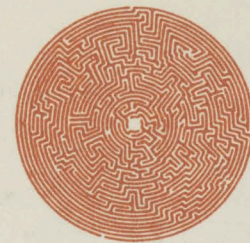


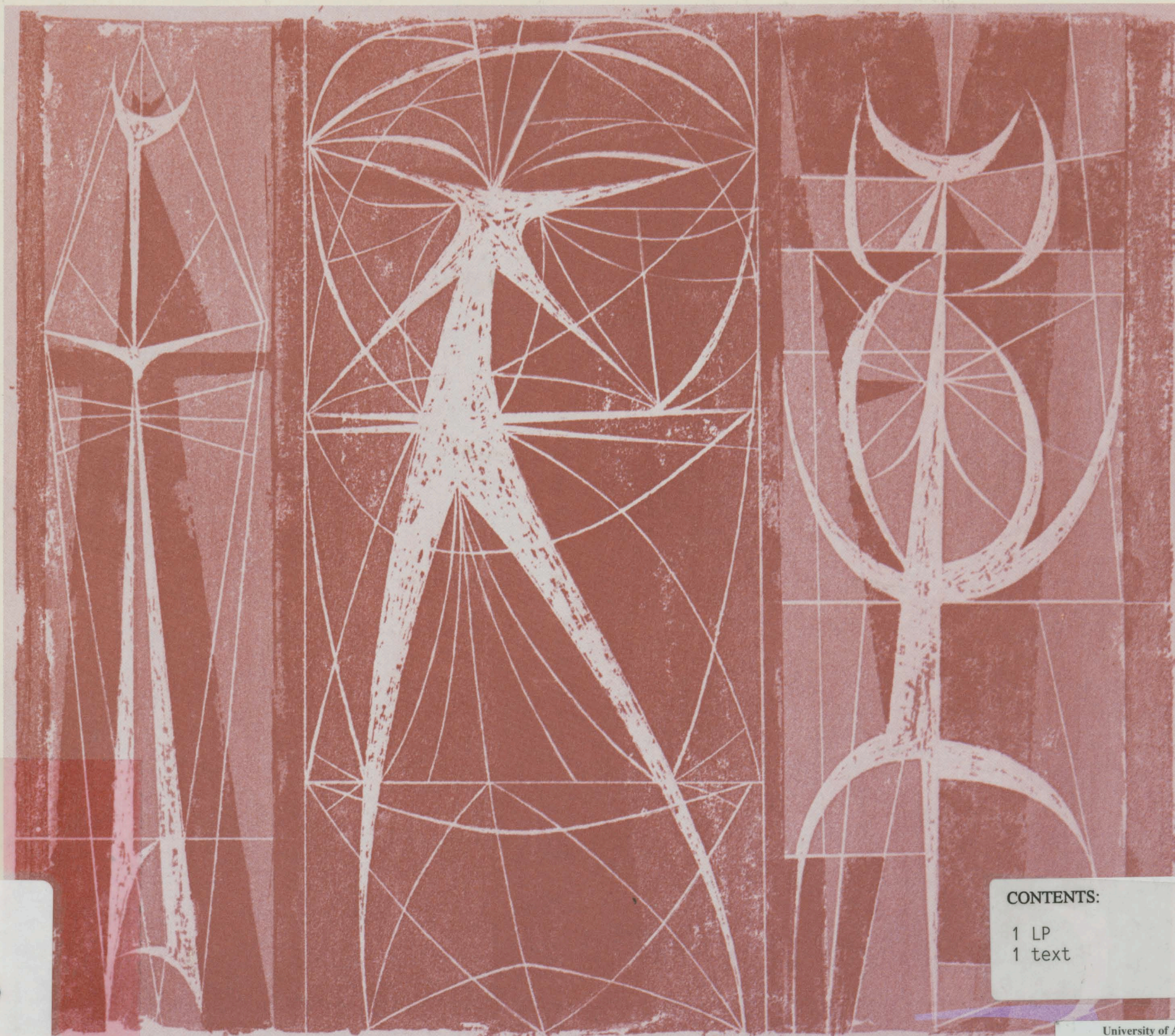
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9702

Poets Read their Contemporary Poetry

BEFORE COLUMBUS FOUNDATION



Alurista / Amiri Baraka / Mei Mei Bersenbrugge / Bob Callahan / Jayne Cortez / Hernandez Cruz / Joy Harjo / David Henderson / David Jackson
David Meltzer / Maureen Owen / Ishmael Reed / Cyn Zarco / Susan Zavarin



PS
591
M54
P64
1980
c.1

MUSIC LP LITHOGRAPH BY RONALD CLYNE

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1 LP
1 text

COVER DESIGN

University of Alberta Library



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SIDE ONE

1. Intro: Ishmael Reed	4:20
2. A Bard's Prayer and Poetry: Bob Callahan	2:55
3. For The Poets: Jayne Cortez	4:05
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5. I Am A Dangerous Woman and Crossing the Border Into Canada: Joy Harjo	3:10
6. Boringuen: Alurista	2:20
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8. Bark is what us dogs do., On a Leash...and From A Midrash: David Meltzer	3:05
9. Artist/Art This, (segue into;) Anonymous Sonnet: Victor Hernandez Cruz	2:95
TOTAL RUNNING TIME	21:85

SIDE TWO

1. Rabbit, Hair, Leaf: Mei Mei Bersenbrugge	3:50
2. Flipochinos, Being Your Woman and Pacific Lover: Cyn Zarco	3:00
3. St Louis Woman: Ishmael Reed	7:00
4. Part 3 from Wolfbane: David Henderson (approx.)	3:00
5. Dope: Amiri Baraka	4:50
6. New York Weather Report, Dedicated to William Melvin Kelly and Sound Poem: David Jackson	3:00
TOTAL RUNNING TIME	23:50

We welcome a time in history when "American" is no longer interchangeable with rudeness, grossness and provincialism, but stands for a society where all the world's cultures co-exist and where cultural exchange is allowed to thrive.

