

HARD FACTS

Amiri
Baraka

1973 - 75

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PEOPLES WAR



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Second Edition

H A R D F A C T S

(exerpts)

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(excerpts)

for Comrade Amina, my heart and strength

HARD FACTS

Introduction

Poetry is saying something about reality. It reflects the sayers place in the production process his or her material life and values. As a form, it reflects the material life and values of the society in which it exists. And in which the sayers, the poet, exists.

The various trick definitions of poetry and its uses, whatever they are, no matter how "deep", profound, obtuse, obvious, irrational, &c. reflect exactly a specific group of people and a specific production and social relationship of that group to the society in which they live and to the world.

For instance, the middle class poetry which is most important to the American Academy is a reflection of American middle class life and interests Bourgeois social and production relations. The White middle class - the Black middle class, finally, after some conflict about national oppression curve into a single curve, a dipthongated yet whole "strata" of material life + values - e.g., the poetry of Nikki Giovanni, quite energetic at one point in reflecting our national oppression, can very quickly settle into the class interests of the American Bourgeoisie in general, because the material life and values though not as monied probably as Lowell or Ron McKuen, Mailer or Updike but we are an oppressed nation + our bourgeoisie is smaller, weaker, less powerful certainly than the main U.S. Bourgeoisie, but they all we got! However, the interests, values and consciousness issue from a material base, absolutely supportive of, finally an "extension" of, the material base, interests, values + consciousness of the American ruling class. Poetry is apologia for one particular class or another and that class' views, needs and visions.

The poetry, art or writing reveals the class stand, and attitude of the writer, reveals the audience to whom the writer and artist addresses themselves, it also reveals what work they have been active in and what studies they are involved in. There is no art that is above the views or needs or ideology of one particular class or another, tho the rulers pretend that art is classless and beyond political definition. That is why we aim at an art that serves the great majority of people, the working masses of people. That is why we make an art that praises what helps the people and puts down mercilessly what oppresses or exploits them. That is why we should try to make a poetry, an art that speaks to, after 1st learning from, those same dynamic working masses. We learn from the omnied, multinational mass, the

scattered, raw, unsystematized, and even refined, and reorganize re-intensify, dynamize, make gigantic and give back what we have learned. We deal with reality, "to get truth from facts", as Mao says, and with the class stand, attitude and strength of the inspired worker give it back to inspire, educate, mobilize, persuade, involve, the people. We want to raise the level of the people, but to do that we must start where they are which is on a much higher level than the majority of intellectuals and artists. We also want to popularize, to make popular, to make a popular mass art. To take the popular and combine it with the advanced. Not to compromise, but to synthesize. To raise and to popularize.

The question of the audience is key, is central to the work. "For Whom" is the problem as Mao Tse Tung sounded it. For whom does one write, the audience standing there as you compose, to whom, for whom, it is directed. That is the key to the class stand and attitude of the work. That answers the question of whether or not the art serves the people or serves their exploiters. If we address our work to a small circle of the hip urban middle-class the petit bourgeoisie who are the writers, intellectuals, finally that's who it will be for, and it will tend to be narrow and individualistic and not reflect the truly universal, the truly lasting, the truly modern, the truly good. And what about the artists and writers whose work's aim for Rock's living room as their legitimatizing focus or who see the honorary membership in the Jet set as hip when it is merely the flashy part of the class of vampires that control the world.

The work and study, should be work active work toward making revolution, toward seeing the masses of people in this society 1st build a revolutionary vanguard party, a new communist party, an anti-revisionist party, a party guided by the science of Marxism-Leninism-Mao-Tse-Tung Thought, and then led by that party smash the bourgeois state machine and seize state power to turn the means of producing wealth, the land, factories, machines, mineral wealth, from private property owned by a handful of superbillionaires to state owned public property under the dictatorship of the proletariat. That is the work we are putting forth. The study should be of revolution as well as art. But revolution 1st, and foremost. Getting to know the people and letting them get to know you. Studying the world based on the science of Marxism-Leninism-Mao-Tse-Tung Thought. Because this will clarify and change your class stand from petit bourgeois to proletarian. From a sideline watcher of the struggle, to remould your worldview to that of the working class and the revolutionary. For whom: For the people, for the revolutionaries, but also for the generations to come reared under the dictatorship of the proletariat Socialism and communism.

Yes, poetry should be a weapon of revolutionary struggle. And we say it again. Otherwise it is "a teacup in Rocky's summer place", a distraction, an ornament the imperialists wear to make a gesture toward humanity.

But many of us feel since we are "anti-establishment" that that makes us heroes. Nonsense. Most such anti-establishmentarianism is just petit bourgeois anarchism and failure to take up the responsibility intellectuals had better understand they have to actually help make life better for all of us.

Also, the unclarity, romanticism, sadness, + pessimism, the little tearful odes to weakness we write. The people don't need these. They need odes of strength, attack pieces, bomb, machine gun and rocket poems. Poems describing reality and methods of changing it. Rhythmic reading lists, objectivity, clarity, information, science, as well as love and concern.

We should not act or write like we're crazy, but as impassioned revolutionaries aiming to help destroy the capitalist system! Be passionate, but disciplined enough to deliver the death blow! And we should be reading, discovering the world, through the classics, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao & Ho, Kim, Enver Hoxha, &c., working in it day to day in hard struggle against the enemies of humanity, otherwise what are we writing about---our last poem? We become old American academics reflecting on our gardens + the newest frog to croak there - even of the gardens is Lower East Side or Fillmore, West Side, Europe, Afrika, sets + countersets, world exercises in smartness + compromise. It all becomes celebration of the power of the world's rulers and even their "liberalism" that can permit of people jumping out windows, screwing their grandmothers, or performing cunnilingus (what?) on the silver screen!

We need a poetry that directly describes the situation of the people and tells us how we change it. That shows us our lives and gives us the responsibility for mobilizing them around life and revolution rather than drifting impotently in support of death and bourgeois rule.

This is difficult because many poets, &c., in U.S. are petit bourgeois - i.e., the class that vacillates. Revolving like tops between bourgeois interests + consciousness + the interests + consciousness of the oppressed masses. The struggle to change that consciousness where it does not vacillate is a revolutionary struggle and it can only be achieved by struggling to change external reality! Earlier our own poems came from an enraptured patriotism that screamed against whites as the eternal enemies of Black people, as the sole cause of our disorder + oppression. The same subjective mystification led to mysticism, metaphysics, spookism, &c., rather than dealing with reality,

as well as an ultimately reactionary nationalism that served no interests but our newly emerging Black bureaucratic elite and petit bourgeois, so that they would have control over their Black market. This is not to say Black nationalism was not necessary, it was and is to the extent that we are still patriots, involved in the Black Liberation Movement, but we must also be revolutionaries who understand that our quest for our people's freedom can only be realized as the result of Socialist Revolution!

