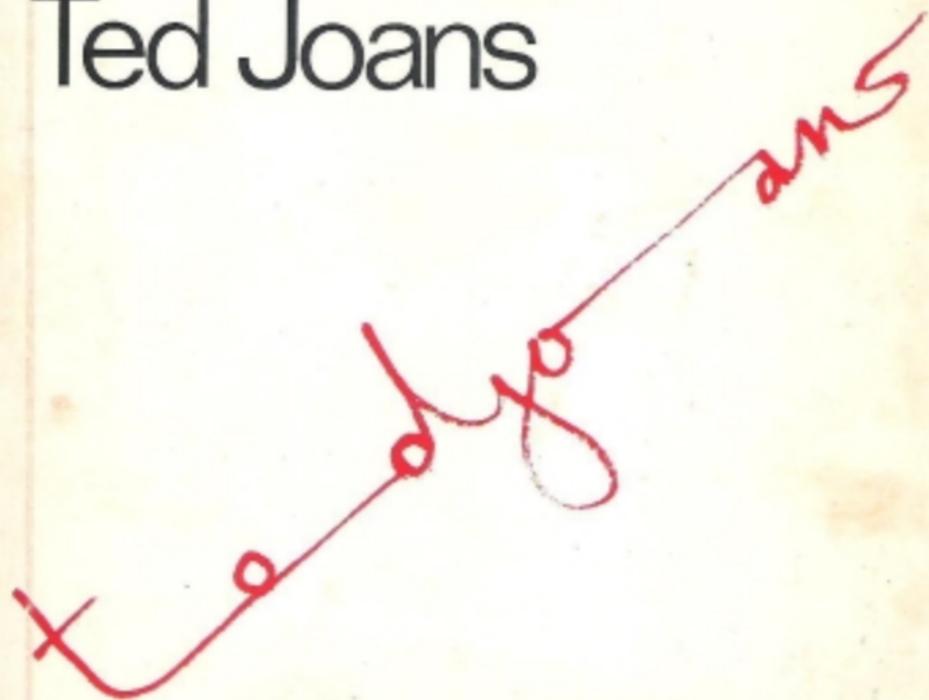


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A BLACK  
MANIFESTO IN  
JAZZ POETRY  
AND PROSE  
Ted Joans



A BLACK MANIFESTO  
IN JAZZ POETRY  
AND PROSE

This volume is evidence of some of the many talents of Ted Joans, painter, poet, jazzman. Though the mood varies from fierce pride in the Black Power Manifesto to critical enthusiasm in Jazz Expo, to the often lyrical perceptiveness of the poetry, there is an underlying similarity between all three: the powerful and unbroken rhythmic line which carries both prose and poetry forward like a subtle musical beat. These are works to be read aloud, to be listened to with the unrestrained ear reserved for the best of jazz.

Ted Joans was born in Cairo, Illinois, in 1928 and studied Fine Arts at Indiana University. He has since lived in many parts of the world from New York to Timbuctoo. A Black Pow-Wow of Jazz Poems was published in the United States in 1969 and will be published in Britain in 1971.

By the same author

Funky Jazz Poems

Beat Poems

All of T. J. and No More

The Hipsters (a book of collages)

The Truth

Afrodisia

A Black Pow Wow of Jazz Poems

SIGNATURE SERIES

A BLACK MANIFESTO  
IN JAZZ POETRY  
AND PROSE

Ted Joans

CALDER & BOYARS · LONDON

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Dedicated  
to  
Charles 'Bird' Parker  
and  
Malcolm X

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PROPOSITION FOR  
A BLACK POWER MANIFESTO

PROPOSITION FOR  
A BLACK POWER MANIFESTO

This manifesto that I write this night  
in this city where  
many other revolutionary manifestos have been written  
by those who cherished freedom enough to fight and win  
against enslaving forces  
I feel it is my duty as a black poet  
to create this manifesto for my black people.

Perhaps this Black Power manifesto will serve as a guide  
book to black liberation.

The purpose of this manifesto is to provoke black men to  
take action  
to instruct them to defend themselves  
and to hip them to just What, Why, How, When, Who and  
Where of Black Power.

The language that this manifesto is written in is black-talk  
for black-talk is our own black language (dig Dunbar,  
Hughes and Babs Gonzales).

Black-talk is Black Power too.

There is nothing in our black-talk to be ashamed of  
we can be proud of our creative expressions and sounds.

There is no white man created yet to say the word 'shit'  
like black men from America.

We wreck the white man's academic grammar and find new  
ways of pronouncing words.

Thus we are at all times creatively speaking  
just as jazz men (our greatest black creators) create on  
their instruments.

We can talk-black, dance-black, walk-black, sing-black  
and with the aid of this manifesto  
I hope we can get together as Black Power  
then to swing-actively-black.

To free our black selves with our own Black Power  
and by any means necessary!!

Our black victory can only be won by Black Power.

That victory will be won the black way.

Black Power is our action - now!

Now ketch this shit  
I believe that the moment is at hand for the black people  
to rise up  
like a giant midnight ocean wave, or like a sharp fatal pain  
in the ass of racist United States  
then with the swiftness of a cheetah's paw snatch our  
destinies from the ofay oppressors  
Black Power can do, will do, and shall be done.

This great movement within the boundaries of the U.S.A.  
can completely disrupt, discredit, and eventually  
destroy the evil American racist system  
that enslaves black people.

Black Power is the vanguard of the insurrection inside  
America today.

Black Power is our black revolutionary force of action.

Black Power is action now.

Black Power is the black people's bag.

It is a very deep and dark bag.

The Black Power bag  
contains many points of view  
but all aimed at serving the cause of emancipation.

Black Power is where ITS AT!

Black Power is  
black people recognizing that we can achieve nothing without  
first taking (by any means necessary!) our own power  
in our black hands and do with it as we see fit.

Black Power is not an ideology of Western thought.

Black Power is spiritual unity  
this unity must prevail to enable black people to wield  
themselves spontaneously into a vital force.

Black Power is the black magic of the Afro-American's  
black ancestors  
the black arts of Africa's sorcerers  
those who knew what to do, and when to do it, and  
how to do that!

It is the blacks that believe in their own personal strength  
to ultimately overcome  
overpower  
and defeat the white power system  
that so-called 'invincible' capitalist empire.

Black Power can succeed.

Black unity is the key to that success.

Those cool black hustlers in the ghettos  
those spooks who move like shadows  
those urban guerillas that have learnt well the slum-jungle  
warfare  
these beautiful black warriors can misuse, confuse, and  
abuse whitey in every large city in the U.S.A.

They can damage him and his buildings beyond repair.

The city is their battleground

they can take anything they want - even whitey's life  
if he gets in the way.

Black Power is the black man getting his share  
collecting his back pay  
from 1619 up to the present date:

The poorest blacks in the country fields and city streets  
will be the first to collect  
for it is they that have remained true to Black Power.

They are those who had to know where it is at just to  
survive.

Black Power will totally change the condition of the black  
people in America. Black Power will not be used to  
make blacks become slave of blacks. Black Power is  
out to destroy enslavement. White America's system  
is built upon enslaving the black people and others of  
the Third World.

It is true that Black Power is a major revolt of a small  
minority  
but it is also true that  
the U.S.A. at the beginning was only thirteen small states  
that revolted against the (at that time) powerful empire  
of Great Britain

And those small states, united and won

Black Power shall win

That is crystal clear.

Black Power has a driving force of revenge. Black Power  
will retaliate any wrongs done to black people. This  
retaliation of wrongs  
will be swift, sharp, and precise  
like an Akan spear in a settler's back on the old Gold Coast  
of Africa.  
We gotta deal a death blow to the American white  
motherfucker!  
Black Power is that marvelous explosive mixture

which has accumulated since the first black slave  
uprising - Always the same motive: **FREEDOM!**  
Black Power shall inflict punishment upon the guilty  
whites. They know who they are. Whitey can only  
save himself by surrendering his only true asset:  
money. Black Power wishes to change **YOUR MONEY**  
white man. Change it from **YOUR hand** into **OUR**  
black people's hands! I remember when I was a kid,  
we'd sing a little ditty:

naughts are naughts  
figures are figures  
all for the white man  
nothing for the niggers

That is one of the first things that Black Power must  
rectify. White males and white females of America,  
save your souls and perhaps your lives: Give up all  
your money! Mail it in large sums to any black  
militant organisation. Bullshit, whitey aint gonna give  
up not one goddamn-penny! The white people of the  
U.S.A. are the stingiest, most selfish and miserly  
beings in the world. Black Power does not allow whites  
to have a say in the revolution. John Browns (if there  
are any!) can contribute to the struggle, but in their  
own organizations. No infiltrations! Black Power is  
the black people's thing. For Niggers Only!

This I state due to the fact of its sheer black beauty, its  
swift dark actions, and its inevitable black victories.  
These must be achieved by the black people, the so-  
called Negroes, the Afro-americans, the coloureds,  
the niggers; they alone must take care of the real  
revolutionary business. Through Black Power, people  
have come together. Through Black Power, black  
people shall stay together. Black Power is strictly our  
own, all black, and good.

When I say 'our', I mean just we the blacks. I am aware that  
a whole lotta white motherfuckers shall buy and read  
this manifesto; and some will perhaps identify with it;  
but dig me whiteboy, This Ain't Your Bit! Black Power  
means liberating ourselves from the most vicious

system of murder and exploitation in the world. That system is the American Way. Black Power is not a class struggle. Black people do not have a class system due to the consistent white Americans' racism and black people's soulful unity. White America looks at all black people; cotton pickers, editors, dock workers, college graduates, statesmen etc, and they only see a bunch of black niggers. Great for us! Thus we the blacks are joined in Black Power eventhough some of us may be reluctant. Also there are those brainwashed blacks, or 'ostrich-head-individuals'; they will find themselves in a frightening no-man's land. They being neither committed to their own brothers of Black Power or licking the ass of white America. Theirs is the role of the utopian somnambulist without a dream. He can only survive by running off to another country and observing the revolt from there. His is the soul of a coward. He is the living black dead. He can be brought to life again through a shock, a black shock. Every black man of America is needed in this revolution.

