

# Opinion

## Reader is Concerned About Youth

**To the Editor:**  
I'm concerned about our youth. Last week's newspaper was filled with stories of stabbings, shootings and all sorts of violence. "Man Stabs Woman," "Man Found Lying in Pool of Blood," "Youth Killed in Drive-by Shooting," "Shoot-out at Night Club," etc. Our youth are angry! Their actions usually result in tragic violence. Why are our youth so angry? What can we do to help them? We need to find what's going on inside these kids heads.

Charity begins at home. Parenting is not what is used to be. The number of single-parent families has increased to an astonishingly high rate. Many of our single parents are women who must work two jobs to make ends meet, which creates an extensive absence of authority in the home. Many are forced to seek public assistance. Our children need to

know they are cared about and loved. They lack discipline and control. They are often left "home alone" to be influenced by rap music videos, which sometimes promote aggressiveness or violence. Drug dealers appeal to our children as a means to escape poverty. They glamorize the "benefits," yet they do not mention the dark side of selling drugs, which includes imprisonment. They do not tell the kids their future can be messed up, nor are they made aware of the many lives of innocent children, who will suffer in poverty because of a drug addicted parent. Drug dealers need to be enlightened to the fact that they, too, are responsible to society for the part they take in all of this.

What are our local school systems doing? They handle our children for approximately eight hours per day. Do the teachers genuinely care or are they just there to process papers? Do they not share some of the responsibility to help us produce educated, productive members of society? Unruly and disruptive

### About letters . . .

The Chronicle welcomes letters as well as guest columns from its readers. Letters should be as concise as possible and should be typed or legibly printed. The letter must include the name, address and telephone number of the writer to ensure the authenticity of the letter. Columns must follow the same guidelines and will be published if they are of interest to our general readership. The Chronicle will not publish any letters or columns that arrive without this information. We reserve the right to edit letters and columns for brevity and clarity. Submit letters and columns to:

Chronicle Mailbag  
P.O. Box 1636  
Winston-Salem, N.C. 27102.

What are the local churches doing? Are our children being taught about God? Do we offer thanks to the Lord for bountiful blessings or are the kids left to believe they were blessed by their social worker who approved their food stamps. Do we pray for God's will and ask for deliverance in Jesus' name? Are our church activities still related to God? Is God the

the people right here in our community?

Who is going to take a step toward helping our youth? They are our future and they need us. Will we react as the poet has described and allow everybody to think that somebody will do something, and when nobody does anything then nothing will ever get done? If that be the case, this story will not have a happy ending. It will be sad. Our youth will not live happily ever after. If we (me and you) don't take the time to find out why our youth are filled with anger and what we can do to help them, they will continue in violence until they die. When they die, so does our future because they are our future.

Janet E. Taylor  
Winston-Salem

## CHRONICLE MAILBAG Our Readers Speak Out

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behavior needs to be reported and psycho-analyzed in a manner different from reporting slow learning skills. Our youth are in pain and they are crying out for our help.

center of our being? Is the church reaching out to the lost after the Sunday message is brought forth? What about the other six days of the week? Are we blind to the famine of

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### Put Up or Shut Up

It had been known for some time that Louis Farrakhan would be arriving in Winston-Salem to participate in the Gateways black musical festival. It is also known that the fiery minister, who heads the Nation of Islam, is not well-liked by whites in general and Jews in particular. And for good reason. For years, Farrakhan has preached about white people being devils and that none can be trusted. He also is friends with Libyan leader Moammar Ghadafi. But last weekend, Farrakhan was not in town to spew venom. And the reason he was here should have been embraced by everyone, Jews and Gentile, Christians and Catholics, alike. It was a cultural occasion, in which racism and ideologies should transcend, but unfortunately does not.

But Farrakhan's visit was not embraced by everyone. Some of the very organizations running around town shouting "cultural diversity" ran away from this event. The N. C. School of the Arts was to host the three-day event, but it locked its doors and hid when it found out Farrakhan was to perform. If any place should have accepted him, it should have been NCSA — a state-supported school with an overwhelmingly white enrollment. Perhaps, Chancellor Alex Ewing, it would have been a way to reach out to the 49 black student at NCSA. What better way to foster race relations: to seek cultural enrichment?

