

BLACK CASE

VOLUME I & II

RETURN FROM EXILE

by Joseph Jarman



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This edition of Black Case Volume I & II - Return From Exile is taken from the writing i've been doing from 1960 - 1975; these statements were conceived in many cities in America and in Europe, no dates are given because they have no meaning in the ever present flow of our lives.

When i started writing, i couldn't resist reading the Great Black Masters who were my contemporaries; they of course led me to discover that whole fantastic tradition of Black Literature. I was deeply moved by Chicagoan Amus Mor's calm viewing of the Black Chicago scene, his boypish realism that was/is quiet music-poems where Bird and Trane or Raphael Garrett, Muhal Abrams, and Nicky Hill, moved through 63rd & Cottage Grove like prophets of a world to come "That we only dreamed of". He helped me too - by passing on to me, like an old story teller in the Medina, the oral history of the Black Music that i would someday become heir to. New York Poet Henry Dumas gave me fire and courage and another poet named Thulani Nkabinde gave me the vision to realize this sharing.

Exile is a state of mind that people get into in order to escape from the reality of themselves in the world of the now - it is a safe place inside the mind full of mostly lies and false visions that allow the being to think that it is free of the responsibility of living in a world with all other living things. if you are "in Exile" this book as small as it is - is to say to everyone, without exception, that you are loved and can indeed RETURN.

Joseph Jarman
October, 1977



we pray o God
for the ego
death
and that the power
of the evil vibration
be taken
from our presence
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to start then the first day coming into the light
being taught to love the land like any city boy
at dawn feeling the strong odor of gas from the
car we'd ride in daily to the playground where we
met against the family orders to learn to grow the
games we played war, cowboys&indians always i'd want to
be the good guy the cop or say white cowhand
as house was played and the tough girls cooked and
later slept with boys to have babies like their mothers
burning them even after the welfare came the help to
save them from themselves and yes we all loved it
the dirt under our fingernails against the class giving all
the correct answers the star even then the number one
grade for the nice white lady(each summer she'd go
to far off lands with a camera to share the
life with us in the hot sept. twilight) and we
being free of the facts as the fathers were-loved
it all.on the second day we looked into the
girls dressing room and got hardons for the taste of
warm pussy or to have them call us boyfriend or
sweetheart or later black mother fuckeeeee e eeeeeeee eee rr rrr
loud so every one in the park would know we
were men and we ran into the country as all
boys must do to the fresh air the sunlight the
cool water of the swimming test passing we drown the
red cross agent as the proof of our strength next
to the breaking of each others hearts&heads to become
the elected heros of the small/and the sun light
shown on us making our hearts tender as all the
forest life is until home we return to the dirt
and air of the city the black and gray colors
of our rooms the shipyards of junk men rags they'd
call and we'd chase them up the alley down the
sidewalk pulling tincans paper rags our old shirts ripped
patched as the trees were and feet heavy in the
broken shoes long used up like the wop boys across
the street from where we lived always the fight the
facts of manhood and we loved it the life as
the land(daily on time we'd say"my country tears
for thee"and laugh kissing the flag the white hair
of the mistress we called her god sometimes the
devil and we loved her on the fourth day as
we fathered the first born the wine the pot the

voices of the image we'd have ourselves as and we
were told FEAR GOD and marry the bitch it is
only right to join the army and die for god
then the country then the family when the bullet goes
through the ass through the mind through the child maker
the creator the god THE GOD the man THE MAN
and we were killed and on the
fifth day became honourable again at the university with fags
assuming the roll of punches called the first time
the magic fact telling us finally who we really were
BLACK MOTHERFUCKING NIGGER get the fuck off that white
girl and we laughed taking what we wanted as any
man does to the death the disease the horror the
middle class lie that america was then then to fall
as if asleep waking seeing hearing feeling where it was
is will be forever the SOUND of gods allGODS
the self-MUSIC finally word to end part page one
the happening say my life say it.



Whats to say
is nothing
is where
we
are now
in
a maze

together

its warm
its peace
its quiet

love
and
is-ness
is a runner
in
the
rain
on a public
holiday



and so these words
the
poem to say it
how "i" happen
to be this fact
light, eyes a tear for the children
of the universe

or say music FORCE to come
enough
feeling this is
how they say the facts of
our togetherness a long
short dream as our hearts are
facts we feel again
the masters teaching

"love one another"

as all free life does this
and
no
more

El Paso - spring 1959 - i arrive on
the hot summer Greyhound from the East, full
of dust and silence. High off - pills, smack,
other deadly joys, mute, silent and noiseless.
Moving through on the Texas side/niggers played jazz, blues,
drunken songs in empty sweaty bars, i
remember the alto player, clean like Lou
Donaldson and Bird, singing magic through
the metal tube; mexican girls, nigger, yea
"poor white" women sucking vamp threads
from the stripes on his pants. and the U.S. Army has
a missile school at El Paso, friend in khaki
invite me to the barracks; (to rest, sleep, get
myself together) the smack inside me feelin
the texas Sun. like lizards crawling through
my face while i pee, wetness in the desert
sunlight, sand and sheep dung in my hair.

At first i wandered into the white distract
soon (as i read the signs) big loud police
"nigger, where you thank you going"
"don't you hear us boy!"
i write on my pad "MUTE" "I CANNOT SPEAK"
bang, against my chest, night stick,
"nigger this ain't where you want to be,
now about three block thata way is the
nigger-wetback place; understand me
boy"-
bang, night stick on my head
bang, leg-bang-chest again-

i move away - The Texas air sweet fire
knowledge between the crack of my ass,
laughter follows, i run slowly into the
neon pleasure of America' biggest border
town, full of lust, and sin and smack.
growing "pains" to self, he said, "realization".

yes;
to move from
one
to
another, the
part of yourself
unknown
to see
that -
finding
fragments twisted
among these
years of ruins-
with it to sing
a stronger song
of yourself/your
being in
the rush of jazz
the time it takes to
touch
a stone inside an open heart

what we all
would have of
each other
the men of
the sides of ourworlds
contained
in a window
yes"go contrary
go sing "

to give
all you have
yourself
to each yourself
yet never
to remember
to look back

into a void
-it is time
yes;to move from
yourself to
yourself again
to know

what you are

song



Now, we come onto the scene and we get educated and we are told to be happy cause we live in the heaven of the earth. AMERICA. and i am happy; though not cause i live in the heart of our love land, rather cause i'm alive to speak to you. LOVE aaahhhh.

We SURVIVE for the spirit of GREAT BLACK MUSIC and for the spirit of GREAT BLACK MUSIC alone. Otherwise the great gray haze would over take us (all humanity) and we would vanish, into what we are already-Light. To make it in the material world becomes an old trick after these years of wandering over the earth. always remembering America. the love of the new order. God comes to us in the sound of music and in the feeling of warm hearts bodies close together. Love what you are though the man (what a sickness) will tell you that this is jazz and that is jazz and the hero is gone into the maze of some "holy" order like Gaine. no win no lose. Know Win NO Lose. God comes to us through the Sun light and through the FEELING we feel for all that we love. take the open air, even in winter/how the body comes unto itself. that feeling. or how you may feel alone in a room/your room (please) God, Creator touches you. no (know) one knows except you. and you may even cry. or laugh. This is Magic/the love of GOD. inside of you. now.

"THE MIND THAT SEEKS TRUTH"

"We call the mind that wants to make the way of the universe clear and put it into practice the mind that seeks truth. However clever a dog or monkey may be, they cannot realize the Universal Mind. Only human beings have the privilege and capacity to realize it. If you have the mind that seeks truth, you are happy because this is proof that you are a human being."

