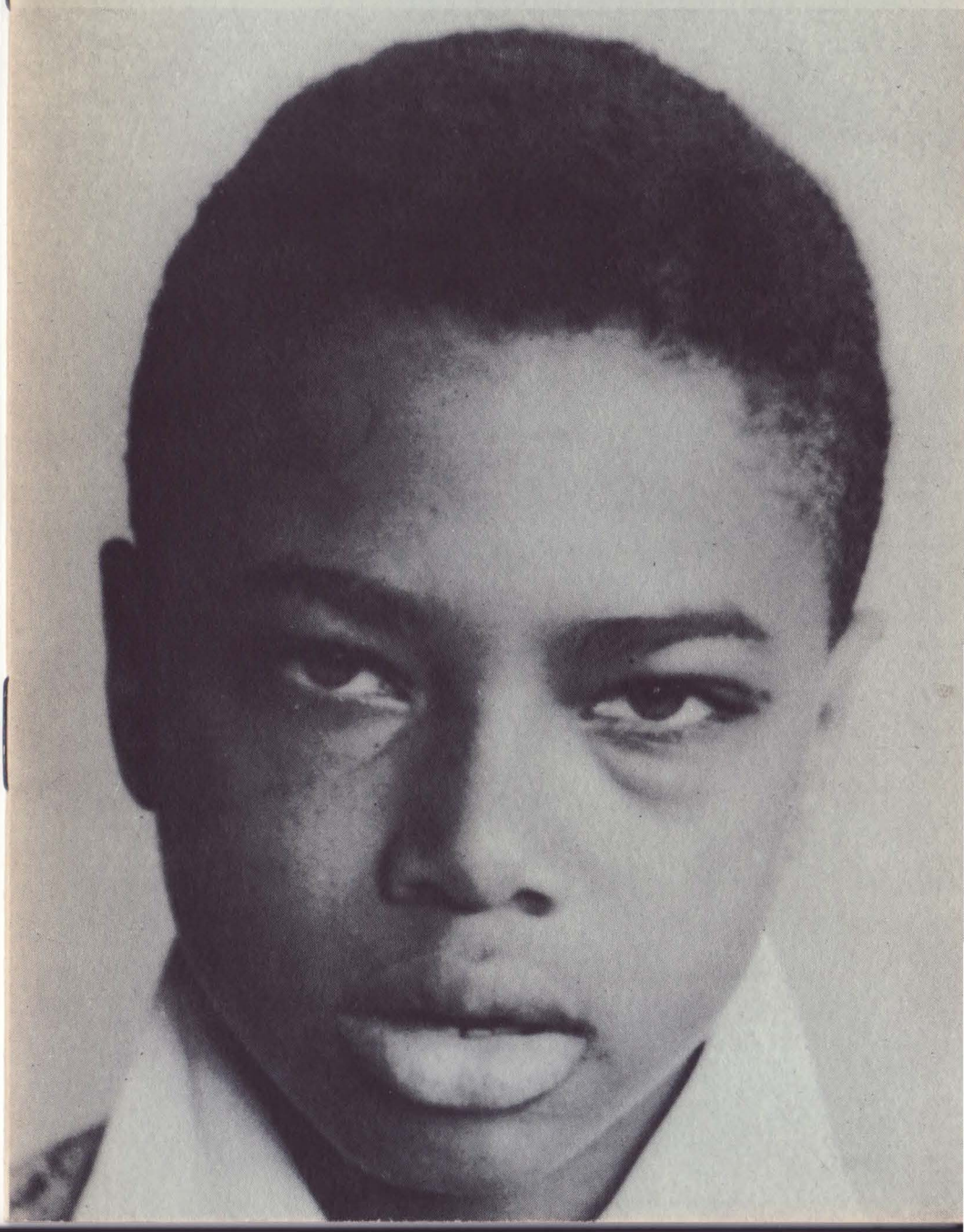




**Harold Carrington**

**Drive suite**



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**an idiom of Cecil Taylor**

**First edition**

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## I: a thousand pounds of ponder ...

icy regimentation  
it is a cold hard year / historic trompings ...  
icy regimentation wham / cymbal cymbal cymbal  
cymbal / wham  
... icy ... cold ... blue ... hard

another far and off in the distant (ricocheting husk of  
ivory) ... wham / cymbal  
/ wham / / / / / / / / / /  
/ / / and so on ad absurdum infinitum ...  
neolith vacuity ! din of arc and trench and eon !  
cymbal/wham - cymbal/wham - cymbal

### WHAM ...

the frail wall fails.  
the form lets loose, poco grows and  
water falls ... / kisha / kisha / kisha / kisha /  
kisha - wham  
wham wham  
wham wham  
wham wham wham wham  
wham wham  
wham wham  
wham  
wham  
wham wham ...

wham wham/cymbal  
cymbal/cymbal  
cymbal  
wham.

