

CONTENT ADVISORY

FW 9751 – *New Jazz Poets*

Track 208 on this album contains derogatory language in the title and lyrics. While it is offensive to us, we have chosen for the song titles to remain as published and interpreted in the time period in which they were written. We believe that to do otherwise would be to change a historical document. The “n word” was commonplace for a time in history, especially during the era of Jim Crow. Its circulation and popularization through blackface minstrelsy became associated with the identity of Black people in a white supremacist society.

NEW JAZZ POETS

BR 461

EDITED BY WALTER LOWENFELS

PS
595
J34
N49
1967
c.1

MUSIC LP

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SIDE RECORD ALBUM No. BR 461
Broadsides Records 701 Seventh Ave., NYC, NY 10036

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NEW JAZZ POETS

EDITED BY WALTER LOWENFELS

SIDE A
BAND I

JITTERBUGGING IN THE STREETS - Calvin C. Hernton (To Ishmael Reed)

There will be no holy man crying out this year
No seer, no trumpeter, no George Fox walking
barefoot up and down the hot land
The only messiah we shall see this year
Staggers
To and fro

On the Lower East Side
Being laughed at by housewives in Edsel
automobiles who teach their daughters the
fun of deriding a terror belched up from
the scatological asphalt of America
Talking to himself

An unshaven idiot
A senile derelict
A black nigger
Laughter and scorn on the lips of Edsel
automobiles instructing the populace to
love God, be kind to puppies and the
Chase Manhattan National Bank

Because of this there will be no Fourth-of-July
this year

No shouting, no popping of firecrackers, no
celebrating, no parade

But the rage of a hopeless people

Jitterbugging

In the streets

Jacksonville Florida

Birmingham, Atlanta, Rochester, Bedford

Stuyvesant, Jersey City, Chicago,

Jackson Mississippi, Harlem New York --

Watts L. A.

Jitterbugging

in

the streets

To ten thousand rounds of ammunition

To water hoses, electric prods, phallic sticks,
hound dogs, black boots stepping in soft
places of the body --

Venom is in the mouth of Christian housewives,
smart young Italians, old Scandinavians in
Yorkville, suntanned suburban organization

men, clerks and construction workers, poor
white trash and gunhappy cops everywhere
"Why don't we kill all the niggers.

Not one or two

But every damn black of them. Niggers will do
anything.

I better never catch a nigger messing with my wife,

And most of all never with my daughter! Aughter

grab 'em up and ship every black clean out of

the country ... Aughter just line 'em up and

mow 'em down

Machine Gun Fire!"

All Americans. Housewives, businessmen, civil
service employees, loving their families, going to
church, regularly depositing money in their
neighborhood bank,

All Fourth-of-July celebrators belched up from
the guilt-ridden cockroach, sick sex terror
of America

Talking to themselves

In bars

On street corners,

Fantasizing hatred

At bridge clubs

Lodge meetings, on park benches,

In fashionable mid-town restaurants ----

No Holy man shall cry out upon the black ghetto
this year

No trombonist

The only messiah we will know this year is a
bullet in the belly

of a Harlem youth shot down by a coward
crouched behind an outlaw's badge --

Mississippi

Georgia

Tennessee, Alabama

Your mother your father your brothers, sisters,
wives and daughters

Up and down the hot land

There is a specter haunting America

Spitfire of clubs, pistols, shotguns, and the

missing

Mutilated

Murdered

Bodies of relatives and love ones

Be the only Santa Claus niggers will remember
this year

Be the only Jesus Christ born this year
curled out dead on the pavement, torso
floating the bottom of a lake
Being laughed at by housewives in Edsel
automobiles

You say there are four gates to the ghetto
Make your own bed hard that is where you have got
To Lay

You say there is violence in Harlem, niggers
run amuck perpetrating crimes against
property, looting stores, breaking windows,
flinging beer bottles at officers of the law

You say a certain virgin gave birth to a baby
Through some mysterious process, some divine
conjure --

A messenger turned his walking cane into a
serpent and the serpent stood up and walked
like a natural man:

You say

America, why are you afraid of the phallus!

I say there is no violence in Harlem.

There is TERROR in Harlem!

And fear! And corruption! And murder!

Harlem is the asphalt plantation of America

Rat infested tenements totter like shanty

houses stacked upon one another

Circular plague of the welfare check bring
vicious wine every semi-month, wretched
babies twice a year, death and hopelessness
every time the sun goes down

Big bellied agents of down-town landlords
forcing black girls to get down and do the
dog before they spell their names

If you make your bed hard

He said he was fifteen years old, and he walked
beside us there in the littered fields of the
ghetto

He spoke with a dignity of the language that
shocked us and he said he had a theory about
what perpetrated the

Horror that was upon us as we walked among
flying bullets, broken glass, curses and the
inorganic phalluses of cops whirling about
our heads

He said he was a business major at George
Washington High

And he picked up a bottle and hurled it above the
undulating crowd

Straight into the chalk face of a black helmet --
Thirty seven properties ransacked, steel gates
ripped from their hinges, front panes
shattered, pawn shops, dry cleaners, liquor
stores

Ripped apart and looted --

Niggers will do anything!