-Koichi Tohei-

We are priest, doctors and warriors. Priest, to give the history of our peoples, to our peoples, to our peoples and priest, to work toward positive action of the spirit active spirit agents for the creator to work through/giving the vibration of universal healing, the music. the drum - the silence. Doctors learning the healing of arts, healing the spirit and the body of the people and the body of ourselves through the music through its practice. All music of positive vibration is meditation and healing medicine given from God when

we heal, feel and taste it, we are overwhelmed by its power, just as we are overwhelmed by all other elements that are natural-of the maker-of the cosmos. We are trying to tell our peoples to eat right, think positive, love the positive being in you and work to purify your body, heart and mind; to begin to Self Realize instead of Self Destruct. "What it means is simply this: that men who realize their worth and capabilities can no longer be exploited by forces or intimidation, nor can their aspirations be denied."-Robert Taber (the war of the flea-read it). With this reality comes the possibility of creating not only a new person for oneself, but of creating a new world for the people to breathe in and not strangle as many of us are doing now at the foot of the sick great goddess of the Amerikan nightmare. We are warriors training our bodies, spirit, and minds to defend our people and the wonderful way that is Great Black Music. Take a close look at the masters and you will see that all through our history, the history of Great Black Music, the masters have had ways about them, not only to "play" fantastic Soundmovement, but were able to reach many people through their work; this is because the people knew WHAT the masters were doing for them - giving knowledge and blessings. healing.

Often, people who make themselves critics forget the responsibility that they have to the music and they get off trying to create destruction among the musicians by creating non Black Music images and false mask to put over the realities of the Soundmovement. These people, many of them, have no real value in their own lives and seek to destroy the unity of the movement by creating hero face and black face fakes who become lost in the flow of the power of the music. BLACK MUSIC IS BLACK MUSIC and always will be.

Along with these self created critics comes the white fake overtake that many of them see as the real music and the white fake overtakers as the real musicians, we must be careful of these kind of blind souls because they believe they are right to say "these people all follow in the footsteps of the western world heros who invented everything in music." The white fake overtake

allowed non Black Music to cover up the realities of the true Soundmovement and not only take needed work from the creators of this BLACK MUSIC but force many of the brothers to turn their coats and become Black white fake overtakers, thinking that this was a way for them to make it (meaning get lots of American loot and fame to boot and lame gigs "teaching" the "secrets" of the arts to goons and the like) but many of the brothers found out what was happening before it was too late. Again no matter what these people try they will not succeed in their folly, the outrageous strength of Great Black Music will blow them away into the dust. Perhaps you have noticed more fake and real spirit Black Music coming through the radio. This is because the white fake overtake thinks its getting stronger and will allow expansion, but the power of the true music will always overshadow tailing fakery even as the government begins to help with grants and other tokens the true music will not be washed away by this tide of concern, but will pass through it as it has passed through many a period of repression and violent acts both mental and of the body against it. The people are awakening to these facts and are quietly making revolution within themselves against it. Healing.

Martial Arts and other joys of mind body coordination are rapid means to aid in Self awareness realization; they help us to learn how our bodies and minds work together as nature intended for them to do, also they help us to train ourselves to face life in a positive manner and understand the God element inside us all. Control of body leads to control of spirit to control of self and to the realization that the small self has a part in the great Self of UNIVERSAL ONENESS. do not fight life, rather live it freely/this is the message of GREAT BLACK MUSIC embrace it and sing-you will feel better and you will learn through your own life to praise GOD.

POEM ON THE SOUND

Tho' we looked
to abandon
those
black hords
of our minds-
the cost,a
closing the eye
our "fancy"
sheets will be bleedy
rage in the hands of
uncrowned heros we have made of our
pain-
and offer no solution-
to the races doom-
quickly shifting to Sun - day
where in fog,clown show
traffic of water,a fancy symbol
sense pleasure-trees fruiting seasons
the sand in childrens
torn shoes,shirts written slogans
"BLACK POWER"

returning

American flag in the breeze

mouth hung jury,as doping

of senses go on among us as

we talk

dead language

should chant secret songs to

bring blood to ourselves a whole

World-flower power,hip power,
green power,love power,black power,

yellow power,music power,cosmic power,

world of words poets-not free men tick

your voice

to tears

away and what we only do

sing sing sing sing
sing sing sing sing sing sing sing
sing sing sing sing sing sing sing
no more-

Tho' we looked
pleased at,ourselves
The voices,dirt
 above fingers
hot the feel of meat
the body "all decked out"
tension of need
 the cover
wet fire crying
 we lack,lack,lack,
lack,only what we
 are
ourselves
 to repeat same hollow
crimes as those we
 image makers fixed
on dirt again,
 washing away
spirit-things of hither worlds
the button reads
"PRAY FOR WAR,etc"

we pray
as instructed- to die within
as instructed- to die within
as instructed- to die within
named a
dying on shiny"fancy"
shoes men wearing
Michigan Midtown ave.
the water
put out fire - green
 shadow
the unforgiven
 eating babies
eating babies eating babies
eating babies eating babies
 eating babies
 eating babies

and

"here y'all come again bring what
is self terror how y'all shout so loud
no room for love making among
ourselves talk about brother,sister
this is not a childs game we play
only for keeps"

keeps

Tho' we looked

cool,wandering homeless,
the no-mads-
that we are falling

near ourskin seeding humanity

quickly tapping near our source

all those names we could call
of
our people our names

to vanish into air-

before we are looked upon

Tho' we looked
using sticks against guns
that bland level of what
our minds would become
caught the dirt again
everything broken, fist of a prize
fighter turned to tin, a lesser
metal machinery
our times

Tho' we looked
lived on in
our caged high rises
in Newark or any
back river country-
to the great raping
our senses
never to allow
it in
ourselves
the
song
the song

song
song
song
song-

as instructed- to die within
as instructed- to die within

to bring blood to ourselves a whole
world no words
to use not the mind

use chant secret songs

use chant secret songs

use chant secret songs

use chant secret songs

use chant secret songs

chant secret songs

secret songs

chant secret songs

of music
the bell ringing across the universe
timbre for the ear inside the ear
of ourselves
and i joseph am
among them the masters
we will become of the voice
the bell that is music ringing
vital to every living thing
the
equations/sound the
self

to create the will
to control
only nothing
there our need
our

object
to be
air
to
be
air
to
be
air

only

to answer them the questions in this head
smashing to keep me down the reason
for becoming; is it the self "uptight"
after all when i'm near the feeling of what i am
seeing the people around me and what
can i say to them or to myself how i can
sense it the real distance between us
-is it culture only the knowing the unknowing only
that keeps us myself and them so much away
from each other/the sound, the dear sound flowing through
each and every one of us so warm yet
"looks kind of like a good game to me"
acid should have cleared away the shit
that keeps apart but no-could it be the god factor
;that i believe/but that-my believing makes me
know that they to have a god
(maybe they don't know it for themselves)
blue light from the sun-ra world/shepp/trane TRANE o my god
whats happening here this tension of feeling need
silence them to give that to myself
and allow the rest of the beautiful people
to reason/remain in the darkness of their
own sickening despair?

to
make
the
changes
only from myself alone
to myself alone
the place here
in the meat of this body
can you hear
the tears (for
 everyone, myself)
a long weeping
the sadness
of my frail, weak, human
being -
 i got the idea, idea
but there is
only now
no idea of it the
darkness of aloneness
even as i seek the self in us all
us humans

to BE
that is the joy
with my self
 the "others"
of the french brain
 heros
how they make us out to
be
 godless western men
spiritless blobs of meat
and blood
senseless sensors who
give the plastic of
our history
an equal sham
for everyone -
we are not alone brothers
and sisters -
we are together
doomed to the planet's
eating away of the self
and as it happens
the murders/we must endure
what we are
only.
to make the

 changes.

