.

"I don't think I ever want to consider that kind of imprisonment, that kind of isolation," she said.

Angelou spoke Dec. 13 at Johns Hopkins University's Milton S. Eisenhower Symposium: Dreams Deferred: Perspectives on Race Relations. Three hours before her presentation, she relaxed in her hotel room and talked about her many lives.

"Being a natural writer is like being a natural concert pianist who specialize in Prokofiev," she scoffed. "To write well, one works hard at understanding the language. I believe it's almost impossible to say what you mean and make someone else understand.''

Angelou is now wrestling with the notes for the fifth and final volume in her acclaimed autobiographical series that began with I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, 1970, inspired by a challenge over dinner with author James Baldwin.

She began that book as Marguerite Johnson, the little girl in Stamps, a sleepy town where she lived with her mother, brother and grandparents. "Mama" was a nickname her brother Bailey called her; that, along with a slight adaptation of her first husband's surname, Angelou, became her stage name when she began performing as a singer in the 1950's.

The calm of Angelou's childhood was shattered when she was raped at age 8. The rapist was murdered a few hours after his conviction. Because she felt responsible, Angelou stopped talking. The encouragement of a kind neighbor led her to reading, writing, and ultimately speaking again.

"For a number of years. I was a mute," says Angelou. "I wrote because I read. I really thought I could make my own body into an ear to拦截

the sounds from the room, the radio, the speaking, to be active in the absorption of sound."

In her teens, Angelou moved with Bailey and her mother to San Francisco. She did not dream of dancing, singing or writing, but she knew she wanted power.

After left Stamps - when I was 14 or 15 - I thought I'd be a really successful real estate agent and have my own business," she says, laughing.

"The irony is even more wonderful. A few years ago a friend had a 14-year-old black girl visiting from Philadelphia whom to see me. I said bring her over and it turned out she had heard a few of the stories. She wanted to read one line and she said she loved me. I said why, for what? It turned out that at 13 she was in the Philadelphia streets, walking with a bridle and surrounded by all these Sky Caps. She went up to them later and asked who I was. She decided I was exactly who she wanted to be."

Angelou completed high school and gave birth to her son, the result of a single encounter with the most popular boy in high school. Determined to support the baby, she found work as an exotic dancer and did so well financially the bar's strippers were jealous and had Angelou's ex-husband, her next career as a nightclub singer earned her even more money and was followed by a role in a government-sponsored production of Porgy and Bess and a warm embrace.

"We got caught up in our psychological history, we talk about the South as if it's this or that, a repository of all bad things — but it's beautiful," says Angelou. "That's why people have fought for it. The place where I live is lovely. I saw a Southern black woman. I like the pace, the rhythm, the intimacy of the South."
Maya Angelou — A Voice For The People

MILWAUKEE — Maya Angelou is one of the nation’s best storytellers. In five novels and five collections of poetry, she draws on her personal experiences to convey the pain of growing up, the struggle to overcome racial and economic obstacles and the strength of the human spirit.

Angelou skillfully expresses herself in several media, including writing, singing and dancing. She also has been a voice for social reform. A leader in the civil rights movement in the 1960s, she was drafted by Martin Luther King Jr. to serve as northern coordinator of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

She was born in St. Louis in 1928, but Angelou’s divorced parents sent her at age three to live with her grandmother in Stamps, Ark. For 10 years, she grew up under the wing of her grandmother, who taught her that with hard work and confidence she could control her own destiny.

But there were some things, Angelou learned, she could not control. When she was barely eight, she was abused by a family friend. Shortly after the man was released from prison, he was found beaten to death. Feeling responsible, Maya lost her self confidence and will to communicate.

"I had to stop talking," she wrote in her autobiography, I
MS. MAYA ANGELOU

Know Why the Caged Bird Sings. I began to listen to everything. I probably hoped that after I heard (the sounds) and packed them down, deep in my ears, the world would be quiet around me.

For five years Angelou remained mute. A caring neighbor met with her many afternoons, reading literature aloud to show her the beauty of language and the importance of self-expression. Eventually, the words of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson and Edgar Allen Poe drew her out of her cocoon.

Angelou's teen-age years were spent in San Francisco in a boarding house run by her mother and stepfather. Although surrounded by squalor, Angelou learned to sing, act and dance. And she learned the value of hard work.

She practiced her dancing and singing until she was so accomplished, she was offered a role in the Broadway production, "House or Flowers,"—part she turned down to join the European touring cast of "Porgy and Bess." When she made a commitment at age 30 to become a writer, she worked intensely at improving her skills until they met the highest standards.

In 1959, Angelou moved to New York City and joined the Harlem Writers Guild, where she met James Baldwin and other prominent black writers. They critiqued and nurtured her until she developed fully a unique and effective style of writing.

Said James Baldwin of Angelou, "You will hear the regal woman, the mischievous street girl; you will hear the price of a black woman's survival and you will hear of her generosity. Black, bitter, beautiful, she speaks of our survival." Angelou wrote the original screenplay and musical score for the film, "Georgia, Georgia" and wrote and produced a 10-part television series on African traditions in American life. She also is the author of the television screenplays "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "The Sisters."

Angelou has a lifetime appointment as Reynolds professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, N.C. She is fluent in seven languages and has received 30 honorary degrees. She was nominated in 1970 for the National Black Award and in 1972 for the Pulitzer Prize.

And somehow, squeezed in between teaching, writing, poetry and producing films, Angelou makes hundreds of appearances each year on television talk shows and college campuses, stirring audiences with her grace, wisdom, strength and dynamic style.

"I have led a roller-coaster life," Angelou said. "There has been this disappointment and that satisfaction, and then it begins all over again."

(Maya Angelou is one of 12 people selected for "Gallery of Greats: Black Authors...A Voice for the People," a collection of portraits commissioned by the Miller Brewing Company. The collection, which honors all black authors, is on a national tour of museums, art galleries and universities throughout 1990.)
Black Authors Portrait Collection on Display in Phila.

A collection of 12 portraits featuring some of the country’s most outstanding black authors is being exhibited at Philadelphia’s Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum, Seventh and Arch Streets, from now through December 31, 1990.