Black Power is dreams that are carried out into reality. Black Power has the real and beyond the real in which to move. Our African ancestry has enriched us with this marvelous surreality. Black Power warriors can change into invisible animals that can spring out of the electric wiring inside of whitey's house. The spirits and demons have always been black. Black Power is that dream of self-determination, self evaluation, and self liberation brought into wide awake action. Black Power shall liberate all black people, and that liberation shall be achieved by any means necessary. Thus it is no longer up to the whiteboy to say what we should do or how we should conduct our black revolution.

Black Power is black soul. Perhaps many of my black sisters and brothers will wonder why I started this manifesto off on a violent scream; well dig, that violent scream is just a joyful noise to stir the black giant. I started blowing this first chorus like Dizzy Gillespie used to take the trumpet solo break on Night

In Tunisia. After all this manifesto is not a rhetorical Western primer for intellectuals, especially the armchair species.

This manifesto was not written to place black people deeper into the grip of white U.S.A. way of life. This manifesto is NOT for integrating blacks into that evil imperialistic system, but to dis-integrate those few token niggers to wake up the black masses and to suggest a creative black revolution.

Black people must take matters into their hands. Here are some political means by which Black Power can achieve full decision-making power for black people: ONE. not to support any white party of political machinery unless these white parties include Black Power candidates in vital positions and the white politicians are undisputed 'Uncle Johns' (i.e. white Uncle Toms). or TWO. separate from all white political parties and organize black ones. or THREE. build a new version of our black African ancestors political system, thus discarding the entire Graeco-Roman-Christian bag of tricks. We must not become the monsters that white Americans already are. We must have a political position so strong that white America would not dare (in the future) to misuse a country of the Third World. Americans would have to live in peace or die.

Black Power must have a political position so tight  
so strong  
and so positive  
that the continents of Asia and Africa would look toward us  
as their true friends.

If there are amongst the black brothers those who feel Black Power should be led by some foreign political machinery or ideology, then I declare: If there existed at the time of this writing, a political party in the world which was both revolutionary and non-totalitarian, I mean one not presuming to dictate all the forms of spiritual activity, Black Power would perhaps align itself with that party. Since there is no

such party, Black Power strikes out alone, rather than accept the stifling present day political machinery.

Black Power is not a nationalism but a 'black naturalism'. This naturalism is based upon the natural desires of black people. Black Power is not out to win the Civil Rights' struggle, but to win the Human Rights' struggle. Black Power is like jazz, it is based upon the freedom of the spirit. That spirit is black. Black people must never lose that freedom of spirit.

For it is that very spirit that has kept black people from committing mass suicide in this U.S.A.

We must make our own new social forms, those natural ones. And as I mentioned earlier, a political form based on the many ancient African tribal laws, but altered to suit our present day technological age.

Black Power's concern is all the black people. Black Power must help financially and physically our brethren of the Third World. Black people anywhere in the world are not free until ALL BLACK PEOPLE ARE FREE! There will be those who will say that black men of the world cannot ever get the black unity that is needed. But I say to those unbelievers: As long as there is white racism, there will always be a black unity whether one believes or not.

True there will be those that are brainwashed into believing that they are some white nationality first and blacks second or that they are more 'civilised' than black Africans or worse still, those who feel that they are just victims of circumstances that being black has nothing to do with their enslavement.

(Usually this type is a black bourgeois: with some money)

And they add that, we blacks never had it so good! Shit, who are they trying to fool?

This manifesto is a 'Do-it-your-black-self-but-together' book.

The vital force of Black Power is the willingness of black people to unite to fight that white slave master. And for those few blacks that disagree with some of the methods to achieve self liberation that I have put forth in this manifesto I can only wish them good luck (if they have some tough shit of their own).

Black Power is fanatical for freedom

Black Power preaches hate the white oppressor

Black Power does advocate violence To any white motherfucker that violates a black!

Black Power is black pride. Black Power is black consciousness. Many of the blacks do not know who they are (or do not want to be reminded)

We are strong people, we came from the best, and we had to be of the best to survive slavery!

We are not 'like white' American people. They can learn to copy us but they cannot swing black, because we are the original. Black Power seeks to transform this U.S.A. It will place the values where they really belong. No more white musicians getting rich from jazz.

Black Power shall put a stop to that. Black musicians shall reap the wealth of their vital seeds that they have sown.

Black musicians old and young known and unknown can have a black revolt that is unswerving but motivated in perfect clarity.

Shit, what I mean is that black cats can 'fuck up' the next white musician that climbs on the bandstand to imitate

a nigger and GET PAID FOR IT.

Black musicians will collect the largest amounts of money in the jazz music world. It is all possible, in this revolt to take control of every power position in the jazz music business. This revolt of reason itself against a state of things it judges evil, knows its evil, and aware of its guilt in its evilness.

Black music will at last pay off to black musicians.

When those parasitic honky honkey hornblowers come around to steal black ideas Black Power will deal with them. Black editors will be placed on all jazz magazines all over the world. After all, jazz is a Black Power thing. Jazz giants, those few black musicians that are still alive today will be given their BACK PAY.

Every white musician that has picked the brains and stolen from these jazz giants will have to atone.

Black Power will not be a reign of terror but a way of black justice. Black Power is the people looking at himself for salvation. Black Power will see that the black people are rewarded for their work and contributions.

Black Power is black people charting their own destiny. Commanding their own culture.

Black Power is marvelous and beautiful. Black Power! Yeah!

Black Power will teach the blacks that Timbuctu is just as important to Afro-americans as Bowling Green. Black Power preserves that which is good in all black people. Black Power gives us our identity.

With this identity established and with black unity Black Power becomes the most effective force of self liberation.

Black Power is well aware that blacks have slaved for centuries to build this U.S.A. and Black Power will see to it that black people will collect their BACK PAY.

They, the American whites OWE it they know it and they ARE GOING TO PAY!

Each black man with a family must be given also some LAND.

And Black Power shall see that it remains in black hands. Black people shall not live in misery, filth and danger.

Black Power will transform the ghettos into black metropolises that will be places of black pride in urban achievement. Black Power shall see to it that all the business buildings and schools are black owned and black run. I think you dig me, that it is crystal clear that Black Power is out to get whitey OUT of the black scene forever.

Black Power's deeds are noble. Black Power is when a black man is pro-black. This does not automatically make a black man anti-white. Because it is not the philosophy of Black Power to hate a white man for his lack of color. Black Power advocates the adoration of being black.

Black Power is out to destroy the oppressive white system that enslaves the people of the Third World. They, the white power structure have tried to keep all the non-white people apart by controlling the mass media propaganda into infinity and paid puppets or tokenism.

But white man has failed due to white U.S.A.'s white blatant, uncontrolled racism. Black Power is in the

position to change that evil white American system.  
Black Power is not interested in whitey coming forth  
to confess his guilt  
no baby!

We want him to open up his goddamned bank to us  
remove his military out of the lands of the Third World  
(who appointed him sheriff of the World anyway?).

Black people are no longer patient  
no longer praying

and Black Power cannot tolerate the American system that  
prevails today. There is no place to run and hide  
Niggers are ALL OVER AMERICA!! Remember my black  
brothers  
we are no longer that Twenty Million that they have  
been reporting for the last ten years. Black people  
like to fuck  
and have babies  
so how could we still be that same number of people that  
we were ten years ago.

Our black African family heritage is a 'togetherness'. We  
must have this solidarity at all levels to win our  
independence from white men.

Thus it will avoid becoming a doctrine of constituted  
defensive laws  
and contradictory to black people's spirit. We do not need  
the white man's academic bullshit  
that is HIS hang up. To box in a good thing like Black Power  
would be to kill it  
or make it square.

Black Power is dignity, a human dignity for black people.  
Black Power makes it alright for the black to be the  
best in the West.

Black Power is when all black people are self-sufficient.  
Man, oh man! we have gotta git the bread!! And we  
are going to COLLECT that bread  
for all the DUES that our forefathers and mothers had to

pay  
and collect also for the dues that we are paying NOW! This  
is not just for the individual  
but money for all the blacks.

Black Power is NOT a reverse racism. Black Power is not  
the same as white power. Black Power is NOT a  
temporary phenomenon. The only poor people that  
Black Power is concerned with are poor black people  
of America, first and foremost. We must first take  
care of our black scene at home  
then we can grow stronger. Black people's contribution to  
the Third World is our vanguard revolution inside the  
boundaries of America. We are in the most strategic  
position. We must not desert these vital posts  
by moving into one single area  
where the heinous American military could do us IN  
like waste us in one blow.

Naw baby, let's stay scattered  
yet together in small groups. They cannot drop a bomb on  
us as long as we are right next to their best friends  
and relatives.

Whitey is cruel and dumb  
but he aint that stupid.

Each group of black people will be a Black Power base  
holding as much power importance as Harlem  
which whitey will always look upon as Black Power  
headquarters. We can keep in touch with our leaders  
through spiritual means, you dig?

Black Power is not concerned with the black man's beliefs  
or dogma  
be he Christian  
Muslim  
or Buddhist  
everything is okay  
although Black Power's aim is the total liberation of  
black people from Western hang-ups.

Black Power is a fierce black hope. Black Power is

determined to surmount all obstacles. Black Power does not encourage non-violence when facing the white power system's zombies. Black power equates the non-violent tactics with simple suicide.

Whitey is a vicious, cruel, and very violent oppressor the American species is one of the worst. Black Power can and through black unity shall prevent America's genocide of the black people. Black Power is life giving force to black people.