Menless they wander
to through themselves
a railroad spike
forms the voice
of

quiet pain

so many
eyes
smiles
(so pretty)

whats to
give
is a tear of forever
ness

"the rule when un-
together
is
dead hands on a
clock"

cock for a moment
gone
he said,
into the air

we can never

capture it again.

melody flowing lines
of song cover the
sorrow cover the
"horney" smell of
new-old
joy new
each one
reading the message
of senses
message
of anti-anti-anti-anti
HERO-
next door
outside the window
beyond the
"plaid drapes that dance
alone"
moon lights
lovers nights
flames of youth
breath inward
hot JAZZ
blows

across an empty
room.

womenless
&
everytime
is a hard
time
to feel we

know as "all"

maybe

(i see the blood inside the finger, lip
thighs lips thighs lips and tomorrow
pass-ion in air an angry
song a tear for love-making-
the fast levels of senses)

so.

chant to each other
truth the
reality
later in cold heat
of
jazz-making

or fuck-making
or life-making

all the SAME
all is....

yet
dong ding wild seeds not
tick

into a chair
old paintings
from some other time
other space
crowd the noise

seeking

content. ment
longing
for

silence
everywhere

TRANS-LOVE POEM 2

first its like

Jim said

"coast is clear
baby,
go - "

going "i" "find"

stone to clay

to

object "i" can, yes,

reach out (of myself")

&

touch

as TRANE

does

to embrace

flowers/love trans

go ing

go inside

to find

simple joy in

song

in

fact

called peace

yes

this "i" "find" here

among

those

who "do"

action word/peace-doing

yin

yang

point anywhere

a motorcar

(tho' there's no "SPEED" only

SEED

of joy-strong

men/women

made of zen food

rice-richness

of listening

for George Jackson

and we were standing there at the
corner of the street
looking at the fine ass passing
 (we call them sisters now
 cause we feel the glow of the light
 i say light
love between us is the reality the music
now we dance together

this human animal
 (his type is called pig now cause his kind
 roam the street looking for black gold/the
 killers/or love

say he ok niggers up against the wall
i know ya got dope and i'm gonna put ya
under arrest



bang - and the sound of jazz went
forever out of the dead brothers
eyes his 17 years meat for the hunkie gun
he is George Jackson, Little Bobby

you me all the BROTHERS
you me
all the BROTHERS

AS IF IT WERE THE SEASONS

As if it were the seasons - the life flows on -
 we must let it be itself flow on its own it is self protected
 by the self alone all life see it it is self
 can you love it can you see your own made of love
 as strong as song we sing because we love you because
 we love you because we love you

BLACK CASE
 Volume II



for all these words before now floating through me-as rain
 my dreaming of the perfect vision-these nordic lands are
 floating islands of despair-i see no light in their history
 only a prize brought back from the wars-(with Denmark):
 now a "quiet" drunken place filled with the maddening
 roar of the white eyes violence.Can "i" "offer" anything here
 me from the far off planet Chicago.rapid light town dancing
 in Amerikas bellie the "sleeping giant" of my longing race
 O to see heaven again in the eyes of black masses
 dancing to the SUN music i am given
 to create. may the brothers and all the people
 offer praise. offer praise offer praise -

approach it(the MUSIC)
as you would
a
sunset or say
the act of breathing/

NATURALLY

as any fact of feeling

yes! the song

thing of meat-substance

of meeting yourself

the song you are
the song you.

not mind or even
body more the meeting
of spirit-blood wind joy -our songsound

LOVE -

beginning then the man
any child
mothers keeping efforts peace
union with each other
beginning angel faces tender-joy
youth/seeds human force light
we see OM sounding
to give fractions peace visions
to the spirit the

People in Sorrow
light from heaven dismissed
as humor/our message not

salvation
rather to offer tears
to GOD we say deeply OM -
call All the same beauty

destroyed timespace filled with war our
women children mad finally longing
people in sorrow here among these
early days of our offering
this
to the people
human sorrow
a long clear melody tears .

offering self completely to what you
are all here not against One another not
even calling asunder sadness o my
people o my people o my people o
my GODS key to giving light love -
wanting not nor needing

what hell sends in shape in name
in form spirit not needing finally
possible getting through to light to torment
to say move.ment to another place other than
great reality self in being the

People in Sorrow

here there sorrow not reaching into
what you are easy tool to make war the kill
of spirit not possible we sing
for the people to the people sing we
for love God OM of the song
for the people in sorrow

PEOPLE IN SORROW

offered here up to great nothing
being energy the song the song
song to bring joy to give
light all clear vision power
what we are OM the people

having seen them pictures
in the mind of them how the human
is the cannibal the meat flesh eater
hating ALL that is warm as
the sun is as OM is as light .
here where ever we are
are people in sorrow we offer
these the sound of the universal
cosmic sound some say we say
love seeking pure light what you
are love you what you are song
always an ode to the One source
of light the Life given for this
to love looking within looking
within looking within-seeing
people not chained into themselves
rather free as is intended as is
ALL natural life to return
giving each other
love force.

we were fifteen

we were speaking of the revolution
and the idea of the one point
all the energies were soft and indeed warm
cause the hour slowly
closed in upon us
voice
there is no tomorrow
no now no yes

the gun, i thought was

not loaded
only a mock of the war

we looked into each others eyes
asking for the one reality between us
the belt
was tight against my arm
and i knew that the smack was cut and mild
"let me go first: he said

eyes became lights of bulbs, body turned
colors(strange for a nigger)
blood
simply dropped to the dirty floor
he began to throw up chicken
and some kind of sour smelling
soup
wait, said the other
"we gotta do something"
blue night skies
greet me in that summer twilight
one dead
the other jumped from a window
at cook county jail
i

play music.
remembering -

i just now feel this "pop" music
moving through me like "Sweet Movie"
nothing much really happening
except a kind of dull violence-
crimes against myself for listening
drinking fire water looking
at the blond open legs across
from me.

let it be known
this is a public place, with long placid
skirts rich businessmen bumming
cigarettes, like children, tho' well
raised children always say please
if they will survive and thank you
sir.

but i
am useless in this maze of pussy
my eyes seek/run wildly to touch
"all there is"

what love i ask a distant poet
must come of our changing form
why must we stay here in this place
of warm plastic waiting for new
hardons and known disaster
heaven on earth-bold mountains
eating away my flesh. sweetly
like a silent movie.

AACM MUSIC POWER MOVE MENT to say cause facts of culture
reaching inside the body of the people
giving voice to their spirit to offer
revelation to revolution here then force
home life not fine enough because
blood flows in the veins of good men
women children all the saints holy
fathers the monks give the message
"tell the people to seek SELF" there
here thing of importance-MUSIC teach
love "what you are - black is beautiful"
words to cause a wareness create
then meaning for the people for ourselves
to breath as life does FREEDOM
FOR THE PLANET this the cry vibrate
on through the universe come a round again
again to where we are OM .ALL the masters
of the world new order not only
possible now NECESSARY yes create
STRONG men againwomen our sons
to sing and war is on for peace finally
not death as given in the super
market or say t.v. heros of AMERICA AND
THEREST OF THE WESTERN world losing
the race money ok we some come shouting
love others the gun baby burn burn
burn crude ideas for a crude effort
the fake plastic piece of the apple
pie.
AACMsay you musician you should dig
your people meaning see the shape things
are in for ALL OF US get together
do some beautiful thing about it
all ALL not just talk action creates revolution
in the MUSIC by looking to
see what you-your people are about
(when we looked we saw they were about love
not some plastic shit given by the great
buwho god doller-hollering for it so)
hot effort to reach out to the people
we teach the poor child who loves
sound the ART of MUSIC as we see life the same
method as old simple as is time
from before the earth the moon the SUN even
the children listen as they sing.

everything we can do will lead the people
to see the light of themselves is
holy truth not words to say it
(reader you must look read yourself to hear the
MUSIC)AACM is about that then finally.joy.

"as if it were the seasons
the life flows on
we must let it be itself
flow on its own
it is self protected
by the self alone
all life see it
it is song
can you love it
can you see your own
made of love
as strong as song

we sing because
we love you
because we
love you
because
we love
you -

theme song of a new breed to carry
this message to all the people they learn
to love themselves yes no more the fear
of love of being what you already are
are vibration a sound .

we
AACMmad for the feeling the world
life want to save the American "dream"
ALL
the people as well as;happened long
ago we not knowing why how only do song
ENERGY.

I

I Tell a story
 of a man i know
 coming from ST. Louie
 Makes his home in
 Portland man
 'cause he knows
 it very groovy -
 But he has to leave
 ole Portland man
 to fine the secret
 treasure
 'cause Portland is
 a beautiful place
 but you gotta pay
 for the pleasure
 ah ah ah - home, again in Portland
 ah ah ah - having a happy time.