The “Gallery of Greats: Black Authors ... A Voice for the People” collection is sponsored by Miller Brewing Company. The collection was unveiled in February in Washington, D.C., and was displayed at the Martin Luther King Memorial Library and Howard University. The portraits also were exhibited at the DuSable Museum of African American History in Chicago and the Villafra Art Gallery in New York City.

The collection features nine writers who are living — Maya Angelou, Amiri Baraka, David Bradley, Rita Dove, Charles Fuller Jr., Ernest J. Gaines, Toni Morrison, John A. Williams and August Wilson. The three deceased authors featured are James Baldwin, Langston Hughes and Richard Wright.

Noel Hankin, Miller Brewing Company’s director of marketing relations, said “We salute those 20th century storytellers for their contributions both to our nation’s literary wealth and to our understanding of African-American culture.”

Angelou of Winston Salem, N.C., is a professor at Wake Forest University and author of I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings and six volumes of poetry.

Baldwin, who died in 1987, was a brilliant and controversial writer. He produced six novels and numerous short stories, essays and plays that captured his struggle to overcome poverty, despair, hatred, hunger and loneliness.

Baraka, of Newark, N.J. is the author of poetry, fiction, plays, essays and social and music criticism.

Bradley, of Philadelphia, won the 1981 PEN/Faulkner Award for The Chaneysville Incident.

Dove, a professor at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1987 for Thomas and Dulce.

Fuller, of Philadelphia, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in 1981 for A Soldier’s Story.

Gaines, of Lafayette, La., is the author of the the The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman and A Gathering of Old Men.

Hughes, who died in 1967, wrote an exclusive collection of poems, plays, short stories and novels that describe what it is like to be poor and black.

Morrison, a professor at Princeton University, Princeton, N.J., won the 1988 Pulitzer Prize for fiction for Beloved.

Williams, of Teaneck, N.J., wrote, The Man Who Cried I Am and Click! Song.

Wilson of St. Paul, Minn., won the Pulitzer Prize for drama and the New York Drama Critics Award for Fences. Wilson received a second Pulitzer Prize in 1990 for The Piano Lesson.

Wright, who died in 1960, was the author of Native Son.
IN PROFILE: MAYA ANGELOU

BY SUNITA BANERJEE

The writer is with the Baltimore Evening Sun.

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Angelou writing new autobiography

BY SULIATA BANERJEE
The Baltimore Evening Sun

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Angelou became her stage name when she began performing as a singer in the 1950s.

The calm of Angelou's childhood was shattered when she was raped at age 8. The rapist was murdered a few hours after his conviction.

"For a number of years, I was a mute," says Angelou. "I wrote because I read. I really thought I could make my whole body into an ear to inhale the sounds from the room, the radio, the pulpit, to be active in the absorption of sound."

In her teens, Angelou moved with Bailey and her mother to San Francisco. She did not dream of dancing, singing or writing, but she knew she wanted power.

"After I left Stamps — when I was 14 or 15 — I thought I'd be a really successful real estate agent and have my own brokerage!" she says laughing. "The ironies of life are wonderful. A few years ago, a friend had a 14-year-old black girl visiting from Philadelphia who was over the moon to see me. I said, bring her over and it turned out she had heard a few of my poems, but she had never read one line and she said she loved me. I said why, for what? It turned out that when she was 13 and in the Philadelphia airport, I came through, walking with a briefcase and surrounded by all these Sky Caps. She went up to them later and asked who I was. She decided I was exactly who she wanted to be."

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The overwhelming passion that brought her back home was civil rights. Beginning in the early '60s, she served in leadership roles in the movement, working with the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. Angelou recalls that the day she returned from Africa, she spoke with Malcolm X on the telephone about plans to get together; two days later, he was assassinated.

Without changing roles for blacks, she began to write her own story, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" was followed by "Gather Together in My Name," "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas," "The Heart of a Woman" and "All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes." Angelou has also written six books of poetry, including "I Shall Not Be Moved," published this year.

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"There are some things that are so deeply personal you can only say them in a book... only write them for you, a stranger. I cannot say them to my mother. I cannot say them to my father," said Rodriguez, recounting his conflicting emotions of embarrassment and love for his parents.

Angelou, a poet, author, and director, displayed her verbal musicality in a honeyed, deeply theatrical voice.

"Poetry is used by teachers and educators to punish children," said Angelou, whose latest book is "Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?" She expressed concern that poetry by black Americans doesn't receive the attention it deserves. "So they don't think they like poetry. They say if you don't finish that assignment, you're going to have to memorize "The Raven."

In her youth, Angelou said she was "a volunteer math" who didn't speak for five years. "I memorized poetry and called it up in my mind to entertain myself."

Angelou said a beloved teacher helped her find her unique voice. "She told me I would never lose poetry until I spoke it... unless I felt poetry over my own tongue, my own lips, I would never love it. I had a mission."
The most immediately striking thing about the poems in Maya Angelou’s latest book — “And Still I Rise,” published today by Random House — is pride. Pride in being black and a woman, but not only that: also an affirmation of life and deep delight in possession of it, in living it to the fullest despite barriers that seemingly would prohibit joy.

In “On Aging,” she writes, “When you see me sitting quietly, quietly, / Like a sack left on the shelf. / Don’t think I need your chattering. / I’m listening to myself.” The poem ends, “I’m the same person I was back then. / A little less hair, a little less chin. / A lot less lungs and much less wind. / But ain’t I lucky I can still breathe in.”

Miss Angelou isn’t ever likely to reach the stage where she is “sitting quietly like a sack left on the shelf.” As she shows in her autobiographical writings — including a good number of the poems in this book — she’s too full of living to sit quietly at any time.

Anyone who has ever met Miss Angelou, perhaps during one of her visits to Wake Forest University, will immediately recognize her — 6 feet tall, deep voice, a slow, sure gracefulness — in “Phenomenal Woman”: “Pretty woman wonder where my secret lies, / I’m not cute or built to suit a fashion model’s size / But when I start to tell them, / They think I’m telling lies / I say, / It’s in the reach of my arms, / The span of my hips, / The stride of my step, / The curl of my lips.”