And if your church doesn't support the present

Police Action,

In dingy fish-n-chip and bar-b-que joints

The niggers will go on doing business as usual --

From river to river,

Signboard to signboard

Scattering Schaefer six-packs all over Harlem,

Like a bat out of hell,
Marques Haynes is a dribbling fool

TERROR is in Harlem

A GENOCIDE so blatant

Every third child will do the junky-nod in the
whore scented night before semen leaps
from his loins

A FEAR so constant

Black men crawl the pavement as if they were
snakes, and snakes turn to sticks that beat
the heads of those who try to stand up --

And Fourth-of-July comes with the blasting bullet
in the belly of a teenager

Against which no Holy man, no Christian housewife
In Edsel automobile

Will cry out this year

Jitterbugging

in

the streets!

THE SECOND COMING - John Morgan

SIDE A

BAND: 2

I

I see you,
woman of America
standing with child
heavy in the afternoon.

Dangerous eyes in a dark face,
slowly rubbing the swollen belly
feeling the kick of life
under your palms.

To what bloody future
do you swear this emerging egg,
what terrible messiah will burst
from the famous curve of your loins
to tear the crosses from the walls
and raise mighty arms in praise of himself?

II

Dominus vobiscum.
Dominus go frisk 'em.
Shake 'em down, god, they might have
something dangerous hidden in their
ragged coats,
these fire-headed youth scrambling under
your shocked and wary eyes,
these angry lambs whose only truth is now,
and only sin is love.
You fear their love,
and rightly

for it is their very compassion
for the living
that will hang you on the cross of
your own making,
and leave your corpse rotting in
tomorrow's air.

Sancti, sancti, sancti,

the sheep of the streets
with wolves in their bellies.

III

Anger and fear,
like blood and ice.
Anger thickening in the air
of sorrow,
and fear melting in the sun of tears.
I sing death to you, king.
My words like a common butcher's
knife slash through your ears.
You don't want to hear me,
for I have knelt at the altar of the
black mass,
and chanted your name in a curse,
that you might feel the fire you unleash
from places of hiding.
I call for the weeping sun and the
exploding air to find you cowering,
and carry you to the darkening fields
of your church,
for your own vultures to dip their
savage beaks
into the dust of your soul,
and shriek with untamed feeding in the
roaring dawn,
until the calm of noon shall find flowers
sprouting
again in
the canyons of America.

AUTUMN, 1964 - Peter La Farge

SIDE A
BAND: 3

Sitting here in the night with
darkness heaped in every corner,
wondering if you can read my writing,
because that's the only light I have.
The morning's coming. I can hear the
garbage trucks singing like city
crickets, collecting the night.
Thinking that of the new songwriters,
I'm the oldest and the most evil with
my past. I have no lies to tell
about my past and sometimes it
strangles me like a black dog putting
his foot down my throat. I am not so
wild as I was once; I'm pretty good
about it. I haven't gotten the rabies
of shadow in my teeth except once or
twice in the last six months. I
always rage most at those I love,
and mostly for good reasons. And to
those to whom I did, my apologies.
But you may have deserved it.

Someone once said to me "I envy
you your heart, but I couldn't stand
your hangovers." And oh, how I have
fallen for you, you high-stepping,

wrap-around chrome-popsickle girls.

For the right pair of legs, and God save us from
the probable barbed wire of blonde hair. And
I'll do it well, and if there are few men that
do that any more they get oriented to be sane
too soon. And it's because I am mad and can't
help it.

I always love like a high jack-rabbit going
through a bramble. Or a hawk up there twining the
world around him just before he falls to get the
jack, like an eight-wheeler going through a Kansas
town at midnight, with only a little boy watching
from his bedroom window and riding every non-stop
car out. I love like an act of nature.

Not casual, my love.
But like a tender trumpet.
Softly.
Proudly.
Loudly.
Lostly.
In the thunderheads my dark,
My love.
Not casual...

MARCH ON THE DELTA - Art Berger

SIDE A
BAND: 4

One more March
unrolls eyeballs
with scald of scenes
that are dues paid
for space to live;
the eagle flies high
over Mobile as the wind
prays in the street
and a tear gas fog
washes Selma faces
in oxides of nowhere
as we skip double dutch
in space and show
those Russians while
stars fall on Alabama.

One more March
of whirlyhawks over Mekong
sow a notquitelethal
smog of maggots
drooled from lips
of pentagon lunatics
on a defoliate scene
where a lone leaf sighs
a final spring
to a listless world
where lollypop logistics
cinder babies in
napalm gardens
as our face is saved
tho the fig leaf is gone.

FROM VALLEY OF SHADOWS - Ree Dragonette

SIDE A
BAND: 5

Moon cat, my nettle dancer
we will never make it to sun wheels;
to the changing colors of reptiles.