II

Now we fine this
 brother everywhere
 from Paris to San Francisco
 tho' he play the great
 black music there
 he wanta be home
 in Portland -
 Now i tell what he
 gonna do -
 no matter what is going
 he's gonna get back
 in Portland man -
 gonna get back
 to Jamaica -
 ah ah ah - home, again in Portland
 ah ah ah - having a happy time.

ODAWALLA came through the people of the Sun
 into the grey haze of the ghost worlds
 vanished legions, crowding bread lines- the people
 of the Sun coated with green chalk
 all kinds of warm light between them
 destroyed for the silver queen of the ghost worlds
 wild beast such as dogs gone mad and lechers-the wanderers

ODAWALLA came through the people of the Sun
 to warn them of the vanished legions
 and to teach them how they may increase their bounty
 through the practice of the drum and silent gong
 (as taught by ODAWALLA)/was realized

on seeing one another they transformed themselves into
 one the hand the other the left big toe of KAW ZU PAM
 (the one who creates the door through the passage on the hill of
 QUAN BU KA) their purpose
 to guide the people of the Sun as they sought knowledge of
 the door through the grey haze.

when SEKA saw the sound of the silent gong
 SEKA sought to transform itself into the right hand
 of ODAWALLA where COO BE SU rested while waiting
 to move into the right big toe of KAW ZU PAM
 (the one who creates the door through the passage on the hill of
 QUAN BU KA) their purpose
 to guide the people of the Sun as they
 seek to leave, seek to leave, seek to leave, seek to leave
 the grey haze

only RIMUMBA remained to find the place of the
drum and silent gong
such knowledge would enable it to enter into the inner organs of
KAW ZU PAM
(the one who creates the door through the passage on the hill of
QUAN BU KA) their purpose
to guide the people of the SUN. the grey haze.

ODAWALLA vibrated the movement of CAM BE CILL O POIU
causing the silent gong to sound silent.the body whole.

the grey haze Sun People drum
Silent gong---here now
here now-between us
grey haze Sun
People



MUSIC.then the facts of our concern
all our loves' and the life we
live in the sound of what we are light
brings us closer the sound
vision universal to unite everyone
inout of timespace love yes strong
meat feeling a child or say lover or say
saint or say animal or say
no difference we create this world
the next we are around piece of clay
picked up in a green finger we say
anything and peace added covers
steps a ladder clouds in France
bird sound natural sound to get the people
doing the work of their human
life not out there into nothing
what we seek joy dancing freely away
to protect nothing not even our"
"selves"funny word used here there
their eyes turn dark with love yes
the song meat for against ALL causes
song controlled for love of it complete
shout up to heaven here we are GOD here
we are earth here we are universe
the feeling yes the songmovement ah,
love ah yes a hollering fullness
how even the trees grow - wind
rain breeze the ocean its bluegreen
light touch between the soft parts of
the sunspot books another way say
to get there where you me we are already
resting for the energy seeing
one another is as ONE word spoken silent
meaning here hold this toe any kind of
"instrument"will do they
are all the sane same no keys
to open windows hearts do that of their
own action the word little taking
pushing burning incense cold food
yanging the master teaches only to touch

SELF all things equations brain washing
the dirty ash trays as good as sound
of peeing yes off with the cover hand
out candy say here take this name it
please name it please make a word of for it
say calling only nothing LOVE
no my faces wait now cracked glass
seeing those faces faces faces faces
muse is a woman come to the river giving
away always her children apples
fruit of the earth they tell me stories
there sound voices from the beginning
Moose the poet about jazz players and tight
fat women sucking their fingers
shot the head of a lion the forest dead
air go to air go to air sing as
flags waving in the cross of some god
not Pan nor sound movement of "Trane"
pure energy spirit ringing an A to tune
the instrument to the instrument we
are that only not heroes dead are they we
are seeking light light light any
source will do the thing allow us to
de-part become action not seated on a
flat chair wall painted he said "black all over"
a terrible black motherfucker
dying. the vibrations mean mean mean mean
meaning yes LOVE.OM even go out there
and get them (yourselves) up against the wall
meat flesh blood there yes blood
hot fire sound the energy think of peace
the love it creates we create here
become not intellectuals nor even thinkers
only the action the movement action
wasting a-way. relief at least one million
blackwhite bodies eating not air blood
each other sorrow joy can we touch him
indian sound or EUROPE yet home way down

the lineAAAAFFFFFFFFFFEEEEEEECACACACACA AAAAAAAAAAAAA
magic doing
in the mind light repeat light
music
word used rarely meaning nothing
sound is everything this reading your eyes even suddenly
the music is so old, our playing
of it comes from moments unknown to us
we are learning to see a little
light far away we say to each other it is not
far yet each knows the other waits
there are no solos no me no you no yes no
no(know)no how many worlds."a concert
should be....."
a doll him setting a BUDDHA enlightened
direct
passing the voice cool across
noise ear encased leather saxophones theater
of blablabla commitments via air
".....Bell ringing across the universe
and i joseph am among them....."makers
of rain or noise same as the peace the church
church sound holy is this the heart of the
bard collective(ture) speaking always
the same did ya hear that did ya hear that did ya?
question not nature listening
painting of a group a flowers the poet
simple minded using BIG shoe cherries
match the fire burns energy is all there
"is all there ever was"no more the
matter bass at the bottom dancing gongs
boom liver taking a bowel movement to
say song again same heart peace not
causing holding still wanting nothing

our need breath breath breath breath
breath breath breath breathbreath breath
what anything can do the critic an orange
see how it peels now big eating the
factor involved normal flowing senses freaked
alas to freedom image word for lockedup
in myself rollerskates glass pop
zom thinking this is the way home to know
when to say what x-men
BIRD MAN ONE DIDNOT WAIT TO HEAR HE JUST SING
wanting food water to keep from the fucking
dope death given he made
dot s for love given "in return" bullshit
they call we say OM each time is GOD
all things get the point the message
not here is sound the feeling of sleep a
childs voice "come eat come eat"and we will
not hear ourselves to many longing
liking that take that no sun SUN
SUN NUS(national unit silly-nession)home
a monk so what fly dong small the heart
big as all life the same we hope pray
even for your love please the spirit what
is given the meat of the feeling within
without each other goddamn music power
mighty one ALL gone to ground under the strong
shout from time long ago no word only action
doing the thing happening ya we want
you.see this way plain truth ah word used too
much stop use action stop use meat
get rid of ego get going to ego also
now right track no use use working together
come up breathing for love helping each
other the men - women among us to live
freely how to make a world -detachment
now finally the revolution music
of love so help yourself the vanguard
comes home to you the light music power
to you then
ALL my people
ALL POWER

ERIKA

child of our uncharted microtones
thrown through the dawn the maze of
longing

as she matures in Black America
the Panther, paying homage to the people
torn with gun, television hero
gone to madness-

seeking the answer

can we.....endure

MOTHER, once freaked with acid

product of the "NEW FRONTIER"
becoming the maiden lonely,
Heroshimas' crime, the horror, insane
visions for her child/locked forever
in her womb.

seeking the answer

can we.....endure

FATHER paints his nightmare, a black

sore of fear in technicolor
coated sorrow coated "i" forgive
a silver cup again - his youth,
the bare facts of existence -
image, the black saint whom
Leroi calls "the heaviest spirit".

ERIKA

after this America where humans
wonder wandering -do peace movements
care

her eyes, tender smile

a flower garden, all gentle
being must

she

endure visionless

alone -

"rise up" HARI OM " alone "rise up" hari OM alone "rise up"

hari OM

"rise up"

MARCH 8th 1975 Solos & Duets
University of Chicago's SG Presents

JOSEPH JARMAN ---- LEONARD JONES

These musics represent two distinct aspects of my being;
both being expressed through Music - "The Healing Force
of the Universe."