Her fans will also recognize references to her life found in the autobiographies, “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings,” “Gather Together in My Name” and “Singin’ and Swingin’ and Gettin’ Merry Like Christmas,” in which she writes about her childhood in Arkansas (where she was born Marguerite Johnson), her brother Bailey (there is a poem dedicated to him in “And Still I Rise”) and her early experiences with both rural and city life and with men.

“Humor abounds, either forthrightly, or slipped in sideways,” “Country Lover” simply says. “Funky shoes / Keen toed shoes / High-water pants / Sassy night dance / Red shoe water / and anybody’s daughter.”

Sadness and horror are there, too, as in “Junkie Monkey Reel” (“Shoulders sag / The pull of weighted needling / Arms drag, / Smacking wet in soft bond / Sockets…”).

But always, in the next line or the next poem, Miss Angelou’s eyes turn forward: “I may be last in the welfare line / Below the rim where the sun don’t shine / But getting up stays on my mind / Bump d’ bump bump d’ bump.”

Although many of the poems focus on being black, their themes retain a universality; and not a few of the poems can be felt by anybody, any time, particularly the love poems. “In Retrospect” is an especially poignant poem and is almost oriental in its concentration on nature and in its utter simplicity of statement:

“Last year changed its seasons / Subtly, stripped its sultry winds / For the reds of dying leaves, let gelid drips of winter ice melt onto a warming earth and urged the dormant bulbs to brave the pain of spring.

We, loving, above the whim of time, did not notice.

Alone, I remember now.”

There are disappointments among the poems, most noticeably “Where We Belong, A Duet,” which is as banal as a bubble-gum rock song.

But they are not enough to dampen the effect of a determined talent and an unstoppable positiveness. The only regret in having “And Still I Rise” is that Miss Angelou isn’t in the room to read them aloud.

GENIE CARR

(“Genie Carr is a staff reporter for The Sentinel.)
Still I Rise

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like
teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold
mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your
words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your
hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in
pain
I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and
wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the
tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror
and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously
clear
I rise

Bringing the gifts my ancestors
gave,
I am the dream and the hope of
the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in
pain
I rise
The Cage Is Shattered; The Bird Begins to Fly

SINGIN' AND SWINGIN' AND GETTIN' MERRY LIKE CHRISTMAS. By Maya Angelou. Random House. $8.95.

Readers who have experienced the first two books in Maya Angelou's autobiographical series, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "Gather Together in My Name," will be delighted to hear that No. 3 is out, and almost as good as the others.

The "almost" is not because of any diminished powers of Ms. Angelou's writing or of any dilution of her compelling personality. Rather, it is the result of her growing older (all the way into her 20s) and beginning the life of a celebrity, a performer's life that is more familiar to most readers than — as in the earlier books — the life of a black child growing up in Arkansas.

Ms. Angelou's childhood and adolescence are astonishing to a white, middle-class reader (and don't think she doesn't know it). The first two books described in painful detail the events and emotions she condenses into a paragraph in "Singin':" "At three years old I had been sent by train from California to Arkansas, accompanied only by my four-year-old brother; raped at seven (by her stepfather) and returned to California at thirteen. My son was born when I was sixteen, and determined to raise him, I had worked as a shake dancer in night clubs, fry cook in hamburger joints, dinner cook in a Creole restaurant and once had a job in a mechanic's shop, taking the paint off cars with my hands." (She had also worked briefly and on a small scale as a madam, doing rather well.)

"Singin'" begins at the ripe old age of almost-21, when Ms. Angelou, still then Marguerite Johnson, is working two jobs in San Francisco to support herself and her son, Clyde, who is living with a babysitter six days a week.

Through her love for, and knowledge of, jazz, she is offered a job in a record store owned by a white woman. It's the first time the Southern-bred black woman is offered something — two things, dignified work and friendship — by a white person, and her learning to accept the offers in the equable spirit in which they are offered is a stuttering step toward maturity.

On the job, Marguerite Johnson meets a Greek sailor and marries him, setting out on a rough road of trying to deny her own heritage and become the perfect Good Housekeeping wife. It doesn't work, and the next big step arrives: She divorces her husband and must support herself and Clyde again. She starts work in a strip joint.

The nightclub/strip joint is a raw dive, but her very real talent for personal honesty and exuberant and disciplined dance movement soon draw audiences who appreciate quality, no matter where it's presented. She wins a job in the classy Purple Onion club, where headliners perform — and where she gets her new name.

The "Maya" is a childhood nickname, short for Marguerite. The "Angelou" comes from her husband's name, Angelos. Her new celebrity friends have fun giving her the new celebrity her name.

With the new job, Maya Angelou begins her rise. The book ends with the European tour of "Porgy and Bess," in which she danced solo, in 1954.

The early parts of the book are best because they are about less familiar things. Show tours wear the touring show company thin, and they can wear the reader thin, too — although Ms. Angelou's talent for a finely tuned narrative and sharp eye for detail stand her in good stead through it all.

Ms. Angelou has distinct qualities that make her writing fun to read. She tells a story well; she has a wonderful sense of irony about herself and the keen turn of phrase to express it — the result, no doubt, of vigorous self-inspection as an extremely shy, book-loving child; and she has an intense awareness of herself as a black woman that explodes new insights onto unsuspecting readers.

—GENIE CARR
It is as if Maya Angelou was born knowing how to write, and how to do a great many other things well, with seeming effortlessness: act, compose, direct, edit, make a film or a baby, and much much more. She rhymes with ease and assurance and there's the rub. If writing poems is easy, it's apt to seem that way to the reader as well. It can collapse into nee-doggerel, like the following:

Life is too busy, wearying me.
Questions and answers and heavy thought.
I've subtracted and added and multiplied,
and all my figuring has come to naught.
Today I'll give up living.

Her verse is not all like this, though too often it is. Consider this lovely poem, "Changes", the first two stanzas of which are worthy of Louise Bogan—the highest praise in my canon:

Fickle comfort steals away
What it knows
It will not say
What it can
It will not do
It flies from me
To humor you.