Our nationalism was reactionary when it focused on White people as the cause of our oppression rather than the system of monopoly capitalism. Perhaps the lack of struggle orientation that we observed among the White petit bourgeois arty types fueled our belief in racial analysis. But the reality is that we were reacting to petit bourgeois vacillation + uncommittedness to anything but individual hedonistic ease and the hip service of the bourgeoisie which we still oppose and aim to denounce!

All this + our own vision clearing, our own move toward clarity + reality. "It is a time of great disorder", says Mao. "A very good thing for the People". The oppressive systems shaking + wheezing, revolutionary forces, mobilizing + clarifying.

This is the period now after the defeat in Southeast Asia when the United States has been smashed as a world power, and is now in absolute contention with the Soviet Union, the other superpower, for control of the world, which neither will get. But this contention all over the world, under the disguise of detente will more than likely lead to war. But all over the world as well, the people are opposing the superpowers, and all imperialism, and led by the forces of the Third World are making revolution and objectively building the world united front against imperialism. In the U.S.A. it will mean that since the superprofits are being blown away...that the workers and oppressed nationalities will no longer be able to be lulled with concessions or bribed or bourgeoisified, because the 6/10ths of 1% who rule this state will insist on their maximum profit and intensify police repression and go to fascism if they have to, to protect their maximum profit. That is why the cutbacks and layoffs and rising unemployment. In the next few years there will be an increasing attack on the revolutionaries in this country, characterized by the S-1 Bill and other attempts to legislate fascism, and it will be important for there to come into existence a united front of intellectuals and artists who can unite to fight against the enemies of a new life, the enemies of the people. Even tho there would be disagreement in such a front, since all the artists are not yet communists, we feel such a

front, based on unity and struggle. To unify around those essential tasks upon which we agree, perhaps, anti-imperialism, anti-racism, anti-capitalism, anti-sexism, the need for a new revolutionary art, perhaps we could put together a dynamic coalition of forces that would make the cultural revolution that was only halfmade in the 60's because it pulled up short with nationalism, even tho it was correct in rejecting bourgeois ideology, and fleeing the castles of the bourgeoisie. But now it is a new day, it is time for a higher stronger art, a deeper more thoroughgoing and all sided comittment to the masses of humanity. It is time for the artists and writers and intellectuals in the U.S.A. to choose sides openly and fiercely and begin to struggle with no holds barred, to carry the revolution through to the end.

Also, a new party, a new instrument of people's struggle will soon be born. It will be constructed out of the concrete conditions of America today! All the fresh + firey forces of history and comittment led by Blacks, Browns, Reds, Yellows + Whites. Led by the mass of workers + oppressed nationalities. A joint hammer of humanity raising to strike, to tear down the enemies of human life + development!

LONG LIVE REVOLUTIONARY ARTISTS & WRITERS!
MARXIST-LENINISTS UNITE - WIN THE ADVANCED TO COMMUNISM!
BUILD A REVOLUTIONARY MARXIST-LENINIST COMMUNIST PARTY!
LONG LIVE THE ANTI IMPERIALIST CULTURAL UNION!
LIBERATION OF THE BLACK NATION!!
SOCIALIST REVOLUTION!!!
VICTORY TO ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE!!!!

Amiri Baraka
October 1974 - November 1975

PRESSURE TO GROW

Even grey headed, learning is critical
strength we need, words silences, neither
are brute resistance elemental passion
If we could tell the truth all the time
If we could be with our (need to be) loved ones
and tell the truth
Learning not just from books
Learning from our blood line
All wd be Black harmony
Learning from justice
Learning from work
Learning from constancy
Learning from love
If we cd tell the truth
all the time
a terrible pressure wd be on the world
it'd have to change
if we changed so
A lightning insistence wd harass the world
change
change
if we cd turn
around
so
Learn from nature
Learn from love
Study reality reverently
scientifically
its our life
Learn from yr family
Learn from the struggle
if we cd tell the truth
all the time
the truth wd be whipping
folks

the truth wd be out here
 conkin crackers
 &
 nailin niggers
 the truth'd be out here
 with us
 boomin thru us
 The truth'd be helping
 The truth'd be replacing
 It'd be stompin pirates
 Esso Esso Esso Esso Esso
 Gulf!
 Gulf!
 Esso Esso Esso Esso Esso
 Gulf!
 Gulf!
 Ford Gulf!
Wham!!
 It'd be raisin
 & gettin down
 It'd put a righteous pressure
 on the world
 if we cd only
 tell the truth
 all the
 time
 & Learn
 from
 its production...

 This is a message
 from
 Afrika!

PRESSURE TO GROW

Even grey headed, learning is critical
 strength we need, words silence, neither
 are brute resistance elemental passion
 If we could tell the truth all the time
 If we could be with our loved to be loved ones
 and tell the truth
 Learning not just from books
 Learning from our blood fire
 All wd be Black harmony
 Learning from justice
 Learning from work
 Learning from constancy
 Learning from love
 If we cd tell the truth
 all the time
 A terrible pressure wd be on the world
 it'd have to change
 if we changed so
 A lightning insistence wd harness the world
 change
 change
 if we cd turn
 around
 so
 Learn from nature
 Learn from love
 Study reality, eventually
 its our life
 It'd be here with us
 more
 Learn from family
 Learn from the struggle
 if we cd tell the truth
 all the time
 the truth wd be whipping
 folks

Revolutionary Love

Black Revolutionary Woman

In love w/ Revolution

Your man better be a revolution
for you to love him

Black Revolutionary woman

the care of the world
is yours, in your hands is
entrusted all the new beauty
created here on earth

Black revolutionary woman

were you my companion I'd
call you Amina, Afrikan faith
and inspiration, were
you my comrade in struggle, I'd still
call you lady, great lady

Bibi, Black Revolutionary Woman

were you my woman, and even in the pit
of raging struggle, we need what we love,
we need what we desire to create, were you
my woman, I'd call you companion, comrade,
sister, black lady, Afrikan faith, I'd call you
house, Black Revolutionary woman
I'd call you wife.

NEW YORK IS EVERYWHERE BIG

(sing) FRANKIE CROCKER IS A FAG
FRANKIE CROCKER IS A FAG, IS A FAG, IS A FAG,
FRANKIE CROCKER IS A FAG, HUMMING ON YR RADIO
WHY IS FRANKIE C SO WEIRD, C SO WEIRD, C SO WEIRD,
WHY IS FRANKIE C SO WEIRD, HUMMING ON YR RADIO
WHY IS GERALDEEN IN HERE, DEEN IN HERE, DEEN IN HERE
WHY IS GERALDEEN IN HERE. GRINNING ON YR TV
WHERE DO ALL THESE DUDES COME FROM, DUDES COME FROM, DUDES COME FROM
WHERE DO ALL THESE DUDES COME FROM
FOGGIN UP YR VISION

Is it god that's doin it to ya
yes and no
is it the zionist that doin it to ya
yes and no
is it the anglo saxon
the capitalist, the white supremacist multinational
corporation
well, yes, yes, its them...but then...
is it the imperialist mad white boy, and his jap friend
sucking up yr piece, training mad frankie and mad geraldeen,
rehearsing crazy ass abernathy under the altar to wobble out with a gulf
between him and his people
well, yeh, it is, that's true, all them you mention
they needs yr undivided attention...but
but but, there's more, there's inside the door, of yr own smile, yo house
hold, where the tivee and radio sit, next to yr ham sammich and bourbon
sits colored chump the 39 millionth and nine hundred and ninety ninth,
there in them shoes with the 8 inch heels, a ride outside
with neon dollarsign in between his initials, thinking how he'd like to do it
to benny oneball's wife, that wobbledygobble with the big teeth wrapped around
a ragin roach, cross eyed lookin at white girl wilt with one peeper and jesse
jackson givin the soul shake to mayor dailey with the other, that dude, you,
brother, is doin it to you, that nigger in the dark, screamin ape laughter in
side yr soul, he's the corny mf that's messin with you, you straighten him out
you can straighten out the world.