I first became interested in Buddhist ideas 17 years ago;
this interest eventually led me to the Martial Arts.
My study of various arts finally brought me to Aikido --
The Way of Harmony with the Universal. The first section
of this concert is in Homage to the Masters Ueshiba and
Tohei and to my teachers Mr. John Eley and Mr. Fumio Toyoda.
I thank them through music for the teaching.

Aikido - Film (excerpt) 1975

Suite - Four Basic Principles 1975

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| A. Keep One Point ----- | sopranino |
| B. Relax Completely ----- | flute |
| C. Keep Weight Underside- | soprano |
| D. Extend Ki ----- | soprano |

ERICKA - "Child of our uncharted microtones" 1975

Intermission

In 1947, ten years after I was born, I became
extremely aware of being Black in America --
that was the beginning of my political involvement in
the struggle for the liberation of my people and later
the realization that we must work to bring freedom,
justice, equality, and happiness to everyone.

"exile is a state of mind that people get into in order
to escape from the reality of themselves in the world of
the now - it is a safe place inside the mind full of
mostly lies and false visions that allow the being to
think that it is free of the responsibility of living in
a world with all other living things."

The second section is an Homage to a Beautiful Black Poet
named Henry Dumas (1934 - 1968)

"So up! you bursting lungs
you spirits of morning breath
up! and make fingers
and play long and play soft
play ebony and play ivory

all my people who are keys and chords..."

Play Ebony Play Ivory (after H.D.) 1975
Suite (excerpt)

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| so up! you bursting lungs ----- | Bass & Bassoon |
| you spirits of morning breath --- | Bass |
| up! ----- | Bass & Alto Clarinet |
| and make fingers ----- | Alto Clarinet |
| and play long and play soft ---- | Bass & Bass Clarinet |
| play ebony play ivory ----- | Bass Clarinet |
| All my people who are keys and chords ---- | Bass |

Meditation- that we cease to seek
the destruction of our brothers -
through the conditioned thoughts
of selfishness,greed,lust,and war-
that we seek within us to reach
out of our self protecting self
seeking egotism;to reach
for the ever glowing light -
that the vampire of the hinder
worlds and those who
seek to become them
suffer not the faith of
existence but merge
into the strength of OM-
that the beings of All
the worlds rejoice and
offer praise to all the
masters of the spirit
and that they - continue to offer
All being the glory of their
Presence.

(combat)

if we train (trane) for
reality; we must fix ourselves
for the event. We are one
with the universe,
so - when we are
versed in total being we are
yin - we are yang - we are
hard we are soft.
we are karate we are Aikido
Perhaps it is now true
the one way - but my way
if full of cracks turns
Tho' i see - soft, sometimes
hard -
Tho' in every movement i
am one point (in myself)
the universe
when my mind - body
are Aikido i am fluid
still motion,
Also when my mind
body are karate i am
fluid still motion,
ah! but the difference
hard intense
fist foot,
directed to destroy
to conquer, to make
still. to finish
single minded
ness - the ever
returning fist - of
no mind
yet, i am
smiling fearless
motion a simple
circle, turn out
of the way of
violence.
relieve
calm, praise
my center,
the center,
universe-----

Of the new
music
whenever
you are asked
what
it is
say
it is
spirit
and you
are right
and
if you are asked again



say of it
it is the sound
of GOD
and you
are right
and/if you
are asked
once more
say
it is
Nothing
and
you
are right
indeed

Notes of interest while
having a drink in the Bosen's
Locker*

she said of music (she had studied forty years)
"Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikowsky" all those
funny Great names of
music-dig-
he said "Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, John Coltrane, A r eth a -"
she said (and this is true) "nigger
i want a divorce, cause you don't know
nothing about music - i've
been to school -"

play some music said the barmaid, "something
black and loud-and proud"

*the Bosen's locker is a
very famous bar near 59th + Shattach in
Oakland California;
lota heavy soul hangs
out there, so if your in the bay area
check it out*

- Whats to say -
Whats to say is no-thing -- is where we are now --
If you feel your lone-ly just look with in you --
in a maze to get her --
you will find your self there.

Whats to say is no thing see life a round you feel the sun and rain drops

love will a bound you give a smile to be even it is with in you

so whats to say is no thing just feel and feel you

we're in a maze to get her
lives got all pain nor ple assure Thats no thing new new

just feel the wind as it is blo wing you'll un der stand with out the know ing
and see the sun as things go grow ing

of books and scho lars Whats to say is no - thing --

is where we are now in a maze to get her

its warm and qui et love make where we are be peace ful

thats all thats to it whats more to say is no thing ba by ba by

Music we come to you
wind into your
ear
breathing deeply
relaxing flowing
to this beautiful
feeling
spirit force
hold your hand softly we
see
peace
through this dance
of complete unity
of complete what i am
Music we come to you
with humility
with love

including circles
say systems
motives - all my words common
as soil, rich earth

space we still wandering
"against all cause"

our home
landscape of playgrounds
frozen

People, such animals pets
for each other

style of a
dead goat

a sheepskin
skating
beyond what limits

our movement
creates
not void of "pointing fingers"
rings glowing, as we (humans) say: "in the dark"

light the new breed cometh
upon fractured
glass

match stick
red lines, running thataway
children still crying

including circles "new music" - noise love
only simple/silence.

sugar slides (bland
 photos) - for love; he said
cracking
ash trays

 "i remember being in Paris
 years ago & this "writer" says to me
A POEM IN WINTER-MY SHOE FULL OF IRON FIRE

we.
lost saxophones floating across sky
 nude frail
dancers fading into twilight
ah! the bell ringing

feeling closer than mixed honey
somewhat abandoned
 overcoat military style circles

again broken
 softly hands
rebel tears gun shots in pillows
blood, water
 annals
 the ice

 the freezing water.

music
anywhere silent noise love sound
vibration
free of air, clear somehow
even of America - OM
encore
love, lovers now so faraway through all the

 universe

so close
bounce back to us
our skin
 erotic pale sweating eyes

- can our hearts stand so much love, so much longing -

yes
even in rain
 beads remember and
 a pocket full of flowers

 including circles

the object/then
to create
a music
from the source of all life-
thus we must go away
from this western land
must seek the thought
of spirits of masters
of life

go then/if you will create
music life go
to that regeneration of the soul
found in the land/of the pure-
it is within you as breath is
as sound is as light is as
you yourself are

to include all the meat and bone
all the blood and jazz you make
in the mind the dream;
don't wait for the crowd to approve
it never will it is as the non-living
matter - gone to nothing not
where we must go must begin must sing

let them fall as any weightless thing does
not as the life giving rain on the soil
of this
stated consciousness your life

LET THE MUSIC RING ACROSS ALL
THE SEAS ACROSS ALL THE LANDS ACROSS
ALL THE UNIVERSE ACROSS ALL
THE MIND ACROSS ALL THE SPIRIT ACROSS
ALL THE SELF ACROSS EVERY LIVING AND NON-LIVING THING.
and know my brothers and sisters
that you are not alone
here on the planet are the voices
that sing the life song of joy with
you as sunlight the energy force
collective energy force
can build anew that rich past futurethat is mans:

and beg that we are forgiven unto ourselves
the crimes we commit
among ourselves as we crawl towards the light
and let us really pray to GOD(ourselves)
that we shall not take the
sad offerings and homage of the madness
as it comes from the tired
faces fat with hate and lust for our death-

what we must do
sing sing sing sing sing sing sing
sing sing sing sing sing sing
a joyful
song.

Return From Exile

Then we stop ridin on the booze
and blood;
happy days gone to where they came from
myth given to chained minds to dis
order.We offer
you these old new prayers
Our HISTORY
will begin ending as far
from "space walks"
and moonscapes as
we will make possible LOVE each
other as GODS.