Capricious peace will not bind
The severed nerves
The jagged mind
The shattered dream
The loveless sleep
It frolics now
Within your keep.

Perhaps it is the challenge of the two-beat line which made this poem seem less "easy" than some of the others. And then there is a wonderful ballad, of just 10 lines, that Auden, if he were here, might memorize, recite and anthologize, "Contemporary Announcement":

Ring the big bells,
cook the cow,
put on your silver locket.
The landlord is knocking at the door
and I've got the rent in my pocket.

Douse the lights
Hold your breath,
take my heart in your hand.
I lost my job two weeks ago
and rent day's here again.

More like these, please, Ms. Angelou! But if you don't have time, we will understand.
Maya Angelou, the writer and actress who was recently named Reynolds professor at Wake Forest University, will be the subject of the first of a series of television programs on creativity.

"Creativity With Bill Moyers," a 17-part weekly series, will begin at 9 p.m. Jan. 8 on the Public Broadcasting System. The series will deal with creative people and the creative process.

Miss Angelou, who moved from California to Winston-Salem this summer, has written four volumes of her autobiography and several books of poetry. She has appeared on Broadway and on television. She was also the northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. She will teach this spring at Wake Forest, though her appointment as a Reynolds professor will become effective in September.

The opening program will explore Miss Angelou's return to her hometown of Stamps, Ark. Miss Angelou visits the general store where as a child, she said, she used to spend hours exploring "exotic things like sardines from Portugal." She visits the church and speaks to the congregation, some of whom she knew as a child. She returns to her old schoolhouse and talks to the children there, asking them to remember her and see themselves in her as she sees herself in them.

Moyers' series is supported by Chevron and produced by the Corporation for Entertainment and Learning in association with WNET television in New York. Each program is 50 minutes long, except for the program on Miss Angelou, which is an hour long.

Other topics of the series include the world of inventors; Norman Lear and his television families; 85-year-old Samson Raphaelson, a screenwriter and dramatist; women and creativity; and John Huston, a well-known film director.
There is one major television movie on tap this weekend, and it is a gem. "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," based on the autobiography of Maya Angelou, can be seen on CBS-TV tomorrow night at 9 o'clock.

Black characters and images have had problems finding an effective niche on television. Between the silliness of situation comedies and the grand sweep of major projects such as "Roots," there has been a noticeable shortage of middleground for exploring, sensitively, the everyday aspects of the black American experience.

There have been exceptions, of course, but too many were trapped in a kind of ennobling sentimentality.

"Caged Bird," adapted for television by Leonora Thuma and Miss Angelou, is remarkable in consistently sounding a ring of truth as it traces the growing up of a clearly gifted girl in the South of the 1930's. Following the divorce of her parents, Marguerite, or Maya, and her older brother Bailey Jr., are shipped to the small town of Stamps, Ark., where their grandmother, Momma, owns a general store. The children slide easily into the special ambience of a rural black community.

They are both comforted and threatened. Momma and their crippled Uncle Willie are firmly protective and loving. Their white neighbors are mostly racist and occasionally vicious. Burning crosses can appear suddenly in the night. Young Maya has fantasies of being white, persuaded that "some day I'm going to wake up from this ugly black nightmare."

The father, driving a flashy car, comes to reclaim the children, dropping them off in St. Louis with his former wife, who works in a gambling parlor, and his maternal grandmother, a political precinct captain. Bailey Jr. is delighted with the more affluent surroundings. Maya is skeptical, and is proved right. She is later raped by Freeman, one of her mother's boyfriends, and is withdrawn into total silence. The two youngsters are eventually shipped back to Stamps.

While some of the details are grisly, the overall story is moving and often in Washington, D.C., at a banquet Thursday, Oct. 13, Miss Angelou was awarded the National Achievement Award and "The Blacks" executive editor of Ebony magazine, is delighted with the more affluent surroundings. Maya is skeptical, and is proved right. She is later raped by Freeman, one of her mother's boyfriends, and is withdrawn into total silence. The two youngsters are eventually shipped back to Stamps.

Also among the honorees was author and poet Maya Angelou. Also a noted actress and dancer, Miss Angelou was cited for her literary achievements in autobiographies, screenplays and poetry.

The Living Legacy Program was established in 1979 by the National Caucus and Center on Black Aged Inc. to honor older black Americans who have made important contributions to the community.

The 60-year-old Ms. Angelou, a writer, professor at Wake Forest University, and poet, was appointed by the National Caucus and Center on Black Aged Inc. to honor older black Americans who have made important contributions to the community.

The National Caucus and Center on Black Aged Inc. recently announced six recipients of its 1988 Living Legacy Awards honoring life long contributions to society.

Included among the honorees was author and poet Maya Angelou. Also a noted actress and dancer, Miss Angelou was cited for her literary achievements in autobiographies, screenplays and poetry.

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The "Gallery of Greats: Black Authors...A Voice for the People" collection is sponsored by Miller Brewing Company. The collection was unveiled in February in Washington, D.C., and was displayed at the Martin Luther King Memorial Library and Howard University. The portraits also were exhibited at the DuSable Museum of African American History in Chicago and the Visual Arts Gallery in New York City.

The collection features nine writers who are living — Maya Angelou, Amiri Baraka, David Bradley, Rita Dove, Charles Fuller Jr., Ernest J. Gaines, Toni Morrison, John A. Williams and August Wilson. The three deceased authors featured are James Baldwin, Langston Hughes and Richard Wright.

Noel Hankin, Miller Brewing Company's director of marketing relations, said, "We salute these 20th century storytellers for their contributions both to our nation's literary wealth and to our understanding of African-American culture."

Angelo of Winston-Salem, N.C., is a professor at Wake Forest University and author of "Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and six volumes of poetry.

Baldwin, who died in 1987, was a brilliant and controversial writer. He produced six novels and numerous short stories, essays and plays that captured his struggle to overcome poverty, despair, hatred, hunger and loneliness.

