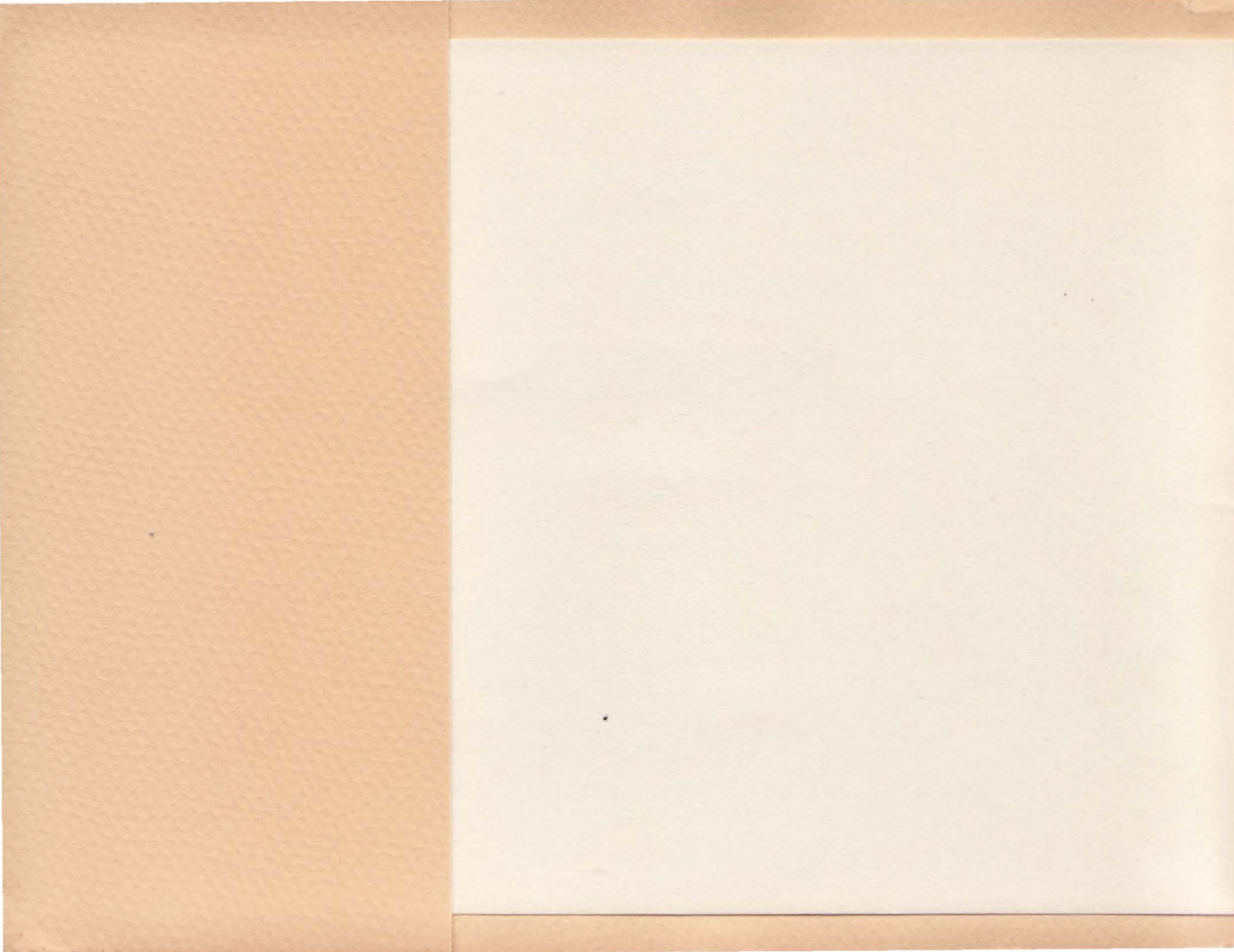


AM/TRAK

Amiri Baraka



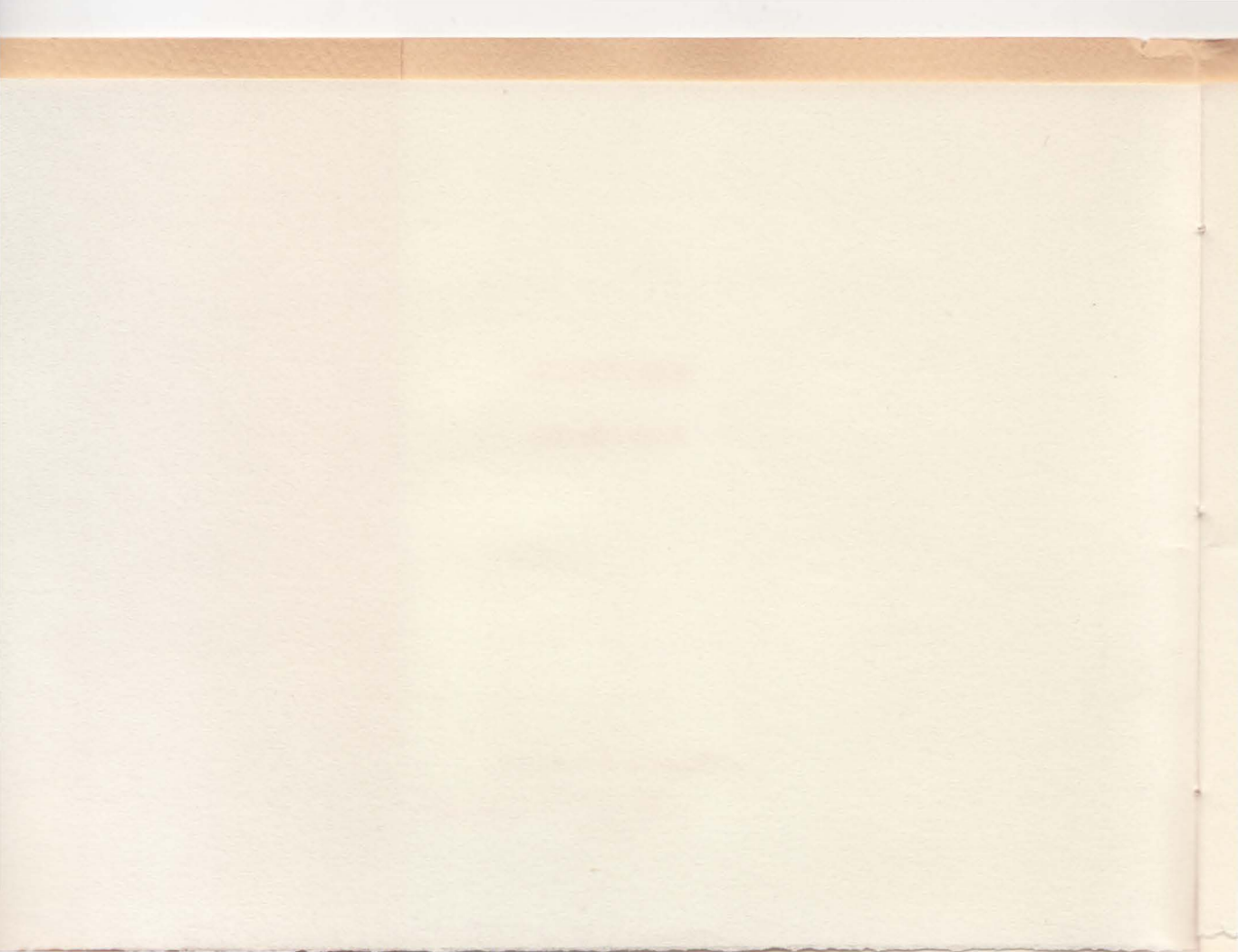
ANTRAX

Ames Books

Piccolo Bookshop

New York

1977



AM/TRAK

Amiri Baraka

Phoenix Bookshop
New York
1979

AMIRAK

Amiri Baraka

Phoenix Bookshop

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Trane,
Trane,
History Love Scream Oh
Trane, Oh
Trane, Oh
Scream History Love
Trane

2

Begin on by a Philly night club
or the basement of a cullut chuhch
walk the bars my man for pay
honk the night lust of money
oh
blow —
scream history love
Rabbit, Cleanhead, Diz
Big Maybelle, Trees in the shining night forest

Oh
blow
love, history

Alcohol we submit to thee
3x's consume our lives
our livers quiver under yr poison hits
eyes roll back in stupidity

The navy, the lord, niggers,
the streets
all converge a shitty symphony
of screams

to come
dazzled invective

Honk Honk Honk, "I am here
to love
it". Let me be fire-mystery
air feeder beauty"

Honk

Oh
scream — Miles
comes.