"These cats was wait'n
under this pig sign see and these other
cats in they little beautiful black coats
come up and said;"BROTHERS
come from
under that pig sign and stand over
here in the HEART LIGHT of our
LOVE for you."

movement
masses and masses of straw wigs
thrown in the
SUN
light so strong
destroying whole worlds of hate written
next to war like this on a scroll

-HATEWAR-

feasting
dressed in red,green,BLACK,
peaceful colors when there
ALL together
to place long ago BIRD after the fathers
holy as they were hard luck given
new magic SMOOTH beauty out witting
"the Best in the business"
a stroll on 63rd street in chicago-Harlem
even
future open to purify our SOULS.just
"just knock down the wall between us
baby thats all we have to do"
not becoming
warriors we are that already the fight
inside to have strength to create LOVE.
Liberation music"...one of these days
y'all gona have to play
music to blow a
hundred thousand years
of jive outa my head;
and jack it just better
make it."
we sing looking to ALL the past future masters
to give us clear vision
healing music.GREAT BLACK MUSIC
where we start from finish start finish
starting.

REESE and the smooth ones come
strolling

down 63rd street in Chicago or say any one of those
corners hip facts " -of a new breed " he don't
even wanna

get near that jive noise " i mean you know
he said " yea, baby i sing too " children
dance in the vacant lot

wandering fat legs placement all their
hollow language bland violence against all
that is hu mane. so another fact the
song wondering am he not a revolutionary
cause he ain't got no (know) gun in his
hands-right now-stage plays wherein sisters
their hands gently reacting to emptiness
embrace deadly brothers their shouts soft
(to the point-it is there) in galactic tongues
NO! (KNOW) soil fingers rapping toward

light. NOW soon going fags FRENCH

girlie shows plastic " she was only
13 year old freak and now i am dead "
guilt eating bouncing black heads
of really beautiful ("all of those people are")
his mouth dralling it outa his skin bred
meat fat sweating in the snow heat of
his lungs what his sons have given
mechanics-THE GUN-and " i love ", sour
pee odors slowly floating up over the
perfume, Piece to make Peace inside a
me this noise drowned down wine whores
mouth nasty American cold cream tooth " paste "
gleaming blood and shit a garbage stink
in a city of only decay garbage stink
smiling norm smashing brain in waste
length hair dipped in blood-how many
millions are there their one hundred two
ten thousand million long coats any color
under gloves golden rings out of silent
black Africa : (know) knowledge of it
America waiting-

construct transformation construct

-DO NOT INCITE TO RIOT - INCITE TO

quietly-calmly directly (to the point)
universal energy black yea he said

Observe-poison is what the west
would give us.

this message to Our Folks -Seek
" love what you are "

These songs then to offer you your
TRUTH of having what you are
GREAT BLACK MUSIC
your light,sound & being

TOGETHER

we free together-

REVOLT

REVOLUTION

" LOVE "

When there are brothers
we speak to them and
sisters, the power of giving
what we are song
wandering here

or other landscapes
godless seasons
our hope/love only-

yet-HE-the messenger
homeless sage-seer
in blood color these
hollow cities of Europe-

thus our presence our wanton
desire to return to history
a nigger/slave/ship-
upon which occurs
revolution
speaker out of clouds
out of heaven
out of LOVE- even

intensify the struggle, he said, seize the time.
going forward we see
All eyes on
Not the crimes
against the poor how
they've tried to
keep them in sin - rather
against ALL that is beautiful
in this universe and the next
following to include the one after and after
where these words songs find
themselves ourselves-ONE
Powerful OM

What we tell

about AMERICA
about FRANCE
about ENGLAND
about ALL of EUROPE
about

AFRICA

motherland of
all black gold - her children
holding magic in their thighs
loins breeding heros
even as the master (ONEGOD) watches
(listen to the voice of GOD inside of you)
and he speaks to them
saying

- INTENSIFY THE STRUGGLE
SEIZE THE TIME -

while

Amus Mor called us-

" The marching troops of Kenya "

and we joined the mau-mau
to cut honkie throats, kill
their children and claim
the soil-

it was a love movement
seeking peace -

I seek new sounds
because new sounds
seek me
Why, please tell me
must i limit myself
to a saxophone or clarinet!
All the rhythm of All
the universe is flowing
through me - through all
things, why must i become
"a master" - of anything
when all sound all movement
springs from the same
breath. it is my choice
to remain the unknowing
child - to know not if
its good or bad - this music!
i shout as the infant
does for life only -
not prize nor praise -
who is that mechanical man
who cries he's true, yet doesn't
notice the cold wind
warming the ice!
i see in the photo
a vengeance
this is a warriors sound
its soul wandering no more
in this 20th century, brother
homing, to its cause
Gong! to haven heaven
in concert more than sand
"Oh you beautiful, beautiful
thing" this is what i say
to the sky -
as it offers praise to God.
I seek the drunkenness
of freedom, my movement
is the movement of eternity

KEY TO BBBB BLACK FREE THEATRE

"THE DREAM" a two-act "play" written and directed
by Muhl with the AACM Players
W???, METHOD
reach down deep inside of what you are
and bring up the reality of
the "part" - you don't need the
"training" of the "actor"; you need the training
of yourself, what you are already - that IS enough.
HOW TO ACT IN EACH "SCENE":
don't "act" at all become yourself out
of your life and do the scene, the reality
of it, as it is the facts of your life
are the only theatre needed.

ACT I

SCENE 1. party scene -
now who among us have not been to one of our parties?
i mean a sho'nuff, get down BLACK NIGGER party?
ok for this "scene" in the "play"
go back to any one of those parties
do the living of it - thus we've lived
it now we can give it to everyone via Theatre.
nothing called a "part" need be
written because we already know the "part" don't "play" it
live, live, live,
LIVE IT and because we're in the middle of a stage
we'll call our party "theatre" -

SCENE 2. Night Club scene

We are all musicians so the set will have to do naturally with how and what the old musicians did and do at the night club
laugh loud like niggers
must do and shout out for the cats
to play the music
offer them the high, the women
the reality of their lives the music
let them play and sing.
(but because we're ad libbing and constructing a "play" we must make references to the future of our joy the "playing" the DREAM object of our action make sure to talk about the session because it will offer a way for the "play" carry itself through) but be at the night club, allow the love that we give to our musicians to flow and return because we're in a "play" makes no difference - the meeting of the "actors" note and accidental (she the animal in a yellow wig she wants to castrate the note to make him a nothing thing - as many yellow wigs have done to many musicians in the past.)

SCENE 3. Visit to rock and roll (rhythm and blues) band same as above

SCENE 4. Love scene

now we get into another level of "theatre" we will not allow them the facts we'll laugh and "act" like the non-lovers of the AMERICAN WORLD not the Beautiful BLACK world LOVE that WE HAVE YES but the HUMOR OF that sham teaching of what love "should be".
(the wig feeds the note and forces him to agree to marry her/him/the bitch fag - the WIG dirty and yellow symbol of lust are unreal to anything that IS.

SCENE 5. Jam session -
just play wild joy music and sound -
turn on to the music
and make beautiful love and scream
loud for the power -
the joy music yes!



(above: scene from Muhal Richard Abrams play

- PLATU - a four hour VISION·MENT

Performed in Chicago by AACM players 1972 at
Hyde Park Art Center)

ACT II

SCENE 1. Wedding reception -

True BLACK weddings are FESTIVALS

GATHERINGS OF THE TRIBES

but we here "in this play" will
not give the gathering; we will give
the image give what we've been taught?
by the american culture ? we will make it
the sterile facts of a setting together
of images not the facts of love between
us. in strict time in white face in
the bull-shit way of the myth.

SCENE 2. Night Club scene:

closing with the sister talking with the note

(classic example of a brother trying to make the Great Black Music)

to express the LOVE that she has for the brother;

who has - after he has married

the WIG

(classic example of a sister trying white american values)

fallen to the horror state of non-reality.

he soon realizes his MISTAKE-

the WIG, THE WIG.

SCENE 3. note and accidental(another Great Black musician)

in argument -

GET DOWN CUT THROAT NIGGER FIGHT

to show how we've been fighting BEFORE

the facts of our BEAUTY were realized.

(the fight had more to do with the fight

between materialism and the spiritual reality

that we as musicians and a people have began

to SEE SEESESESESEE THE LIGHT) color

sham of t.v., big non-functional cars, fur coats, wigs, etc.