### CRUNCH

i think my head is stepped upon i think my eyes  
are frying eggs and the HOLY/sun is GOD/HOT as sperm ...  
i am in a jungle on a plain facing a manmouth full of long hair  
dribbling ivory teeth and thunder on the mesa / wham  
(cowboy - elephant)  
(... Ginsberg) (opium ...) shades of palaeontology !  
Theolonious Monk and cunt and a cave  
(a negroid spirit haunts the cave,  
into which the giant bull escapes or splits ...)

turns out to be volcanic.  
all must be erupted, turned about  
, destroyed ... without demolition  
without compendiums on the subject  
, torn at the ground at the roots and dis-  
mantled, frantic !

but careful  
, the beast is agitated ! fighting angry  
mad ! Tyrannosaurus roaring in its snout  
and miles of holocaust ... steaming diesel  
loco/locomotion

Lacawanna martyr of Cretaceous  
WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM  
WHAM WHAM  
cymbal / cymbal WHAM

space ... time ... suspension ... riff  
on a toad !

(unbegun ! the drummer is a school  
of young deception ... all nerves tense  
as a motor-car ... the frog is a frog  
in the world's throat, waiting cymbal)

wham !  
GOD SAY TADPOLE !  
GOD SAY FROG !  
GOD SAY goddamTOAD / cymbal  
WHAM ...

vertebrat ... unicellular  
, the molecules croak the dawn of time  
GOD SAY TADPOLE ... o k,  
god say moose and mythmoth, god say elephant  
schizoid hatrack simba morning meshach  
rootytot and abednego ...  
this is zeal of gospel,  
wham / cymbal / wham  
out of nowhere, the coagular,  
congealer and the protoprime, archetypal wham  
typical wham  
strenuousness in form  
that is now form WHAM  
cymbal wham.



( QUICKLY NOW all the big words I can think of !)

incomprehensible  
 callaesthetics  
 conundrum  
 brachycephalic  
 augmentation

(more)

casowary (ZONKS)  
 kangaroo (wham)  
 vibraharp (wham)  
 dissimulate (wham)

precipitous  
 (cymbal/wham)

tempestuous dromedary lackadaisical rotundity (wham)  
 protoplasmic-fellaheen-unconditional-proboscus-ontology-minuscular  
 (wham) ...

phenomenological/klackdoveedestine/amapola-poppy/phonetic-syzygy  
 wham ...

**WHAM WHAM WHAM**  
 cymbal WHAM cymbal WHAM WHAM

& leave it at that,

indestructable hot fort  
 with a moat-entry wall cymbal wham, cymbal

... wham.

## 2: sweet funk, the improbability

this is a delicate plant  
 about to be gotten with fruit  
 ... the pollen of poppy  
 billowing on the wake or tail of wind  
 , the twister subsiding, off  
 to the raw sea ...

a kitten mews for milk / like light ...

like light ...  
 it drizzles !  
 not a deluge but a deadly conceived  
 leak - (the Netherlands run for cover,  
 routine discipline) alluvial pattering  
 petering out ... the light  
 squeezes a plant face-up out of earth  
 whose black, warm and freshest mud is clay ...

my ribbed marimba clacking  
 like a felagha ... something hashy hovering, like light ...  
 the light

isn't light but shock !  
 a chance encounter  
 built towards  
 an astonishing slash of white  
**HOT/light.**

(listen: it's all torture !  
 an urge to rouse ! seduce !  
 get hard ! manifest ! make !  
 suppose ! ... even liberate ... more so  
 with a proposition before !  
 ... **FREEDOM's** a rack and growth  
 of torturous sweat !

only **FORM & ARREST**  
 is freeflight !)

O, light ...  
 when i first discovered the orchid  
 abloom in the box i faced fear !  
 what i'd said about form, about shape,  
 all destroyed - unfounded - shot !

(i want, actually, more than any shape in the world  
the formlessness to cause women weaknesses  
overwhelm them as they dance before me!  
very nearly naked  
... i want to copulate regularly, stupendous  
for an isolated hour ... and return to the warm bloom  
again in its guise of wife at home and marry her twice.

... but a delicate plant! her foliate lamala's tissue ...  
with magic and care and continuous shower of rain  
for its face / with light  
for its dimness of life ...  
cymbal/wham - like light ... )

### O, LIGHT !

i didn't know ! my wife cried for it !  
our friends joined hands and i saw  
for the first time all reason for worship  
flourished in a miraculous white form  
in the box at home / O, LIGHT ...

and we wept for the beauty of light  
and i tried to avoid this poem ...