Black Power shatters the integration myth. That myth was promised to niggers so long that even those few that believed it was possible finally forgot it it was only a white power subterfuge. The white power system's concept of integration (even though a myth) was assimilation like the French and Belgian colonialist tried in old Africa. This assimilation assumes that a black man has nothing to offer the world

or that what is black is ipso facto inferior.

Integration meant the degradation of black people.

It meant giving up all that is great in black human beings.

It meant for all blacks to deny their Black Power. Many blacks were guilty of trying to even look like whitey by committing violent acts upon their physique such as straightening their natural kinky hair bleaching their skin etc...

Whitey made it clear to black people that it was a drag to be born black in America.

He goofed by not accepting those few niggers that wanted to imitate him by denouncing black values. He goofed real bad when he said that America was the Home of the Brave

Land of the Free

etc., bullshit! bullshit! bullshit! Yeah whitey goofed.

The total demystification of the white man and his history is one of the ultimate tasks for Black Power. His white ways and means white facts and figures white aesthetics and cultures all of it has been hung like a yoke around the necks of black men.

The best white man upon the earth today is really the worst one: the American white. All the white men look up to

or imitate to some degree

that overgrown white boy-girl. Europeans either envy or look with pride at the American whites. They feel that they owe their very life to the 'liberating American military'

who saved them from disaster. They forget that the American whites are the worst whites upon the face of the earth

due to the fact that

they are the descendants of

the criminals, prostitutes, whores, murderers, thieves, mad men, insane women, religious nuts, tramps, etc.

those vile creatures who were kicked out of Europe or sent to the Red men's country to kill and plunder. But

white men in Europe have joined hands with America and her politics of neo-imperialism which have replaced Europe's old styled colonialism. Europeans, with the exception of a few individual intellectuals, give nothing but lip service to express their dislike for America's overt racism. Not one white country has threatened to break off diplomatic relationship with the United States. The European has not yet realized that Black Power is a part of the international struggle of oppressed people; and that it works indirectly towards freeing them also from America's dictatorial grip.

Some are even opposed to Black Power. Even though millions of white Europeans are being exploited, they still look up to white America as being their leader.

And too, some of the European countries and systems are almost as racist in nature as the United States.

There aint really no green pastures in Europe.

Especially when it comes to green backs  
big bread  
and some power. There are black people  
that have been over on this side  
since only god knows when  
and they still aint got enough power to throw  
some black weight around. Most of them are still in the  
rat race trying to make ends meet. So black people  
cannot look to Europe for a fruitful revenge.

I grant you that the white man has many technical (all can  
be taught and learned) facilities. But where is the  
white man when without the technical jive and strong  
money? Then he aint shit! Take his machine science  
money away and HE IS FINISHED! Clark Kent the comic  
strip character alias Superman  
is the average white man's dream of himself. Some even  
feel that they are the Superman. If they are Supermen  
why dont they outrun the black man  
out box the black man  
out jump the black man  
out basket ball the black man  
out baseball the black man  
out football the black man  
Fuck and out point the black man?

Afterall it was the whitemen that created some of these  
sports, their rules and regulations

The reason is  
that the white man is so caught up in his own superman  
myth image  
that he cannot humanly overcome such a personal confron-  
tation. His sick ego drives him into believing that he  
is still the best even though he loses. If the truth is  
ever presented through all the means of the mass  
media  
it would show  
that more than half of the so-called 'inventions' and  
'discoveries' made (supposedly) by white men  
were actually created by non-whites.

Black Power is when black people are turned onto the

long suppressed historical facts concerning black men and  
women. Black Power is black people being ready (and  
staying ready!) to do the hard work for Freedom.

We shall no longer be unsung heroes  
our roar will  
shatter the lies  
black rose petals shall  
come crashing into the  
hearts of the world.

Jazz music is our natural  
black anthem  
the blues. Bessie Smith means more to black people than  
Betsy Ross. Our black music didnt just begin with the  
great Buddy Bolden  
nor did it end with Ornette Coleman. It is eternal and  
strong. Africa is all over it  
under it  
inside of it  
and thus protects it. It is a living art  
a basic human need  
filled with goodness  
and beauty. For the non-white there is a future, for our  
socialist  
creations are alive and warm. Burn baby burn! Squirm  
whitey squirm!

The black resistance movement must escalate beyond mere  
bottles and bricks. Guns! Guns can still be had  
even though at the time of this writing they (white officials)  
are trying to pass a law to outlaw weapons to private  
citizens. Guns! We, black people need weapons for  
self defense.

There will be no more lynchings  
when we all got guns to cut the lynch mob down.

Guns! The fuzz will think twice before he police whips a  
nigger  
when the entire ghetto is armed.  
Guns are good for good black folks to defend their homes  
and family.

The choice of weapon  
is up to you  
but I would suggest  
that a rifle is a revolutionary's best friend.

Pistols can be packed by black women. Pistol packing  
mammies  
don't ever lay that pistol down!

Study everything about your gun  
learn what it can do  
and how to do it. If you do not have a gun manual  
consult one of your local black ex-G.I. s.

If guns can not be obtained  
one must not despair  
for there are always the old reliable  
African weapons  
such as the bow & arrows (with or without poison), spears,  
etc.  
although crude  
these weapons can still kill. And they are silent.

A razor  
switchblade  
dagger  
icepick  
etc. can all be put to good use  
as they have in the past. There is no weapon that cannot  
be used against 'whitey'!

Our warriors  
our black warriors are the sons of warriors  
ancient African men of fire and thunder  
black men who destroyed the first whites that came to  
their continent to plunder. Who are our warriors  
today?

They can come from all walks of life  
blackmen that may belong to several kinds of organizations  
even black churches! (Onward Christian soldiers!!)  
Black women that are employed in the homes and businesses  
of our white enemies

your task is to learn everything there is of interest to  
Black Power concerning whitey. Check out his and her  
private life  
maybe it can be useful for blackmail. Your mission is to  
spy and to supply information. Deception is your  
stick. Whitey must be snowed under by your polite  
semi-Aunt Jemima come-ons. Do not tell him the truth  
unless it is necessary  
and not detrimental to our resistance movement. Dont  
school 'im but fool 'im! Learn baby learn! If there are  
other blacks employed where you work  
avoid congregating with each other  
unless its for the purpose of a put-on before whitey. Whitey  
must be convinced that you ARE different from the  
other blacks.

Freedom fighters playing the role as an old under-paid  
black janitor are just as important as the role playing  
the highly-paid black executives.  
They are both committed to Black Power. We must use  
every means to win this war. When the word is given  
all the blacks will be ready. I could write here  
in detail  
about what to do  
when to do  
and even the HOW to do  
and of course the thing that every black man knows  
the Where and to Whom  
But NO! It is NOT good tactics to tell one's plans  
in full detail  
in a book such as this manifesto  
where the enemy could dig it. So this manifesto cannot  
instruct certain black tactics. There will have to be  
a (secret) second manifesto  
presented and printed by blacks only. But for the time being  
this first Black Power manifesto will suffice. The time  
of shouting verbal (loud) deprecations against whitey  
is over. Let's be calculated and killer cool. Let's  
strike like lightning  
instead of roaring like thunder. If there must be a noise  
let it be the drums  
talking drums  
war drums

black voice drums. Now is the time for Black Power action. That first step of action is getting our own black selves together. Black unity is the first rule of Black Power. Let the words SOUL BROTHERS AND SISTERS mean just that. Because our black color has been used by the white oppressor to misuse

abuse  
and to confuse us  
we the people of color must use it as Black Power to liberate us. We do not have to really pledge allegiance to the flag

it is a white symbol  
a symbol of the oppressive capitalist society  
Black Power is hip to what America has of value  
after all black people's blood and sweat help to make America rich  
thus we aint gonna throw out the diamond with the dung.

Black Power is a black truth  
a soul thing. We blacks have gone beyond the stage of explaining what soul is. We all know that soul dont mean a thing if it aint got that swing. Black Power swings!

This black truth seems most of the time too crude  
and too potent  
for the shy  
conventional-ridden  
and brainwashed  
blacks to bear  
Those few that suppress their black instinct can be brought back into the black family  
by showing them that Black Power is going ALL THE WAY  
and to inevitably win.

We do not want peace from America's racism.

We want to defeat America's racism.

Once we defeat America's racism

The rest of the racist systems in the world will collapse.

America is the last and largest stronghold of white racism.

We must work black to black together.

Black expectations always influence black achievement.

In conclusion I manifest that, the bit is: Black Unity! Help each other. Protect each other. Turn each other on to what is happening. Make each black man, woman, and child feel that he is an important member of humanity. Let them know that all black people are supposed to be soul people. Make every black human proud of being born black. Create a good feeling of racial solidarity in black communities.

I manifest: that black people should not steal from black businesses or black homes. If you must steal, then you should do so from white businesses and white homes. And too, you must not get caught. The moral of the act is that one cannot be really 'stealing' from a white American since the white American has already stolen that which he owns. If you must do physical hurt, then do so to a white person, or to his Uncle Thomases. If you are angry at your black brother or sister, you should try to cool it. Retire to a more tranquil surrounding for a while.

All black adults must assume responsibility for all poor black children. Their welfare depends upon the black adults of the black community. Black Power's future is in their hands. We must teach them about Africa and the black people. We must demystify the European history and tell them 'like-it-damn-show-is' about America. Let's make their life an easier trip by seeing to it that they are hip!

I manifest that we must share. We the black people must share that which we can spare. Give to the needy and the less fortunate. If you are a musician, painter, or ex-

soldier, give lessons in your trade to the black community. Give not only to the blacks of the U.S.A., give also to the Africans. Welcome all African students to your homes and clubs. If they have been brainwashed by white America, try to make them well. Support those militant black warriors that are still fighting to liberate their countries. Help to liberate South Africa by attacking their connections and businesses located in America. Back the truly independent African countries. If you have a skill that can contribute to the economics, education, and health of Africa, then you should go and grow there. The truly independent black countries need your skill and knowledge. They will welcome dedicated black Americans. Those that are just jiving had better stay in America. But all black people should visit Africa! It is really like a big black beautiful woman, spread out naked in the sun. Her legs wide apart, arms reaching up toward the clear blue sky, and her face is covered with a big bright welcome home smile. Yeah that is what Africa is to a black man. Africa is mother. A black mother that gave birth to all the black sons and daughters in the world. Africa is our Black Power.