WATERGATE

“Dead Crow” is an ol ugly

eagle

i know

run a “eagle

laundry”

wash

eagles

over & over

this eagle wash

hissself

like lady macbeth

blood mad & sterile

hooked teeth

pulled

out

in a flag costume

just stripes

no stars

When We'll Worship Jesus

We'll worship Jesus
When Jesus do
Somethin
Whn Jesus blow up
the white house

or blast Nixon down
when Jesus turn out congress
or bust General Motors to
yard bird motors
Jesus we'll worship Jesus
when Jesus get down
when Jesus get out his yellow Lincoln
w. the built in cross stain glass
window box w/black peoples
enemies we'll worship Jesus when
he get bad enough to at least scare
somebody--cops not afraid
of Jesus
pushers not afraid
of Jesus, capitalists racists
imperialists not afraid
of Jesus shit they makin money
off Jesus
we'll worship Jesus when Mao
do, when Toure does
when the cross replaces Nkrumah's
star
Jesus need to hurt some a our
enemies then we'll check him
out, all that screaming and hollering
& wallering and moaning talkin bout
Jesus, Jesus, in a red
check velvet vine + 8 in. heels

jesus pinky finger
get a goose egg ruby
which actual bleeds
jesus at the apollo
doin splits and helpin
nixon trick niggers
jesus w/his one eyed self
tongue kissing jonny carson
up the behind
jesus need to be busted
jesus need to be thrown down and whipped
till something better happen
jesus aint did nothin for us
but kept us turned toward the
sky (him and his boy allah
too, need to be checkd
out!)
we'll worship jesus
when he get a boat load of ar-47s
and some dynamite
and blow up abernathy robotin
for gulf
jesus need to be busted
we ain't gonna worship nobody
but niggers gettin up off
the ground
not gon worship jesus
unless he just a tricked up
nigger somebody named
outside his race
need to worship yo self fo
you worship jesus
need to bust jesus (+ check
out his spooky brother
allah while you heavy
on the case
cause we ain gon worship jesus
we aint gon worship
jesus

we aint gon worship
jesus
not till he do somethin
not till he help us
not till the world get changed
and he ain, jesus ain, he cant change the world
we can change the world
we can struggle against the forces of backwardness, we can change the world
we can struggle against our selves, our slowness, our connection with
the oppressor, the very cultural aggression which binds us to our enemies
as their slaves,
we can change the world
we aint gonna worship jesus cause jesus dont exist
except in song and story except in ritual and dance, except in slum stained
tears or trillion dollar opulence stretching back in history, the history
of the oppression of the human mind
we worship the strength in us
we worship our selves
we worship the light in us
we worship the warmth in us
we worship the world
we worship the love in us
we worship our selves
we worship nature
we worship ourselves
we worship the life in us, and science, and knowledge, and transformation
of the visible world
but we aint gonna worship no jesus
we aint gonna legitimize the witches and devils the spooks and hobgoblins
the sensous lies of the rulers to keep us chained to fantasy and illusion
sing about life, not jesus
sing about revolution, not no jesus
stop singing about jesus,
sing about, creation, our creation, the life of the world and fantastic
nature how we struggle to transform it, but dont victimize our selves by
distorting the world

stop moanin about jesus, stop sweatin and cryin and stompin and dyin for jesus
unless thats the name of the army we building to force the land finally to
change hands. And lets not call that jesus, get a quick consensus, on that,
lets damn sure not call that black fire muscle no invisible psychic dungeon
no gentle vision strait jacket, lets call that peoples army, or wapenduzi or simba
wachanga, but we not gon call it jesus, and not gon worship jesus, throw
jesus out yr mind. Build the new world out of reality, and new vision
we come to find out what there is of the world
to understand what there is here in the world!
to visualize change, and force it.
we worship revolution

Niggy The Ho

Many years ago in ol time america
was a cherub culla gir name niggy
wanted to be a writer, sd she
cd dig the fire on the time, why
niggers ran in the street screamin
light as she was she sd she dug black
dig. She sd nigger can you kill which
remains a good question. can you indeed
once you dig what needs to be killed?
So she copped some heat from the rage
of the age, used some fire from the
ignited veins of the almighty spook.
I mean she did it, used it, laid it
somewhere and how, throwd it down,
some sd. But what was she sayin you
know what. what she put on paper the
limb of the body, a string on the
motion. likè, you hadda have some notion
of what was going down. Hadda dig sumthin
even in a urban league machine. and they
create spooks ready for the press, clean
parts for the ominous rumbling turbines
of capital. They fits good, once they been
honed. They create em sometimes from ol
cornflakes meltin in the moonlight
missionary belches, racial squelches, a little
smoke, some blood, a few screams somewhere,
down the street, they hair stand on end, turn
half blonde (some times) like civil rites,
and all the time merica wont let um have it
and they knew it was hip. Let em have it let em
have it let em have it, let em have it, klans
and lynchers, let em have it, roosevelts kennedys
dug what they really sd, let em have it klans &
lynchers let em have it, and so relented, yeh
they really understood. Ass the lady, whose lay
is she any way? CIA carry her little buttock cross
the see. Hi Ho, she in Dar, told them niggers
she rather be in nairobi, watchin kenyatta's teeth
turn to mud. Hi Ho, now she on the t.v.
wit you uncle bubba or your aunty jimmy
sayin open the rolls its time to cut the
jabber, i'm happy dont you know (read the
poem) & ready as come to go. Hi Ho, now she wit
the caucus, and the other eminent exploiters
of the race. Hi Ho, advice for the po, go
to yr local museum, give yo stomach growls a number
& try to sell em to the curator as conceptual art. HI HO,
Hi Ho, lincoln center crummy, wallow on yr tummy, gospel horror funky,

a mediocre flunky, now she say she really dig President Ford. Yahoo,
what else is new, Hi Ho, dont need to talk about killin no more
but nigger can you kill is still the theme, but now, Hi Ho, who need
killin, cause there's niggers needs it too, like a poetess lariat of
the world's exploiters. Hi Ho, her butt for sale everywhere, Hi Ho, ugly
American, sell out bitch scribbler, athletic supporter of imperialism,
all the perfume in the world cant cover the farts
of the maggots
in your
soul.