Baraka, of Newark, N.J., is the author of poetry, fiction, plays and essays and social and music criticism.

Bradley, of Philadelphia, won the 1981 PEN/Faulkner Award for "The Chaneysville Incident.

Dove, a professor at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1987 for "Thomas and Beulah."

Fuller, of Philadelphia, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in 1981 for "A Soldier's Play."

Gaines, of Lafayette, La., is the author of the "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" and "A Gathering of Old Men."

Hughes, who died in 1967, wrote an extensive collection of poems, plays, short stories and novels that describe what it is like to be poor and Black.

Morrison, a professor at Princeton University, Princeton, N.J., won the 1988 Pulitzer Prize for fiction for "Beloved."

Williams, of Teaneck, N.J., wrote "The Man Who Cried I Am" and "Click! Song."

Wilson of St. Paul, Minn., won the Pulitzer Prize for drama and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award for "Fences." Wilson received a second Pulitzer Prize in 1990 for "The Piano Lesson."

Wright, who died in 1960, was the author of "Native Son," "Black Boy" and five other novels and short story collections.

Miller Brewing Company has commissioned artwork depicting the achievements and contributions of Blacks since 1975. This is the eighth collection to tour nationally.

Previous Gallery of Greater Collections have featured journalists, inventors, entrepreneurs, civic rights attorneys, educators and political firsts.

The Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum is open Tuesday through Saturday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sunday from noon to 6 P.M. Admission is $3.50 for adults, $1.75 for children, seniors and the handicapped. Lawrence's works have been exhibited in the United States and Taiwan and are in the permanent collection of the University Art Museum, Berkeley, Calif. He attended the School of Visual Arts from 1968-1971 and the Rhode Island School of Design, where he earned a bachelor of fine arts degree in 1973.
Angelou Play and Poems Will Be Presented Today

"A Sunday Afternoon with Maya Angelou," including a one-act play written by Ms. Angelou and a reading from her latest published book of poetry, will be held today.

Ms. Angelou, Reynolds professor of humanities at Wake Forest University, will read from "Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?" at 3:30 p.m. at Reynolds House.

The play, "On a Southern Journey," will be given at 5 p.m. at the Scales Fine Arts Center.

The play, sponsored by Wake Forest and Winston-Salem State University, is produced by The Little Theater and directed by Pat Toole. Members of the cast are Florence Anderson, an English teacher at the Career Center of the Winston-Salem/Forsyth County School System; and Diane Rousseau, formerly with Radio Station WGLD-FM in High Point.

After the premiere performance at Wake Forest, the play will be performed in local junior high schools.

The reading and the play are open free to the public.

Ms. Angelou is the author of a four-volume autobiography, three books of poetry, articles, and television programs.

NOTICE: OMITTED LISTING
YELLOW PAGES
WINSTON-SALEM
Maya Angelou to Talk At WSSU on Tuesday

Maya Angelou, the writer and actress who has decided to call Winston-Salem her home, will speak at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday in Williams Auditorium at Winston-Salem State University.

There will be no admission charge, and the public is invited.

Earlier this year, the Public Broadcasting System selected Ms. Angelou as one of the people in the nation around whom to build a special series of programs on creativity.

Ms. Angelou, originally from Stamps, Ark., grew up with only a high school education but has turned the self-learning process into careers as varied as acting, dancing, singing, teaching, lecturing and writing plays, books, poetry and newspaper articles. She also has learned to speak six languages.

"You name it and Maya Angelou has done it," said Bill Moyers, on whose program she appeared on educational television.

Last year she was named Reynolds professor of American studies at Wake Forest University. She has moved to Winston-Salem from her former home in California.

A spokesman for Winston-Salem State University said that Ms. Angelou's presentation probably will cover a variety of subjects. Her newest book, "Heart of a Woman," appeared last year and already is on some of the best-seller lists.

Maya Angelou, the award-winning author, recently admitted to being a celebrity. "Superstars were presidents, widows of Greek shipping magnates, artists like Christo who wrap buildings in brown paper and, yes, writers," said Angelou, who was in town yesterday promoting her new book, the third part of her autobiography, "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas." She continued, "Not only do black people look at me as being unusual but whites make you a spokesman. I only want to be seen as a product of my people. But I accept the responsibility of fame."

Besides writing, Angelou has directed two films for National Educational Television which will be aired this winter and plays a cameo role in the television adaptation of Alex Haley's best-seller "Roots." Her own play of poetry and music, "And Still I Rise," will open in New York this fall.

Louise Fletcher, who won an Oscar for best actress in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," confirmed that she and her husband, Jerry Bick, are separated. In a brief telephone interview yesterday with The Washington Post, however, she said a divorce is "the last thing in the world" she and her husband want, contrary to a story based on a UPI report published earlier this week.
Angelou Will Direct ‘Macbeth’ for WFU

A production of “Macbeth” directed by Maya Angelou, the noted black writer and actress, and “The Madwoman of Chaillot,” a 20th-century French theater classic, will be presented this fall by the Wake Forest University Theater.

The theater’s spring schedule will include “Isn’t It Romantic?,” a recent off-Broadway comedy hit, and “Oh What a Lovely War,” an English musical revue about World War I.

“The Madwoman of Chaillot,” a bittersweet comedy about a band of eccentrics who attempt to save Paris from corrupt promoters, will open the season.

Dr. Harold Tedford of the theater faculty will stage the Jean Giraudoux play, to be presented Sept. 27 and 28 and Oct. 2-5.

Ms. Angelou’s production of William Shakespeare’s tragedy will have as guest stars Sydney Hibbert and Joanna Morrison, members of the drama faculty at the N.C. School of the Arts. The play will open Nov. 8, with other performances Nov. 9, 10 and 13-16.

Ms. Angelou is Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest.

James Dodding, the English director whose past productions at Wake Forest include “The Passion” and “Guys and Dolls,” will direct “Oh What a Lovely War.” The satirical revue was first done in England in the 1960s by director Joan Littlewood.

The musical will be presented April 10-13 and 16-19 and will be jointly produced with the Wake Forest music department.