Tonight, at crux
the winds blow,
high as grapes in Christ winter.
East on rawhide on whips,
on quivering islands!
black under plum, the winds blow.
From the straits of Messina,
full of mirage
and rain,

I miss you.

On actual hand comes summer
offer of Magi,
joined in our bodies.

When you touch me
we rise from bleached stone,
from dark water,
Fly away, demons!

Come home,
Love is at least a brown moth;
a seed pearl
born in the eye of the hangman.

IF I RIDE THIS TRAIN - Joe Johnson

SIDE A
BAND: 6

If I ride this train
The long lean road
The weary road with specs of blood that punctuate
Your movement of poverty
The road of fat asses singing joyous hymns to
Life, to love, to lime, to ash
Cracked souls of pimps weep beneath the junkies
jagged heel
In the night of the beginning excerpts of blood bless
The feet of the unloved
And if I ride this train when the deal goes down
The baby's pabulum eyes will awake with the
laughter of Crocodiles
When the deal goes down and if I ride this train
On my nigger streets warm with neglect, flowers
will bloom
To greet cement pigeons
Harsh rhythms will repeat themselves to the ear
Of a blind man: Nigger boy, Nigger Man
Liv'in hard---Live if can!
If I ride this train I want a hotline to Jesus
I want to dance and draw blood
I want to grin and speak serpents
I want

I wanta' hiss love through my intervenous jungle
Through the trash crowded eye of my quick-soon
street

In a full-lipped song
To a junkman
Cut
Cut with a razor
Bleeding tears
When the deal goes down
Black women in Hallelulah white singing blood
soaked shouts

To Daddy Grace and Father "D"
And if I ride this pain
Pain will transduce this train
If I ride this train
Beyond theocratic reservations
My address will be unknown except to god and the
Boogaman.

SIDE A
BAND: 7

AFRICAN MEMORIES - Joel Oppenheimer
(for the Watusi in their hour of need)

they are fighting, she
sd, on the beaches, etc.

and on the left flank, a
small detachment of batwas,
poison dart blowguns eveready
as batteries. for three centuries
the bourgeoisie held subjugated
to the artists, merely because
of height. the lovely air
one breathes when one is
seven feet tall. keep them
down, damn them, but are
there beaches in ruanda

listen, all over the region
the drums are beating, bahutus
rage, seethe, form into
companies. the lion invented
the assegai just when napoleon
ravaged the continent. hah!
where were the bahutus damn
then when humphrey sailed down
the river? and needed them,
even to some fermented native
juice to replace the gin she
poured away (bitch). but they
sunk it anyway. altho the
konigsberg did make it upriver,
that was somewhere else in
africa. but they, the krauts,
dismounted the twelve inch guns
and hauled them inland. the last
german force to surrender, two
or three weeks after armistice day.

so there they are, spread
against the indian ocean, the
arabian sea, the mediterranean,

the south atlantic, fighting
all these years away. but for
three hundred years the artists
were ahead, by virtue of their
impossible height, and the togas
they wore draped shoulder to hip.

arise! formez vos bataillons!
on to the dark continent!

LADY DAY SPRING TONED - Ronald Stone

SIDE A
BAND: 8

Lady Day Spring-toned
april-warmly
bluesky-silently

"Heart in my soul
has got this solo"

(Charley Parker-birds
overhead
overbird
overhead
overheard

(a-flat minor fart-
ing perfume
of magenta smells
from a far corner
of a microsmic universe)
stand still

In nowhere air

Lady Day's heart

in her soul

(21-dimensionless-
dimension overtones

from 5 dimensional

Pagliacci scenes

we see only 3 dimensionally)

solos

Phony American Charley Morality

ate my flesh

but my soul was

West of horizons to

phony American Charley Morality

Everybody knows trouble

double-trouble

triple-trouble

I've seen

like a motherless child

traveling light

through 5 dimensional scenes

foolish fools

see as 3 dimensional

I hungered for you're -my-

thrill-don't-explain love (no, don't explain love)

I thirsted for easy-living-

for-you-love

Trying to find love

found me pain

Trying to give love

gave me pain

Spikes spiking skin pain

swarms of insects stinging pain

Starfire pain

burning in every pore
burning in every blood vessel
burning in every bone marrow
Pain eating like cancer
Pain screaming so loud it's silent
I'm gone now
I'm gone now
Wow I'm gone
21st heaven melody!
Wink-smile-wink rhythm
Cosmic harmony
All 3 bound me
in future futureless
silent sounds
I've found
Love's strange fruits
in some other spring
where no pain sings
here in nowhere

LISTENING TO SONNY ROLLINS AT THE
FIVE-SPOT - Paul Blackburn

SIDE A
BAND: 9

THERE WILL be many other nights like
me standing here with someone, some

one

someone

some-one

some

some

some

some

some

some

one

there will be other songs

a-nother fall, another ___ spring, but

there will never be a-noth, noth

anoth

noth

anoth-er

noth-er

noth-er

other lips that I may kiss,

but they won't thrill me like

thrill me like

like yours

used to

dream a million dreams

but how can they come

when there never be

a-noth ___

CANTO 4, SIX CYLINDER OLYMPUS
- Percy Edward Johnston

SIDE B
BAND: I

I, Bos Taurus spatha,
Spading the pinto bean earth

Like a wintergreen rubbed down
Sprinter before the gun,
Have repulsed the picadores
Under the E-flat trumpet-sun.