History on Wheels

Civil Rights
included Nathan
and the rest
of them, who got in america
big shottin' off the agony
a class of blue Bloods, hip
to the swing and sway of
the usa. yeh all the 1st
negroes world wide, joined
knees, and shuffled herocially
into congress, city hall, the
anti-p program, and a thousand
penetrable traps of cookstove
america. a class of exploiters,
in black face, collaborators,
not puppets, pulling their own
strings, and ours too, in the
poor people's buck dance, w/o
the bux. But see, then later,
you talkin afrika, and its unity
like a giant fist of iron, smashing
"racialism," around the world. But see
that fist, any fist, reared back to
strike an enemy, shd strike the real
enemy. Not a colorless shadow for
black militants in residence, to
bloat the pockets and consolidate
the power of an international
bourgeoisie. In rag time, slanting
stick legs, with a pocket full of
toasted seaweed, and a bibliography
of bitter neocapitalists or bohemian
greys, celebrating life in a dark garage
w. all cars banned until the voodoo car
appear. The way the rich blackies showed
after we marched and built their material
base, now niggers are left in the middle
of the panafrikan highway, babbling about
eternal racism, and divine white supremacy
a hundred thousand dollar a year oppression
and now the intellectualization, the militant
resource of the new class, its historical
valorization. Between them, john johnson
and elijah, david rockefeller rests his
smiling head.

CLAY

Clayton Koppelman & Associates, P.C.

10000 Wilshire Blvd.

Killed
by a white woman
on a subway
in 1964,
he rose

to be the first negro congressman
from missouri.
we're not saying
that being dead
is the pre
requisite
for this honor
but it certainly helped make him
what he is
today.

to be the first negro congressman
from missouri.
we're not saying
that being dead
is the pre
requisite
for this honor
but it certainly helped make him
what he is
today.

...the first negro congressman
from missouri.
we're not saying
that being dead
is the pre
requisite
for this honor
but it certainly helped make him
what he is
today.

Rockefeller is yo vice president, & yo mamma
dont wear no drawers.

Kenny G. w/malla yalla (a fatlady ✓her own
circus) rounds the corner burping
for our people

niggy g, the nongirl poet
strokes Chakiris tool

chas rangel, in drag, the new
statue of liberty, he, and Shirl
our lady of constant backwardness

whisper little nothings in gerald ford's ear
float out cross the airwaves for niggers to hear
the caucus, our new petitb, quislings already
in the new revolutionary years. Its just that we
got to build our systems of struggle, by struggling
with the ugliness in us, the guarded motion toward
the masters' life, the grim slavemaster capitalist
and the gruesome reactions to that which sometimes
are that, backwards, god in white face god in black
face, "protect our market" is a sign the priest and
poets union of south chicago raises instead of
ruthless struggle.

Oppressed nation rising in
hook up with all the beat up peoples
rising. Black workers, the masses of us
in tune, with all workers, with all the strugglers
focusing at last on concrete reality. We will organize
where we are, and make war on the enemies of humanity.

Dont be fantasizin bout no other jive
its time we sd it all and moved
its now its here its real check it close
describe reality and change it, build revolutionary
systems, and confront the beast clear
Seize the factories, land, sources of energy & state power
dictatorship of the builders, the workers, the whole
proletariat, black brown red yellow white, to
paralyze the instability of the multicolored middle class
+ crush by force
the resistance of the
bullshitters

TODAY

Reactionary middle class idealists
Forward wing of backwardness
Upside down intellectuals, with no base except
the barest form of groveling
Americana
niggers removed
from struggle
little
dabblers
Fellow travelers of
neo, semi &
full up
colonialism
misdefiners of reality
yr toilet bowl mentalities
must be flushed straight
away.

 Frustrated white boys
 screaming black to masquerade
 the fact you once used too much Nadinola
 before the Alabama Panther and Detroit
 Red made Black Beautiful + potentially
 powerful
 organic food eating niggers
 polygamous niggers
 niggers w/ feudalistic fantasies
 cosmic niggers, niggers who think they militant
 cause they dont eat spare ribs
 niggers who think they revolutionaries
 cause they hair aint combed
 Skinny niggers taking 4 hours to prepare a special
 Afrikan stu meanwhile regular
 Black folks eat watermelons, okra, fried
 chicken, turnips, all from
 Afrika
 Abstract metaphysical shit talking bores
 counter revolutionary, selfish, unserious pseudo
 imitators, red baiters, poets forever in residence
 Black studies pimps in interesting tweed jackets

Frauds in leopard skin, turbaned hustlers w/skin
type rackets, colored capitalists, negro
exploiters, Afro American Embassy gamers
who lurk about Afrikan embassies fightin for
airline tickets, reception guerillas, whose
only connection w/a party is the Frankie
Crocker kind.

Where is the revolution brothers & sisters?
Where is the mobilization of the masses led
by the advanced section of the working class?
Where is the unity criticism unity. The self criticism
& criticism? Where is the work & study. The
ideological clarity? Why only poses &
postures & subjective one sided non-theories
describing only yr petty bourgeois upbringing
Black saying might get you a lecture gig, "wise
man," but will not alone bring revolution.
Old time Afrika might be quaint "Black giant"
But go live in the bush & throw bones
in the sand to tell time, dig a doodoo trench
chew a stick to clean yr teeth, & try to
bring food from the land, & you'll find out
what the people need! "Mama Malkia"
who want the 50 sisters for each brother
ancient hustler, yo loins long gone dont
have to serve, abstract atavistic theories to burden
our women w/ idle nonsense. Maybe we
need to locate you a feudalistic paradise
hidden deep inside ovambo land wherein for
you to be anyhow wife no. 50! Down, lecture hall
hustler, on yr knees to grind the meal, wife 49
gonna check yr work out in a minute! Put a
note in a bottle, later on, let us check out
how it is. See if you can still run it on
our idealistic daughters, not clear on revolution.
All such hustlers, & rustlers, abstract elitists
con women, Alkebulan confidence mens,
Revolutionary theory
Revolutionary Development
Revolutionary party
Ends such parasitical life
to build a new world, in working build a
new person
new mind.

STOP KILLER COPS

Gun flash beats the child's head in,
maniac teeth dance in a bloody grin
blue lies, badge confessions, yng dude dead
just beyond his mama's arms, In our hallways,
and cocaine boulevards, where joe the cop and
mike the cop have disappeared and work for
scag benny and normie the nark, or have nazi salutes
sparkle in they grubby brains going distractions of
hipper uniforms they drool to wear. When they finish
jerking off in the police car in each others mouths
and got nothing else to do, slept all day to get
the semen level high enough to blast off in tiny
dry dribbles of sickness. the yankee game went off
as background music to their hot lurches, the hoodlums
have another gorge in heat to rise into their nose
they hear another cry to set their stashed joints
in smokeless blaze, a yng brother a live, a young
black dude with broke down black jeep hat, and
denim jacket with a fur piece around the neck.
The world he walks in throws ground glass zoom
into the face of the dying cops, they wipe the
jism off their mouths, and open the door, a
group of black youths strolling by, a fire
lit by david rockefeller hisself, when he ran
these unfortunate cop creeps through the pavlov
machine, so that when the bell of our stride
bangles against they knots, dickless pigs grab
they revolvers to imitate the hot spangle of playboy
early evenings under the station house garage. John
Warhol and Andy Wayne, come together in one blinding scream
of the state in anger that we want to live
Ford and Rockefeller know the state must live off violence
none of us want to be poor and oppressed so they pay
their souped up hit men to patrol our lives with murder
His uniform soaked wet to his skin, fly hung open, and
the blue black weapon whipped in freakish frenzy
to come in the blood from the youth's ripped head.
How sick is this killer cop? How sick is
this government? how sick is capitalism?

