



**Reunion of Spirit**

More National Black Theatre Festival scenes inside.

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**Over the top**

TC Relays' Gregg Millner comes home with Junior Olympic gold.

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**ON THE AVANT-GARDE**

By TANG NIVRI

**'Blues in the Night'**

Folks, even the atheists — including the backsliders — got up and started hollering Amen! I'm telling you I saw people who, as they say, "don't go to nobody's church" stand up and wave their hands back and forth as if they were listening to the Bobby Jones Express. Waving their hands when they know that whoever is doing the singing done told the truth!

It got so good to Claudette Weston that she handed her purse to a total stranger and proceeded to both dance and shout — then moan.

Yes sir! I feel like shouting myself. Ummph, somebody say Amen, Well!

I'm telling you that the conservative republicans



Photo by Mike Cunningham

Carol Wood brought the house down in "Blues in the Night."

— those that endured 'til the end — were standing/sitting in their seats shaking their heads as if the Lord God himself had just declared that he (God) was a democrat — and that they would have to be born again! Yes, sir, brothers and sisters, it was as if God had just stepped down from on high to personally see to it that the Holy Spirit was as they say "in this place."

Honey, if only you coulda-shoulda-wishta-hada-glada-I-wasa-been there!

Yes mam, I'm talking about the time when it seemed that all of the earth stood still. The time when people saw this life for what it is and ain't. The time — the moment when we each exposed ourselves to life's other side. The moment when we reached into our own private existential possibilities and doubts. When we reached out and told somebody that we had never even seen before. "Honey, I am real. I am really hurting. I have my doubts. I don't know how this is going to turn out. I am really scared but don't know who to tell. I don't know what I am going to do. I am not all that I thought I would be. I have just realized that all this time I have been living my life's dream based on the price of a bale of cotton.

To tell you the truth, when Carol Woods started — actually before she sang the first note, I knew within my soul that this would be the moment. Everything else had been good — even fantastic. After all, the show featured Freda Payne, Nicole NBlack, and Obba Babatundé and a helluva' backup band. The lighting, the costumes, the choreography . . . all of these elements were simply excellent. But we were all waiting intuitively for the moment. Yes, for the moment.

Every good show, every piece of great music, every great work of art has what artists, especially composers, call the Golden Mean. It is this mathematical place where . . . ? Let me explain it this way. Take a look at a large tree trunk and you will notice that the limbs grow out a certain distance before they begin to turn up into the sky. Depending on whether the limb goes up or out — that limb will either grow or fall off the tree! That's the area of the golden mean!

In *Blues in the Night*, the tune "Wasted Life Blues" as performed by Carol Woods was so very powerful — not only because of the music itself — but because of where it was placed in the overall story. By the time we reached the point where Carol Wood brought the house down, we could each identify with Shakespeare as he decreed that "Life is a tale told by a fool signifying nothing."

And so, ladies and gentlemen, those of you who sit there on the sidelines of life wondering about the power of black theater and its ability to change us, I ask you: where else in all our western expression can the very fundamental questions of life — existentialism — be more powerfully expressed than through the simple twelve bar blues developed and originated by a black man. Mr. W.C. Handy?

Somebody needs to say Amen. Ummmmmm.

## Thousands celebrate Festival here

### Stars, fans delight in gala opening

By YVETTE N. FREEMAN  
Chronicle Staff Writer

Thousands of people from around the country have come together this week to help celebrate the second biennial National Black Theatre Festival. But they are not the only ones who have been overwhelmed with excitement and enthusiasm. Denzel Washington, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Antonio Fargas and Avery Brooks, as well as other celebrity guests, have all expressed their delight in being involved with and linked to such an historical event here in Winston-Salem.

At a press conference held Monday, Aug. 5 at the Stouffer Hotel, which featured Davis, Dee, Fargas, Lofton Mitchell, George C.

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Photo by Mike Cunningham

Glynn Turman was one of the featured celebrities who received an award during the gala opening festivities.

## No Festival Funds from the Chamber

By SHERIDAN HILL  
Chronicle Staff Writer

Larry Leon Hamlin and other members of the North Carolina Black Repertory board think the Greater Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce should be jumping at the chance to get behind the National Black Theatre Festival.

To them, the economic impact of the festival should be as plain as the filled hotels, as obvious as the black and white stretch limos idling outside the Stevens Center, and as evident as the packed restaurants in town.

They say that if the chamber fully appreciated the three or four million dollars the festival is estimated to bring into the area, it would have come forward with support before now.

As yet, the Chamber has not made a contribution to the National Black Theatre Festival, which is organized by the Black Repertory Company. But the rea-

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## Funds go for scholarships

### Notables roast Brown

Chronicle Staff Report

For the first time in his life, activist Dick Gregory posted bond to get out of jail — so he could attend a dinner in honor of High Point businessman Robert J. Brown.

"This morning I left jail in Little Rock, Arkansas. It was the first time I ever posted bond," said Gregory from the podium. He was on the 31st day of a water fast to protest retail sales of drug paraphernalia. It was over that protest that he was jailed.

"Bob Brown taught me that money is not power; influence is not power; information is power," said Gregory.

Nearly 600 friends and admirers of Bob Brown gathered Saturday night to roast Brown and raise money for the Kenneth A. Free scholarship fund, which grants partial scholarships to graduates of Greensboro's James B.

Dudley senior high school.

Kenneth A. Free, who has headed the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference (MEAC) since 1978, is the conference's full-time commissioner.

Celebrities and VIPs were nearly as plentiful as at the Black Theatre Festival: roasters included Chicago businessman Stedman Graham (Oprah Winfrey's beau), Dr. Maya Angelou, and actor Whitman Mayo.