—Ishmael Reed, Chairman of Before Columbus

Before Columbus is a writer-organized project whose goal is to make available to a larger audience the literature of America's "other" writers and poets. The works of the Native American, the Black American, the Asian American, the Latin American, the Euro American—a variety of displaced cultures creating art for their own people and an art all Americans should have access to. It is an enormous body of material often published under difficult conditions which reveals new levels of American literature. A literature that enhances and gives greater character to our culture.

We are essentially an educational organization. Each year we produce a catalog listing books and periodicals selected by our readers which represent the best work available. Supplemental lists are issued three times during the year. We have also produced readings across the country where many of the authors whose work we represent are able to communicate with audiences responsive for writing emerging from ethnic and tribal centers.

Before Columbus also means After Columbus. We are involved with re-discovering America through the works of a unique and multi-cultured literature. It is an exciting prospect of which the reading documented on this record serves to indicate.

For further information: Before Columbus Foundation, 1446 Sixth Street, #D, Berkeley, California 94710.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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ALURISTA is one of the writers instrumental in establishing a strong Chicano literary sensibility. Some of his books are FLORICANTO (), TIMESPACE HURCAN (), and NATION-CHILD PLUMAROJA ().

MEI MEI BERSENBRUGGE'S most recent books of poetry are SUMMIT MOVES WITH THE TIDES (Greenfield Review Press) and RANDOM POSSESSION (Reed, Cannon & Johnson).

BOB CALLAHAN edits NEW WORLD JOURNAL and publishes a diverse line of books under the Turtle Island Foundation imprint. He is the author of WINTER POLES (Hipparchia Press), a book of poetry, and a novel, ALGONQUIN WOODS (Turtle Island.)

VICTOR HERNANDEZ CRUZ has received an international reputation based on three brilliant volumes of poetry: SNAPS (Simon & Schuster), MAINLAND (Simon & Schuster), and TROPICALIZATION (Reed, Cannon & Johnson).

JOY HARJO is the author of LAST SONG () and WHAT MOON DROVE ME TO THIS? (Reed, Cannon & Johnson).

DAVID MELTZER'S recent books are TWO-WAY MIRROR: A POETRY NOTEBOOK (Oyez) and THE SECRET GARDEN:

ANTHOLOGY OF THE CLASSICAL KABBALAH (Continuum Books). He edits TREE, an irregular journal.

ISHMAEL REED is a Senior Lecturer at the University of California, Berkeley. He is a novelist, poet and essayist whose most recent books are SHROVETIDE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS (Doubleday) and A SECRETARY TO THE SPIRITS (Nok).

AMIRI BARAKA is the author of a large body of work including poetry, fiction, jazz history and plays. Some of his books include THE DEAD LECTURER (Grove Press), BLACK MAGIC POETRY (William Morrow), FOUR REVOLUTIONARY PLAYS (), HARD FACTS (Congress of Afrikan Peoples) and THE SYSTEM OF DANTE'S HELL (Grove Press).

JAYNE CORTEZ is the author of SCARIFICATIONS (), FESTIVALS & FUNERALS (), and PISSTAINED STAIRS AND THE MONKEY MAN'S WEARS (). Her recording, CELEBRATIONS AND SOLITUDES, is available on Strata-East Records.

DAVID HENDERSON is the author of FELIX OF THE SILENT FOREST (Poets Press), DE MAYOR OF HARLEM (), and the forthcoming biography of Jimi Hendrix, VOODOO CHILD IN THE AQUARIAN AGE (Doubleday).

DAVID JACKSON is the head of the Studio Museum in Harlem,

MAUREEN OWEN edits TELEPHONE and is the author of COUNTRY RUSH (Adventures in Poetry), NO TRAVELS JOURNAL (Cherry Valley Editions) and THE POETRY OF MAUREEN OWEN (Big Deal).

Additional info following, i.e. publisher info & additional biographies unavailable at this time. D.M.

SIDE 1: BAND 2 Bob Callahan

A Bard's Prayer

O Power

Behind

Beyond

Above

Who

Gave

A

Sun

Whose

Son

is

Love:

Bless My Poem

Bless

POETRY

At a very early age he hears the legend of the Bards. A nation of sweet talkers, his Father says, the magic of an Irish charm, the fear of an Irish curse.

Politics and Poetry, Sen.

Politics out of necessity -- after all we were a conquered country -- but Poetry out of our natural inclination, and our love.

Sweet talker.

"You sure are a sweet talker, Bobby Callahan," And he follows the beautiful Jennie Condas into the forest behind her home.

Sweet talker.

"God damn it, Cal -- it comes to you naturally," Susan says, New York, circa 1960, "for awhile I thought it was an art!"

The Town Clerk, Joe Tooner, has the gift.

Sweet talking.

You'd never have to buy a drink when Brother Eddie started to tell his stories down at the local bar.

The genius of Ireland lies in her ancient oral tradition, his father is saying, why in the West this tradition is still very much alive today. The Irish have great memories, Son, and from the beginning of time they committed all they knew into verse.

Custom and Law were rendered into verse.

Successions, historical events, battles, migrations, visions, rituals -- all these were rendered into verse as well.

Now the custodians of this learning were the Bards, and these men & women became the central agency of Irish culture as they moved throughout Ireland from clan to clan. The Bards were in fact our first universities -- they were expected to have over 350 stories, in seventeen major subject areas, ready and available to their potential audience at a moment's command. They were expected to know everything from the movement of the stars, to the marches of the O'Neills, to when the salmon would leave Tara and begin to move upstream.

It's a beautiful tradition, Boy, and it takes its roots in Egypt. Our first Bards were near-Eastern, Egyptian priests, it seems, and brought us the megaliths, the oghams, and the core of our mystery tradition.