And banderillas that burn
Like angry chili peppers
Sprout - from my casserole shoulders
Like a Navajo ruler's headdress.

And already my C-natural blood
Is seeping like liquid roses.

And my ears dance to the music
From the translucent chorus.

And your suit-of-lights, more
Translucent than the chorus,
Radiates its rainbow energy
On a shrill brass ascent.

So whirl your cape - baby!

THE JACKAL HEADED COWBOY - Ishmael Reed

SIDE B
BAND: 2

We will swing from giant cables as if
they were hemp, hacking away at sky
scrapers til they tumble into christmas
crowds.

We will raid chock full O nuts untying
apron strings crouching stealthily in the streets
breakfng up conference rooms sweeping away
forms memo pads, ransoming bank presidents
shoving dollar bills through their mahogany
jaws.

We will sit on Empire Sofas listening to
Gabrieli's fortissimo trumpets blare for
stewed and staggering Popes as Tom Tom
mallets beat the base of our brains.

We will leap tall couplets in a single bound
and chant, chant chant until our pudgy swollen
lips go on strike.

Our daughters will shake rattle roll and slop
snapping their fingers until grandfather
clocks' knees buckle and Tudor mansions free
their cobwebs.

Our mothers will sing shout swing and foam
making gothic spires get happy clapping the
night like blown up Zeppelin.

We will sizzle burn crackle and fry like the combs
snapping the naps of Henri Christopher's
daughters. and We will scramble breasts bleating
like some tribe run amuck up and down
desecrating cosmetological graveyard factories.

And we will mash stock exchange bugs til

their sticky brown insides spill out like
reams of ticker tape.

And we will drag off yelling pinching bawling
shouting pep ills, detergents, acne powders,
clean rooms untampered maiden heads finger
bowls napkins renaissance glassware time
subscriptions reducing formulas

- please call before visiting -
- very happy to make your acquaintanceship i'm
sure - and boil down one big vat of unanimal stew
topped with kegs and kegs of whipped dynamite
and cheery smithereens.

And then We will rush like crazed antelopes
with our bastard babies number books mojo
goober dusting razor blades chicken thighs spooky
ha'nts daddygracing fatherdivining jack legged
preaching bojangles sugar raying mamas into one
scorching burning lake and have a jiggling hoedown
with the Quandrilling Sun.
And the panting moneygrabbing landlords
(leeching redneck judges) will scuffle
the embankment and drag the lipstick sky outside.

And their fuzzy patriarchs from Katzenjammer
orphic will offer hogmaws and thunderbird and
their overseers will offer elixir bottles of pre
punch cards and the protocol hollaring thunder will
announce our main man who'll bathe us and swathe
us.

And Our man's spur jingles 'll cause the clouds to
kick the dust in flight.

And his gutbucketing rompity bump will
cause sweaty limp flags to furl retreat
and the Jackal headed cowboy will ride reins
Whiplashing his brass legs and knobby hips.
and fast draw Anubis with his crank letters from Ra
will Gallop Gallop Gallop.

Our mummified profiled trail boss
as our swashbuckling, storm gouging
mob rides shotgun for the moon
and the whole sieged stagecoach
of the world will heave and rock
as we bang, stomp, shuffle, stampede,
cartwheel and cakewalk our way
into limbo.

KAURI - Will Inman

SIDE B
BAND: 3

KAURI is a Hindi word for the cowry shell,
that spiral of implicit coil, of smooth natural
porcelain exterior, of vagina-toothed under,
inscending infinitely inwards on those vibrations
of our inmost reach, opening outward in the same,
even as the spiral Self, opening and opening,

suddenly realizes I Never WAS NOT Center but forever and forever AM in perfect and invisible intercourse with all of mySelf in all of yourSelf... perfect and indivisible, yes, yet not without the anguish of ebb, the shredding of tidal withdrawal, the sharp thrust of encounter and aggress, the terrible imposition of unready necessities in rhythms we must outreach and transcend with that AM, that perpetual Wholeness even in our fragment selves...

KAURI never justifies but ever seeks to understand, and, where understanding fails, to experience, deeper than ego and light and mind, that terrible and mysterious inner Darkness, that seeming Abyss, without which our harmony is petty and trivial, without which our love is a mockery and our victory a shallow death. Bring your opposites here, not to me, but to you in me, to me in you, that, where we were separate and opposite, we, remaining individual and sacred, are violable and broken upon the Wholeness which, O blessed Tygers and Lambs, we perpetually and fierce joyfully ARE!