Hip band alright
sum up life in the slick
street part of the
world, oh,
blow,
if you cd
nigger
man

Miles wd stand back and negative check
oh, he dug him — Trane
But Trane clawed at the limits of cool
slandered sanity
with his tryin to be born
raging
shit

Oh
blow,

yeh go do it
honk, scream

uhuh yeh — history

love

blue clipped moments

of intense feeling.

"Trane you blows too long".

Screaming niggers drop out yr solos

Bohemian nights, the "heavyweight champ"

smacked him

in the face

his eyes sagged like a spent

dick, hot vowels escaped the metal clone of his soul

fucking saxophone

tell us shit tell us tell us!

4

There was nothing left to do but

be where monk cd find him

that crazy

mother fucker

duh duh-duh duh-duh duh

duh duh

duh duh-duh duh-duh duh

duh duh

duh duh-duh duh-duh duh

duh duh

duh Duuuuuuuuhhhhhh

Can you play this shit? (Life asks

Come by and listen

& at the 5 Spot Bach, Mulatto ass Beethoven

& even Duke, who has given America its hip tongue

checked

checked

Trane stood and dug

Crazy monk's shit

Street gospel intellectual mystical survival codes

Intellectual street gospel funk modes

Tink a ling put downs of dumb shit

pink pink a cool bam groove note air breath

a why I'm here

a why I aint

& who is you - ha - you - ha - you - ha

Monk's shit
Blue Cooper 5 Spot
was the world busting
on piano bass drums & tenor

This was Coltrane's College. A Ph motherfuckin d
sitting at the feet, elbows
& funny grin
Of Master T Sphere
too cool to be a genius

he was instead
Theolonius
with Comrades Shadow
on tubs, lyric Wilbur
who hipped us to electric futures
& the monster with the horn.

5

From the endless sessions
money lord hovers oer us
capitalism beats our ass

dope & juice wont change it
Trane, blow, oh scream
yeh, anyway.

There then came down in the ugly streets of us
inside the head & tongue
of us

a man

black blower of the now

The vectors from all sources — slavery, renaissance
bop charlie parker,
nigger absolute super-sane screams against reality
course through him

AS SOUND!

“Yes, it says
this is now in you screaming
recognize the truth
recognize reality
& even check me (Trane)
who blows it
Yes it says
Yes &

Yes again Convulsive multi orgasmic

Art

Protest

& finally, brother, you took you were

(are we gathered to dig this?

electric wind find us finally

on red records of the history of ourselves)

The cadre came together

the inimitable 4 who blew the pulse of then, exact

The flame the confusion the love of

whatever the fuck there was

to love

Yes it says

blow, oh honk-scream (bahhhhhhh — wheeeeeeee)

(If Don Lee thinks I am imitating him in this poem,

this is only payback for his imitating me - we

are brothers, even if he is a backward cultural nationalist

motherfucker — Hey man only socialism brought by revolution

can win)

Trane was the spirit of the 60's
He was Malcolm X in New Super Bop Fire
Baaahhhh
Wheeeeeee . . . Black Art!!!

Love

History

On The Bar Tops of Philly
in the Monkish College of *Express*
in the cool Grottoes of Miles Davis Funnymimery

Be

Be

Be reality

Be reality alive in motion in flame to change (You Knew It!)
to change! !

(All you reactionaries listening
Fuck you, Kill you
get outta here! ! !)

Jimmy Garrison, bass, McCoy Tyner, piano, Captain Marvel Elvin
on drums, the number itself — the precise saying
all of it in it afire aflame talking saying being doing meaning

Meditations,

Expressions

A Love Supreme

(I lay in solitary confinement, July 67

Tanks rolling thru Newark

& whistled all I knew of Trane

my knowledge heartbeat

& he was *dead*

they

said.

And yet last night I played *Meditations*

& it told me what to do

Live, you crazy mother

fucker!

Live!

