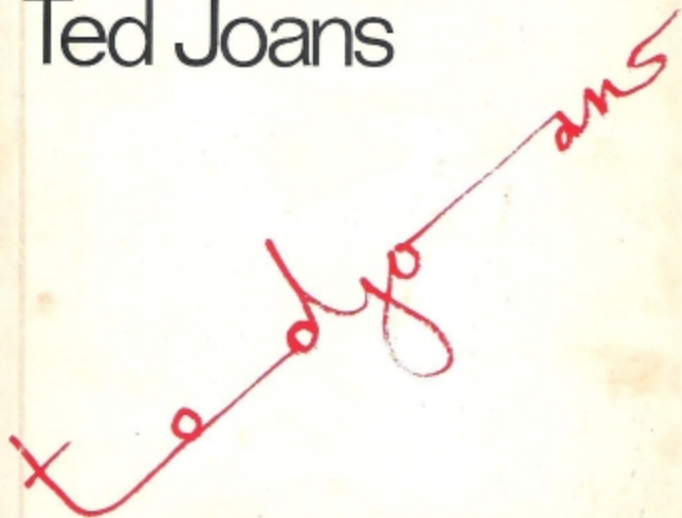


Signature 8

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

First published in Great Britain 1971
by Calder & Boyars Ltd
18 Brewer Street London W1

© Ted Joans, 1971

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ISBN 0 7145 0713 X cloth edition
ISBN 0 7145 0714 8 paper edition

Any paperback edition of this book whether published simultaneously with, or subsequent to, the hard bound edition is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of, without the publishers' consent, in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published.

Printed in Great Britain by
Latimer Trend & Co Ltd
Whitstable, Kent

PS
3860
02848

Dedicated
to
Charles 'Bird' Parker
and
Malcolm X

CONTENTS

PROPOSITION FOR A BLACK POWER MANIFESTO	9
JAZZ EXPO '67	37
POEMS	
Africa	53
Jazz is...	54
To be what is not to be	55
1619	56
Black Nailed Fetish Prayer	57
Ego-Sippi	58
Bang Baby Bang	59
The Black Jazz Smile	60
All White on Europe Sixty Nine Western Front	61
Hairy Warning	62
Public White Problem	63
Good Glory	64
I ask Harlem	65
A Cold	66
Mau Mau Message to Liberals	67
It All Depends	68
Entrails	70
U.S. City Titty	71
The Correct Word	72
The Sax Bit	73
The 'Left-Overs' of Europe	74
Surreally Hungry	75
Sky High	76
Pan African	77
Mahalia Jackson	78
God Blame America!!	79

An Affair	80
Early Morning Warning Poem	81
Harlem Poster	82
No Mo Space for Toms	83
Answers	85
En Garde!	86
Soul On The Lam	87
Black Repeater	88
Brains	89
One Blue Note	90
Black Talent	91
Poem Why	92

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
afterall 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 raggedy 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.

H.D.D.V.!

Disrupt the economy.

Deceive 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
 piano? 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 master-piece 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 astronautic solos - blazing cadenzas - fast statements of anger - suspense-ful

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 shoving 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? accidentally 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 robed, 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.

Signature 1
DARKER ENDS by Robert Nye poems

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

Signature 5
SHARDS by Nick Rawson prose poem

Signature 6
ENEMIES by Reinhard Lettau sketches

Signature 7
REFLECTIONS by Mark Insingel novel

Signature 8
A BLACK MANIFESTO IN
JAZZ POETRY AND PROSE by Ted Joans

Signature 9
LESSNESS by Samuel Beckett prose

Signature 10
STORIES FOR CHILDREN by Peter Bichsel
short stories

Signature 11

IMAGES OF AFRICA by Aidan Higgins
diaries

Signature 12

PRISON POEMS by Yuli Daniel poems

Signature 13

POLITICS AND LITERATURE

by Jean-Paul Sartre essays and interviews