I manifest that it is important that we black people build good relationships with people of the Third World. We must know our true allies and they must know about us. Black Power is part of the Third World Power. We are all joined in a 'united liberation front' to rid the world of white racism and imperialism.

I manifest that we the black people must not run wild in uncontrolled rage in the street each summer. The white press and news media await our black happenings as though they are scheduled. Each summer they make millions of marks, francs, pounds and dollars reporting their distorted stories about us and our 'race rioting'. The hired murderers (the fuzz) have added new weapons to the already over-stocked arsenal. They provoke the black community. Screaming, protesting, and throwing a brick in the streets at fuzz and whitey is not where its at. Uh-uh baby, that kind of manifestation is just what the fuzz wants you to do, so that he can have an alibi (as if he needed one) to kill black me or you. We must have creative

constructive destruction. We must not be blind with rage and play into whitey's ambush. For that kind of action is exactly like brother Muhammed (Cassius Clay) Ali described: "like a bull running and charging a freight train". Creative constructive destruction depends upon the wants of the black community. Targets should be chosen months in advance. Plans should depend more upon spontaneity. Leaders should always be cool and firm. They should never tell a black brother to do something that they would not do themselves. I manifest that I am ready to carry this all my manifestations out into reality if need be.

Since this is a piece of prose  
Black Power prose  
a proposal for a Black Power manifesto  
and not really 'the' manifesto  
I won't be mad if a black cat cops-out on what I manifest.  
So I continue to manifest that we must be cool, even though there is a 'long hot summer'. Guerilla against the gorilla. Black revolutionaries must teach urban revolutionary methods to black folks. Rebellion yes, rioting no! We must remain ready to act in our revolution at all times. For a moment will come when passion has infected the air, things will be tense and uptight: the black community will be so mad that it can barely breathe, and it is then that the most extraordinary events happen independently of any of the preparations which have been made. But these happenings must be done effectively. The pent-up emotions must explode in the right directions. Do not forget that there is no food in your home. Do not forget that your family is as raggidy as a scarecrow. Do not forget that you or your black brother lives above those pawnshops, liquor shops, all robbers shops.

I manifest that police stations, post offices, banks, subway stations, city official agencies should be burnt, first and foremost. It is crystal clear that we all hate those rotten stinking, rat infested fire traps that black people are forced to live in and pay rent for; yet when we burn one of them crumbling brick shacks down, we often make many black families homeless. That we must remedy

It can be done by Black Power group planning. So that when the emergency arrives, everyone that is burnt out will already know where to go. Black unity is the way. Summertime, when the living is easy (for the whites!). Fish are jumping (for the whites, it is they that can afford to go on vacations!), and the cotton is high (change the word cotton to prices and there is where we the blacks come in). Well your daddy is rich (American whites only!) and your mammy is good-looking. Yeah our black mammy is good-looking, in fact she is beautiful. And each day she is growing more beautiful as we embrace Black Power. Summertime must be only their popular time to report that 'the natives are restless'. We must carry on our revolution all-the-time, not just in summertime.

B. D. D. V. !

Disrupt the economy.

Disobey the authorities.

Destroy the stolen properties of the enslavers of humanity.

Violently confront the racist white American.

Wherever you encounter him in the world, let him know that there is no escape. He is guilty and must pay. We blacks must revenge the atrocities of the slave trade of yesteryears, and the institutionalized racism of the present day. We must not forget!

I manifest that non-violence is a failure because the United States of America is not a non-violent place. White Americans are taught to be violent racists. Just dig their history books, mass media messages, and 'all-amerikkkan-way-of-life. It is he that violently opposed those civil rights bills. It is he that has systematically intimidated and killed black people when they tried to live by his U.S.A. Constitution. We of Black Power are not concerned with those 'silly rites' (Civil-Rights), we are concerned with Human Rights. Why should not black people be free to have their own power and live in all human liberty?

I manifest that America never was a democracy. If there is ever going to be democracy, a social democracy, then white people will have to give up all their stolen wealth and it be redistributed. American Indians would have to be made rich, since this land is really theirs. Black

Power with the help of the Third World can create a new nation out of America. It must first be destroyed, not physically, (at least not all of it) but mentally, and materialistically. It will not be easy. The American military-industrial monster cannot be killed so easy. It is strong and well entrenched. We all must be ready to fight to win. We can win, we will win, and we are winning. It is not the end for us, it is the beginning. Black Power is an 'our' thing, and we must do our work to win together.

JAZZ EXPO '67

JAZZ EXPO '67  
THE NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL IN EUROPE

Tuesday Oct. 24th

Nighttime jazztime in Londontown - Odeon Hammersmith Rank Theatre end of the line Underground ride - Come to see the three oldtimers of the tenor saxophone - three black B's bringing music oversea - Budd, Ben & Buddy.

also another black B - Bill Coleman him trumpetman - Budd Johnson happened first - blew straight but modern plus on Lester Leaps In 'great' - M.C. Higgins announced bad news: no Teddy Wilson, no Albert Nicholas tonight! - moans, groans and Oh No's from audience - British group backed the three black B's as well as playing a few numbers of their own - audience mostly dark suited business men and well dressed collegiate types - solid all white not a Third World face in sight - audience sitting stiff, with crossed legs, and tapping their manicured fingers rhythmically on their fat & skinny knees - Bill Coleman no relation musically or familywise to Ornette toots a bad choice of tunes and sings them yet! Black eye to black cats

Bill should know better! Ben Webster from Ellingtonia enters - wit and hipness - takes care of business in spite of non-support from British rick-E-tick tick trio behind him - Ben is boss on ballads - breathing hot blue flames down the horn.

Applause explodes - like thunder after Ben, the true Big Ben Webster finished - night air filled with traditional jazz sounds is disrupted - Bill Evans has been chosen

to replace Teddy Wilson - are they kidding? -  
Nope, there he blows with his trio - modern  
impressionist jazz pianist Bill Evans - white urban  
skyscraper wide street concrete park soul pouring  
forth - Thank god there is a Mose Allison! - Eddie  
Gomez the bassman plays Spic and Span bass solos -  
the Odeon is filled with Evans perfumery - a few  
businessmen getting a bit horny - some turning 'gay'  
- finally as quiet as they came on they float off like  
three feathers or three coins drowned in the perfume  
fountain - Next Newport All Stars - and who is that on  
plano? Is it Pere Ubu? bleached Fats Waller? the  
waiter from Katz's Delicatessen? Naw, all wrong -  
It is George Wein the cat who started the whole Newport  
Jazz Festival scene - Yep he is sitting there and  
having a ball - with Don Lamond drums

Jack Lesberg bass

Ruby Braff (who made me laugh to hear trying to blow  
nigger on I want a Lil' Girl)

and the other black B: Mr. Buddy Tate - he remembered  
me from 1946 - Buddy is an ex-Count Basie tenorman  
and was in that blasting swinger band when I was a  
teenager and worked backstage as a bandboy - Buddy  
dug into a Prez bag for some reason this night -  
everything was all right on I Want a Lil' Girl

Buddy was all black Buddy - George Wein supported the  
scene - he soloed well on Honeysuckle Rose - proving  
that sometimes being around great jazz music and  
musicians will rub off on you - more bounce to the  
pound & ounce in Wein's piano playing though

Wednesday Oct. 25th

Jazztime again time - late start time Roland Kirk time -  
Kirk sharp in his shiney black space suit - Whats It  
All About tune is brutally beautiful blown by multi  
instrument blind musician Kirk - Ellington's Creole  
Love Call interpreted by Roland blowing clarinet &

tenorsax simultaneous - big black jazz mouth of Kirk  
- breathing out of his pores thus using other openings  
for musical instruments - Bosch predicted there would  
be a Roland Kirk - audience doesn't get the messages  
that Kirk often expresses during his solos - they sit,  
cold, stiff and unrelaxed - but explode with loud  
applause after each number is finished - is it to be  
polite? - Kirk is the bravest breather in jazz - taking  
long winded chances - he is 'for real plus all soul' -  
flute solo interspersed with African chants & field  
hollers - blowing out of his nose with some toy -  
leaping into classic flute style just to show whitey that  
he can - doing Tribute to Trane switching back and  
forth from alto, soprano and tenor - jess fer kicks  
doing a bagpipe bit in jazz style - Great jazz Great  
Roland Kirk set - Intermission - audience is condi-  
tioned to good sounds with heat - Charles Lloyd  
Quartet comes on dressed in Flower Folk fashion -  
Lloyd is a drag - he is a black Brubeck on saxophone -  
He tried every trick in the trade and failed - all tunes  
un-announced - Charles Lloyd's honest soul can be  
weighed by the ounce! - Keith Jarrett took care of  
business along with Jack DeJohnette - the pianist  
and drummer - Lloyd on flute sounded like a young  
middle class white boy on his first jazz gig - the  
audience was not to be fooled they knew he was jiving  
instead of jazzing - they froze on him - weak applause -  
polite courteous audience -

As a musician Lloyd flopped as a black cat he is making  
history - in black infamy - I compare Charles Lloyd  
to the black pig of the Congo: Tshombe - both  
traitors and sell outs -

The U.S. government sent Lloyd to Russia but wouldn't  
dare send a true avant-garde group like Ornette  
Coleman, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler etc...

Unhip whitey will wake up someday and find out about their  
Uncle Thomas of jazz.