Ireland was Egypt's northern laboratory, its Snow Kingdom -- from Ireland the Egyptians could observe the movement of the northern skies.

When the snow begins to fall on Luxor, and winter arrives along the Nile, you are no longer in Egypt, Boy, you have been reborn in the Winter Kingdom of Ireland.

SIDE 1: BAND 3 Jayne Cortez

FOR THE POETS
(Christopher Okigbo & Henry Dumas)

I need kai kai ah
a glass of akpetesie ah
from torn arm of Bessie Smith ah

I need the smell of Nsukka ah
the body sweat of a durbar ah
five tap dancers ah
and those fleshy blues kingdoms from deep south ah
to belly-roll forward praise for Christopher Okigbo ah

I need a canefield of superstitious women a
fumes and feathers from port of Lobito a
skull of a white mercenary a
ashes from a texas lynching a
the midnight snakes of Damballah a
liquid from the eyeballs of a leopard a
sweet oil from the ears of an elder a
to make a delta praise for the poets a

On this day approaching me like a mystic number oh?
in this time slot on death row oh
in this flesh picking sahelian zone oh
in this dynamite dust and dragon blood and liver cut oh

I need cockroaches ah
congo square ah
a can of skokian ah
from flaming mouth of a howling wolf ah

I need the smell of Harlem ah
spirits from the birthplace of Basuto ah
mysteries from an Arkansas pyramid ah
shark teeth ah
buffalo ah
guerillas in the rainy season ah
to boogie forward ju ju praise for Henry Dumas ah

In this day of one hundred surging zanzibars oh?
in this day of bongo clubs moon cafes and paradise lounges oh
in this day's pounded torso of burgundy mush oh
in this steel cube in this domino in this dry period oh

I need tongues like coiling pythons ah
spearheads gushing from gulf of Guinea ah
the broken ankles of a B.J. Vorster ah
to light up this red velvet jungle ah
I need pink spots from the lips of trumpet players ah
the abdominal scars of seven head hunters ah
a gunslit for electric watermelon seeds ah
to flash a delta praise for the poets ah

Because they'll try and shoot us
like they shot Henry Dumas huh
because we massacre each other
and Christopher Okigbo is dead uh-huh
because i can't make the best of it uh-hun
because i'm not a bystander uh-hun
because mugging is not my profession uh-unh

I need one more piss-ass night to make a hurricane a
i need one more hate mouth racist
sucking the other end of another gas pipe to make flames a
i need one more good funky blood pact
to shake forward a delta praise for the poets a

On this day of living dead Dumas
on this day of living dead Okigbo

I need kai kai ah i need durbars ah i need torn arms ah
i need canefields ah i need feathers ah i need skulls ah
i need ashes ah i need snakes ah i need eyeballs ah
i need cockroaches ah i need sharkteeth ah i need buffalo ah
i need spirits ah i need ankles ah i need hurricanes ah
i need gas pipes ah i need blood pacts ah i need ah
to make a delta praise for the poets ah

Copyright 1977 by Jayne Cortez

SIDE 1: BAND 4 Maureen Owen

Yang Chu said: "You may do good without
thinking about fame, but fame will come
to you nevertheless. You may have fame
without aiming at pelf, but pelf is sure
to follow in its wake. You may be rich
without wishing to provoke emulation
and strife, yet emulation and strife will
certainly result. Hence, the superior person
is very cautious about doing good."

MOVIES

The hero was
cowardly
pathetic
sniveling
base
immoral
apolitical
greasy &
self-deluded

I identified with him totally.

for Fanny

The baby bangs his forehead into the spoon.
Usually I am speechless struck dumb encased
in silence
A mysterious light chafes the snow to rose and
chapped silk
Terrible fires burn in the Hollywood Hills Sissy
Spacek is interviewed "The danger of fire is just
something we have to live with here. For years," she says
"I've made sure all the hangers in my closets face
in the same direction." The secret is knowing
Whether to laugh or to cry!
In the doorway the young Indian drunk swaying bent
double with laughter choked "Can you believe at the
reservation I was the tribal councilor for problem drinkers!"
Or when just home from the hospital with
the newborn in her arms she took a dizzy spell
at the top of the stairs and toppled head over
heels the older children at the bottom went
alternately mad with giggles and wild with weeping
saw her coming a billowing flannel nightgown Flipping
now with a head now without one uttering AH AH and OOF.
M writes I wait for someone to knock my broken heart
for a new loop
K is certain that love is only a series of one night stands.
Don't talk to him on the phone, she said, it's bad enough
to talk to friends.

& yesterday at the doctor's office
a woman was saying to the receptionist "The Christmas Specials
are so scary this year made to frighten little
kids tomorrow night they have the three wise men
landing from another planet What do they want to go and
ruin Christmas for.....

Earlier I read a passage

SIDE 1: BAND 3
that seemed to suggest
the beauty of balance

is to fall over

for Fanny came out in # Magazine edited by Brian
Breger and Harry Lewis in July of 1978.

Yang Chu said came out in Dec. 1976 in Out There
Magazine edited by Rose Lesniak.

Yang Chu said is also included in the Big Deal
five book of my work titled A BRASS CHOIR
APPROACHES THE BURIAL GROUND.

SIDE 1: BAND 5

Crossing the Border into Canada

We looked the part.

It was past midnight, well into
the weekend. Coming out of Detroit
into the Canada side. Border guards
and checks. We are asked, "Who are you Indians,
and which side are you from?"
Barney answers in a broken English.
He talks this way to white people
not to us. "Our kids."

My children are wrapped
and sleeping in the backseat.
He points with his lips to half-eyed
Richard in the front. "That one, too."
But Richard looks like he belongs
to no one. Just sits there wild-haired
like a Menominee would. "And my wife."
Not true. But hidden under the windshield
at the edge of this country we feel immediately
suspicious.