ELVIN JONES GRETCH FREAK
(COLTRANE AT THE HALF-NOTE)

- David Henderson

SIDE B
BAND: 4

To Elvin Jones/ tub man of
the John Coltrane Quartet.
*(Gretch is the brand name of E. J. 's
drum set. GRETCH is outstanding on his
bass drum that faces the audience at
the Half-Note, Spring Street, New York
City

gretch love
gretch hate
gretch mother father fuck
fuck gretch

The Halfnote should be
a basement cafe like the "A" train
Jazz/drums of gretch
on the fastest and least stopping
transportation scene in NYC
subways are for gretch
"A" train long as a long city block
the tenements of the underground rails
West 4th

34th 42nd 125th
farther down in the reverse
local at west 8th

waterfront warehouse truck/produce vacant
the halfnote

our city fathers keep us on the right track
zones/ ozone
fumes of tracks /smokestacks
Con Edison soot cinders billow
over the UN the East River 14th Street
on the lower East side

The Halfnote
westside truck exhaust and spent breath
of Holland Tunnel exhaust soot darkness jazz
speeding cars noisy/ noiseless
speeding gretch tremulous gretch
Elvin Jones the man behind the pussy
four men love on a stage
the loud orgy
gretch trembles and titters
gretch is love
gretch is love
gretch is love

Elvin's drum ensemble the aggressive cunt
the feminine mystique
cymbals tinny clitoris resounding
lips snares flanked/ encircling
thumping foot drum peter rabbit the fuck take
this and take that
elvin behind the uterus of his sticks
the mad embryo
the panting sweat-dripping embryo
misshapen/ hunched
Coltrane sane/ cock the forceps
the fox and the hare
the chase
screaming and thumping
traffic of music on Spring Street
'Trane says to young apprentice (Ron Feral)
"Fill in the solids;
get it while it's hot and comely; Elvin fucks almost
as good as his Mama."

The Halfnote is as packed as rush hour on 42nd
& 8th

"A" train territory
coltrane is off with a hoot
directed supine
nowhere in generalness
into the din and the death
between bar and tables
reds silver glass molten mass shout
tobacco fumes across the boardwalk
(coney island is the "D" train change
at west 4th if you want it)

Coltrane steps the catwalk
elvin jones drums gretch
gretch shimmy and shout
elvin drums a 1939 ford
99 pushing miles per hour/ shoving barefoot
driver in the heats

Coltrane/ Jones
riffing face to face
instruments charge
stools to kneecap
many faceted rhythm structure to tomahawk
gretch rocks 'n rolls gretch rattles
fuck gretch/

we know so well strident drums
children singing death songs of war
tenor and soprano high
tenor soar/ flux of drums chasing King
inviolable blue
the model "T" ford and air hammer

Holland tunnel
 Avenue of the Americas
 cobbled stones/ din of rubber
 of tin
 to the truck graveyard
 line-up of Boston Blackie nights/ deserted
 right here model "T" & tomahawk
 sometimes I hear late in silent din of
 night
 bagpipes/ death march
 music of ago/ Kennedy
 gretch gretch tune optical color-jumping gretch
 Elvin's F-86 Sabre jet/ remember
 Korea/ Horace Silver the fine smooth
 jackets the colored boys brought back
 from the far east with 'U. S. Air Force'
 Stars and Stripes covering the map of
 Japan
 blazing the back -a forgotten flame
 Elvin tom-tomming
 bassing the chest "E/gretch "J"/gretch
 clashingmetal mad
 tin frantic road of roaring/ gretch
 roar
 peck morrison
 the bass player
 once told me about a drum set
 with a central anchor/ every drum connected
 unable to jump or sway
 drums like the cockpit of a TXF spy plane
 ejaculator seat and all
 (call up brubecks joe dodge, al hirt
 Lester Lanin et al)

pilot conflict
 and the man elvin behind the baptismal tubs
 that leap like cannons to the slashing sound
 of knives
 black elvin knows so well
 the kind of knives the Daily News displays
 front page with photo of an award-winning cop
 grinning
 the kind of knives elvin talks about
 downtown by the water
 and uptown near the park

POEM TO AMERICANS - Gerald Jackson

SIDE B
 BAND: 5

I watched the road - as the white boys play:
 Then as a bush - Then as a cloud passing over
 I dug his arrogant wartime -
 marching up and down

The sunlight deepened into the trees
 timpani heralded
 - dust went puff puff like fat men rejects
 of the Third Reich
 Behind hob nails flashing, scenes, fascinated Jew
 smiling
 While the white boys play