In conjunction with the College Union, the University theater will present a dinner theater production, as yet unchosen, March 21-23 and 25-28.

Season tickets for the four major productions are $20 for adults and $14 for students and those 65 and older.

They are available by calling the university theater box office at 761-5525 weekdays between 1:30 and 5 p.m.
Writer Is Named Professor at WFU

By Carol Hanner
Staff Reporter

Maya Angelou, a noted writer, actress and stage director, was named the first Reynolds professor at Wake Forest University yesterday.

The school's trustees approved the appointment of Miss Angelou as Reynolds professor of American studies. A university spokesman said that she will teach courses that primarily deal with the relationship of African manners and customs with the traditions and history of the American South.

Miss Angelou's lifetime appointment as a Reynolds professor becomes effective next September, but she will teach for a short period this spring, the spokesman said. She moved to Winston-Salem last summer from San Francisco.

The spokesman said that Miss Angelou has said that one of her reasons for coming to Winston-Salem was that she likes Wake Forest. She first visited the school in 1971 and has returned every year since then, including four weeks as a visiting professor in 1973.

The Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation announced in November 1980 a $4.7 million gift to Wake Forest, with $2.7 million to be used for seven Reynolds professorships.

Miss Angelou, 53, has published poetry and four volumes of her autobiography. In "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," she recreated her childhood in Stamps, Ark., and wrote of growing up there and bearing her son, Clyde. In "Gather Together in My Name" and "Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas," she explored her life in her 20s.

She wrote of her success as a "Porgy and Bess" and her Georgia" and wrote and produced a 10-part television series on African traditions in American life.

Miss Angelou has also been the northern coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

In 1975, Ladies Home Journal named her "woman of the year" in communications. She was appointed by President Gerald Ford to the Bicentennial Commission and by President Jimmy Carter to the National Commission on the See Angelou, Page 23
"Anyone who lives in a community should give something back to the community," said Maya Angelou.

The author, who moved to Winston-Salem last year when she was appointed Reynolds Professor of Humanities at Wake Forest University, was explaining why she was giving her latest theater piece, "On a Southern Journey," to North Carolina, for free use in schools around the state.

"We ask the community to provide streets and lights and clean sidewalks and fire departments. Somehow paying taxes is not quite enough," she said. "Everyone should give whatever he or she has to give."

The first performance of "On a Southern Journey," which Miss Angelou describes as a theatrical vignette, will be at 5 p.m. Sunday at Brendle Recital Hall at Wake Forest University. Next week the play will be shown in schools around the state.

See Maya, Page 13
Maya Angelou 'Gives Back' With Talent

Continued from Page 1

be presented in four schools here, as part of the junior high arts program of the Winston-Salem/Forsyth County schools.

Miss Angelou wrote the piece late last fall after a discussion with her friend, the poet Emily Wilson.

"She said she was going to write something for Black History month," said Miss Angelou. "It didn't strike me quite right. We talked and debated, and finally she said, 'Why don't you write it yourself if it's so easy.'"

The play is a conversation between a white woman and a black woman, both of whom were born and reared in a Southern town, have moved away and are warily returning home.

It is a subject which interests Miss Angelou greatly, and which she has been exploring in recent poems and short stories.

"The largest internal question in the women's movement today is, why don't more black women join," she said. "Very few black and white women talk to each other. There are very few real friendships among them. It's difficult to communicate over centuries of hurt. It's difficult to understand each other through the body of myths. I'm trying to look at this so necessary, so difficult to achieve thing."

As far back as the 1840s, there were groups of white women risking their reputations, their marriages and their very lives in the anti-slavery movement, she said. At the same time, other white women were involved in selling black women's children.

"Those contradictions are still virulent in our society," she said. "The contradictions make for a dynamic, and within those tugs lie the solutions, if we can ever ferret them out."

"My thrust is not that all black and white women should be friends," she said. The idea is absurd, because, she said, "Friends are rare birds."

What the two races can do is learn to respect and appreciate each other, she said. "On a Southern Journey" deals with that process, and also shows some of the barriers to it that are within black and white women.

Miss Angelou does believe some progress has been made. "The species gets better. If I didn't believe that, I'd put a straw in half a gallon of Dewar's and say goodbye, see you," she said.

Miss Angelou has not been involved in the production of her play. She is pleased that Pat Toole, "a sensitive woman with all the ambiguities thereto appertaining," is directing it, and that Flonnie Anderson and Diane Rousseau, both of whom she knows socially, will be the actors.

"Until a play is gifted with the talent, fears, energies and artistry of the director, actors and (technical) designers, it's an outline," she said. "I'll know more about the play when I see it. I'm longing to see what they will teach me."

Miss Angelou is the author of a four-volume autobiography, three books of poetry, and numerous articles, television plays and documentaries. Her new book of poems, "Shaker, Why Don't You Sing?" will be published this spring.
Maya Angelou will be the main speaker when Winston-Salem State University holds its 92nd commencement at 3 p.m. Sunday in Winston-Salem Memorial Coliseum.

About 300 graduates will receive bachelor's degrees.

As announced in March, the university will award honorary doctorates in humane letters to Ms. Angelou, an author, lecturer and entertainer; J. Gordon Hanes Jr., a patron of the arts and former chairman of the Hanes Corp.; and Dr. James Ralph Scales, the president emeritus of Wake Forest University.

The university's new School of Business will be dedicated as the R. J. Reynolds Mayan Angelou Center on the lawn of the building at 2 p.m. Friday. The pinning ceremony for nursing and medical technology graduates will be held at 4 p.m. Saturday in the Francis L. Atkins Building.

The Inspirational Choir of Mount Zion Baptist Church will present “The Old Ship of Zion,” featuring Maya Angelou, on Saturday, Nov. 9, at 5 p.m.

The program will be a dramatic evening of poetry and song, which will benefit the Ethiopian Relief Fund.

Maya Angelou is a world-renowned actress, singer, producer and poet living in Winston-Salem.

Also on the program will be artistic director Defoy Glenn, Michael Williams of Ace Ensemble and the Rev. John Mendez of Emmanuel Baptist Church.

