SIDE ONE

1. Intro: Ishmael Reed 4:20
3. For The Poets: Jayne Cortez 4:05
4. Poem For Fanny and Yang-chu Said: Maureen Owen 1:70
5. I Am A Dangerous Woman and Crossing the Border 3:10
   Into Canada: Joy Harjo
7. Housewife: Susan Zavarin 1:05
8. Bark is what us dogs do..., On a Leash...and 3:05
   From A Midrash: David Meltzer
9. Artist/Art This, (segue into) Anonymous 3:00
   Sonnet: Victor Hernandez Cruz 2:95
TOTAL RUNNING TIME 21:85

SIDE TWO

1. Rabbit, Hair, Leaf: Mei Mei Bersenbrugge 3:50
2. Filipochinos, Being Your Woman and Pacific 3:00
   Lover: Cyn Zarco
3. St Louis Woman: Ishmael Reed 7:00
4. Part 3 from Wolfbane: David Henderson (approx.) 3:00
5. Dope: Amiri Baraka 4:50
   Melvin Kelly and Sound Poem: David Jackson
   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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Poets Read their Contemporary Poetry
BEFORE COLUMBUS FOUNDATION

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9702
Poets Read Their Contemporary Poetry
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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 HURCUM ( ), 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
da 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 SHROVTIDE IN OLD NEW
ORLEANS (Doubleday) and A SECRETARY TO THE SPIRITS
(Nok).

AMIRI BARAKA is the author of a large body of work includ-
ing 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 African 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 HENDERSO 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
0 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, Son.
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'Neill's, 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 priestess, 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  
Joyne Cortez

FOR THE POETS  
(Christopher Okigbo & Henry Dumas)

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

I need the smell of Nnukka  
the body sweat of a durbar  
five tap dances  
and those fleshly blues kingdoms from deep south  
to belly-rolls forward praise for Christopher Okigbo  

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  
to make a delta praise for the poets  

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  

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

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

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 pounced tons of burgundy mush oh  
in this steel cube in this domino in this dry period oh  

I need tongues like coiling pythons  
spearheads pushing from Gulf of Guinea  
the broken ankles of a B.J. Vorster  
to light up this red velvet jungle  

I need pink spots from the lips of trumpet players  
the abdominal scars of seven head hunters  
a gunslit for electric watermelon seeds  
to flash a delta praise for the poets  

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

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

Copyright 1977 by Joyne 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 self, but self 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  
baleful  
immoral  
delinquent  
groovy & 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 chases 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."  

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 over heels  
the older children at the bottom went alternately mad with giggles and wild with weeping  
saw her coming a billowing flannel nightgown  

now with a head now without one uttering AHH 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
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 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 port.
It was just 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?"
Borley 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 es que sabe 'l amo'
borinquen es que sabe 'l dolo'
borinquen tú que sabe la vo'
borinquen 'l que tiene 'l color'
caribe rice and black beans
caribe rising
caribe cumin'
caribe kan mon
back from the bones
back from the stones, mon
caribe cumin' right, cumin' left
cuttin' thru the loans
caribe cuttin' thru credit
and the left cuqueo
of a rican drum en
puerto vaga
puerto vallarta
vá i' harta
va i harta bro'
with the ejido warrior
who met howard, mr. hughes
over a gallon of agua 'e cana
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 walled senours,
vá i harta tú
satisfy bro', satisfy
saturate, bro'
dromeando bro'
dromeando dromas con gas
bromas con gas
with flauta wind
ripping through the lamp post jungle
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?
kang you tell me
that
a?
mr. c

SIDE 1: BAND 7  Suzanne Ostro Zavriem

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 desairs 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 tracks and tracks 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 can't 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
& see our eyes as your eyes
but you got the gun 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

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 wrinkled 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.

Lucy Comanche is an artist
Art this
She makes all the stars in Hollywood seem like flashlights which have been left turned on for a week
She had a frenesi
A friend in C
A friend in me
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 stoofs 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
of the sky elements everything she gave
Brush to rush to paint your nails if you
gave her room she never thought of canvas
Where they sell it absent from her view
Sometimes she was called Picasso feminizing
Picasso
She painted Josephina as I was writing
that Josephina is the feminine of Jose
Jose's who are also known to go under the
nichnames of Chaos or Papel and so
Josephina got tagged on her the name Papa
Which is female for Pope and she dug that
Papa for if you look close the other name
Jose y fina means Jose and thin or sounds
like oficina like Jose oficina also it had
Something in it of Jose is fina Jose is
fina finished no this for someone being
Composed by an artist
To to asleep Papa 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

Anonymous

And if I lived in those olden times
With a funny name like Choker 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 the sun rise
Plus always being 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
Also! The projects hath not covered the river
Thou see-at 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 minutest 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 acquia where they found prints
and got its' throat torn by a dogtask 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 he 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 peeked 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
bunched 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
that 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 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
Fools what flows through it

FILIPINOS

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

SIDE 2: BAND 2 (Copyright 1977 by Cyn. Zarco)
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 orbited 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 Rennoirish 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 apricot-beaded St. Louis woman in gold 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 blankets 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 blouses 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 Asians 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 Lama's stand in why there were black gods with Niger 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 buddhist/blow conch horns and chant like a chorus of frogs.