And we can't help
but laugh. Kids stir around in the backseat, but
it is the border guard who is anxious.
He is looking for crimes, stray horses
for which he has no apparent evidence.
"Where are you going?" Indians
in an Indian car trying to find a
Delaware powwow that was barely mentioned
in Milwaukee. Northern singing and
the northern sky. Moon in a colder air.
Not sure of the place, but knowing the name
we ask, "Moravian Town?"

The border guard thinks he might have
the evidence. It pleases him. Past midnight.
Stars out clear into Canada and he knows only to ask,
"Is it a bar?"

Crossing the border into Canada, we are
silent. Lights and businesses we drive toward
could be America, too. Following us
into the north.

Joy Harjo

I AM A DANGEROUS WOMAN

the sharp ridges of clear blue windows
motion to me
from the airports second floor
edges dance in the foothills of the sandias
behind security guards
who wave me into their guncatcher machine

i am a dangerous woman

when the machine buzzes
they say to take off my belt
and i remove it so easy
that it catches the glance
of a man standing nearby
(maybe that is the deadly weapon
that has the machine singing)

i am a dangerous woman
but the weapon is not visible
security will never find it
they can't hear the clicking
of the gun

inside my head

Joy Harjo

SIDE 1: BAND 6 Alurista

borinquen

borinquen é que sabe'l amo'
borinquen é que sabe'l dolo'
borinquen tú que sabe la vo'
borinquen tú que tiene'l colo'
caribe rice and black beans
caribe rising
caribe cumín'
caribe kan món
back from the bones
back from the stones, món
caribe cumín' right, cumín' left
cuttin' thru the loans
caribe cuttin' thru credit
and the left cuqueo
of a rican drum en
puerto vá
puerto vallarta
vá i harta
vá i harta bro'
with the ejido warrior
who met howard, mr. hughes
over a gallon of agua'e caña
everclear presence of airplanes
con las nalgas en el cielo
vá i harta tú
con el credit
a colony of ice cream parlours
and wadded walleted senours
vá i harta tú

satiare bro', satiate
saturate, bro'
dromeando bro'
cungeando, cungeando bro'
dromeando dromas congás
bromas con gas
with flauta wind
ripping through the lamppost jungle

borinquen cont'd.

mercury light flashing neon down
cutting through, briskly
cross the light of day
dawning on the wall
shadows disappearing
in the rhythm and the round roll
in the rolling and the rock
in the stone
the stone that lies beneath the sun
with warrior feathers
with warrior feathers
thunder cracks in the
birth of bloodied clouds
and oil hovers
and oil settles
and the heads of state
state the thirst
and the black gold is pumped
and the thirst of the state
don't satiate with the gold
the black earth pangs and stomachs
volcanoes, huracanes, and snows
freeze miners
and field hands
many a man
a woman looking now
straight ahead, half dead
there ain't no looking back
history burns red torches in the night
and working people sweat
throughout the land
throughout aztlán
sin fronteras
no more fences, no more titles
no more nationality based on property
no more papers to show face
no more cards to cut the space
bellies got to eat
and many don't yet swallow powdered milk
nor do they know to stand
in line
or otherwise collect food stamps
they rather move
and put their hands
and heart to work
for pinto beans
and jalapeño cheese
kan you dig it mon
is it
is it
nasa sery
diamonds i mean, mon

and gold is it

nasa sery to have

is it mon

nasa sery, i glean

having, have been, having being

is it

...to b

a?

kan you tell me

that

a?

mr. c

SIDE 1: BAND 7 Suzanne Ostro Zavrian

HOUSEWIFE

Before, it was the wind

and the idea of disorder.

And now it is the sea in the kitchen;

waves ripple through the lemon plants,

spray wets down the pilot light,

there is sea spume on the custard—

whimsies of the water and the wind.

I have a fear of disorder;

it is disorder in the kitchen that despairs me

of ever setting it to right,

of ever setting it to right again.

Disorder in the kitchen

and the sea breaking through dreams.

How shall I get the sand out of the cupboards?

There is salt glistening in the oven;

all the pots are turning green.

Buy more mops and sponges.

Hire seven maids for seven years.

The cat keeps dragging seaweed through the house.

As the moon wanes (set the timer)

the sea keeps tracking and tracking out.

If I were married to King Canute . . .

Last night was a dream of horses,

something came riding on a great green seahorse;

it was the sea, of course.

Before, it was the wind.

SIDE 1: BAND 8 (From BARK, A POLEMIC: Capra Press, 1973)

POEMS BY DAVID MELTZER

Bark is what us dogs do here in Dogtown

also shit on sidewalks doormats porches trails

wherever new shoes walk fearless.

Bark is what us dogs do here in Dogtown

it's a dog's life

we cant live without you.

Mirror you we are you.

Beneath your foot or on the garage roof.

You teach us speech bark bark

for biscuits we dance for you.

You push us thru hoops

MELTZER/cont'd

& see our eyes as your eyes
but you got the guns the gas the poison
all of it.
Bark is what us dogs do here in Dogtown.

on a leash
in orbit
spaceman
free-fall
wired into
master ship

on a leash
window washer

telephone lineman
harnessed to a pole
Rover pisses on

on a leash
doin time
chain gang

on a leash
born

FROM A MIDRASH

It is said the newborn sing holy songs upon arriving into
new light.

They are blind for several days because they watch creation's
lights fade from within. They watch the sky upon their eyelids
washed clean of stars and moons and comets whose tails spark letters
and numbers and notes of music.

For many days they are deaf as the voice within gives way to
the voices outside. It takes some time for the child to speak
words that link him to our language. By that time he is fully
born on earth and no longer a child.

For many days the child remains immune to disease as alphabets
of formation and resistance cohere within.

It is said a child accepts the presence of God without question.

It is said a child lives like an acrobat, a tumbler, in
constant motion, with no sense of time's gravity. Leaping and
dancing from sunrise to sunset, he engages instantly with what the
moment brings.