Thursday Oct. 26th

Nighttime righttime jazz time theatre marquee reads:

American Folk Blues Festival - it should have read (since there were no Hillbillies, Okies, Dave Van Ronks, etc) Black American Folk Blues Festival or Afroamerican Folk Blues Festival - audience young healthy looking folkniks and upper bohemians over thirty - Bukka White with steel guitar alone on stage representing me and all U.S.A. blacks - voicing for 30 million NICE colored people - masculine with heavy down home dialect - Memphis style git-tar strumming - coon can gestures - reminds me of my illiterate uncle who blew git-box when I was four and collected coins for him - Aberdeen Blues a masterpiece of Black Power!!!

Chicago group fronted by Lil' Walter who is a folknik favorite - Lil' Walt in his green sweater and pegged trousers blew his harmonica in his well known style - Mississippi Son House brought down the house -

Old black cats of black music never really age - their music keeps them alive and makes us all grow younger and hipper - Skip James, Hound Dog Taylor, Odie Payne, Dillard Crume were all 'good men, you can understand' (quoted from Skip James' Washington D. C. Hospital Blues) but Koko Taylor, a Bessie Smith shouting wailer, that only put-on a whitey accent to announce her tunes - sexually she turned all the men in the crowded auditorium on with her Rock Me Daddy Roll Me Until I Want No More (translation: Fuck me lover, fuck me until I want no more) Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry came on - no one had to worry - they cooked! a black club foot & black blind man made more musical sense in all honesty than whitey had ever dreamed of -

These two men are geniuses - Brownie McGhee guitarist and Sonny Terry harmonica player - both singers & natural swingers - Sonny sometimes blows Coltrane-like phrases or does phrases like Charlie Parker

Perhaps I should reverse that statement - Yeah I meant it the other way around - Afterall he is black daddy of them - To witness these two giants wail on that stage

before an almost completely white audience makes me as a black cat feel so proud that I could explode in sheer joy

What a pair of truths!

Went home filled with ecstatic black consciousness - up lifted - with hope - and love - I'd heard the message!

Friday Oct. 27th

Again Jazztime nighttime - Herbie Mann and his all black group - Vibist Roy Ayers playing well out of Milt Jackson's deep bag - Herbie with a weak flute tone plus over long solo -

But Herbie did inspire the group at times -

The experience of the night for me - guitarist Sonny Sharrock - first guitarist blowing the New 'Thang' avant-garde jazz - to describe his playing: he holds his guitar straight in front of him vertical

he rakes across the strings at times  
he doesn't play rhythm with the section  
he lays out as though he was a trumpet or saxophone -

He sounds a bit like Albert Ayler and yet...

He is unlike anything I have ever heard - too bad Herbie didnt give him more space to solo - he told me he just cut an album with Pharoah Saunders -

Man I cant wait to dig that - Sonny Sharrock is black - Afroamerican like all the other avant-garde mothers of value - he is an innovator -

Whitey will watch him, copy him and perhaps get rich performing his music - that is the plight of the black jazz innovator. Herbie Mann closed the set with an AfroCuban version of a John Lennon tune.

Intermission standees who paid only five shillings stood three deep - more young folks but still cannot see any hippies - perhaps they change clothing when they dig jazz - more blacks & browns at this concert - more beards too.

Monk! Thelonious SPHERE Monk - the surrealist of modern jazz - the Dadaist of traditional piano playing - Ruby My Dear first tune - Charlie Rouse not in good

form - having difficulty with his tenorsax reed - Monk leaves piano takes an elegant stroll around the stage - stands in the far left corner - in the shadows digging the group - returns takes out the tune - Quartet starts tune augmented now by Ray Copeland - Ray blowing Dizzy trumpet style - flugel & trumpet horns - Monk split from piano hurriedly - rushes around the stage and off and back again - mystery sweeps the audience - Monk whispers to the playing musicians - they whisper back - Monk left alone on stage - Dont Blame Me piano solo by His Hipness - surrealized truths - Jimmy Cleveland trombonist  
Phil Woods alto sax  
Johnny Griffin tenor sax augment the group -

#### Well You Neednt

Strong sound - all Monk - Griffin solos - holds his horn in a taking a pee position - blows great tuff-tenor solo -

Mysteriosa a Monk tune built on the chords of Whitey's Just Me, Just You standard ballad - Griffin is a Ray Charles of the tenorsax - a preacher - Jimmy Cleveland gets one solo - not too exciting - but Phil Woods takes advantage of his one solo spot -

Takes a hell of a wailing alto sax solo - marred at times by his Bird & Cannonball borrowing - Clark Terry comes on with his trumpet and plunger - Blue Monk -

Fine trumpet - excellent Monk pianistics - Monk is still a genius - he is still The Loneliest Monk in the world of music - Great sounds -

#### Saturday Oct. 28th

Arrived late I did - Jim Hall blowing his cool blue flame throwing guitar - sophisticated and beautiful - white but right!! Hall is in the category of white jazzmen like Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, Pee Wee Russell, Al Haig, Stan Getz etc -

White cats like these few have their own - they are parallel to the few black millionaires in the U.S.A. - rare!

George Benson next guitarist - Benson bopping all over the place - but he knows how not to turn up the amplifier - Pop-Rock guitarists TAKE NOTE!!

The guitar workshop did work - but nothing great happened - perhaps they should have borrowed Herbie Mann's guitar man Sonny Sharrock -

Intermission - lots a chicks on the scene - also plenty of the Third World Folks.

Sarah Vaughan and the Bob James trio backs her - first song a drag - too schmaltzy, too upperclass whitey - Sarah has always been my favorite ballad singer - I have dug her for more than twenty five years - she is fat now - she looks like a modern Bessie Smith - she is so sensual - even though she was wearing a drag shaped evening gown - on Foggy Day which she retitled A Rainy Day in London Town she was back in the jazz singing business - Sarah Vaughan doesnt copy musical instruments like many other mothers do - she uses her voice in the ways that no mechanical instrument could - she is great although her choice of material is sometimes whitey -

On Misty she was at her entertaining best

When I look at Sarah I am reminded of all those black U.S.A. soul sisters that I have left behind and been away from so long -

Too Long!!

Damn she sho' does look good, sound good, and bet feels good -

The audience I feel agreed with me - Sarah's is IT!

#### Sunday Oct. 29th First concert

Miles and Wayne at the mike discussing on their instruments - Miles Davis the quiet black volcano of explosive truth - Wayne Shorter a smooth Trane - Herbie Hancock pianist black impressionist - Ron Carter bass man and Tony Williams the youngest musician in the entire Expo '67 Festival and the best drummer - All of Miles Davis solos this night were 'fantabulous' - Miles blew only open horn although his harmon mute rested on the piano - after each solo Miles like Monk stalks around the stage sets - stands in the left

corner also - group played many of Waynes original tunes - Miles takes breath taking astronomic solos - blazing cadenzas - fast statements of anger - suspenseful  
telling a story - audience is the best yet - Minister Miles quietly turns the British jazz fans on -  
Second half after intermission - Jimmy Garrison - surprise - unannounced replacement for Charlie Haden - great Coltrane bassist - ten minutes solo alone - joined by Beaver drummer Harris who came to Europe last year with Albert Ayler - Grachen Moncur III black trombonist -  
Rudd blows his own thing - his is a white rarity in modern jazz - Rudd is great - finally on stage comes Archie Shepp - attired in an African blouse and cap - Archie stalks around like an elephant - strong tone strong statements strong long solo - Archie Shepp is not only a tenorsaxman but writes poetry and articles about Third World folks - he is the ultimate of what Black Power means - his art liberates and brings joy - to some it scares the HELL out of them - not only whitey but blacky too! - Archie's music is a demanding music - he takes over all of one's emotions when he blows - he never compromises -  
After fifteen minutes the audience was frightened, overjoyed, or angry - I was approached by an angry West Indian -  
He demanded that I should give him the price of his ticket back - since I seem to enjoy that 'horrible noise' - I ignored his brain washed or ignorant attitude - but why did he pick me to demand money from? - Archie and his group built up their sound like Coltrane's Meditation or Ascension - black wave after black waves of sound poured forth from the stage - the audience couldn't escape - they were drowning in sound - those like myself were caught up in the pleasure - the spiritual rejoicing - Archie Shepp's group destroyed all that the British jazz establishment has thought that jazz was - they brought home the truth that: whitey does not really KNOW his niggers - they think that they KNOW what niggers are up to - Archie Shepp's impact on the audience was similar to Stokely Carmichael's impact on the London audience

at the Roundhouse last summer

Freedom! Freedom! Now! Now! - I could hear the music saying - I am free!

After forty five minutes of continuous marvellous conjuring the group broke into a popular ballad The Shadow of Your Smile - played sly, cunningly and with guerilla like deception - audience, after being scared shitless, welcomes the breath-of-air let-up - But Archie resumes the attack upon their preconceived ideas of 'knowing where its AT' - Archie's tenor is like an elephant trunk - roaring like a lion - or the A-Train in Harlem's belly - many whites cannot take any more - pale, red, and disturbed faces rush out of the auditorium - someone shouts: Go Home! to Archie's group - that's just it Archie Shepp's music is home - it is like the blackman in the U.S.A. today - the poor blackman - the blackman like me!

Archie Shepp finished the set off by falling into a circus tune - just to remind whitey what he thought of their musical taste - whitey of course ate this portion of jivery up - with that bit done Archie's group left the stage with the audience shouting for more and some unhip ones yelling boo's -

Backstage everyone was congratulating Archie's group - photographers took pictures and true diggers of jazz asked for autographs - Roswell Rudd is white and right - he is the John Brown of the New Black Wave - He is right down front with the niggers - he paid his dues and is still paying them!

A group of Africans waited to embrace and shake Archie's hands - they felt he'd told their story - in fact he had - he had covered the situation - with his music - Vietnam, Detroit, Johannesburg, Sydney, Moscow, Salisbury and too London - with blinding beauty of black jazz music - he'd freed us and scared the oppressors

The niggers were surely restless that night, yeah restless!