The cast will include guest members from various churches and dancers from the N.C. School of the Arts. Featured soloists will be Dyna McGriff, Zola Paul, Laura Allen, Kevin Douglas and George Johnson.

Musical selections will include Rolland Carter's arrangement of "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing" and arrangements by Walter Hawkins and Andrae Crouch.

This year's presentation emphasizes the choirs' effort to raise money for the relief fund through the commitment and contributions of local businesses, churches and individuals.
Advertisers Asked to Drop Coming NBC Movie

By SALLY BEDEL

A dozen national advertisers have asked to review a coming NBC-TV film, "Sister, Sister," to determine whether commercials for their products should appear in the program.

Their request coincides with an effort by the Rev. Donald Wildmon, chairman of the Mississippi-based Coalition for Better Television, to pressure advertisers to withdraw sponsorship of the program, which he says reflects "negative stereotyping of Christian people."

"Sister, Sister," which will be seen at 9 P.M. Monday, was written by the black poet and playwright Maya Angelou and stars Diahann Carroll and Paul Winfield. It focuses on the lives of three sisters — played by Miss Carroll, Rosalind Cash and Irene Cara — in a North Carolina town. One of the sisters has an adulterous relationship with a minister who embezzles church funds.

Consumer Boycott On

Although Mr. Wildmon has not seen the program, he said he had "talked at length with people who have." He believes that the film is typical of the "anti-Christian" bias at the networks, especially NBC, which his organization has singled out for a consumer boycott in effect since March 4.

Officials at NBC said that there had been no advertiser defections from "Sister, Sister," although they acknowledged that some of the show's 28 advertisers may leave. "When something like this is picked out for attention, advertisers want to take a look," said one NBC official. "We insist that they take a look. I'm sure in the 28 we'll replace a few."

Although NBC officials declined to reveal the names of the advertisers who have asked to screen the show, they did confirm that General Foods, Colgate-Palmolive and Eastman Kodak were among them. Nor would Mr. Wildmon disclose the names of the advertisers.

Kodak Won't Participate

A spokesman for Kodak said that his company had already "elected not to participate" in the program. However, he added that Kodak's decision was not linked to any pressure from Mr. Wildmon. "Our commercials are family-oriented and we try to associate with family-oriented programming," he said.

An advertising-agency executive also reported that Lever Brothers had withdrawn its commercials, but NBC declined to comment. A Lever Brothers spokesman said only that his company "is not in the show." Whether it once was, he said, "is really our own business."

Officials at NBC said that Mr. Wildmon's boycott of the network, which also includes products manufactured by NBC's parent company, RCA, has had no effect on either ratings or profits. Mr. Wildmon said that the impact of his group's action cannot be assessed for "at least nine months."

Programs Are Monitored

Mr. Wildmon's Coalition for Better Television has been monitoring programming on all three networks for sex and violence since 1980. During that time he has communicated regularly with major television advertisers, urging them to avoid programming they deemed offensive and periodically threatening them with consumer boycotts if they did not comply. His latest action against "Sister, Sister," Mr. Wildmon said, represents "the first time I have ever asked them not to sponsor" a specific program.

An NBC official called Mr. Wildmon's attack on "Sister, Sister" "preposterous." He said, "One unprincipled clergyman in a drama is no more an attack on all clergy than one dishonest law officer in a crime show is an indictment of all policemen."

The Association of Black Motion Picture and Television Producers has also decried the action by Mr. Wildmon's organization as an "inhibiting force on broadcasters."
But there were some things, Angelou learned, she could not control. When she was barely eight, she was abused by a family friend. Shortly after the man was released from prison, he was found beaten to death. Feeling responsible, Maya lost her self confidence and will to communicate.

"I had to stop talking," she wrote in her autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings.* "I began to listen to everything. I probably hoped that after I heard (the sounds) and packed them down, deep in my ears, the world would be quiet around me.

For five years Angelou remained mute. A caring neighbor met with her many afternoons, reading literature aloud to show her the beauty of language and the importance of self-expression. Eventually, the words of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson and Edgar Allen Poe drew her out of her cocoon.

Angelou's teen-age years were spent in San Francisco in a boarding house run by her mother and stepfather. Although surrounded by squalor, Angelou learned to sing, act and dance. And she learned the value of hard work.

She practiced her dancing and singing until she was so accomplished, she was offered a role in the Broadway production, "House of Flowers,"—a part she turned down to join the European touring cast of "Porgy and Bess." When she made a commitment at age 30 to become a writer, she worked intensely at improving her skills until they met the highest standards.

In 1959, Angelou moved to New York City and joined the Harlem Writers Guild, where she met James Baldwin and other prominent black writers. They critiqued and nurtured her until she developed fully a unique and effective style of writing.

Said James Baldwin of Angelou, "You will hear the regal woman, the mischievous street girl; you will hear the price of a black woman's survival and you will hear of her generosity. Black, bitter, beautiful, she speaks of our survival.

Angelou wrote the original screenplay and musical score for the film, "Georgia, Georgia" and wrote and produced a 10-part television series on African traditions in American life. She is also the author of the television screenplays "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" and "The Sisters."

Angelou has a lifetime appointment as Reynolds professor of American studies at Wake Forest University. In Winston-Salem, N.C. She is fluent in seven languages and has received 30 honorary degrees. She was nominated in 1970 for the National Book Award and in 1972 for the Pulitzer Prize.

And somehow, squeezed in between teaching, writing poetry and producing films, Angelou makes hundreds of appearances each year on television talk shows and college campuses, stirring audiences with her grace, wisdom, strength and dynamic style.

"I have led a roller-coaster life," Angelou said. "There has been this disappointment and that satisfaction, and then it begins all over again."

(Maya Angelou is one of 12 people selected for "Gallery of Greats: Black Authors...A Voice for the people," a collection of portraits commissioned by the Miller Brewing Company. The collection, which honors all black authors, is on a national tour of museums, art galleries and universities throughout 1990.)
AIDS Task Force sponsors benefit

A gala evening of entertainment by national and local performing artists to benefit the AIDS Task Force of Winston-Salem has been scheduled for Dec. 1 at 8 p.m. Proceeds going to the task force for client services and other operating expenses. The benefit is in observance of World AIDS Day, an international event marked by secular and non-secular ceremonies for people with AIDS and fundraisers such as "Live From the Heart." This year’s theme is "Women and AIDS."

