



Strolling through the arts at Reston.

By Ken Feil—The Washington Post

Black Culture

FESTIVAL, From E1

And Magness freely acknowledged, "We probably have been somewhat lacking in this, but we are trying to change that."

Kusai Abbadio, who is on the board of the Freedom School, talked bitingly of suburban blacks, "who put on a black-power medalion." A black Reston woman leaned toward him and said, "I know—you're thinking we are all bourgeois blacks. But black people are human and they react the same way as white people. There should be a choice—the city or the suburb."

"It's American reasoning," said Abbadio, unimpressed.

The woman, pursuing her point, asked Abbadio if what he saw about him, didn't indicate that blacks of Reston

could appreciate the same things as blacks of the city.

Couldn't they all enjoy the "Freedom School" African combo?, she asked.

"Tonight's the first time they didn't get into their thing," said Abbadio. "You have to have an emotional unity—you identify with your reference group." Whites, and maybe some blacks, were not part of Abbadio's reference group, he indicated.

But both Abbadio and the black Reston woman came to an agreement of sorts. Perhaps it was the ambience of the evening, but maybe it was something more.

"We have the common bond of being black," said the woman, to which Abbadio added, "and it can't be broken."