### 3: Le Mans

deformation ! a cripple bats the breeze  
at le mans ! ferrari chromium blinding  
, a black bird, blacker than vultures, bawling ...  
a corridor in a distant canyon groans  
, alive in fossils — breathing, unbegun, delivered  
down from clay.

/ the camshaft hiccoughs  
... nervously, the carburator gassed, 22 gone off, the flag flapped,  
jet-propulsion wind swirling forced in the race  
under-way.

/ VAOOOOSSHHH ...

at Cannes festival of film  
we overheard / vush ...

Indianapolis saw the great  
Vukutitch murderously / vush ...

princess Grace of Monaco at  
the Italian Riviera / vush ...

Palisade Park rivals the old  
playland at Great Salt / vush ...

... come to Nassau in  
the Bahamas / vush ...

vush the ferrari / vush the mercedies / vush the porsche  
vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ...  
the whole conglomerated pushing steamed and piled-up mess  
into the deadly canyon of black fucking hairpins and  
brutal blind walls ...

(into the first, beyond it  
at the next ... a lizard screams  
as a racer runs it down ...

behind a wall at the third ...  
sound of passion ... something wheezing  
... smell of legend ... vush ...

the fourth and vush the fifth, a  
lion roaring in the road ...

the sixth is vush ... and vush ...  
... and vush,



## WHERE LURKS KRAKATOW

where lurks hot lava and  
primordial formless rock  
monstrosities ...)

vush !  
vush ! beetlebaum !  
... imponderable !

... .. wham ...

GOD say tadpole cymbal/wham GOD say frog ferrari/vush  
the porsche cymbal/wham ... wham / le mans GOD say toadstool / wham  
, GOD SAY WHAM !  
, GOD SAY WHAM !  
, GOD SAY WHAM !

the strata crumbles  
fish are fish and coalacanth out of New Zealand  
, O the Neanderthal of it all ... tumultuous ...  
the Ganges ... rape of the whole western  
mind ! cacaphony ! spontaneity ! obscenity !  
wham ...

(a buzzard with an evil dripping beak  
, ominous in the tortured cold, the clouds, a murder  
coming ... the brontosaurus bellows  
, slightly rhinoceros, armed to the teeth ...  
an earth quakes ... seismography shot and  
useless useless useless cymbal wham ...)

## SO QUICK THE SPACESUIT ! VUSH !

fantastic fast O, missile - vush !

O, flight-lightning, fling flang

flung into the soup of astrology.  
mythic man corrupts the sky with  
fiery constellations ... epi-  
sodes of stellar proportions ...  
whack / the stalagmite  
out of sagitarius falls ...  
(I AM A PISCES ! february stew O - wham)  
ameleorate the embryo -  
chickenitza - cassiopeia - marmaduke  
; astro  
; astro  
; so, astroautostellarsonia !

man, the volatile vapid  
matador, the bull of astronomy  
, snug in space, his elongevity  
is latitude

man, the consumer  
, man, the malignapoid ... anthropo-  
itic-itious, fool after fool the  
foolhardy, blob on a scanned-once scene of  
scream — the screened spleen

man

the friend, the celestial  
nebulous mar ! far off umble  
on a jupiter moon of an inch high  
pock-mark in a cosmos, man,  
the minutia, militia, allution  
hiccup of feeble minnow, man,  
the crapezoid ...

## MAN MUST MAKE THE MEASURE OF HIMSELF.

reverberator clattering ...  
spieling wham wham ... making wham  
the inconography of Rhodes and making wham  
the can of span out of spiced-hap / wham / spam

simple !  
complex !  
not unusual  
unholy  
unnatural and impossible

wham !

GOD SAY take of light what element to see  
GOD SAY see ! GOD SAY know ! GOD SAY imitate  
ME ... GOD say god SAYWHAMGODSAY cymbal/whAM !

wham(ie; funk or funkless flight  
, the core of the matter  
, être ! être ! tying  
-together, gestalt and  
vault, pole-vaulter ...)

wham(viz; wham wham wham  
wham / cymbal / wham  
cymbal cymbal wham ...  
cymbal wham  
... .. wham !)