Author Maya Angelou, Mel A. Tomlinson, principal dancer with the North Carolina Dance Theatre, classic pianist William Chapman-Nyaho, and Barbara Lister-Sink, head a long list of artists donating their time and talent for the benefit.

Angelou, who is best known for her autobiography, "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," will present a dramatic reading. Angelou is Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University.

Mel A. Tomlinson will perform a new work which he choreographed especially for "Live From the Heart." He will be accompanied by pianist William Chapman-Nyaho, artist-in-residence at James Sprunt Community College.

Nyaho, who developed a strong of admirers as artist-in-residence at Davidson County Community College, recently completed his doctorate in music at the University of Texas. A native of Ghana, West Africa, Nyaho was a student of Barbara Lister-Sink during her days at the Eastman School of Music. He also studied at St. Peter’s College at Oxford University.

Ms. Lister-Sink, the dean of the School of Music at Salem College, will perform classical piano works and the music of Cole Porter.

William H. Chapman Nyaho

"Live From the Heart: An Evening of Hope and Healing for AIDS" will be held in the Hanes Auditorium at Salem College. Admission will be charged, with all proceeds going to the task force for client services and other operating expenses. The benefit is in observance of World AIDS Day, an international event marked by secular and non-secular ceremonies for people with AIDS and fundraisers such as "Live From the Heart." This year’s theme is "Women and AIDS."

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All are invited to a lecture given by the distinguished Maya Angelou

Dear Editor:

On Thursday, Dec. 6 at 8 p.m. in Stepan Center, the Student Union Board, along with The Year of Women, the Core department and the gender studies department, will be sponsoring "An Evening with Maya Angelou." An acclaimed author, historian, singer, actress and playwright, Ms. Angelou will be speaking on topics ranging from the arts, to equal rights, to women's role in business and cultural roles in society.

Notre Dame is very privileged to have such a distinguished guest on campus. Ms. Angelou is considered one of the great voices of contemporary black literature, as well as being a true Renaissance woman. She has published ten best-sellers, including "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings," "And Still I Rise" and "Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water Fore I Die," a Tony nomination in 1973 for her performance in "Look Away," and a nomination for an Emmy Award in 1977 for her role in Alex Haley's "Roots." She has served on presidential commissions in both the Ford and Carter administrations and, at the request of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in the 60's, served as the Northern Coordinator for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In 1981, she was appointed to a lifetime position as the first Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University in North Carolina.

It is a true honor to have Ms. Angelou come to Notre Dame.

Michelle Janosky
Caryn Foley
Student Union Board
Cultural Arts Commissioners

Nov. 29, 1990
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AMPAD 23-000 50 SHT. PAD

EFFICIENCY® 23-001 250 SHT. DISPENSER BOX
Angelou

create a relationship that is absolutely wonderful — full of wonder."
She has been teaching only one semester a year but is ready now to begin teaching both semesters. She has quit the national lecture circuit, and an illness this spring led her to cancel most of her commencement addresses.

But, at 58, Maya Angelou is far from slowing down. Tall and imposing, she has youthful looks and vigor.

She plans for the summer include a trip to Arkansas, where she will be honored later this month. At first, she said, people in Arkansas resented her portrayal of her early years in Stamps, but things have changed in recent years.

"Maybe I've grown and they've grown," she said. "But to go back to Arkansas — where my uncles and aunts and grandparents lived, where some of my people were slaves — is always emotional for me."

She also plans a visit in August to Ghana, which will be her first trip back since she left in the '60s. She has been to Africa several times since, to Nigeria, Liberia, Senegal and other places, but not to Ghana.

"That seems to be my pattern," she said. "I can't go back to a place I'm going to write about until I finish writing about it. I don't want the present to get in the way of what I remember."

"Then when I start to write, I try to write not an 'as told to' book, but so that the reader, whoever she is, black or white, when she gets into the book, the events should be happening to her. I have to really bring that scene alive to myself, remember what the odors in that room were like, what the background sounds were... it's a kind of trance. The intensity is so strong and so pervasive. I'm always so relieved when I write the end."

She also plans to quit smoking this summer, and has already started rationing her cigarettes.

She will probably do some writing, too, though not on another autobiographical volume. "I always put a book of poetry in between those," she said. Writing poetry is much less draining for her, she said. She has to take a hotel room and remove herself from all distractions to write her non-fiction, she said, but she can write poetry at home.

She may spend some more time with her only grandchild, 10-year-old Colin Ashanti, who was returned to her son Guy in June 1985 after four years as a missing child. (His mother, who did not have custody, "took him away" when he was 5.) Colin lives in California but has visited in Winston-Salem.

Then, in her spare time this summer, she has decided to write a musical. She already has in mind the actors and actresses for whom she will write. To get ready for that project, she recently gave away her old upright piano and bought a new one.

It won't be this summer, but the sixth autobiographical volume will come, she said, and who knows how many more?

"I don't even like to think about how many there will be. There is plenty of material, she said. "A day in the life of anybody could make a book."
Angelou Named Professor

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Observance of International Women's Year in 1975.

She has honorary degrees from 11 colleges and universities, including Wake Forest, Smith College and Atlanta University.

In other business yesterday, the Wake Forest trustees approved a proposal for space at the Graylyn Estate to permit a buffer zone between the estate and a proposed residential development on the estate's southern corner.

A special university committee on Graylyn has approved preliminary plans for construction of an 11.2-acre residential development along Robin Hood Road and Coliseum Drive. The plans were prepared by John C. Whitaker Jr., a developer.

In May, the trustees approved the sale of up to 15 acres of the estate to raise money for a conference center. The sale is expected to bring about $1.2 million. The conference center was approved after Graylyn was severely damaged in a fire in June 1980.

The proposal approved yesterday allows a few acres more than the 11.2 for the project.