Second Concert Sunday Oct. 29th

Miles Davis group again starting - highlight Round Bout Midnight stated by open horn Miles - followed by Wayne only this time Round Bout Midnight is played up tempo - Herbie Hancock playing with much more force than last concert (perhaps Archie Shepp influence?) - Tony is just the best young drummer there is - he constantly steals the show - Miles blues a masterpiece - heavy rubato tone - sharp as Swedish razorblade is His Hipness Miles - best dressed man in jazz

#### Intermission second half

Garrison again arco bass solo - joined by Beaver the eternal pace setting drummer - steady and untiring - Rudd comes on like a boxer - plunging, jabbing, ducking and showing his trombone with its bent bell -

He blew better than Grachen (and many other brothers) - Beaver bombarding the audience with drums - Archie falls in screaming - audience feelings hurt - insults shouted from the audience - Archie and group ignore them and continue doing their thing - hassles start in the audience - police, I mean constables running around in the back of the theatre like Keystone fuzz -

The whole scene is beautiful - every thing is marvelous - Archie Shepp is a seer - a black seer like Maldoror - He used the same format and closed with the circus march ditty - the crowd is in an uproar - some have grown to love his music - he has sorta liberated some of them from their guilt (For the moment!) - they scream for him to come back - but he cannot - the show is over - but the truth lingers on - I and black others rush in the dressing room and kiss him - thanking him and his group.

#### ROTTERDAM HOLLAND DOELEN CONCERTGEBOUW MONDAY Oct. 30th

I arrive out of breath in Holland rushing to the hall to hear the sounds that have been so uplifting in London - hoping that they would be just as great or greater here in Holland - they were! fabulous Miles Davis group played excellent and free form - Archie Shepp attired

in different African robe and cap came on stage like a freed black panther - he leaped at the microphone - his sax abused the Dutch jazz fans ears - they had never experienced anything like Archie Shepp's music in person before - they re-acted almost like the British but didnt walk out - they sat through it all and some uncool students of jazz threw paper wads and booed -

But Archie and the group just took care of jazz business - they wailed the truth -

Not since Albert Ayler's group have I witnessed the mass hysteria in Holland -

In the finale they gave Archie Shepp group a standing ovation -

He had to take a curtain call and ask them to go home - they wanted more - they had felt the truth - they had heard the beauty - had fallen under the sorcerer's spell - backstage I placed a black African gri-gri around Archie Shepp's neck - I had last placed a gri-gri around another sorcerer's black neck: Stokely Carmichael!

These blacks, these young black sorcerers tell whitey jazz truth - they are not leaders - they are music spokesmen - poets - and you know you have nothing to fear from the poet

but the truth!!

POEMS

## AFRICA

Africa I guard your memory  
Africa you are in me  
My future is your future  
Your wounds are my wounds  
The funky blues I cook  
    are black like you - Africa  
Africa my motherland  
America is my fatherland  
although I did not choose it to be  
Africa you alone can make me free  
Africa where the rhinos roam  
Where I learned to swing  
before America became my home  
Not like a monkey but in my soul  
Africa you are the rich with natural gold  
Africa I live and study for thee  
And through you I shall be free  
Someday I'll come back and see  
Land of my mothers, where a black god  
    made me  
My Africa, your Africa, a free continent  
    to be

JAZZ IS.....

dedicated to Cecil Taylor

a SCREAM/ can scare/ awake or shake one UP!!  
to joy's highest pitch/ forth deep into fathoms where/ boss  
bass sounds rumble/ round riffs repeat rhythms/ there.....  
a SHOUT is whats/ thats about/ jive or groove/ right on  
across the bridge/ work and rework them changes/ catch  
this bit/ here not steady/ READY? accidently fell in  
and out of those fast changing bars/ discovering and  
uncovering/ dare a devil phrases/ skipping the last  
measure at last minute/ plenty plenty soul stirred down in  
it in it in it/ git up git up/ let up off that there clicks/  
away heres what I gotta say/ forcing fierce fragments/  
out side of me into machine voice/ tearing away its  
mathematics of so-call so-believed and preached music/  
a moan may cause tears/ reminds or just shatters/ the  
mask is down on its knees/ now to disguise the non melody  
in me/ out of me/ free/ glad to be/ keep in touch with  
your axe/ truth streaming across the earth/ worming its  
way/ out beyond the seas/ mountains/ fields/ and grave-  
yard giggles/ sad at first burst/ bigger blacker blacks  
to be had/ biggest barriers broken/ sound pounding is  
swings/ let freedom swing one more again/ bright  
explosions hammer human hang-ups dark moods massage  
the guilt/ gas leak of pleasure/ marvelous images  
surround/ brain tissues/ discarding manmade forbidden  
issues/ these beats blending and bending/ back to black/  
and forth to forward march/ beats heat increased/ to  
arouse whats really there/ down inside/ soul sacks/ a  
black sound/ a BLACK SOUND/ leaps/ or glides/ into the  
ear/ of the digger (a listner who stirs) and like water and  
air/ Jazz is.....

good for the soul

TO BE WHAT IS NOT TO BE

IF

WHEN

WHY

IF  
WHAT  
WHERE

IF

WHO WAS

THEN

WHY

WHEN

IF

WHERE

WHAT

IF

WHO

WERE

THERE

W A S

jamestown 1619  
 virginia 1619  
 the good ship jesus 1619  
 twenty strong black men sold 1619  
 not for very much 1619  
 by the christian dutch 1619  
 who still love gold 1619  
 stolen black diamonds 1619  
 afrikaaners kaffir keepers 1619  
 calvinist klompen (usa valet) 1619 florins  
 imperialist shell oil-sold out scene 1619  
 lowland 1619  
 netherland 1619  
 holland 1619  
 zwarte piet 1619  
 suriname no power 1619  
 zwarte piet noel 1619  
 A--aruba 1619  
 B--bonaire 1619  
 C--curacao  
 zwarte piet 1619  
 NIET MEER ZWARTE PIET! MAAR ZWARTE MACHT!!  
 this is 1969 not 1619!!!

## BLACK NAILED FETISH PRAYER

A black curse of butterballs  
 A black spell of steel apple dreams  
 A black mental sickness that lasts long  
     between their brainless legs  
     rotting their Spanish priests' nostrils  
     before Easter, Christmas, and All Saints' Day

I stand again before you  
     this time with my angel of everything  
     ready for my anything  
     a surrealist soul/ sister  
     a smiling beauty beyond the walls of Western ways and  
     means

I bring her to you  
     place her in your mirror eye view  
     an aardvark, has she discovered through Malcolm X?  
     and now, a pangolin through me and you?

I bathe her in black art's mysterious waters  
     the depth is unquestionably deep  
     bottled serpents of Africa  
     twist like a kink from my hair as she passes  
     especially with its parental praises of "saving Africa"

Black fetish, encrusted with your many  
     nails, knife blades, shivs, etc  
     Protect us in our quest  
     remove evil obstacles in our path  
     We are not 'Just any black men'.

## EGO-SIPPI

i've leaned against the TOWER OF PISA took a piss in the  
LOUVRE and laughed at BERLIN in ruins NOW i read  
my poem in 'SIPPI  
i've slept between the paws of the SPHINX wept with joy  
at seeing the PYRAMIDS and crossed the SAHARA twice  
(alone/stoned/& feeling nice)  
NOW I read my poem in 'Sippi  
i've lived at TIMBUCTOO/TANGIER/HARLEM/ & HAARLEM  
HOLLAND too double crossed the Atlantic which i shall  
rename THE AFRICAN OCEAN blue  
NOW I read my poem in 'Sippi  
and allyall know thats saying a lot

## BANG BABY BANG

Hey policeman! Why do you carry a gun? to shoot me in the  
back if I start to run... or is it because you are a frightened  
man?  
Do you go to bed with your woman  
with your gun in your hand?  
Hey policeman why do you carry a gun? to kill us off if we  
don't obey to mass murder us the legal way... or is it  
cause you're a uniformed criminal  
and for you crime does pay?  
Tell us policemen why do you all carry guns?  
can't you enforce the law without a gun  
are you afraid of the public, thus need one  
does a gun give you power of life and death?  
Okay policeman I'll carry a gun myself  
I'll carry a gun to protect me from you  
so when we dispute/we both will know/ exactly what  
to do  
Bang baby bang!

## THE BLACK JAZZ SMILE

to lift up my horn & face the music  
those black dots with white mathematical tails  
to blow my soul through a white man's machine  
& then allow white critic to tell me  
what I blew  
was either  
Left (over)  
Right (white)  
or wrong (black song!)  
to bare my self before an uncool scene  
thus allowing millions to nourish &  
steal from me  
without me  
receiving compensation, celebration  
or fair explanation  
Western World's way: EXPLOITATION  
So to be a black jazz man & blowing an honest stick  
(big masculine bag avoiding the faggot's trick)  
is to be putdown  
face the frowns  
& be starved by white power's clowns  
When he the blackman smiles in jazz  
look for the sadness in his eyes

## ALL WHITE ON EUROPE SIXTY NINE WESTERN FRONT

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING  
EVERYWHERE IN EUROPE  
OF BEING DEAD  
OF FAST DYING  
THERE ARE THOSE CHERISHED TRADITIONS  
RESPECTED BY EVERYBODY  
EUROPEAN  
WITHOUT QUESTION  
THEY STAND AS TOMBSTONES  
FOR EUROPEANS  
LIKE AMERICAN WESTERN FILMS  
FOR THEY WERE BUILT ON BLOOD  
FOR FUTURE IMPERIALISTS TO GLORY AND FLOW  
ON  
I AM SURPRISED NOT TO SEE  
A GIANT STATUE  
OF HITLER  
IN PARIS OSLO OR DACHAU  
THIS IS A CEMETERY CONTINENT  
WHERE THEY NOW INTEGRATE EVERY/THING/  
WHERE & BODY  
INTO EUROPE'S INEVITABLE  
BORING SLOW  
DEATH  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
ABOUT EUROPE  
EVERYTHING EUROPEAN  
THAT ISNT YOUNG OR  
REVOLUTIONARY  
THAT ONE CAN CALL  
DEATH

## HAIRY WARNING

to Michael X of Britain

With your exploding East African hair  
thrusting upward from your Bakota head  
like hardwood rain forest trees  
that European false belly boats  
kidnap daily from  
black Africa

With your blooming marabout beard  
made of detonator's wires of Mozambique  
black guerrillas as numerous as mosquitoes  
deadly rendering stings

For white Portugal

Hairy mask framing face of soul  
maumau and Miles Davis manners  
taunting your Imperialist tormentors  
here in blind white fog  
of London

Hairs of hate grow grey in Britain

Where bulldogs still growls or grins  
two sided pubs, two classes on train, facial doubles  
Oh Michael X - my brother - the two sides  
Black hairy heathens must battle  
Britain is blind to your wild sad savage eyes  
thus making you choke your naked white queen  
that fucks you as a hip favor  
'One must dig deep with a spade' - Africa  
shouts - 'or the hole, will be Sir Charley's grave'!