99-2084

## Cecil Taylor

was born the 15th of March 1933, in New York, into what is known as 'a musical family'. He plays piano the way other people talk, and from the same age. He started composing when he was about seven, as a way of thinking. Composition and harmony at the NY College of Music and four years at the New England Conservatory came later. His earliest jobs as a musician were with Hot Lips Page and Johnny Hodges, in the 'fifties. His first engagement as leader of his own group followed in 1956, at the Five Spot - it lasted six weeks. In 1957 he appeared at the Newport Festival, but during the next five years he would find no more than thirty weeks' work as a musician. Taylor's uncompromising constructivist approach and his astonishing technical virtuosity combine to give his music a forbidding, unapproachable aspect - but once one has entered one of his cubes and become steeped in the iridescence that flows through and out, both the music and life itself become more manageable.

His followers do not have much chance of hearing Taylor live, but they are provided with a prestigious number of exceptionally varied recordings: Jazz advance (Transition) was recorded 14 September 1956 with Steve Lacy (sop sax), Buell Neidlinger (b), Dennis Charles (dms). Cecil Taylor at Newport (Verve) is one side only of a July 1957 recording with the same personnel (the other side has Gigi Gryce). Lookin' ahead! (Contemporary) was made 9 June 1958 in L.A. with Earl Griffith (vb) instead of Lacy - liner notes by Nat Hentoff. Hard driving jazz (United Artists) is also called Coltrane Time: made in N.Y. in '58, it has Coltrane, Kenny Dorham, Ted Kolick, Louis Hayes. Love for sale (United Artists) followed early in 1959, with just Neidlinger and Rudy Collins (dms), plus two horns on one side. The world of Cecil Taylor (Candid) has the old 'rhythm section' (the what?) plus Archie Shepp - it was made in N.Y., October 1960. Into the hot (Impulse) is the extraordinary 'Gil Evans' record which is in fact divided between Taylor and John Carisi - it is Taylor's first record with Jimmy Lyons (as) and Sunny Murray (dms). Live at the Café Montmartre (Fantasy) was made November 1962 in Copenhagen - four long numbers, with Lyons and Murray only. Nefertiti, the beautiful one has come (Debut), although released later, was recorded by the same combination at the same venue and date. Unit structures (Blue Note) of 19 May 1966, probably the best of all, features Eddie Stevens (tp), Lyons, Ken McIntyre, two basses and drums. Conquistador! (Blue Note), October '66, again has Henry Grimes and Alan Silva (b) with Andrew Cyrille (dms), plus Bill Dixon (tp) and Lyons. The jazz composer's orchestra (JCOA) features a Taylor composition with Taylor as soloist for all of two sides; it dates of June 1968.



# Harold Carrington



was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the later half of 1938, and spent all his life from the age of sixteen in various jails and reformatories: he was released on the 27th of July 1964, and died three days later of an overdose.

Such are the stark and meagre *res vitae* which record almost the whole of Harold 'Wine' Carrington's journey. Almost – for some things are left unsaid by these statistics: that he was a poet – that he had friends who still mourn his untimely and shocking departure – that he was alive – that he was human to the point of having a nickname.

He had started writing in jail, of course (he could hardly have started much earlier than that) and writing became his all-consuming passion – or perhaps the workable substitute for his all-consuming passion to live, which he had never been able to express and did not know how to express except occasionally, in drink or drug. Poetry became his monkey, he died 'of an overdose of New Jersey' – or so Ray Bremser thought, who had met and befriended Harold at Rahway prison when they were both inmates there in the early 'sixties. Ray became the guide, and he established contact with the outside world – with Walter Lowenfels and Diane DiPrima, who in their turn became Harold's main correspondents. The black establishment was not exactly willing to absorb the pent-up torrents of emotion that began to pour from 'Grimley's Hotel' (Mays Landing) and from Trenton State: both Langston Hughes and LeRoi Jones wrote fairly meaningless and empty encouragement (once) – but now at last Eugene Redmond, tireless editor of neglected (and dead) black poets, is establishing the corpus of Carrington's scattered work.

Still, seven years after his death, this is Harold's first book. It has been a hard choice, for there are several other possibles in that part of his output which I have inherited. There is 'O' ('poem under influence of Rochelle Owens, pictures under influence of me') which would have to be reproduced together with its phallic fantasy drawings. There are the haunting 'Variations for DiPrima' on the theme 'o lord it hurts me when I dies': the manuscript of this would make a book quite literally of 'writing on the wall'. There are, also, the marvellous 'home cookin' series and the prose sketches entitled '3 days 9' (in memory of his thirty-nine days of reformatory before going to Trenton). On another level, there is the long 'novel' which Walt Sheppard planned to publish as a supplement to his *Nickel Review*: printed in 50,000 copies, it was to be hawked in the streets at 5 cents a piece, to become the first 'underground' bestseller.

I finally chose *Drive Suite* both for its sheer virtuosity and as a tribute to the one interest we shared: Cecil Taylor's music.