Gibson

old boy in 1492, sailing west toward sun dash, was hip
we cd say what we wanted, you see, i never changed baby, never.
(in a hallway, lady mc, dragon lay, sips her sip a night)
i grew is what, i never never
changed. Angels zigzag on heads of pins. But black people still grin
when i show. I never
never
changed.
that year, 69, we worked to build our image among the
“militants”
sure enough, a little motion
from the rear
of the meeting
and i was in,
and the convention, i had bellbottoms
then, and 40 yng sisters
the gibson girls, swinging on
my charm.
i never, never
changed.
That campaign, when honey punched junius
in the snout
and i got my white technicians
down from
boston, to pull
the stuff
together. the business community
wasn't sure, I had some funny
friends, but, dig, i never, never
changed. Till bam, i beat him, and the
next election came, and wam, i mashed him,
and them dudes in the tall buildings
looked out, called out, sd, hey, ken, (dig?)
drop on in, get some dust, like get down,
and it all sailed, it got up, then, and sailed, away.
I'm over head, look up, a distant, blue bird, airplane, super-man!
till now, they march in front of my shop calling me names, them
same niggers I told how to make a mayor, them same crazy dudes
wit the afrikan names (they changed em? talking that marx shit too... wow) But
I'm in shape, I jog around the park, I made my piece with the democrats

and they promised i cd get the nod for 80 in the congress, I travel all
over the world, japan, paris, west coast, i made a terrible speech about
the power was in the hands of the economic boys, and that yng kids shd
grow up to be the president of general motors
and not the mayor. Yeh.
and see, after congress, a cabinet post,
and the governor asks me, all kinds of things, calls me
daily, i go a lot of places with all the heavies, they need
my council, even Ford, when he got in, he called me first, you
see, and he's a lot straighter than mcgovern, them liberals, man,
is weak as water. power is where its at. give me power any time.
and newark? this town? why'd you ask, you can see it, cant you,
look out the window, there, just left of where that puerto rican bastard
bust out my new french glass, messed up my abstraction i got from
artie ruler, you say, you want to take a walk, hah, a walk, huh, through
newark, hah, you gotta be kiddin, wait, I'll call the police, i never
tho, never
never
changed.

Horatio Alger Uses Scag

Kissinger has made it, yall. He's the secretary of state, U.S.A. The anglo-snakes have called him mooring to their side, his bag-time with rocky helped a lot. His ol lady, was once, they say, rocky's main squeeze...intellectually. But Henry, the k, pushes through his dangerous glasses. His wine smile sloshes back and forth he's thinking, as he speaks. A fast man on his feet. The subject, a cold threat to the a-rabs (it makes him feel vaguely nationalistic, but not in an irresponsible way, him bein a jew and all ya know... but they hired him not for his jewishness "grrr...he sd what is that", but for his absolute mastery of the art of bullshitting.

And so, he lays it all out
across the U.N. decks for all
to hear, and be afraid. His freckles, even,
show, so synonomous with america is this
fat priapic mackman
A-rabs, he says, you betta
be cool with that oil & shit
& beyond us all, you cdda laught
is the realization that the shadowy figure
in the arab getup, is yo man, rocky, makin

the whole thing

perfect

REAL LIFE

Ted, Ted? In the bay at the bottom of the water
lies the president of the united states,
his chappaqui
dick, bent around an immigrant in an
automobile. Nixon calls from the coast, you thought
you'd get away clean, but my vengeance
comes from beyond the grave.
Nixon slobbers on the phone, wetting the cocaine on the desk
he and pat have been snorting since
early morning, herb alpert blurting low contradictions in the wings
Shadows gather on the windows, then blow twisted into the whole dark
which comes now. The lights go on
in the white house. Ford cracking his knuckles
turns off the tv and calls nixon
you alright dick, he says, white whistles jag at nixons calm, high
and wild, pat's jaws quivering, greens and blues come off the screen
and stutter 3-D in the room, sympathetic and wanting to rub them
he cant speak
rockefeller's talking
ford says the plan, was national
unity, the new money
and the old,
he cant speak, nixon cant, high, and hot, cripple forever upstairs
pat starts to pee on the rug, and roll in it. Her giggles like a vincent
price movie, without popcorn, nixon slobbers, trying to make a point, ford
is saying national unity, as rockefeller grins, his finger, shoving up into
the air, across a thousand miles, at the mad western capitalists and their
southern friends. Yall dont know how, this shit works, he is saying (really)
the commentator, looks over his shoulder, as if he knows that nixon is
watching. Ford whispers numbly, dick, dick, yes,
mr. president?

Disorder

Open sores w/ faces mug on tv specials
calld reality calld all up in dere calld
whatchacallum whatchacallit, whatitis calld
stand in line waste yr life in line death crying
streets smash line drive cars by zooming we live under
a heavy pall a 'tarpaulin of struggle tears struggle momentary
splendid laughter working people struggling for reality, the beat of the times

is it out there
the question answered too many times
without being put into practice

put out there by dawn smudging its drunks
its faggot preachers shoving crucifixes up in em to come before the sun does
too many times, amidst the books in rockefellers memorial library a time bomb
just now the assembly man rises
trudges into the bathroom

the lines of fire stand in silhouette in pre-bird purity
the scrapple from the apple is the people resisting the fifty cent fare
& some keepin teachers out the schools for talking trick shit about education
a comrade mad weaving along the railroad tracks screaming she hates all communists

it is the hour of conflict, antagonism, struggle
the world turning autumn in warpaint
everything silently
prepares to scream

Red Autumn

communist sparrows gnawing on a fire escape
together in a bread lines flying off to the next low house

cant get up to prudential, that high white, w/ the stain glass eyes
while indian summer flutters, drunks mutters, the little girl and i off to see

her grand mother and father, and talk of the city's political corruption.
winter is yet ahead, we are readying to go to a women's conference and find ways

to bring marxism-leninism-mao tse-tung thought to black women. Some sisters
pushing a proposal to call a multinational women's front together, by spring. Thats

good, from the tactical to the strategic, build the whole structure that will
change the century, change the social system, change the way we live, change the peoples

lives and the future of the world.

Literary Statement On Struggle !