## PUBLIC WHITE PROBLEM

London is not  
really or surreally  
"the place"  
and foggy yet  
due to  
an awful  
"although"  
it was the place  
where our lashing tongue  
love almost came crashing down  
around our pink and brown  
in love heads

London is not the swinging place  
for the interracial newly weds

## GOOD GLORY

to Hoyt Fuller, editor

IF HE  
SAID OF ME  
".....AS FREE AS A MAN  
IS LIKELY TO BE....."  
THEN TAKE NOTE YALL  
MY CHOSEN ONES/MY CLOSE ONES  
MY COMPANIONS/MY FRIENDS  
I DO NOT  
ALLOW THE TERRORS  
OF UNCERTAINESS/PRECARIOUSNESS/  
AND INFERIORITY  
TO LATCH ON TO ME  
HANG ME UP  
MAKE ME CRY  
IF HE  
SAID THAT OF ME  
".....AS FREE AS A MAN  
IS LIKELY TO BE....."  
THEN WHY SHOULD I  
MAKE HIM SEEM TO LIE?  
A M E R I C A ?

## I ASK HARLEM

Harlem they say you're a raggidy slave gal Harlem they  
say

Harlem they say you're a big strong hustling sweaty pal  
Harlem they say

Harlem you've been robbed, worked, torndown, and jerked  
al-most to death!

When Whitey used to get his difficult hard-on-to-you Harlem

Then they called you 'the city within a city' filled with  
unfortunates whom nobody cared  
or pitied Ol' Harlem

Harlem you will survive remain alive & creatively arrive  
in spite of white renewal or  
previewed renovations

Harlem you said 'Gimme dat wine', 'Hey-baba-rebop',  
'Sock it to me', and Stomped at  
the Savoy' while shouting  
'BLACK POWER'

You Harlem, I ask you Harlem, to say it loud:  
HARLEM IS BLACK and I'm proud

Say it loud: 'HARLEM IS BLACK and I'm proud' 'HARLEM'S

BLACK and I'm proud'

A COLD

WHY 'BAD' COLD  
WHY NOT SAY 'GLAD' COLD  
WHY NOT, BETTER STILL 'A GOOD COLD'  
WHY NOT, YET IF YOU WILL, FOR A BEST DESCRIPTION OF YOUR MISERABLE CONDITION  
SAY: 'I HAVE A WHITE COLD!'

MAU MAU MESSAGE TO LIBERALS

IF YOU AINT THE ENEMY  
ALTHOUGH YOU LOOK LIKE THE ENEMY  
WORK ALONG SIDE THE ENEMY  
AND SOME OF YOUR RELATIVES ARE ENEMY  
AND YOUR ENEMY FRIENDS WITH THEIR BLATANT  
ENEMY POSITIONS DOING EVERYDAY  
ENEMY ACTIONS TO US  
DO NOT ATTACK SISTER SOUL AND BROTHER BLACK  
BECAUSE THEY HATE AND BATTLE THE ENEMY  
THAT ENEMY THAT LOOKS LIKE YOU  
WHOM DAILY RIDES THEIR ENSLAVED BLACK BACKS

IT ALL DEPENDS

What are  
white  
women  
between the  
sad/bad  
tried & tired  
ages  
made of.....?

meat & bone  
in heavy masses  
or tubercular  
bitches  
with flat asses

what are  
they made out of.....?

money first  
& madness last  
cigarette tar  
smiles that  
scar  
hair spray  
to make stringy hair stay  
hair dye  
to be young or look-a-lie  
cold cream  
to be something they seem  
makeup base  
trying to mask a mental ugly face  
rouge/powder/eye shadow/eye liner/  
false eyelashes/ and tons of tube lipstick  
(they loud talk so much  
their lips never do get stuck  
it would be great if they would lipstick  
but no luck)  
nail polish/false nails/hand lotion  
and any other gimmick  
that is commercially set in motion

they buy these lies  
on a whim or notion  
what falsities  
that white  
women paint on/paste on/strap on/pin on/  
and mentally or physically (or both)  
depend upon  
could fill an awesome unnatural ocean

so what  
black  
women  
between the  
white fashions  
and natural sensations  
want to give tribute  
to made up women  
by the art  
of imitation?

## ENTRAILS

Insomuch that you will not ever.....  
Insomuch that you will never.....  
Insomuch that you would rather.....  
    cry barrels of blood  
    bleed plastic bags of snot  
vomit various piles of  
undigested artificial  
foods fill the forests of vast valleys  
with bowel filth join rectums! defecate rivelets for  
mangy pink rats to bath their diseased offsprings in  
Inasmuch that these hideous offerings are now  
    advertised on War Street Shock Change  
    'ALL THE FILTH FIT TO FART!' (all the evil rot to  
    destroy  
    the heart) Insomuch that you refuse nature/the natural/  
    the fresh/the primitive/proven spiritual fact I offer  
you this America this man-made entrail attack

## U.S. CITY TITTY

to James Forman

WHITE CITY WITH BLACK SHADOWS  
BOTH GOING CRAZY TOGETHER  
BLACK CITY WITH WHITE SHADOWS  
BOTH G O N E C R A Z Y A P A R T

## THE CORRECT WORD

The correct word  
at the correct time  
calculated to explode  
inside of the target's brain  
is the right way  
to write/read/or recite  
revolutionary poetry

## THE SAX BIT

This poem is  
just a poem of  
thanks

This bent metal serpent / holy horn with lids like beer  
mug / with phallic tail why did they invent you  
before Coleman Hawkins was born ?

This curved shiney tune gut / hanging lynched like / J  
shaped initial of jazz / wordless without a reed when  
Coleman Hawkins first fondled it / kissed it with Black  
sound did Congo blood sucking Belges frown ?

This tenor / alto / bass / baritone / soprano / moan / cry &  
shout-a-phone ! sex-oh-phone / tell-it-like-damn-  
sho-isa-phone ! What tremors ran through Adolphe  
Saxe the day Bean grabbed his ax ?

This golden mine of a million marvelous sounds / black  
notes with myriad shadows / or empty crooked tube of  
technical white poor-formance / calculated keys that  
never unlock soul doors / white man made machine saved  
from zero by Coleman Hawkins !

This saxophone salvation / modern gri gri hanging from  
jazzmen's necks placed there by Coleman Hawkins  
a full body & soul sorcerer whose spirit dwells eternally  
in every saxophone NOW and all those sound-a-phones  
to be

## THE 'LEFT-OVERS' OF EUROPE

HERE OVERTHERE WHERE THEY USED TO SEND  
DOUGHBOYS THOSE 'FARTING 69 SOLJEERS' HERE  
NOW 1969 THEY HAVE MORE DOUGH THAN  
BAKERIES AND BANKS  
EUROPE AGAIN STRIVING UP THEIR IMPERIALISTIC  
WHITE-ONLY TOP TEN LADDER PUTTING DOWN  
THE USA EVERY STEP OF THEIR UPWARD  
NEO-COLONIALISTS WAY UPWARD THEY CLIMB  
ROBBING AND REELING PROMISES TOKENS WHILE  
THEY CONTINUE STEALING CRYING CROCODILE NATO  
MONSOON TEARS FOR VIETNAM PRETENDING  
TO WORK TOWARDS ITS ENDING THUS OFFENDING  
THEIR RICH SAVIOR UNCLE SAM BUT FAIL TO  
BLOW UP OR DOWN ONE AMERICAN EXPRESSES  
IN MEMORY OF FOUR BLACK CHILDREN MURDERED  
IN ALABAM SUNDAY SCHOOL DRESSES  
EUROPE'S YOUTH GETS HEADLINES GALORE  
AND YET NOT ONE HAS FIRED A REVOLUTIONARY  
GUN AT THEIR WELL KNOWN ENEMY NOT EVEN  
FOR FUN BUT THEY DO BUY AMERICAN FLAGS TO  
BURN (WHEN WILL EUROPEAN ACTIVIST LEFT LEARN)  
NO BODY OF THE USA CARES IF EUROPEANS  
BURN A FLAG A DAY WHAT THOSE LEFT-OVERS  
GOT TO DO IS SET FIRE TO A TOURIST AMERICAN  
JUST LIKE YOU!

## SURREALLY HUNGRY

Black eyed peas big as elephants  
pinto beans bright as diamonds  
rice raining from the skies  
biscuits soft as clouds  
I sat upside up on an overturned pancake wondering were  
U.S. whites white and proud  
did they say it loud - out loud?

Black eyed peas spying across a womb  
pinto beans exploding under a broom  
rice racing over a locked door's transom  
I sat downward down wondering did  
U.S. whites call themselves tall, dark, and handsome  
If they did so : are turtles chitterling  
or double breasted tit beaters?