& organize

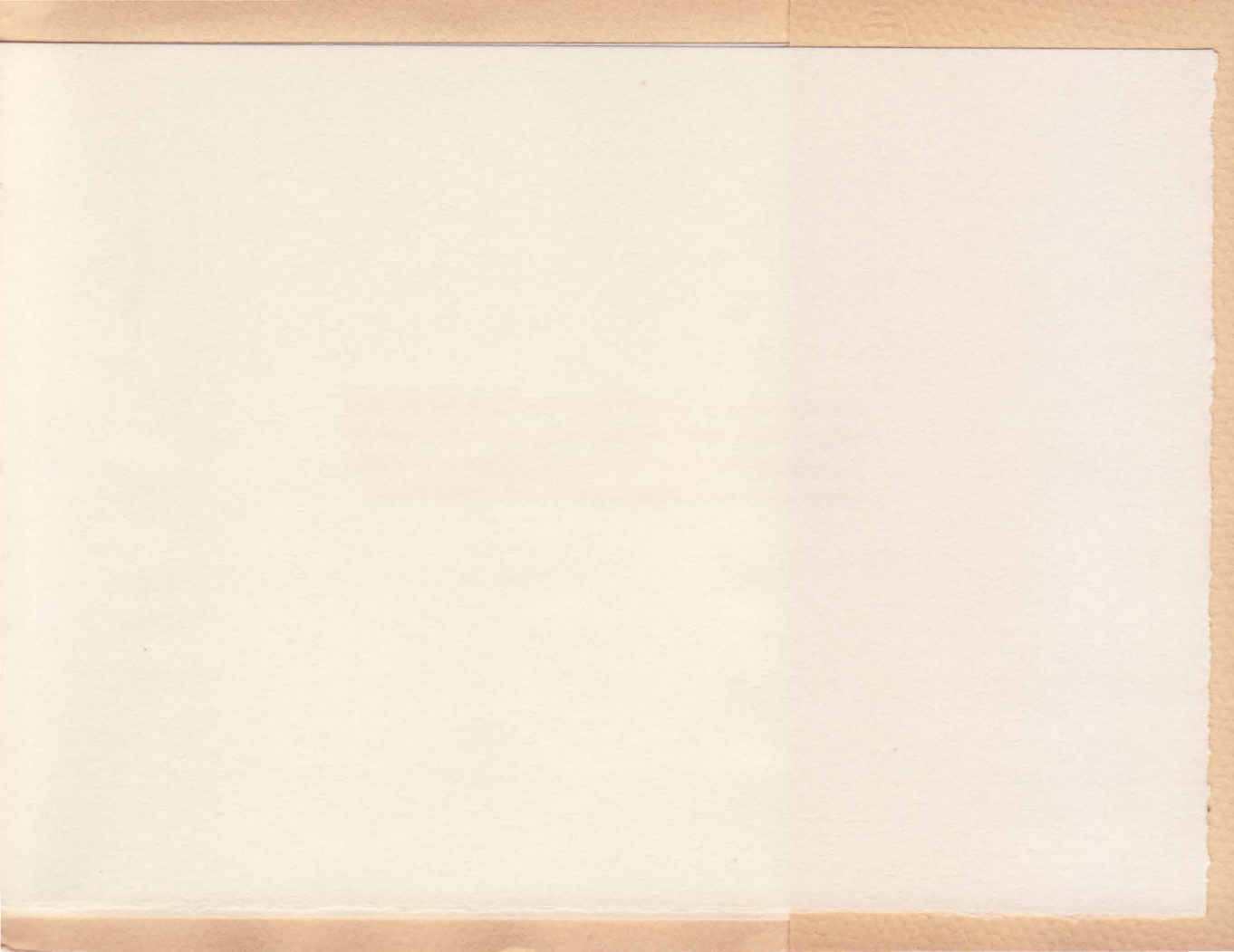
yr shit

as rightly

burning!

The first edition of "MATHS" is bound in leather and
contains 4 to 5 and the second edition contains
and again in the edition 1911 is 10 to 12 the second edition
being bound in leather and again in 1911 edition.

This first edition of AM/TRAK is limited to twenty-six copies lettered A to Z, not for sale, and one hundred copies numbered and signed by the author. This is No. 20 in the Phoenix Bookshop Oblong Octavo Series. Designed and printed at Nadja Editions.



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