A poem is
the naked advice
of the heart----tho, and this
shd be noted
noter
our statement of life, summations of reality
shd try to make people progress
our life here go forward

crisscrossed tho we be
fouled up sometimes, stopped by formations
of crazy-lurk
ideal-ism
and all the non-materialist
loony tunes
sung in us by being
w/o a struggle conquering

cause even getting up in the mewnin
is
a
fight
sometime, and lookin out the window, then, can seem
to be the most we need
but anything finally of value is found or grasped or reached
as a motion of alteration of the
past

and then
so what

bloody bayonets blowin thru the darkening bush
drunks in graceless circles scratch they rotting ankles
manifestos of suffering drift through the broke out windows
rain beats the people back through the stinking halls to their dungeonic tv dinners

a break
a light
a dynamic growing alternative to rocky and his titless wife in pirate-heaven
being lulled to sleep in a \$35,000 bed by the pleasurable sighs
of the black bourgeoisie as they watch Shirley Chisholm &
Charlie Rangel entwined in the come of dead capitalists
sucking the vampires icepick teeth clean of old blood

We are fighting our own
limitations. Seeking clarity
and organized movement, past the indecision and contemplation

of what??

many years ago we knew all this shit needed to be destroyed. we knew that in the ignorantist
of scenes. Yet it all, is here, people people, be in with the people, too intellectual
too radical, the fist of the mighty is the whole fist, know it, over the petitbourgeois
mosquito nigrito elitist student of yet another way into capitalism hipper than the last
over that and over, over that, we come this far, cross country, cross mind, cross reality,
to say again revolution, and again revolution and again revolution
its in us in me in our blood, and we the blood, the terrible blood
hung out with any and all thats bad and mad and wont be had. In with
all and all with in, out here stomping in the streets for the trumpeting
dynamic of the people themselves ---- new and renew ---- Our Experience
Nows the time, charley parker sd, Now's the time. Say do it, do it, we gon
do it

AT THE NATIONAL BLACK ASSEMBLY

“EEK

a nigger

communist,” the lady democrat
nigrita squeaked, eek
an “avowed”
nigger
communist, & almost swooned
except you cd hear static chattering
from her gold necklace chairman
Strauss dialing trying to get through
her papers spilled
& the autographed picture
of Teddy K. & Georgie W.
hugging each other in
the steam bath
fell out.

You see she
say I cant not be
you see
with you niggers
with no nappy head commie
America’s been good
to me. The democrats, God
bless’ em, have alllllllways
done good
by us
by colored folks
you see she say I studied
commies, them chinese maoists
specially (She scooped her papers
up & thought deliciously
about the time her man
Scoop J & she licked on the same ice
cream
cone
right down to the hairs!

Specially them
Maoists, I studied

They taktix
She say, They taktix
is to take over
the microphone &
be against the
democrats)

sweeping out
wrist radio tittering
Strauss waltzes &
Proposed ripoffs
Straight from Watergate

Going to the airport
interviewed by WLIE
She smiled powdering her
conversation

& caught a plane

to

petit bourgeois

negro

heaven

3RD WORLD BLUES

Walk it slow
where you go
walk it slow
where you go
you want to know
you want to know
why its so
why its so
the world is black
the world is green
the world is red, yellow brown,
the world is mean
Walk it slow
you know its so
Walk it slow
you ought to know
Why its so
Why its so
We in the world
Poor as dirt

 Dont get some rhythm
Somebody'll get hurt
the world is black
the world is green
the world is red, yellow, brown
the world is mean

A New Reality Is Better Than A New Movie !

How will it go, crumbling earthquake, towering inferno, juggernaut, volcano, smashup, in reality, other than the feverish nearreal fantasy of the capitalist flunky film hacks tho they sense its reality breathing a quake inferno scar on their throat even snorts of 100% pure cocaine cant cancel the cold cut of impending death to this society. On all the screens of america, the joint blows up every hour and a half for two dollars an fifty cents. They have taken the niggers out to lunch, for a minute, made us partners (nigger charlie) or surrogates (boss nigger) for their horror. But just as superafrikan mobutu cannot leopardskinhat his way out of responsibility for lumumba's death, nor even with his incredible billions rockefeller cannot even save his pale ho's titties in the crushing weight of things as they really are. How will it go, does it reach you, getting up, sitting on the side of the bed, getting ready to go to work. Hypnotized by the machine, and the cement floor, the jungle treachery of trying to survive with no money in a money world, of making the boss 100,000 for every 200 dollrs you get, and then having his brother get you for the rent, and if you want to buy the car you helped build, your downpayment paid for it, the rest goes to buy his old lady a foam rubber rhinestone set of boobies for special occasions when kissinger drunkenly fumbles with her blouse, forgetting himself.

If you dont like it, what you gonna do about it. That was the question we asked each other, & still right regularly need to ask. You dont like it? Whatcha gonna do, about it??

The real terror of nature is humanity enraged, the true technicolor spectacle that hollywood cant record. They cant even show you how you look when you go to work, or when you come back. They cant even show you thinking or demanding the new socialist reality, its the ultimate tidal wave. When all over the planet, men and women, with heat in their hands, demand that society be planned to include the lives and self determination of all the people ever to live. That is the scalding scenario with a cast of just under two billion that they dare not even whisper. Its called, "We Want It All...The Whole World!"

The dictatorship
of the proletariat

you need to say that
need to hear that
not be scared of that
cause thats gonna save your life
gonna make your life life change from suffering

you hear that, the dictatorship
of the proletariat, and be scared
think somebody gonna hold you back
hold you down, downer than you been held
which aint even in it, is it. not downer than we been held cause
we been held down, like down, down and dirty we been held, way down.

it shows you how powerful, how strong and cruel powerful
these capitalists are. these superbillionaire blood suckers
cause they put words in schools, radios, newspapers, televisions
words coming out of the heroic hero's mouth heroically. the happy cop,
the strong sensitive cop, the tall cop, the cop whose father wanted him to be a lawyer
and he's gonna make it one day type, the cop with the hipmustache, the laughing cop,
the hippy cop, batman and robin cops, nigger cops, negro cops, puerto rican patrolmen
all comin at you led by our loving goodguys from swat, just the thing for the superfly
all these herolover cops, are these the same which shoot yr little nephew in the back of the
head while he hanging up some crepe paper for a surprise birthday party down in the basement
where they got you living. Are these the same gentle goodguy heroes who killed the little
14 year old in bed stuy, the 12 year old in queens, the 18 year old in staten island, the
16 year old in long branch. the ones that slaughtered the 31 dudes in attica, and is that
the same attica where bald head mel stewart be sneakin cake to the inmates & they all
buddies grinning together and frankly happy they dont have to be out in the world
gettin in rich peoples way?