Another organization that backed out was the Arts Council, whose president, David Hudson, by the way, teaches a course this semester at Salem College on "Cultural Diversity." These and the other organizations that backed out of this perhaps once in a lifetime event should put their money where the two sides of their mouths are. They should put or shut up.

### Spreading the Word

It's not often that a weekly newspaper can "scoop" a daily newspaper. But last week the *Chronicle* announced that Minister Louis Farrakhan would be performing in the Gateways black classical music symposium. At least one other media outlet knew of his arrival, but chose not to advance the story. The *Chronicle* chose not to follow suit.

We do not exist to sit on news stories, but to bring news affecting the black community to our readers in a timely, professional and fair manner. But apparently that upset folks from the Delta Fine Arts Center and local resident Armenta Hummings, two of the organizers of Gateways. Apparently they thought the *Chronicle* had agreed not to publish the story until after Farrakhan had performed. Since the *Chronicle* comes out on Thursday, such agreement would not have served the best interests of our readership.

The *Chronicle* would not and did agree to such arrangement with anyone. Granted, Hummings did flippanantly approach the paper's editor two weeks before the event about not running the article. No accord was reached on whether the paper would run the piece. So, if an embargo was agreed upon, the *Chronicle* was at the bargaining table.

### Credo of the Black Press

The Black Press believes that America can best lead the world away from antagonisms when it accords to every person — regardless of race or creed — full human and legal rights. Having no person, the Black Press strives to help every person, in the firm belief that all are hurt as long as anyone is held back.

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## The Truth About Jackson Quitting NAACP Race

After Jesse Jackson's political allies and business associates on the NAACP's search committee eliminated the serious competition from the final four to be the group's new executive director, Jackson threw an already-stacked-process-into-chaos by quitting.

Joe Madison, the most logical person to succeed Ben Hooks, was eliminated by Jackson's supporters from an arbitrary list of four finalists, along with Maynard Jackson, William, Randall Robinson and C. Delores Tucker.

Without these heavyweights as finalists and with the selection in tatters, factionalism is sure to nag the eventual winner into office.

Hazel Dukas, former NAACP president, said that many NAACP members are "disgusted" by the selection process and the damage to the group's image.

Jesse Jackson didn't help any

as a sore loser when he suggested that NAACP Board Chairman William Gibson has manipulated the rules to make himself the de facto executive secretary.

But nothing has changed since Jackson first started campaigning for the job with his new activism — baseball racism, Haitian immigration and getting arrested while mugging for the camera.

My point is that if the position that Jackson overtly sought is weak now, it was weak when he first sought it. So why is a watered-down position suddenly the issue?

Jackson actually withdrew, *The New York Times* said, "amid indication that he could have suffered a humiliating defeat had he remained in the race."

"But friends of Jackson acknowledged that he was also deeply anxious that he could suffer

a hurtful political defeat if he remained a candidate and was not selected," the *Times* added.

In other words, Jackson's ego-centered leadership and hand offs of

a cult of personality at the organization."

Covering his backside and soothing his ego, Jackson retreated



### TONY BROWN

Syndicated Columnist

the spoils of racism-pork of the tin-cup brigade to friends in his inner circle don't amount to agendas, goals and objectives for an undeveloped and underdeveloped group such as black people.

One former NAACP aide told the *Times* that "Jackson would have been primarily interested in promoting himself and would have created

while accusing the NAACP of not being aggressive enough in solving Los Angeles' racial tensions and suggesting that it was out of touch with the times.

Jackson's real motive is supplied by his own admirers. "Friends of Jackson said he was eager for a position of great visibility. The *New York Times* reported.

## What Louis Farrakhan Didn't Say

Last week, I was beleaguered with the anticipation of the jury's decision in the trial of the LAPD officers accused of violating the Civil Right of Rodney King. Better put, I was apprehensive about the media-projected reactions if a guilty verdict were not handed down.

Beneath it all, I sensed that the Justice Lady was peeking underneath the blindfolded, too. It was a no-win situation, coming on the heels of the continuing saga in Waco, Texas, Miami-Herzovenia, and the hostage-holding in Ohio, and Srebrenica, and Palestinian refugees marching in Lebanon, and Chris Hani's murder in South Africa, and Rev. Jesse Jackson at UNC, and it was 25 years after the shot at the Lorraine Hotel, and the observation of the Holocaust coming up. And on and on and on! It has been a long winter with real-life signs that the world's harmonic possibilities were hopelessly diverging.