It is said that when a child sings it is the song we spend
the rest of our lives trying to learn, trying to remember.

We see the ancient one sit quietly with used-up wrinkled flesh
slowly sliding off old bones, slowly turning into a powder.

We see the ancient one sit quietly and notice how much he looks
like a winrked new-born one. It is as if were are all born with
the same face and die with the same face, and in between this
living and dying hold to a face we think sets us apart from
others.

We who have heard the ancient one sing are stirred by the
sameness of his song to the song the child sings. The old man
has his history, his memory, to share with a child who has no
memory or history. The child has his song and often they are heard
singing together.

SIDE 1: BAND 9 Victor Hernández Cruz

ART - THIS

Lucy Comancho is an artist
Art this
She makes all the stars in Hollywould
seem like flashlights which have
Been left turned on for a week
She had a frenisi
A friend in C
A friendinme
With paintings and blowing things

up into color which came from nowhere
No one knows where she got these things
Her mother says too much thinking
She painted the walls in her house
She painted the hallways and stairs
the stoops the garbage can tops the
Squares in the sidewalk the tar on the
street the plastic bags from the cleaners
The brown grocery bags the inside of milk
containers she herself had to be contained
From painting your face the closest layer

ART - THIS Cont'd.

of the sky elements everything she gave
Brush to rush to paint your nalgas if you
gave her room she never thought of canvas
Where they sell it absent from her view
Sometimes she was called Picassa feminizing
Picasso

She painted Josefina as I was writing
that Josefina is the feminine of Jose
Jose's who are also known to go under the
nicknames of Cheos or Pepes and so
Josefina got tagged on her the name Pepa
Which is female for Pepe and she dug that
Pepa for if you look close the other name
Jose y fina means Jose and thin or sounds
like oficina like Joseoffice also it had
Something in it of Jose is fina Jose is
finis finished no this for someone being
Composed by an artis
To top it off Pepa also means pit
you see what is inside of fruits this
Is all in Spanish and something is being
lost in the translation just like you lose
Your natural color when you leave a tropical
country and come to a city where the sun
Feels like it's constipated ask Lucy Comancho
she knows about all this
Art this
artis.

Anonymous

And if I lived in those olden times
With a funny name like Choicer or
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey what chimes!
I would spend my time in search of rhymes
Make sure the measurement termination surprise
In the court of kings snapping till woo sunrise
Plus always be using the words alas and hath
And not even knowing that that was my path
Just think on the Lower East Side of Manhattan
It would have been like living in satin
Alas! The projects hath not covered the river
Thou see-est vision to make thee quiver
Hath I been delivered to that "wilderness"
So past
I would have been the last one in the
Dance to go
Taking note the minuet so slow
All admire my taste
Within thou Mambo of much more haste.

VICTOR HERNÁNDEZ CRUZ

SIDE 2: BAND 1 Mei-Mei Bersenbrugge

Rabbit, Hair, Leaf

1.

Some child left the cage unlatched
and George's rabbit hopped out with timid interest
while they were all inside eating cake
drank from the acequia where they found prints
and got its' throat torn by a dog tame enough not to eat it
Their own dogs were lapping crumbs from plates
The rabbit with the velvet nose was only one he loved
because it was gentle like him, but others, too
more responsive though less like clouds were slaughtered
or died of their hearts: birds, a turtle who hibernated
too long. He still stares at chickadees scrabbling
on the snow-patched earth and wonders if he could love one
His most sensuous dreams are of a golden horse

2.

Hair scattered on bare dirt
where an old woman has combed it
instead of going straight and smooth keeps falling
and the flesh that holds it keeps letting go
what isn't pecked away by coal-colored birds
or dragged a small distance by the coyote eating hair and all
The tiny tail-bone I found on a hill
bleached and tapered as a rat's nose
or that big fist of cow thigh by the cottonwoods
has nothing to do with the cloud we stepped through
accidentally, or the quick breath at the back of our necks
It is the animal in you smells death
though the real smell has gone to sage
that makes you start to run, but the ghost in you
makes you stay on that tenuous patch
of meadow fog on dirt. Eerie there are no bones
only white hair thick as milkweed
and big as a man with arms spread
so clean and old most of what's eaten it
like'v dead, too

3.

I picked up some yellow leaves you bled on
and put them in a book
I always thought the body died slowly
letting go as much as it understood at a time
Angry as you were in a minor way, it went to dirt
growing into something, with any water at all
But a dead horse in the stream, eyes gone
fouls what flows through it

SIDE 2: BAND 2 (Copyright 1977 by Cyn. Zarco)

FLIPOCHINOS

when a brown person gets together
with a yellow person
it is like
the mating of a chico and a banana
the brown meat of the chico
plus the yellow skin of the banana
take the seed of the chico
for eyes
peel the banana for sex appeal
lick the juice from your fingers
and watch your step

o
 bein your woman
 is a 24-hour/allnightstand/jukeboxmovie
 i'm auditionin for leading lady
 but
 everybody's tryin to get into the act

i don't wanna be second fiddle
 i wanna be lead guitar
 i don't wanna be the co-star
 i wanna be the star

o
 bein your woman
 is a painintheass/sweetthingin/lulu
 you got my juju
 i got the do-nuthin, do-nuthin doodoo

i don't wanna be second fiddle
 i wanna be lead guitar
 i don't wanna be no co-star
 i wanna be your star

from egypt to asia
 i longed for you
 miami drove me crazy
 i horned for you

will you be my baby
 will you be my man
 i need you in my china
 forget about japan

this second best
 don't pass the test
 this is me talkin,
 the best in the west

will you be my baby
 will you be my man
 i need you in my china
 forget about japan

