

Marquetta Goodwine Brings Gullah Culture To Portland

About the performances

There musical tales of the history and survival of the Gullah people follow their remarkable story from West African origins and diaspora, to enslavement on Sea Island plantations, to liberation and life in Gullah communities today. Historian/ "art-ivist", Marquetta Goodwine weaves traditional Gullah language, story, song and humor into a lively and captivating performance that reveals the African roots and American history of a unique, yet endangered, culture. The shows will begin with life in the villages of the Winward and Rice Coast of West African and then take the audience on a journey through the Middle Passage to the Sea Islands.

Vocal and percussion accompaniment by "Asha's Baba" brings the audience into the rhythm of the tales, inviting participation in the call-and-response, hand clapping and improvisation typical of the West African music that influenced the spirituals and "shouts" of Gullah prayer meetings.

The Gullah, or Geechee, people are descendants of African slaves who worked the Sea Island plantations off the coast of South Caro-

lina and Georgia. Because these islands were so isolated from the mainland, the Gullah people retained more of their African culture and customs than any other African-Americans.

About Marquetta Goodwine

Ms. Goodwine was born in New York City, but was raised in the Gullah tradition, spending much of her youth in the South Carolina Sea Islands. After excelling at Fordham and Columbia Universities, Ms. Goodwine's interest in African American history, heritage and culture remained strong. She also serves as Regional Coordinator for the Smithsonian Institute's "African American Rural Experience" project. She feels that all of her work is connected because her focus is "to continue to educate and uplift people of African descent throughout the diaspora."

Ms. Goodwine first performed at the IFCC last season as a part of a celebration of Gullah culture that included an exhibition of Jonathan Green's paintings. Her powerful performances captivated audiences of all ages so completely that we invited her back for an extended stay!



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The Interstate Firehouse Cultural Center is a community-based performing and visual arts center with an emphasis on multicultural issues and perspectives.

GULLAH TALES: Sea Island Stories and Rhythms

Friday and Saturday, April 16 and 17 @ 7:30 PM and

Sunday, April 18 @ 2 PM and 7:30 PM, tickets \$10/general & \$6/students

Survival Songs

Friday and Saturday, April 23 and 24 @ 7:30 PM and

Sunday, April 25 @ 2 PM and 7:30 PM, tickets \$10/general & \$6/students

Holdin de Culcha - Origins Lecture Series

Wednesday, April 21 @ 8 PM, tickets \$10/general.

For more information, call 503/823-IFCC

National Poetry Awareness Month

The following poems are from PoetSpeak Portland. The PoetSpeak Series is a forum for Northwest poets, and aim to bring accessible, useful and enjoyable poetry into everyday lives. Meetings are every first Sunday of each quarterly month, from 3-5 PM, in the Great Hall at PSU's Koinonia House, 633 SW Montgomery. A gala performance of Poetspeak Vancouver will be at Huckleberry's on July 11. Call Kurt Kristensen at 503/697-9833.

Twenty Red Foxes By J. Glenn Evans

Wee hours of the night before the New Year
Twenty little red foxes came from woods
Wanted to use my backyard for a dance
Twenty little red foxes all in line
If you could have seen, you would have been shocked
Twenty red foxes doing the Bunny Hop
Each wore a white apron and was grinning
Grinning like possums with white teeth showing
Soon they all found the Bunny Hop boring
Next they did the Charleston; that was a sight
Twenty red foxes doing the Charleston
Then they switched music to some hot jazz
Twenty red foxes doing the Jitterbug
Finally, they grew tired, took their aprons off
Quit grinning like possums, then danced home
Down the garden path to a slow fox trot.

To sing By Tracy Tree

There is a legend of a bird
who sings just once in her life.
From the moment
she leaves the nest
she searches for a thorn tree,
singing
among the branches
she impales herself
upon the longest spine
dying
she rises above her own agony
to sing one superlative song.
All of nature stills to listen
and the goddess smiles.

Chicken Soup By Kurt Kristensen

Comfort
older than childhood,
mothers of eons
smiling gently
in the shimmer
of the cup.
Animal magic,
wisdom crawling
out of oceans,
hands so patient
hurt and aches
melt away,
leaving dreams
of endless safety.
Liquid heat,
globules of basic fat,
pieces of goodness
distilled
to take away
all hurts.

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