I wanted it all to get over. I wanted to go fishing with my boy of 13 who's having problems at school. Our little world — in spite of all of its sham and drudgery — on Saturday, April 17 — was clear and warm. Our expectation was to spend the day together and cap it off at the Delta Fine Arts' presentation of "Gateways: Classical Music and the Black Musician," to be held at the venerable Reynolds Auditorium. Perhaps I could be favored by Copeland's Appalachian Spring and be transported to my boyhood days in Harlan, Ky. It was a glorious day to be alive. It was one of those days that demanded harmony, peace, inner reflection, family time, and a conscious detachment from the (var-

iously sordid) things over which I have little or no control.

Truth be told, my anxiety level on this unique event was tweaked when the *Chronicle* scooped the appearance of Minister Louis Farrakhan as violin soloist on the program in its April 15 issue. Being nobody's fool, I wondered aloud to my wife — who's company helped to underwrite the program — if attendance would be diminished by Farrakhan's presence. Would he politicize it — as in politically incorrect? Mind racing, I thought first of Joseph Lamm, (A Jew), my college roommate twenty five years ago. He had introduced me to classical music and I had turned him on to Nina Simone and Malcolm X. Would Jewish people in this community stay away? Would the political and cultural elites with whom we attended the NAACP Freedom Fund Banquet on Friday the 16th come? Did they, like me, think that Farrakhan would use the stage to deliver some fiery invective? Would he do an Olympics '68 number and hold up a gloved black fist and overshadow the magic of the moment. Well, the minister fooled the hell out of me. He made my day!

Felix Mendelssohn, who happened to be a Jew, and the composer of the "Concerto in E minor" — played so deftly by Farrakhan — would have been proud of the minister. Conductor Michael Morgan — who, by accident of birth, is an African American — and conductor of the Chicago and Oakland Orchestras set the tone. The rainbow-like montage of musicians was set to tune by First Violin Sister Karen Lowery of the Kennedy Center

Orchestra. Master violinist, Sanford Allen, a black man, rendered Concerto for Violin in A minor" by Glazounov. Another black man, Anthony Elliott, breezed through

deep breaths while gazing skyward with the confidence of a truly gifted musician. The shadowy figure of his bodyguard beneath the orchestra pit, the police all about, and even the



### GUEST COLUMNIST

By WILLIAM H. TURNER

Saint-Saens' "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra" to set a serene, playful, though sternly serious scenario for the minister. Thereafter, one-sided stereotypes about the rhythm of people of African descent went out the window.

Conductor Morgan remarked in an interview that Farrakhan " . . . fascinated me to be able at this level with such a tremendous grasp of technique on the violin." Peter Perret, conductor of the Winston-Salem Symphony echoed Morgan's impressions, noting that Farrakhan possessed "very good technique, tone and emotion . . . and was a 'turn-on' with the audience." Lowery wondered aloud about Farrakhan's ability "to do so well", absent the frills and routines of professional musicians. I practice every day," she noted, "and I make mistakes with that piece!"

Yes, anticipation was in the air. The authoritative tap of the baton, then the overwhelming silence . . . then Farrakhan. Graceful, commanding, nimble, stood he, with athletic-like movements and those head-bobs only violinists make. Between movements, he would take

phalanx of somber Muslim guards through which he passed to his car were forgotten. He never said a mumbling word. He humbly kissed the hand of Conductor Morgan and returned triumphantly for an encore to the standing ovation. There we were as Dr. King dreamed: Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics. And a conspicuous array of Muslims. Bravos from all of us. Seemed we were also applauding ourselves. The universal communicative power of music.

Now if we could get Yitzak Perlman, Yoyo Mah, and Minister Farrakhan — Hillary Rodham Clinton as Concertmistress — with President Clinton, on sax, together! Let them play some music, with Rush Limbaugh conducting. Ah, then we might just figure a way out of this mess we've created with our words.

Perhaps then we could sit down and give real meaning to such words as A Salaam Alakium! and Shalom! and find the source of harmonic convergence. On April 17, 1993, for the first time, I agreed with everything Minister Louis Farrakhan didn't say. Amen!