Pacific Lover

by CYN. ZARCO

naked i write
 coming back from the city
 coming back from the intestines
 of san francisco
 thinking of my mother on the freeway
 thinking
 how we must learn
 to automobile
 to stickshift
 to find a parking space
 in the heart of america
 (turn your wheels to the curb
 so your car won't run
 away)
 runaway in the middle of the night
 while we sleep
 barefoot
 she in her negligee
 & i in my skin
 our souls in manila
 in leyte in balara
 we
 sleep & dream
 of different continents
 she hears the atlantic
 my father snoring
 the waves of the pacific
 is a tongue in my ear

i dream
 of death
 please
 bury my body
 under a mango tree
 feed the fruit
 to my friends

SIDE 2: BAND 3

St. Louis Woman

ISHMAEL REED

I love to see that orb'd heat collapse behind the white Jefferson arc as the downtown St. Louis sun temples burst

Orange as the inside of a Balaban's lobster they cater in the room of Renoirish Third Reich Speer-room nude portraits where Wash. U. grad student waiters resemble the t.v. crew filming a restaurant scene in "As The World Turns." On a stool outside a black man in little boy's cap and white butcher's coat attracts customers with the gleaming stars of his gold teeth.

For four days a storebought apricotheaded St. Louis woman in poor white powder and tobacco-road mascaraed eyelashes told the other waitresses in the Forest Park Hotel to quit putting cream and sugar in my coffee because "He looks spoiled. Big and spoiled."

Daughters of Davy Crockett and Dan Boone with high-Cherokee cheekbones, St. Louis women call closeted plantations with monopoly-board street names, "home" behind fake second empire gates which are locked at night to keep out the townies, Riding bicycles, their eyes buried in the streets, the only blacks wear supermarket names on their t-shirts

They stand on the street's dividing line selling rush hour copies of the St. Louis Post Dispatch like the apple-capped Irish lads in a book about the life and times of Jacob Reiss

They are the last people in the nation who take out their billfolds to show you their relatives and their girlfriends' and boyfriends' relatives and that time they went to Atlantic City

St. Louis is surrounded by ninety municipalities. Only a Filipino with a Harvard M.A. in business can untangle the town, Emile said. Emile said that St. Louis women are dumb blondes who stand you up. Equal rights to them means the right to tantalize but not to put out, Emile said.

"Are you Bruce Lee?" they asked Emile when he landed in Harlem.

Feeling tomorrow and twenty-two, a St. Louis woman told me she could run a whole radio station. She knew where you could fetch a Gucci raincoat for one hundred dollars. In her poetry she is "a black rose." I told her that if her skin really needed a flower why not an African violet to go with her yellow eyes. I told her that her eyes were all the evidence we needed to prove that ancient Asiatics reached Madagascar. I told her that a black rose was common and that she was anything but common and that she was as rare as a white tiger rarely seen in the jungles of India or rare as the image of a white owl carrying off a white ermine in the Bird Book we saw in the museum off Big Bend where we learned that the first words said on the telephone constituted a cry for help.

In the Steinberg auditorium I asked the Dalai Llama's stand in why there were black gods with nigger minstrel white lips and great Nigerian mound noses in Nepalese paintings dated 3,000 B.C.

Before rushing to the next question he said they represented Time. I told the "black rose" that she was as rare as Time hung on a monastery wall, while outside buddhists, blow conch horns and chant like a chorus of frogs.

St. Louis women are rabbit-furred hookers who hustle to star wars in the steeple chase room of the chase park hotel where gorgeous george dressed in sequined Evel Knieval jumpsuit discos Elvis Presley and the hogged-necked bouncers in blazers threaten to break your arm. There are portraits in that room of horses, skins shining like chestnuts, life-sized statues of jockeys in polka-dotted blouses. The lamps are shaped like racing horns.

St. Louis women write body poetry, play the harp for the symphony and take up archery.

St. Louis women wash cook and clean for St. Louis women who write body poetry, play the harp for the symphony, and take up archery.

A St. Louis woman is the automatic writing hand for a spirit named Ida Mae of the red dress cult who rises from the Mississippi each night to check out the saloons before last call.

She rises from the big river G. Redmond calls Black River, Mike Castro's River Styx, and every body knows about Muddy Waters; St. Louis women are daughters of Episcopalian ministers who couldn't sit still for Grant Wood

Sternly scarfed they stare straight ahead inside Doberman Pinscher station wagons. Their husbands work for McDonnell Douglass, Ralston-Purina, and Anheuser Busch,

(They still talk about how old man Busch was so rich that when his son killed a man it was the trial judge who served time)

The great grandfather of a St. Louis woman appears in the 100 years of lynching horror book because he owned 300 acres and white men wanted those acres

The grandmother of a St. Louis woman told her that no man can say "I Love You" like a black man. "Velvet be dripping from his lips," a unique experience like the one recounted by a man in the bar of the St. Louis airport about the time when Nanette Fabray came into the audience and sat on his lap, New Year's Eve, The Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco

On Sunday he stuffed the frig with dungeness crabs

You can find the quilts of St. Louis women patched with real chipmunks and birds in the Jefferson museum next to the Lindbergh collection "Nothing like flying across the Atlantic in a one-seater" he said, "When she rocks, you rock, when you thrust so does she, and when she dives it's as if your soul bought the circus and you owned all the ferris wheels, *The Spirit of St. Louis!*"

A black man wrote a song about a St. Louis Woman that go Hello Central, give me five o' nine, hello central give me five o' nine, the St. Louis woman said she liked my line about a man entering a woman's love pond, she thought i said love mine

like a Mississippi school boy loves his mint and rye i love to see that evening sun go down when the St. Louis women come calling around

Many St. Louis women are from Kansas City

The year was 1914

W. C. Handy wrote a ragtime march with a blues tango introduction. (The Tango, derived from the African Tangenda, was once banned all the way down to the Argentinian South Pole) but there was something missing.