SCENE 4. The Dream - (I)

we use a black and white strob light with the note

tied in chains and rope; reaching for his HORN

his LIFE FORCE his BLOOD - while

accidental in rags and animalmask picks

the HORN up and walks away with it - leaving

note in the pain of his wig-his WIG HELL.

SCENE 5. Discourse between note and line

(another Great Black musician)

note goes to the brother for help and

guidance where brother gives him oversize pill

to help him sleep and get away from

the dream, the REALITY, the WIG FACTS -

but there is the fear of no returning.

SCENE 6. THE DREAM (II) - a wild feast of sound and non-love

the consequences of the wig

100 monsters and demons shout and eat

the flesh of the note, the sound, the

life no returning from the WIG, the note is dead.

(at the end the cast breaks out into a loud laughter,

tho it's not funny or rather is

because NOW WE SEE THE FACTS OF OURSELVES

WE ARE FREE TO DO AS WE PLEASE -).

TO DO GREAT BLACK SPIRIT LOVE PEACE UNIVERSAL MUSIC.

Note: The "DREAM" was performed by the AACM players
at South Side Hull House - 1968

Bridge piece
can we go
my friend together
cross
another sky to call
it to ourselves
this noise some
call it sound to bridge
us
to ourselves
a music of use
movement
between spaces
spheres ourselves
to bridge this
the flow(as it flows)
into nothing .
god of inward
bridge -(movement)
a flash to sound ing
planets of light
move ment
is how to transform

here piece of hope
among us the piece
for only nothing
noise to classic
silence
our bodies
bring them to
light
as
all is the one,two, too
the other shore
called we go
move.mnt now
light show mind
to sounding of bells
or not here
hear voice
to later
replace self
self to bridge it.
whatever only same thing
nothing has to pass
sound "fast levels of
senses"

movement body
lay prone to used
action to use
as the bridge, here
to there
to no where
come, my friend
the hand-heart
to bridge it here
sound lose loss of
nothing going through
all stopping
noise for keeps
to move out
where
we are
bridge piece
part one
All this Now
calling to.
all -Nothing
only love only
the Bridge piece

is it
possible
here not yet now
possible to
remember/what i am
so many facts in
the heart of it
is it
fact this war
only on ourselves
we play
the game of self
deceit so well
only that same
small
western fact
daily pushed in
our eyes
ego mania
of the american
myth of doing-
is it
possible
to say it
the moment of now

yes-
 holding -
not repeating
here hearing
sound-movement
linking-link
to moon earth sign
hear voice he said
 of God
and now hearing within
movement
 word calling
stop war not the cause
stop cause not war
crime to silence
bridge love work
movement
 hard against
the head
 hear only
here -
 continuing only all-

this finality
of this form/being
to cast it
aside the war
against peace
against love
how is it
that my "dynamic"
black brothers
 sisters
see not even the nothing
of the sham
how they play right
into the white mans hands
how now to use the
games he has given
his own
that they know nothing of
nothing only
here the blood
of fire is not enough
when they cannot understand
the methods
of what we "we"are
here underground to

help bring the
change the change change
as they turn on us
the fruit of their wombs
to cast us like the
christens we must appear
into the pit
the lions -greed poor desire
and what can we say to them
that they will ever hear
as they are among the dead/they cannot see/not even the sun shining
in their eyes on
the body that they have learned to un learn to
hate it the thing of
the meat
to talk of the war in our yards
rooms the rats
eating away child's play or food
more "game"
& even the acid is no good for us
if we are so cold as the beast we
claim to fight the
whole damn country

BLACK POWER!

with out real meaning for them/us as
we bargain for the pot or other dopes of the real senses
that keep us attached to them like blood food the strength we
have need of the
set the pace on the
front line
if ya wanta do something stop talking so
much my friend and
turn on the flame of
war do it do it if ya got the balls to do it
on burn burn the cross of
our eyes as we look for the toilet
on the back seat of the bus
niggers,niggers/tell me what it is
is it possible
can you look at your black skin
your black self if you got one
and then do it it is
time
say do it yes
go sing-
the sound the music it is fire.

approach it(the MUSIC)
as you would
a
sunset or say
the act of breathing/

NATURALLY

as any fact of feeling

yes! the song

thing of meat-substance

of meeting yourself

the song you are
the song you.

not mind or even
body more the meeting
of spirit-blood wind joy -our songsound

LOVE -

Reality Source - MUSIC THEATRE

another

tool for us to use to get rid of ALL/

the false images that have

been put before us,used against us

to make us forget (our/the SELF)

the important facts about/who

we are

spirit

wonderful

internal force-movement that keeps us (ALL)
going

towards what we are/theatre then to OPEN

us up to the sense

of eternal

BEING

the facts we've gotten away from-

in LIGHT

intense to burn heat into us

-to burn love into our bones the

island of the heart to force it OPEN

with LIGHT/THEATRE use any

"color" needed or image;to say it:

how beautiful it FEELS

to be what we are

and if we need direction;

a finger pointing the way into ourselves read

the facts of Amos Tutuola,

any of his work will do-

to tell us-show us the

way, the real ity-yes!of where we've been,

(he's an eye song,he sings of

what can be seen,felt-eaten

like good greens and

corn

bread-the feeling,that)

The Palm-Wine Drinkard",My Life in the Bush of Ghosts";

Brave

African

Huntress"

yourSELF ALWAYS THAT/THE FACT-
all that you can do to lead
your (self)to your (self)/do it.

LEAVE

the war to those who NEED that/what we need,we all
need is to get it (the SELF)together and allow it
to protect itself yes indeed!and believe brothers
and sisters it will.

WE MEAN TO DANCE AND SHOUT

TO HOLLER like damn mad fools
(some will say) and we mean to sing
about the WHOLE thing the idea NOW
create theatre to add to our vision
to create clear sound not it's

"meaning+-leave that to the
"intellectuals"and get to the meat of the

musicvision FEELING/EXPRESSION

youth and old aged open up into ONE,
the rich beautiful angel of black love
-if we take off our clothes
it "means" to show-not the skin rather
past myth beautiful beauty of
where we've been the ROOTS of our
BLOOD

flowing through the manifestation
of here and now that the body
is a tool as the mind is as the arm is
as the eye is as the breath is
as the sex organ is as the music
is as any other instrument is
a tool USE THE BODY/SOUNDVISION/THEATRE
and allow the force to flow

through all of what we have-the energy of light.
those who fear the meat,bone and their
"own"EGOS will leave the room
(by their"own" choice),jazz song no longer
tied to "jazz song" is now free agent
of light/must be used as such/
give up all the coverings of
theory "face the music and

DANCE"

use the energy to get through to the facts.
know as we go that we are not
alone EVER.

see music theatre as simply another key
to expression,as any STRONG
art-it should close timespace completely off,
become a web to keep the
eyes of those who will never "understand"
away-from its visions.It has as
its fuel the facts of lovespace
creative will,used by any who
see fit to extend themselves into the light of
reality source:(soundvision)music theatre
music theatre

AS BLACK/AND WILD AS IT CAN BE-



I

Non-cognitive aspects of the City
 where Roy J's prophecies become
 the causes of children

once quiet black blocks of stone
 encasements/of regularity

sweet now
 intellectual dada
 of vain landscapes
 the city

long history
 upheaval
 the heath valueless in its norm
 now/gravestone or gingercakes
 the frail feel of winter's wanting
 crying to leaves they wander
 seeing the capital vision
 dada
 new word out of the twenties of chaos
 returned in the suntan jar
 fruits of education/with others

non-cognitive - these motions
 embracing sidewalk heroes
 the city each his own
 where no one is more alone than any other
 moan, it's the hip plea for see me, see me, i exist
 exit the tenderness for power/black or white
 no difference now/the power/city

II

Could have spirits among stones
 uppity the force of becoming
 what art was made to return
 the vainness of our pipes, smoking
 near fountains, the church pronouncing
 the hell/ of where we are