Yet when you hear the dictatorship of the proletariat. You dont know. You aint sure
You heard about hitler, and franco. The daily star ledger news courier times bulletin tells you dic
tatorship is bad. All but the dictatorship bein run now, the dictatorship of the minority
which is currently bein run, at this moment crushing yr whole self down, the one
mashin on you right now, is frankly, well listen to buckley, sammy davis, steinem,
woody allen, hip. newspeak for the old freak. the present "legitimate" blood bath
incarceration of labor, truth and beauty.. "the dictatorship of money is good. the dictatorship
of the bourgeoisie this is good. the dictatorship of poverty and terror, this is good."
Thats the lies the rulers'mouthpieces spout. The cackle slobber screech of madness
in power. They preach that the absolute control of our lives by the owners of the factories,
the absolute control of our lives by the owners of money, the absolute control over our lives
by the owners of the land. that bloody clique of fiends, their parrot mouthpieces claim is
just. But listen, we are the producers of wealth. the factories land and money are created
by the creators, the workers, the laborers in the mills, on the land, it is the people who
must own what shd be owned. What creates food and clothing and shelter for the Great
Majority must be owned by that great majority. The Workers must own what is necessary
for the whole of society to live. There is enough wealth for everybody, the world is
literally unimaginably rich, yet the masses of people are landless paupers with nothing
to sell but the muscle in their arms. We call for the dictatorship of the producers.

The absolute control and ownership by the creators of value itself. The total control of society by the majority, the multinational working class. The proletariat in modern dress. Who must lead the masses of us, with a revolutionary vanguard party at the helm guided by science, guided by the science, the science of marxism-leninism-mao tse-tung thought. Ask us what the party taught? Marxism-Leninism-Mao tse-tung thought. Speak of the dictatorship, until you understand it. Explain the dictatorship until you're behind it. Fight for the dictatorship until it is reality. The dictatorship of the proletariat, the absolute control of the state by the working class, the majority.

You need to say that
You need to hear that
not be scared of that

the goal of our revolution is so the people can rule
the goal of the revolution is so the people can rule
the ultimate goal of socialist revolution is so the great majority
of the people
the masses
of people
can rule

This is the dictatorship of the proletariat
the total domination of society by the working class

you need to hear that
you need to talk about that
you gonna have to fight for that

the dictatorship of the proletariat
think about that
the dictatorship of the proletariat

Das Kapital

Strangling women in the suburban bush
they bodies laid around rotting while martinis are drunk
the commuters looking for their new yorkers feel a draft
& can get even drunker watching the teevee later on the Ford
replay. There will be streams of them coming, getting off
near where the girls got killed. Two of them strangled by
the maniac.

There are maniacs hidden everywhere cant you see? By the dozens
and double dozens, maniacs by the carload (tho they are
a minority). But they terrorize us uniformly, all over the place
we look at the walls of our houses, the garbage cans parked full
strewn around our defaulting cities, and we cd get scared. A rat
eases past us on his way to a banquet, can you hear the cheers raised
through the walls, full of rat humor. Blasts of fire, some woman's son will stumble
and die with a pool of blood around his head. But it wont be the maniac. These old houses
crumble, the unemployed stumble by us straining, ashy fingered, harassed. The air is cold
winter heaps above us consolidating itself in degrees. We need a aspirin or something, and
pull our jackets close. The baldhead man on the television set goes on in a wooden way
his unappetizing ignorance can not be stood, or understood. The people turn the channel
looking for Good Times and get a negro with a pulldown hat. Flashes of maniac shadows before
bed, before you pull down the shade you can see the leaves being blown down the street
too dark now to see the writing on them, the dates, and amounts we owe. The streets too
will soon be empty, after the church goers go on home having been saved again from the
Maniac...except a closeup of the chief mystic's face rolling down to his hands will send
shivers through you, looking for traces of the maniacs life. Even there among the mythophrenics.

What can you do? It's time finally to go to bed. The shadows close around and the room is still.
Most of us know there's a maniac loose. Our lives a jumble of frustrations and unfilled
capacities. The dead girls, the rats noise, the flashing somber lights, the dead voice on
television, was that blood and hair beneath the preacher's fingernails? A few other clues

we mull them over as we go to sleep, the skeletons of dollarbills, traces of dead used up
labor, lead away from the death scene until we remember a quiet fit that everywhere
is the death scene. Tomorrow you got to hit it sighs through us like the wind, we got to
hit it, like an old song at radio city, working for the yanqui dollarrrrr,when we were
children, and then we used to think it was not the wind, but the maniac scratching against
our windows. Who is the maniac, and why everywhere at the same time...

A POEM FOR DEEP THINKERS

Skymen coming down out the clouds land
and then walking into society try to find out
whats happening -- "Whats happening", they be saying
look at it, where they been, dabbling in mist, appearing &
disappearing, now there's a real world breathing - inhaling exhaling
concrete & sand, and they want to know what's happening. What's happening
is life itself "onward & upward", the spirals of fireconflict clash
of opposing forces, the dialogue of yes and no, showed itself in stabbed children
in the hallways of schools, old men strangling bankguards, a hard puertorican inmate's tears
exchanging goodbyes in the prison doorway, armies sweeping wave after wave to contest
the ancient rule of the minority. What draws them down, their blood entangled with humans,
their memories, perhaps, of the earth, and what they thought it could be. But blinded by
sur, and their own images of things, rather than things as they actually are, they wobble,
they stumble, sometimes, and people they be cheering alot, cause they think the skymen
dancing, "Yeh...Yeh...get on it....", people grinning and feeling good cause the skymen
dancing, and the skymen stumbling, till they get the sun out they eyes, and integrate the
inhead movie show, with the material reality that exists with and without them. There are
tragedies tho, a buncha skies bought the loopdieloo program from the elegant babble of
the ancient minorities. Which is where they loopdieloo in the sky right on just loopdieloo
in fantastic meaningless curlicues which delight the thin gallery owners who wave at them
on their way to getting stabbed in the front seats of their silver alfa romeo's by lumpen
they have gotten passionate with. And the loopdielooers go on, sometimes spelling out
complex primitive slogans and shooting symbolic smoke out their gills in honor of something
dead. And then they'll make daring dives right down toward the earth and skag cocaine money
whiteout and crunch iced into the statue graveyard where Ralph Ellison sits biting his banjo
strings retightening his instrument for the millionth time before playing the star spangled
banjo. Or else loopdieloo loopdieloo up higher and higher and thinner and thinner and finer
refiner, sugarladdies in the last days of the locust, sucking they greek lolliepops.
Such intellectuals as we is baby, we need to deal in the real world, and be be in the real
world. We need to use, to use, all the all the skills all the spills and thrills that we
conjure, that we construct, that we lay out and put together, to create life as beautiful
as we thought it could be, as we dreamed it could be, as we desired it to be, as we knew it
could be, before we took off, before we split for the sky side, not to settle for endless
meaningless circles of celbration of this madness, this madness, not to settle for this
madness this madness madness, these yoyos yoyos of the ancient minorities, Its all for real,
everythings for real, be for real, song of the skytribe walking the earth, faint smiles to
open roars of joy, meet you on the battlefield they say, they be humming, hop, then stride,
faint smile to roars of open joy, hey my man, what's happening, meet you on the battlefield
they say, meet you on the battlefield they say, what i guess needs to be discussed here tonight
is what side yall gon be on