"What this music needs is a Vamp," the trombonist said, and that's how "St. Louis Woman" came into being

The big publishers wouldn't chance her
They were only interested in Whiteman's blues and so, at the age of 40, W. C. Handy went to bat for his Vamp, publishing 10,000 copies of "St. Louis Blues" at his own expense

Handy flew up the Fatty Grimes diamond from Memphis and presented it to her (Hippolite's "Mystical Marriage")

He chauffeured her across the nation in a whale-length white cadillac like the one i once saw Bob Hope get out of

He introduced her to a Carnegie Hall sell-out audience which she delighted with her shanty-town ways

Sometimes she was as icy as the Portage glacier in Portage, Alaska,

At other times she was tropical as the Miami airport at 5:30 when the Santeria jets sweep in

Resting under that mellow creole river in a silver satin slip the color of an enshrined coronet mooning on the silky meat of a giant clam

guarded by chocolate dandies
Irises on their creamy waistcoats
and a Tennessee billygoat covered with cowrie shells

St. Louis Woman

SIDE 2: BAND 4

WOLFBANE--berkeley trees for Victor

a blue flashing buick
thru berkeley trees
mountain view beyond low roofs
w/victor head sticking out the window
wide the lanes
tall the trees
know joe bataan
in the city of sait francis
gemini metal flare
flash the station wagon
ortiz from the east
that latin name
kindred the boston symphony
tuning up in spanish harlem
to do the movie score of the riot
joe bataan conducts from the far east

standing in the traffic
peeking under a tree
a barefoot boy
carries his boots
towards the university

"how can you measure a piece of hashish
with a scale man? what the fuck is a gram?
what is this science shit? man.
in new york i would have cut the cat with my blade
and taken his shit and shit, shit."

asleep thru the time zones
messages across wires
the arab-israeli war
in new york city schools
the toll of old books
the word the law
criss cables cross country
ancient news
from
ancient pages
flash

the buddhist come on strong
on telegraph and dwight way
they hawk for buddha
(the misunderstood one)
most unzen
the oriental lady with spittle foam on her lips
said "the meeting is going on now
a car is waiting to show you the way"

a third world dynasty
the coast prepares
ferlinghetti is preparing tea
for mao
while he rages against capital

Victor Hernandez Cruz
The prince of la mission
and regent of dovre hall
star of david upon horizon

cecil brown astral
projects fromparis
a contract on "Paradok" The Poet
ed dom on a fast steed
gunslinger thru the city

ojenke and cleveland and lyle
simmering in watts

third world communications
berkeley poets commune
yardbird and umbra
poche che aztlán pacificia communications

bob kaufman out there holy man
in the tangled fog of
the white swept hills
back now
reunited with son parker

roberto vargas
zapata of the bernal heights
emperor emeritous of the ripplethead vorden

michline jack fine
grey and strong

ishmael "HooDoo fats" reed
meets with his minion everyday
twice as much on Sunday

creeley on the bolina shore
wisdom of the sea birds

snyder stealthily
among the hills
of the california wilderness

sarah fabio wails
in east narobi

al young croons
in the palo alto saloons

lawson donado
lord of the northern gates

brautigan sips champagne in le pub
admiral hatted sunk in overstuffed
easy chairs

mclure shall get more

diprima divines by
the ocean froth

mses. mirikitani of the "holy glide"
Shange, carmen & nina, tarahata, zarco
kaduka & tsui

ginsberg sings c&w in
yiddish to the deposed
dali lamas

maya angelou awaits her
one thousandth drink of water (w/scotch chaser)
before she dies

len chandler out wrote, and out played
and out sang all the AM stations in L.A.

conyus the conqueror

jim mcpherson & pat parker hitching in front
of the co-op to his mansion in the hills

murgia vamanos california thru San Di juano
with Alurista

fernando alegria, the lion heart
of neruda's transmission

and joe overstreet shall eventually paint
oakland red

here in Berkeley
the sundown
is a brief affair
behind the bosom of the sleeping lady
in new york
the white room of the east
you think the sun is down
to catch it still aware
peeking between some
tenements
the last tenement

along the popular avenue telegraph
gypsies dance
in front of the record shop
money

showers
up in the air gold and
silver shower
down amongst the jig
the bass beat music
the drum

the crowd surrounds
there is light
you can see

the Television screen glowed blue light
thru a slit in the curtain
a colonial frame house.
the trees clump darkness
darker than the night
block of windows
of the low frame houses/
he came to the wide avenue
of the low skyline
moving lights clustered
stretched in both directions
he walked faster

the anarchist
said he was from 10th street & ave. C
he had a pearl handled blade
sheathed in the small of his back
he wore a scarf around his head
going to the commune
to bring the news from new york
the wisdom of the east
thru the wires of his tongue
speaking obsolescent symbols eternal/

in the Steppingwolf
die the days of hectic colors

in parties of nations
all night long
a dream within a dream
perfume folds into the room
aretha recites the seven charkas
a scent of jasmine
a run of geisha girls black panthers and afros
latinos, razas, samuris & braves
young white scholars,
winos and gypsies
gathered
dancing to the music
snapping the fingers
calling up the spirits

a convening of the real and anti-worlds
call it
the third world
in the fourth dimension.

steppenwolf
bar and hot foot lounge
rolling the hips
humping the hump
bumping the grind
better than any scandalous movie
in the land of oaks.

in steppenwolf
a three penny opera of loves supreme
a tint of danger
a tint of forbidden love
in the garden of music
the demons and angels unite
amid fear and joy for one dollar
and a jug of wine
some smoke in the parking lot
no down south steps no bougaloo
just the motion of the music
shadows on the walls
tall and long the room
like the caves of india
that drove the white woman mad.
the thirdworld in the 4th dimension

vandellas of gypsies sound tribal jump
the backbone sway to cobra lines
foot stomping and jumping
can I get a witness?