## SKY HIGH

New York  
(New Amsterdam)  
your tall  
cold grey  
buildings  
are still  
scraping sky  
tell us  
why  
do they  
represent  
tombstones  
to be  
lived in  
when  
roses dont  
rise  
very high  
toward  
a scraped  
sky  
in New  
Manhattan  
where  
plastics  
replaced  
silks and  
serious  
Old Amsterdam satin

## PAN AFRICAN

dedicated to Kwame Nkrumah

While all Africa is here in the sun  
Those African creative workers  
And those of the gun  
LET'S UNITE OUR EFFORTS / AS ONE!

To free every African  
To Free every African  
To free every African  
To Free every African  
To FRREEEE every African  
To FREEEEEEEE every African  
To FREEEEEEEEEEEE every African

Let's unite our forces as one  
Let's attack with African power  
Let's unite as one unite as one  
Let's attack with African Power  
AND GET THE JOB DONE!!!

MAHALIA JACKSON

Mahalia Jackson blackdignity big VOICE big SOUL  
encased in a BIG warm body clad in splendor clothing  
the best of the best glad rags of the West  
Mahalia Jackson piano & organ to anchor her song down  
beautiful woman hands clasped in prayer eyes closed  
to despair  
Mahalia Jackson mouth soft with song and voice range  
true  
Congo on stage in Brooklyn!  
Afro America's spirit mother Just A Close Of  
Walk With Thee Granted!! Let it be! Black Power Yes  
Lord Let it be! Mahalia Jackson Billie Holiday, Bessie  
Smith...! and that unknown mother taken in slavery  
as she screamed on the auction block when Whitey  
snatched  
her only baby away Mahalia Jackson greater than all  
her dignified humbleness always doing her best  
big mama of song spreading unrealized rumours of  
Christianity doing no wrong Mahalia Jackson on  
stage in a white low keyed light Congo caught on in  
Brooklyn this night

GOD BLAME AMERICA!!

America/Miss America is over paid, over fed, over  
stuffed and now over here!  
America/poets dont fasten their flies no more  
America/shoes can not be worn out on fingers  
America/Germany is just as strong as America under arms  
America/Mickey the Mouse is colored  
America/whiskey contains cigarette cancer  
America/I lick stamps on the wrong side  
America/nine to five aint forever, is it?  
America/your flip top box is showing  
America/your women sound like sex starved Donald Ducks  
America/the electric chair is too comfortable for your  
officials  
America/I do not want to be integrated into you  
America/I continue eating watermelons on TV for a fee  
America/Why do I scare thee when I attempt to live free?  
America/hot dogs cant be hamburgers much longer  
America/Jazz has won the youth of the world  
America/rhinoceroses are lonely in the zoos  
America/the ghosts of Indians haunt your family nightly?  
America/many of them aint really ready, are they?  
America/Kosher cats closed my contract to you  
America/screaming is still valid  
America/I do believe you're afraid  
America/Munchen maids dance black  
America/I sing Round Bout Midnight  
America/Your eyes are nervous  
America/your handshake's a fake  
America/your mask has slipped  
America/your whites arent hip  
America/their blues aint sad  
America/your image is bad  
America/surrender to the East! Forget the West! Go it  
alone, that's best!  
America can you hear me? America, did you hear what I  
said? America??  
(a voice) FUCK YOU!  
America/MAY I?

AN AFFAIR

MONEY MADE

LOVE

TO AMERICA

AMERICA

MARRIED MONEY

AT FIRST BITE

EARLY MORNING WARNING POEM

a bright spring day the dew drop dawn sleeps now the  
birds of all feathers frolic roosters crow suddenly  
shutters on windows open now flowers salute the sun  
warm beams kiss the early earth trees yawn lofty good  
mornings now fields of lazy oats wave hello world a  
dead lonely leaf falls to the ground a young lamb baas for  
breakfast near the red rose bush

ME MACHINE GUN GRENADES camouflaged in  
America suburbia with out CAR FARE LIBERATION  
FOR MY PEOPLE GUERILLA WAR FARE

## HARLEM POSTER

IN A POST OFFICE  
WHERE ONE BUYS STAMPS  
LICKS THEM  
STICKS THEM  
ON HASTY IMPORTANT LETTERS  
AND UNIMPORTANT CARDS  
THEY HAD PASTED  
A "WANTED" POSTER  
WHERE NOTICES  
FOR OPPORTUNITIES /JOBS /ETC  
WERE DISPLAYED  
THIS "WANTED" POSTER  
STUCK THERE  
PINNED THERE  
AMONGST GOVERNMENT OPENINGS  
WAS AN F. B. I.  
LAW AND ORDER LIE  
FOR A REVOLUTIONARY  
BROTHER  
AS INNOCENT  
AS I

## NO MO SPACE FOR TOMS

there out there in the underspace  
is a lake of octaves  
lunar keys float out there in the  
direction of harmonies  
Heard only by listeners  
with ears of years of Zanzibars  
legions of listeners out there  
empty pockets of space  
is nothing more than devoured cornbread  
Dedan Mikathi drove a Mau Mau train  
drove a Mau Mau train to victory  
there out there in British East  
is a musical moon of mountains  
revolutionary keys that unlock  
chains swifter than Cuban rum  
tribal dance of harmony harambee  
heard and heeded by guerillas  
with astra-cosmo tomorrows as Sun Ra  
an arkestra filled to the brim  
with sounds of vegetables  
columns of almost extinct colonialists  
entangled in tarantula webs of greed  
green back mambas strangle them  
there out there in the otherspace  
is the lakes of octobers  
deeper than distance  
traveled Tom time blasted away

a tear of sadness shed by the West  
to a vest pocket Tom he was

## ANSWERS

the reasons are as numerous as leaves on the pavement  
the cause is as plentiful as wet in a drop of water  
the whys are as bright as eyes of an African baby  
the wheres are as obvious as a church on Easter  
the whens come around fast as sister of time  
the how it will be done is the secret surprise  
the who is me and the who is you  
the what is, what for,  
the what to do  
is the  
spiritual action between me and guilty you!

## EN GARDE!

to Archie Shepp

They are banning together they are setting things aside  
for themselves

They are looking out only for themselves

They build destructive weapons together  
and the Third World knows who 'they' are

They are sinking together

They are stinking up the entire world

They are denying human rights to all non-whites

They bring death with their promises  
and the Third World watches who 'they' hire

They are screaming about 'population explosion'

They have built bigger bombs to cut us down

They are wearing a face of guilt and alcoholic frowns

They wave dollars across the troubled sky

thus the Third World rises, EN GARDE!!

and the Third World of action makes them die

en garde! my rainbow colored brothers! en garde! soul  
brothers! en garde!

## SOUL ON THE LAM

Well brother C whose expensive book I aint yet read  
whose image I aint seen those fay fathers of this  
un-united states have united to keep their appointed  
NATIONAL NIGGER NUISANCE in place they have  
forced you to go on the run they hunt you now with  
international computer and ghetto Uncle Tommy gun  
they thought that you brother E.C. could be over publicized  
and bought easily but you fooled their 'ramparts red  
blare' and spread Black T.C.B. everywhere now they  
want your hide causing you to hide in and out side of  
the scene At your cocktail party nearly all was white  
and only one Panther unleashed that night thats when you  
ran  
ran for real (?) President or just publicity time well  
spent but looking back and thinking hard twice  
arent these the same whitefolks that put your soul on  
ice?

## BLACK REPEATER

dedicated to all my children in what land they may be

REMEMBER THIS REMEMBER THAT AND DONT  
FORGET

THAT YOURE BLACK!

FORGET THIS FORGET THAT AND ALWAYS

REMEMBER

THAT YOURE BLACK

(repeat as many times as necessary)

## BRAINS

They are killing all the good guys  
what kind of movie is this?  
preachers/presidents/prime ministers/heroes/and even  
some of their own

They are shooting all the good guys  
in the head in their heads Bang! BANG!!

Because those who murder or have them assassinated  
are afraid of their brains

They are killing all the good guys

What kind of movie is this?

## ONE BLUE NOTE

when I was almost  
nine months unborn  
inside the belly  
under the breast  
under the maternity dress  
inside the vaginal cave  
doubled up womb deep  
inside my daddy's wife  
his steady laymate  
    his chick, his love life  
    my mother  
it was then I first knew  
Jazz was a black classical music  
that is created each time one blew TRUE

## BLACK TALENT

Yes he is good  
damn good and talented  
and all yall knows it !  
So... dont let him have to go to....  
dont allow him to starve and.....  
dont force him to.....  
dont make him ask them for.....  
dont ignore him until they turn you onto him

He's a Black talent/yours !  
he yearns for your support  
He yearns to earn from  
Black folks his own folks  
Help is what he pleads and needs!  
Cant you rich negroes????

## POEM WHY

what is a poem  
when a man is not free  
when a child cant eat  
when a woman cant bear fruit  
when fear and death lurk in the streets

what is a poem then

it is a sharp bolt of  
lightening that frees man  
it is a bowlful of red beans  
and rice in rhyme for child  
it is bouquet of praises  
that seduces and enchants  
a woman until she blossoms forth  
The poet's poem power prowls  
through the nasty neon streets  
demystifying death  
and replacing fear with courage  
that is what a poem is  
when the men arent free  
when children cant eat  
when women cant bear fruit  
and when fear and death  
lurk in streets  
that is the what  
that is the poem why

SIGNATURE is a new series of shorter works, distinguished by the highly personal and imaginative approach of the author to his subject. It comprises works of poetry and prose, fiction and non-fiction, and includes English, American, and translated texts.

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Signature 2  
OLT by Kenneth Gangemi novel

Signature 3  
THE CARNAL MYTH by Edward Dahlberg  
essay

Signature 4  
THE THEATRE AND ITS DOUBLE  
by Antonin Artaud essays

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SHARDS by Nick Rawson prose poem

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A BLACK MANIFESTO IN  
JAZZ POETRY AND PROSE by Ted Joans

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