Class Struggle

Years ago we both swore oaths, with another,
of revolution. You, malcolm & I, one night
in a room at the waldorf. Where you had come as
ambassador from new afrika, when the fumes
of revolution 1st opened our nose Youall
had just kicked out the sheik in zanzibar
took over the radio station and broadcast
that his men had surrendered, and blew all them
away that didnt believe it and came stumbling out
of the barracks. It was just a little after cuba
and the fumes of revolution were blasting open
our nose. We had still not made the motion toward
science, had not yet tracked the long distance to
reality. Close then, we had yet to make a march away
from the most liberal wing of the bourgeoisie, that wing
which paints and poets and snorts cocaine and laughs.
We had yet to make the frantic dash towards our black selves
nor opened up wholly into our afrikan selves, to ready that
strong long striding far distanced arrival at our whole
selves. Malcolm was murdered a month after the three of us met.
And for a generation we slept, so many of us, what that really meant.
We disappeared into islam and kawaida, into sections of truth that each
veered away toward fantasy. Not grasping the fundamental political truths
that the rulers had murdered malcolm behind, nor seeing the cold blooded split
between the black bourgeois preachers of religion and crypto culture and the prophet of fire.
But you comrade when I came to your house years later a warm open afrikan cottage
directly across from Mwalimu's place, and you fed our whole party your beautiful wife did
and you talked to us of many things and talked to me of revolution, i saw red lenin spread
from wall to wall in your study and still did not understand, nor your openness and forrealness
and constant reference to the needs the cause the life the requirements of actual revolution.
Now Babu brother, in a jail in Tanzania, outside Dar es Salaam, Mwalimu is fighting for Human
Rights in SouthAfrika, if President Kaunda will let him, yet you have been sitting in the
dry lifeless box of the prison accused of killing a reactionary who you probably did not kill
and you were the fire of the tanzanian revolution, the science, the will to real liberation and
socialism. The marxist brother, the hard Red afrikan, the communist in the cabinet that the
cia drew diagrams about and the afrikan petit bourgeois stared at tensely when your back was
turned. And we have failed you brother, Comrade Revolutionary, because all we've done is
raise this question with your president once in person and once through the mail. We have not
cried out from the tops of the buildings that they are trying to kill scientific communism
in Tanzania. We have whispered. We have not screamed and banged on doors, and embarassed
distinguished persons with "WHAT ARE YOU NIGGERS GOING TO DO ABOUT BABU! WHEN ARE YOU
NIGGERS GONNA CUT SHEIK MOHAMED BABU LOOSE? ARE YOU SO FRIGHTENED OF THE DICTATORSHIP
OF THE WORKERS AND PEASANTS THAT YOU HAVE TO KEEP ITS MOUTHPIECE LOCKED UP! We have not sd
that brother. We have only whispered through our hands to certain high humanitarians. We have
not kept that vow we made at the Wwaldorf with you and Malcolm, we have let you down brother.
But take this as the first Warcy of the class, to be repeated and repeated until you are
returned to the people. FREE BABU FREE BABU FREE BABU FREE BABU FREE BABU

A CONFERENCE OF "SOCIALISTS" AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

In a circle of losers loss
is given an odd substance
which makes it come off like
information, the triumph of
patient investment of great skill
at understanding the world, the victory
of knowledge over gross life recalled.
The losers are winners in the fool's game
of dead societies. They are the last wisp of
animation of the dinosaur's corpse, whose gem like
spew of ancient verse is called grandly, The Explanation,
& comes out like musical pus, as the toppling Giant
goes down.

IT CAN BE UNDERSTOOD

Intrigued by life - a step past youth
Into the blue sun-split shadows
we wander cool burnings turning us
Looking for you and ourselves

You - excitement

You - information

You - knowledge

Each step of perception drawn on
from in ourselves from out ourselves
to see & be
fleeing the infant bawling
in the tub in the garden
eyes ablaze

We want to know what we have gained
Since we grew past that
bursts of flesh noise in the silence
brain pops under sun shine
you see yrself again now, skinny boy
Laughing at everything

Yet it all converges as a puzzle which has
a simple popular image
in the style of lights - like cloud bursts
or war explosions
like a puzzle for which the solution
will grow in you
once it is known
& all the mystery and romance
paddles you through the dark
till its morning and the sun rises
tho' you feel tremors of its
Red power
you see the world it illumines
with its light
you know then all around you

For The Revolutionary Outburst By Black People

The next outburst
by the Black Nation
& the oppressed Black faces thrown
every which way
outside the black belt
home land/ banjoes
& lynchings
Tarred flesh
burned flesh
blown minds
non-stop tap dance anthems
Halleluiah muthafuckin god if you got us
here so up yr ass
As salaam alaikum allah
you too (Better for youall, you admit its the capitalist!)
the next outburst
all across the field
of vibrating reality
is a revolutionary
outburst
slaveship life
slave life
peasant life
nation life
ashy city life
all over connected by reason
Kidnapped, subjugated, christianized,
commoditized, stereotyped, packaged
(almost), peasantized, proletarianized
our banjo turns to flights of horns
trumpet piercing sax rolling
Blind Louie Trane
Ojay Ra put up our Dukes
Hyper articulate submerged
moans glimmer bluely
in the real destruction & reemergence
of religion beyond grease lies and bankbook tears

When Bebop showed
all Gods ceased to exist
for the Nation lost in its
new identity
The Isley Brothers
guide the Sly & newly
fallen. Nowhere to go
with this load of weeps
This ton a tears, screams,
& hollers
no where to go
but consider what actually
exists.

The next outburst

(redlight conked hair explosion
hangs above the Hudson)

The revolutionary outburst

by black people

be for the liberation of the Black Nation

The capes of our national bourgeoisie

beat in the wind as they tilt from side to side

trying to wave us back

But history fills us completely

History stretches us out of old shape

into new shape

to be in the future

with

This ticking is what passes as time in the

sweaty present

They'll try to kill us for communicating clearly

how the rich people control everything and everybody

so they can stay rich. We are fools to work for them

& keep them fat - but what

choice do we have

work for them

starve

or revolt

Make Revolution!

At this moment the forces are building

the sharp heavy hatchet

of the Black Liberation Movement

The gigantic sledge hammer

of The Black Liberation Movement

hoisted and swung in silence

the sun can catch a purple muscle

tensing

Across the field, a living map, other streams

pour toward the exercising bloods

It is a spectrum of motion, a spectrum

of light bent by particular changes

We are for the revolutionary outburst by black people

We are poised in gradual ascendance to that rising

But that next come up we all go down

The whole of humanity focused in America

We all get down

The vibration that predicts the Black Explosion,

describes the explosion of all the people

The outburst that creates the new system

We are for the revolutionary outburst by Black People

The Liberation of the Black Nation

We are for the revolutionary outburst by all the People

The freeing of America from bourgeois rule

Not just an outburst, but the steel burning fire of

The Peoples' War

The violent birth process

of Socialism!



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