-Then as a drum, Then flags rolling on the wind
 They came with the hand jive - Cry, goodbye,
 goodbye
 as the sky dims and new day - was a white boy
 So this was the Teutonic experience alas I know
 him well
 All his toys are stamped mine -
 Down the road the farmer grins - the house
 mother gleaming -
 the sound and dreaming triumph strike the brain
 cell spit,
 And the pussy is wet -
 Wet with cells and whips of sweating burning
 drinking death -
 And lost thighs stand back to back
 Still they laid on the sweet scent -
 carried carried carried on the white boy
 - Grabbed my dick: Your name is dick he said
 You cannot stay he said
 Then swift I did a sex dance before his eyes
 The dance was gone - march - whirling and whirling
 As the white boys play.
 Up and down the road where dust clouds rise -
 stayed all night pounding pounding for life -
 and dividends

POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA - Allen Katzman

SIDE B
 BAND: 6

... Who is Bernice
 that savage impulse I go to
 on my 3 day pass to town?
 She drinks. She farts.
 She loves me.
 We carouse in bars,
 drink away her flesh
 and her 3 weird sisters
 Topsy, Flossie and Gina;
 they sew a garment for us.
 One weaves. One unravels.
 One cuts.

Who is Bernice
 wild Indian of Lawton I
 love? When I'm away
 she waits in bars
 exclaiming in her drunk
 "I love that big Jew."
 When she left me
 after a month
 I went wild.
 All the sergeant said-
 that Apache Dido
 waits for all men.
 She's been pregnant 3 months.

Oh who is Bernice?
 If I stuck my arm up
 to the elbow,
 There would only be the wind.

GYRE'S GALAX - Norman Pritchard

SIDE B

BAND: 7

Sound variegated through beneath lit
Sound variegated through beneath lit
through sound beneath variegated lit
sound variegated through beneath lit

Variegated sound through beneath lit dark
Variegated sound through beneath lit dark
sound variegated through beneath lit
variegated sound through beneath lit dark

Through variegated beneath sound lit
Through variegated beneath sound lit
through beneath lit
through beneath lit
through beneath lit
Thru beneath
Thru beneath lit
Thru beneath
Thru beneath
Thru beneath lit

II

Twainly ample of amongst
Twainly ample of amongst
Twainly ample of amongst

in lit black viewly

viewly

in viewly

viewly

in viewly

viewly

in viewly

viewly

in lit black viewly

in dark to stark

in dark to stark

in dark to stark

in dark to stark

in dark to stark lit

In above beneath

above beneath lit

above beneath

above beneath lit

above beneath

above beneath

above beneath

above beneath

above beneath lit

ASIAN NIGGER - George Nelson Preston

SIDE B

BAND: 8

Runs like an ostrich
but keeps his head
above ground.
Legs strong as bamboo
or as soft.

Feeds on the seed of thinking
water reeds, and dried fish
with the eyes still in 'em,
unbewhiskered jungle cat,
elephant-memored vine clinger;
walks with a shuffle

and has a passion for knives, like
all niggers,
bamboo or otherwise, and never once
has he seen the pawnbrokers on
west 125th.

Head of hair like black jungle
growth,

Mulatto flesh, he's got for eyes
two tranquil white fish;
he's rumored to be bad,
but has never heard the word

'motherfucker.'

He can't be trusted
and won't keep in his place,
has an insatiable appetite
for knocking down flying machines
with stolen goods, and his sole
desire is to blow to
non-Buddha-kingdom-come
all those cracker rednecks from
south Indiana,

Kentucky,

(Kansas,)

southern Illinois,

Alabama-Heart-of-Dixie,

Manhattan Island,

Missouri,

New Mexico, Park Avenue, and all

those other far away outposts of

civilization where ostriches,

and elephants, jungle cats, fishes

buffalo, niggers, indians, are

all kept in their places

or locked up or killed dead

to non-Christ-kingdom-come.

POEM FOR ADOLPH EICHMAN - John Harriman

SIDE B

BAND: 9

Your lips pressed together

Raising the left side

of your face in a sneer

Remind me of the same

Look of distraction you made

When my grandfather

Presented you with butter

in Vienna.

The price of his departure

Was 1 Farm ----- 160 Acres

2 Tractors -- New

1 Building --- Type-Lodge

6 Laborers -- Jewish

My grandfather

Grumbled to his family later

That you had

An uncultured taste

Moved us from your presence.

In Argentina

Where you both eventually
Retreated to a cafe.

My grandfather

Served you butter

And you recognized his face.

Later he sent a letter to me

Said: "I have seen my own

Burning knife again.

In the sloving butter

The point appeared,

Moved from my grasp

Stumbled into a pilot's arms

And was spirited away.

My grandson, like butter

We both have no feelings. "

Now

How long can you hide

Your palpitations?

We know your sneer

Is a defense

You must know

Our butter knives

Are being sharpened.

I AM A MULTITUDE - Allen De Loach

SIDE B

BAND: 10

In this life of unholy wars

man is now born with cranial puke and mucus

which spreads like the fire of a wheat field

in an open wind and settles

in prometheus rest on his tongue.

I am a pacifist.

Ordinarily I would not fight you.

But now that you have challenged Phoebe,

who would better be forgotten,

and now that you stride to live with Ares,

I can not control the strain of my life

that has taught me to love.