St. Louis women are rabbit-haired hookers who hustle to star wars in the steeple chase room of the chase park hotel where gorgeous george dressed in sequined Evel Knievel jumpsuit discs 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 Casner's River Styx, and everybody 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 Pincher station wagons. Their husbands work for McDonnell Douglas, Halston-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 grandmother of a St. Louis woman appears in the 100 years of lynchimg horror book because he owned 360 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 freg 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 eye 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 Tanga, 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 Whitman'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 (Hippolise'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 jects sweep in.

Resting under that mellow creole river in a silver satin slip the color of an emshind 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 bulck
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
rides 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 tall of old books
the word the law
criss cables cross country
ancient news
from
ancient pages
flash

the buddhist came 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
feelingighet i 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

ceci brown astral
projects fromparts
a contract on "paradok" the poet
ed dam on a fast steed
gunslinger thru the city
federico alegría, 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
shower
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 glazed 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 law frame house/
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 absbsplescent symbols eternal/
in the Steppenwolf
die the days of hectic colors
in parties of nations
all night long
a dream within a dream
perume folds into the room
oretha recites the seven charkas
a scent of jasmine
a run of geisha girls black panthers and afras
latinos, razas, samuris & bravos
young white scholars,
winas 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
bumpling the grind
better than any scandalous movie
in the land of oak.
in steppenwolf
a three penny opera of loves supreme
a pint of danger
a pint 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 bougaloos
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 third world in the 4thdimension

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

longheads bobbling
grace of shau lets 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 dynasty
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 backward
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
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
uuuuuuuu
uuuuuuuu
uu
ray light morning fire lynching yet
uuuuuuuu, 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) oowoo! oowoo! It must be the devil!
(Jumps up like a claw stuck him) ooo ooo ooo ooo!
(scream)
It must be the devil
It must be the devil
It must be the devil
(shakes like evangelical sanctify
shakes tambourine like evangelical sanctify)
oowoo! oowoo! yeh, devil, yeh, devil oowoo!

Must be the devil must be the devil
(waves plate like collection) mus' is mus' is mus'
is mus' is the devil, calm be rockefeller (eyes roll up
batting, and jumping all the way around to face the
other direction) cant be him, no lawd
caint be dupont, no lawd, calm be, no lawd, no way
noway, now law, 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 tol'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 ain't shit, hallelujah, oowoo! oowoo!

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 sufferin want go thru
this again, after we die, after we die oowoo! oowoo!
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 like, after we die,
hallelujah, hallelujah, must be the devil, it aint capitalism
it aint capitalism, it aint capitalism, it aint capitalism,
now it aint that, jimmy carter want lie, "life unfair" but it aint capitalism
must be the devil, oowoo! it aint the police, jimmy carter
want lie, you know rosalyn want nor fillman, 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 kennedys, and pablo neruda
and overthrow 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 lan smith,
must be the devil, cant be vorster, cant be apartheid,
caint be imperialism, jimmy carter want lie, did you hear
him say in his state of the union message, i swear on
rosalyn's face lifted catatonic, i wan't lie nixon lied,
haldeman lied, dean lied, hoover lied hoover sucked (dicks)
too but jimmy dont, jimmy want, jimmy aint lying, must be
the devil, put yr money on the plate, must be the devil, in
heaven we'll all be straight, calm be rockefeller, he gave
amos poobootie a scholarship to Behavior Modification Univ.
and Genlevie Almswhite works for his foundation Must
be niggers! Cain be melon, 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 pathocrasy
grin stupor)
Yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yessuh, yessuh,
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 rockeys, i
swallowed it whole on roots: wasn't 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, wasn't no white folks, lazy niggers
chained themselves and threw they own black asses in the
bottom of the boats, (well now that you mention it King
Asahduk u wast helped threw yr ass in the bottom of the
boat, you namma wife, and you never seed em no more)
must be 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---a heaven
be here, you have all a what you need, Bam-a all of a
sudden, heaven be here, you have all you need, that
assembly line you work on will dissolve in thin air, oowoo!
oowoo! Just gotta die, just gotta die, this old world aint
nuthin, must be the devil got you thinkin so, it cant be
rockefeller, it can be morgan, it cant be capitalism, it
cain't be national oppression awow! 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 bitta silver you got stashed
there sister, gimme that dust now brother man, ill be ok
on the other side, you soul be clean be washed pure white,
yes, yes, yes, oowow, now go back to work, go to sleep,
yes, gotta sleep, go back to work, yes oowow. oowow.
bbbbbbbb. uuuuuuuuu. uuuuuuuuu. uuuuuuuuu. yes, uuuuuuu. yes,
bbbbbbbb. a men.