longheads bobbing
grace of shoulders in elasticity
in release
surrender
pelvises poke in the direction of the act
to suggest in the music of the races
rituals that will survive
the common malaise/

an underground elegance
that lets you know
something strong is missing
in what is common to the world
at large

holding the arms
in a basket of hands
to receive the celestial body
that comes toward you
& the eye of the approaching light
that looks for
an established thing

the bloods dance
the dance of blood

the word descends thru the ranks

program for the new nation
of the imagination
the deeds of men incarnate
words about money
what pound said
in the last days of the gold synasty
world wide conference
in empty conference rooms

at the demonstration on telegraph
the brother saw the fire leap in the air
he shouted "BLACK MAGIC"
the crowd ran backwards
in a panic of police
the bank of america windows smashed
by the sound of feet
the sound of voices
the sounds of trumpets of black magicians

the lights
the lights

sing to the lights
bring light
rain light

bring shakes
bring shakes
shake shakes

shake shakes

shake shakes

shake shakes

shake shakes

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SIDE 2: BAND 5 Amiri Baraka

Dope

uuuuuuuuuu

uuuuuuuuuu

uuuuuuuuuu uuu

ray light morning fire lynch yet

uuuuuuu, yester-pain in dreams

comes again. race-pain, people our people our people

everywhere . . . yeh . . . uuuuu. yeh uuuuu. yeh

our people

yes people

every people

most people

uuuuuu, yeh uuuuu, most people

in pain

yester-pain, and pain today

(Screams) ooowow! ooowow! It must be the devil

(jumps up like a claw stuck him) oooo wow! ooowow!

(scream)

It must be the devil

It must be the devil

It must be the devil

(shakes like evangelical sanctify

shakes tambourine like evangelical santicy in heat)

ooowow! ooowow! yeh, devil, yeh, devil ooowow!

Must be the devil must be the devil

(waves plate like collection) mus' is mus' is mus' is

mus' is be the devil, cain be rockefeller (eyes roll

up batting, and jumping all the way around to face the

other direction) caint be him, no lawd

caint be dupont, no lawd, cain be, no lawd, no way

noway, naw saw, no way jose ---cain be them rich folks

theys good to us theys good to us theys good to us theys

good to us theys good to us, i know the massa talt me

so, i seed it on channel 7, i seed it on channel 9 i seed

it on channel 4 and 2 and five. Rich folks good to us

poor folks aint shit, hallelujah, ooowow! ooowow!

must be the devil, going to heaven after i die, after we die
everything gonna be different, after we die we aint gonna be
hungry, ain go be pain, ain gon be sufferein wont go thru
this again, after we die, after we die owooo! owowoo!
after we die, its all gonna be good, have all the money we
need after we die, have all the food we need after we die
have a nice house like the rich folks, after we die, after
we die, after we die, we can live like rev ike, after we die,
hallelujah, hallelujah, must be the devil, it ain capitalism
it ain capitalism, it ain capitalism, now it aint that,
jimmy carter wdnt lie, "life unfair" but it ain capitalism
must be the devil, owow! it aint the police, jimmy carter
wdnt lie. you know rosalynd wdnt nor lillian, his drunken
racist brother aint no reflection on jimmy, must be the
devil got in im, i tell you, the devil killed malcolm and
drinking too, even killed both kennedies, and pablo neruda
and overthrew allende's govt, killed lumumba, and is
negotiating with step and fetchit sleep n eat and birmingham,
over there in rhodesia, going under the name ian smith,
must be the devil, cant be vorster, caint be apartheid,
caint be imperialism, jimmy carter wont lie, didnt you hear
him say in his state of the union message, i swear on
rosalynd's face lifted catatonia, i wdnt lie nixon lied,
haldeman lied, dean lied, hoover lied hoover sucked (dicks)
too but jimmy dont, jimmy wdnt, jimmy aint lying, must be
the devil, put yr money on the plate, must be the devil, in
heaven we'all all be staight, cain be rockefeller, he gave
amos pootbootie a scholarship to Behavior Modification Univ.
and Genievieve Almoswhite works for his faundation Must
be niggers! Cain be Mellon, he gave Winky Suckass, a
fellowship in his bank put him in charge of closing out
mortgages in the lowlife Pittsburgh Hill nigger section,
caint be him.

(Goes on babbling, and wailing, jerking in pathocrazy
grin stupor)

Yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yssuh, yessuh,
yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, put yr money in the plate, dont be
late, dont have to wait, you gonna be in heaven after you
die, you gon get all you need once you gone, yessuh, i
heard it on the jeffersons, i heard it on the rookies, i
swallowed it whole on roots: wasnt it nice, slavery was so
cooland all you had to do was wear derbies and vests and
train chickens and buy your way free if you had a mind to,
must be the devil, wasnt no white folks, lazy niggers
chained theyselves and threw they own black asses in the
bottom of the boats, (well now that you mention it King
Assblack u wast helped threw yr ass in the bottom of the
boat, you namma wife, and you never seed em no more)
must been the devil, gimme your money put your money in
this plate, heaven be hear soon, just got to die, just got to
stop living, close yr eyes stop breathin and bamm-o heaven
be here, you have all a what you need, Bam-o all of a
sudden, heaven be here, you have all you need, that
assembly line you work on will dissolve in thin air, ooowoo!
ooowoo! Just gotta die, just gotta die, this old world aint
nuthin, must be the devil got you thinkin so, it can be
rockefeller, it can be morgan, it cant be capitalism, it
caint be national oppression owow! No Way! Now go back
to work and cool it, go back to work and lay back, just a
little while longer till you pass, its all gonna be alright
once you gone, gimme that last bitfa silver you got stashed
there sister, gimme that dust now brother man, itll be ok
on the other side, you soul be clean be washed pure white.
yes. yes. yes. owow. now go back to work, go to sleep,
yes, gotto sleep, go back to work, yes owow. owow.
uuuuuuuuuu. uuuuuuuuuuu. uuuuuuuuuuu. yes. uuuuuuu. yes.
uuuuuuuuuu. a men.