I shall strike at your entrails

that are green with pungent rot.

With my very hands I shall abort the fungus

that was injected into you when you were born

and could hear.

This should first be rendered onto those

southern gentlemen

of reputed deliverance,

then spring to the infamous

northern enfolders

who have really taught us to hate.

God be willing, and I have ceased to question this,

and I can pull the knife from my breast

and mend my wounds,

Maybe someday I can forgive you.

Standing on this threshold it is easy to sink deeper

into the muddy ebbless of stagnant ponds;

for all that I fight, I fight with;

yet it is Holy from unholiness.

All that I fight, I fight with as a weapon

because you are relative to the mind and

Holy when surfaced with love that will bore deep
into the core of your intrepid malady.

O Corpus Sanctum.

O Holy light, I call on you as Prometheus

to spark the smoldering embers of Phoenix.

This choice of resurrection comes not for self;

For I am a multitude.

I, as we, in all of my ignorance,

am groing tired of flouncing in your corpulent sea

I, as we, stand ready now

to pull the nails from the fingers of any man

who raises the scythe.

I, as we, have heard too often the applause

from the magistrates of the Christian arenas.

I, as we, am tired of the building of pyramids.

I, as we, am tired of the oars of the gallows ship.

I, as we, am tired of the blade of the guillotine.

I, as we, am tired of the race to covet

the body-shells of other countries.

I, as we, am tired of the skeletal bodies

of living children.

I, as we, have felt the heat of too many ovens

of burning human flesh.

I, as we, have seen too long the stoical faces

of burning monks.

I, as we, have seen the deadly sleep of habit

on too many faces that walk in a trance.

And I, as myself, have seen enough of this cancer

on the face of humanity.

TO JACKIE IN JAIL - Stephen Tropp & Howard Hart

SIDE B

BAND: 11

1.

Your hands are envelopes for a wet velvet stump

You went to the doctor your thumbs exploding

And the green blood rained white through a jail

in Payan Wisconsin

Incest and masturbation the girl with the face of

a deer

ran away with the curtains

Jackie what are dreams worth when a pin means

heaven Jackie

The yellow blood on the white thighbone screamed

for the conflagrations of the rain

And a dog shouted the alphabet using only

chinese scales

2.

You were never really hooked you never stayed out

of jail long enough

Born in an elephant's black tooth Jackie you invented

a prison out of licorice poles

The legends of the east are unlike any other

From your twentieth floor cell your tongue of

radium and nettles incited

Bennington girls to riot

Big enough to squint you fought four fans saying

you were the only

Napoleon born in Calcutta you shot

Nerve patterns from the blood's skylight
Human beings with four feet and the sound of being
alive to nothing at all
Jackie how tall is a beanstalk when does the
rainbow die

3.

SCREAM JACKIE DREAM JACKIE
solve the trigonometry of the heart with air
streams and pink wax I know
That this is not the country TO HELL
With your God damned Africa My skin has feathers
You bought the first helicopter and landed in our
laps
And the English boys with hashish in their diapers
passed out German bennies
Six at a time that was no hypo that was my heart
that was my belt

4.

And what are stars but a kind of fan club for the
juvenile delinquents of 116th Street
Jackie Jackie what happened when the cop said the
streets are just one oblong toilet
JACKIE JACKIE JACKIE JACKIE
On piano bass guitar
On vibes flugelhorn
On blackberries and xylophone
On horse I sold ermine gloves to Lady Godiva and
you Jackie out
On a rhinoceros climbed the walls of the
chandeliers of my opera by Puccini...

POEM TO ERNIE HENRY - Gloria Tropp

SIDE B
BAND: 12

paint my crib a
land of lane grass scarabs and mariposas
holy hour
in the city in the aisles of oils and
perfumes
my lids part the people dressed in strings
wearing tensions
making dances come through
longing
GODS SELF of straw burning on both
ends
WHAT! WHAT! WHAT!
and WHAT foot glides through days that are
ONE SCREAM LOUDER THAN THE
NEXT
Body light making blues offering
under a low range of sky
and other blues
in a coat that dims blues ears
and WHAT WHAT for my blues
all the world that's
a
tree
engraved on the cheek of facing
hard stone

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ART BERGER:

Long Island printer and sailor whose essays
and poems have been published in many magazines,
including Fiddlehead, Mainstream, Liberation
and Umbra, of which he is a contributing editor.
Author of BLOW THE MAN DOWN (1962, Poetry,
London/New York).

PAUL BLACKBURN:

A former Fulbright scholar who was poetry
editor of The Nation in 1961. His work has ap-
peared in New American Poetry and many maga-
zines. His recent books include Brooklyn-
Manhattan Transit (1960) and The Nets (1961).

LEN CHANDLER:

Widely known as a folksinger composer and
participant in civil rights demonstrations, he
makes his appearance here in a section poem he
has under way, from a long "21 A." He has
published in SING OUT and BROADSIDE and
Columbia has issued an album of his songs, TO
BE A MAN.