"I came all the way from California to talk about this man who doesn't have a hair on his head," quipped Mayo.

Seen in the crowd were songwriters Ashford and Simpson, many Washington, D.C. VIPs including a three-star general.

Robert J. Brown is chairman and CEO of B&C Associates, a management consulting and public relations

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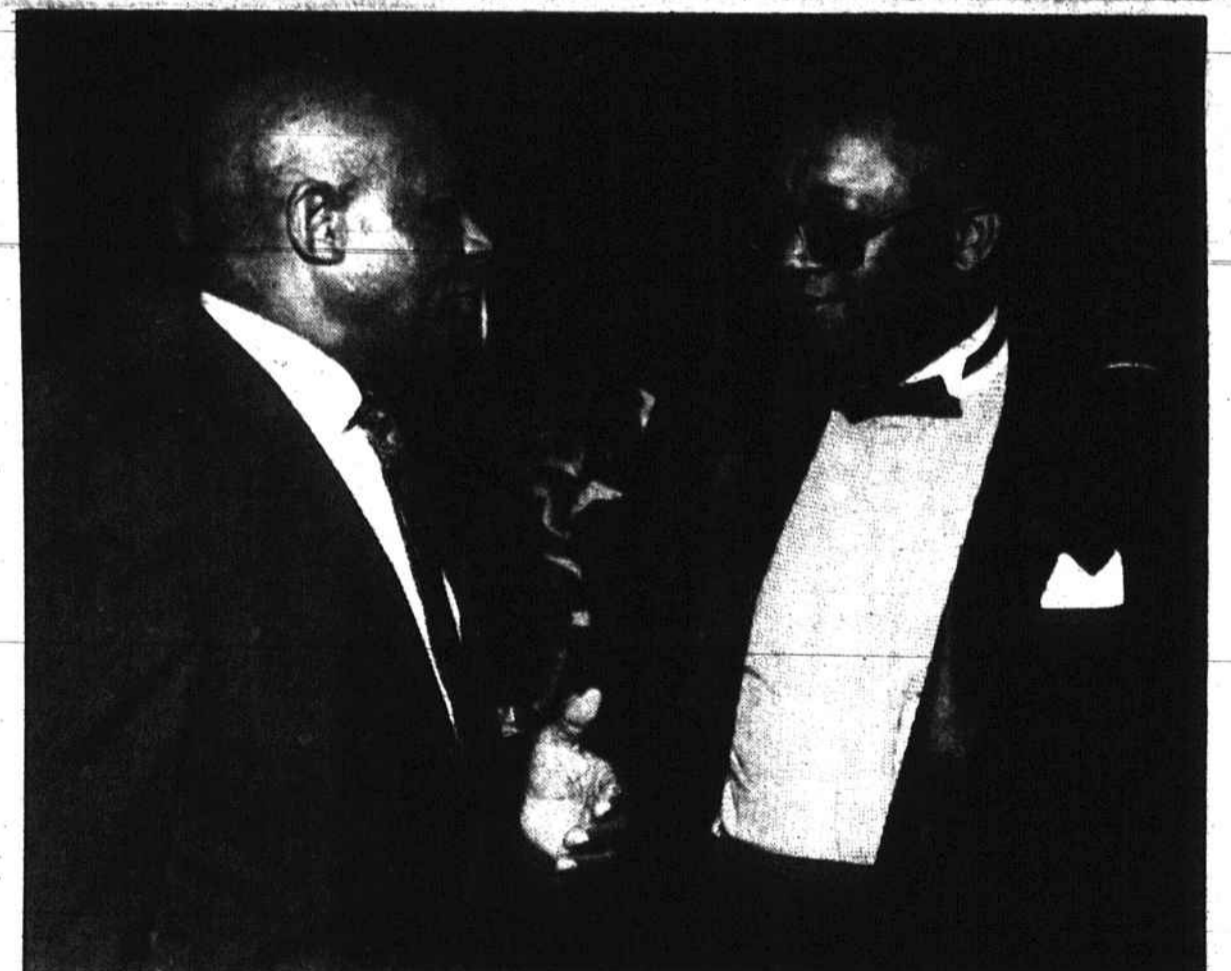


Photo by Mike Cunningham

Marshall Bass (left) retired RJR executive, was one of many attending the recent roast of Bob Brown (right).

## Patrick Hairston: Saddened by ordeal

By SHERIDAN HILL  
Chronicle Staff Writer



Photo by Mike Cunningham

Patrick Hairston wonders what will happen next as he awaits trial in October.

nesses while he was alderman, but Hairston asks: "Does it look like I got money?"

His company, Patrick Hairston Cleaning, went bankrupt and took with it many of his financial resources, he says. He recently sold his

1988 Cadillac, and a "For Sale" sign stands prominently in the yard of his small but comfortable home off Indiana Avenue.

He may need as much as \$25,000 in legal defense fees in the coming months.

Charged with 21 counts of political corruption, Hairston faces 315 years in prison and a \$5.25 million fine. The FBI indictment alleges that Hairston, a former alderman, and Alderman Larry Womble requested donations to local charities in

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Patrick Hairston begins to list people he has helped during the past twenty years. From housing problems to college

tuition to grocery shopping, he says he has worked hard to improve conditions for many in Winston-Salem.

He wonders where they are today.

"Some of the very people I've helped out act like I'm a hardened criminal now," he says. "The phone used to ring — not anymore. People used to come by — not anymore."

"I've helped people all my life. But who will come when the helper needs help?"

An FBI indictment charges that he extorted thousands of dollars from busi-

**"I've helped people all my life. But who will come when the helper needs help?"**

— Pat Hairston