ALLEN DE LOACH:

A native of Jacksonville, Florida, now living
in the New York area, where he edits the magazine
INTREPID. His work has appeared in many maga-
zines, including Poet Meat, Wormwood Review,
University of Tampa Poetry Review.

REE DRAGONETTE:

The mother of three teenagers, she has given
jazz poetry concerts in Town Hall and has been
published in Harper's Bazaar and other magazines.
Among her recent books are: Like Pharaoh's
Eye, Like Onyx Stone and Shrovetide.

JOHN HARRIMAN:

Lives in New York where he has participated
in poetry readings. His work has appeared in
THEO, INTREPID, The SEVENTH STREET
ANTHOLOGY and other publications.

DAVID HENDERSON:

Born in Harlem, he has been widely published
in magazines, including NATIONAL GUARDIAN,
MAINSTREAM and BLACK AMERICAN.

CALVIN HERNTON:

A native of Tennessee, now living in New York.
He is a sociologist and the author of SEX AND
RACISM IN AMERICA and WHITE PAPERS FOR
WHITE AMERICAN (Doubleday). His work has
appeared in a number of magazines, and he has

published a book of poetry, THE COMING OF
CHRONOS TO THE HOUSE OF NIGHTSONG.

WILL INMAN:

A North Carolinian who has been active on the New York poetry scene for many years. He is the editor of KAURI; has published in a number of magazines. His recent books include: I AM THE SNAKE-HANDLER (New Atheneum Press 1960); A RIVER OF LIFE (New Atheneum Press 1961; 108 PRAYERS FOR J. EDGAR, Selections (1945).

GERALD JACKSON:

Lives in New York City and is a painter as well as a poet.

JOE JOHNSON:

Lives in New York. His poems have appeared in UMBRA, LIBERATOR, and REVOLUTION AFRICAINE.

PERCY EDWARD JOHNSTON:

Lives in New York and is an editor of DASEIN. His books include: CONCERTO FOR GIRL and SIX-CYLINDER OLYMPIC.

ALAN KATZMAN:

Managing editor of EAST VILLAGE OTHER; formerly edited SEVENTH STREET, and has appeared in El Corno Emplumado, Yale Literary Magazine and elsewhere. His recent books are POEMS FROM OKLAHOMA and THE BLOODLETTERING.

PETER LA FARGE:

Born in Santa Fe, Mexico; died in New York a week after recording for this record. Widely known as a folksong composer specializing in Indian themes, he described himself for these notes as follows:

"Peter LaFarge avoided being a poet until his poems outnumbered him with the wrath of unused talents -- 24 prizefights, 10 years in rodeo, 6 record albums -- now home at last, poet."

JOHN MORGAN:

A 20-year-old Marine Corps lance corporal who attracted national attention when he told a peace rally in New York that he had gone AWOL rather than fight in Vietnam. The poem on this record was recorded in New York just before he was arrested and returned for trial. He is the author of poems that have appeared in Kauri.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER:

Playwright and printer as well as poet, now directing the St. Mark's Church cultural program.

He was one of the Black Mountain group of poets and has been widely published. His recent books include: THE DUTIFUL SON, and THE LOVE BIT.

GEORGE NELSON PRESTON:

Research worker and painter as well as poet. He has had two one-man shows in New York galleries and has published poetry in a number of small magazines.

NORMAN PRITCHARD:

A Brooklyn poet who has published in UMBRA, LITERARY REVIEW and FREEDOMWAYS. He has participated in many readings.

ISHMAEL REED:

A native of Tennessee, now working in New York as newspaper man, novelist and teacher. His poems have appeared in EAST VILLAGE OTHER, MAINSTREAM, LIBERATOR, and other publications.

RONALD STONE:

A Kentuckian, who has worked as an actor, laborer, social worker, schoolteacher and poet-in-residence at the Crows Toe Coffee House in Washington, D. C. He has published in AMERICAN WEAVE, SOUL BOOK and other magazines.

GLORIA TROPP:

Singer, poet, designer, composer, is a New Yorker whose poems have appeared in BLUE-BEAT, THEO, INTREPID, and other magazines.

STEPHEN TROPP:

A native of Vienna, is a New Yorker whose book, MOZART IN HELL, was published in 1959. His poems have appeared in EXODUS, BIRTH, YUGEN, BEAT COAST EAST, and other magazines.

HOWARD HART:

A native of Ohio has published two books, FOUNTAIN SQUARE and SKY OF ORANGE, and his work has appeared in EXODUS, BEAT COAST EAST and other magazines.

THE EDITOR

After twenty-five years' silence since his days as Paris expatriate poet in the 30's, Walter Lowenfels has recently resumed publishing. His books in print include two anthologies, POETS OF TODAY and WHERE IS VIETNAM?; a prose work, TO AN IMAGINARY DAUGHTER; and three collections of poems: LAND OF ROSEBERRIES, SOME DEATHS and TRANSLATIONS FROM SCORPIUS.

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