Could have spirits among stones
 uppity the force of becoming
 what art was made to return
 the vainness of our pipes, smoking
 near fountains, the church pronouncing
 the hell/of where we are

couldhavespiritsamongstonesuppitytheforceof
 becomingwhatartwasmadetoreturnthevainnessof
 ourpipes,smokingnearfountains,thechurchpro
 nouncing
the hell
 of where we are

III

quiet city
wanting each to stop the/pain
it must be done - espresso
old fashioned sheet about boy thighs
war-their homeliness
common tools
the knife and gun
castration in store
the tarred spotlight against
what hope we have

non-cognitive
these elements of how
no more

shall it be better
the passion of other saints
ungodly
shall poison drinking hoodlum talk

to describe the callousness
of these penny fares
among/my friends they say they are
the hair torches
eggs for these deaths
internal zones of where they go
where they-come from
(in the language of the street)
internal
these states on planes
farout as what these lives become
thoughts
final last work there
spots for treason
last word
non-cognitive
doom

The constant fact, what is seen
felt, more and more, the outer
world seeking always to destroy
what is beautiful. "There are
people doing things to affect
you that you'll never see"
what Ornette said is true.
Fear is the feeling, "all shook up",
that the "enemy" always gives,
and with it - his whole life
becomes a miserable failure.
Malachi said to me, "We're
preaching FREEDOM, whether we
like it or not." and i understood
exactly what he meant.

The music is so strong, so
clear, really - so pure and beautiful
but it is a music also of horror
"whether we like it or not" and it is
a music of liberation. Anyone
hearing the music must come
face to face with himself and
everything he does with his
life. The music forces him to
do it; and we, as musicians
playing it, often are driven to
fits of rage because we cannot
"understand" the music we play -
we can only feel the great
power of it. We say that
THAT power is energy Love God
cosmic power. but we understand
that the words have no
meaning. They are not the
words of the Music Sound but are
words of only a cruder, more
empty language. But in trying
to say something about the LIFE,
how the music affects it. A friend

wrote, in a letter to me that had to do with "news from the home front", that i must "KEEP THE BODY CLEAN"; for the life of the Music. This is a difficult task, but we try, and to "Keep the body clean" also means the mind and the spirit. the Body means the complete unit of life that the individual is encased in. Tho' we try, with every means afforded us, to keep fit for the deliverance of the MUSIC, we are simple men, being simple men we allow other sharper men to use us in many ways that we don't even know about, because we need to be able to trust people, and love them, and sing for them the great song of the spirit.

But many of the people who say they are closest to us are the very people that are the only enemy worse than the enemy that we each already have in us. i.e. the ego self image. The True Self is the only real positive fact that we have with us, that goes for anyone, but often we allow the tricks of the world to stop us from seeing whats happening because we want to care about this or that and want to see peace here and there and want men to love one another as equal brothers

Thus we unite, say AACM
GREAT BLACK MUSIC POWER
and we act; To make our dreams realities.

When a man tries to stand up many people are willing to help him, but there are many more who want to stop him, because they think, if that man is able to stand up he will knock me down. But, this is not the case with AACM GREAT BLACK MUSIC POWER MOVEMENT. We want only to have equal right to sing a great music, just as other men, (all for whom we have great respect) are allowed to do. We understand that the music we play is difficult for many to hear, but we also understand that many other people want and need to hear it, not to start riots or wars but to see something in their own individual lives. So the AACM has missions or agents or simply musicians playing in many places where the music would not be heard, ever, if AACM hadn't just got together and gone out into the wilderness. Knowing that one way or another men will try to kill them dead because the power music of peace within love liberation through SELF seeking is just out right too much to put into a little box and push into the corner.

for Anne

We are the same
she said "when
 i make
LOVE
to her i
 feel
 as One
with myself" "and
your
 music
 is like
that for me
 a One
ness".
Anne
you sit
across the table
from me,
tho' not
 just like that

more
 your
 spirit
forms
 as the women
next table across
embrace
 (the they are lovers-yes)
hands
 near each
 others hearts-heads
Free
of me as
 i
watch their
 soft warm
thighs together

like a
music
"from the morning
of the world "

our songs
must contain
ALL
of life,
must
cry out and praise
the land
the heavens, all things

the song
must return
to that reality
-very near to us-
without desire-

To hear
listen
yes to the wind
the air sound
To hear
listen to your toe
there too is heard the grand sound
near the sea shore
& to people
always people
hear it - thus
and return it to
yourself all creation
sings through you -

ya'll better be
careful 'cause
ya'll making me
Blacker and Blacker;
say
when i see those young
bad-Bad Bad Brothers
fly hat even and
those hip Black talks
on the corner or Air
ports everybody cool
sliding through the
honkey world and
don't let me even
get started
on the feeling of
all them bad Bad Bad
sisters 'cause they
make me so proud
to just SEE them
i mean after all
my white sheet
wetting and white
face betting the people
Black love me learning
what "i" are-is i mean

fragment of a poem

And yes,
we standing there;
in the window
smoking pot seeing
black girls(we
 call them sisters
 now)
passing beneath
 a stained glass,
above what underground
a blueshouse was(in those
 early days)

and we saw them
 tight
 among themselves
whores of capitol price;of necessity
when indiana ave. in chicago,
passage to heaven,the
 doping
of our sensing senses
 under
 the el
they stood and bartered me
a price
for whats called
love

touching that body
we long to keep apart
among ourselves
with their voices
ringing as bells do
in a hollowed cave
 of a street

as our/my - joy
becomes a song

 of them their
eyes steel
 sons they bore
 generations

now,with us as
 blackstone rangers

cutting mothers
 throats as they

 were born
children despairing

My life
a wandering
made of song-
other facts of feeling

each of you

so clear, is my, yes,
love for you
each of you what
your hair does to
the beard, eyes go
willingly with me
to see dawn or twilight same
of smiles how you, each of you,
reach out, and whenever i
kiss a star, even in
rows of warmth tickle
the ear - whats more -

 only rivers i
 on oar feeling the muscle pull tighter
tighter, then
the strength
 of
it gone -
 he said "forever
-into the air"-

i'm the one with the
mota city sound
the "soul" of Black folks"
rings through my noisy
horn. i'm learning to
love you Black Brother
and Sister just for what
you are. understand;
understand what
Thulani said 'bout us
needing tender between
us. joy and love feeling
to kill out the honkey
mind/we call education
today/not tomorrow
is revolution date
time place/i mean
i even understand
what Freds'thang was
/past/about love
he say
"i got soul"
like James Brown and
one hundred billion million
trillion other niggers
will /soon.

Dream. Sunday Jan. 5 in the afternoon between 12 and 1:30 PM

(i see myself)

i'm in the storefront of the old house at 720 W. Scott St, Chicago. (we lived there several years 1948-1959)

A woman, (whom i do not know, is in the role of my grandmother - she's leaving and asks me to stay and watch things - the place is full of black men, friends, i feel, of mine but i do not know them. Kathy Slade passes and one of the men who is nude says "that sure is a fine sister there. i look. as she passes the open door she looks in. i recognize her and go out to say hello. it's getting dark. i look at her ass and then i walk up to her and say hello. She has fallen earlier and shows me the bruises on her left leg. she wears a dress that is one piece open in the front, folded across the body and tucked or tied with a belt. The nude man is following. we start to cross the street but there is too much water and debris, so we continue. We near the old schools main entrance, are very close as if kissing. we our bodies are talking. the nude man suddenly has clothes on, he approaches and tell her he wants to fuck her. she says no. we walk on down the street. we stop at the edge of the school and sit down. two police cars are on the sidewalk like this we sit where the x is. the nude man continues to ask for pussy. Kathy then seems very angry pulls off her underwear and throws open her legs and says "here take it" i pick up the underwear and put them in my back pocket. they are made of thin black lace. The nude man just freezes like stone. with his hand reaching for his dick. they are both now like stone. i look down the school yard to my left and see my uncle Preston walking across the yard. i call to him. he sees me and says hello. we start to walk suddenly there is a huge truck loaded with pop. he wants to take it. The workers of the truck come from where the police cars were/they are all white and look "Polish". one of them says "i knew those boys were going to steal our pop." "what you boys think you doing, i'm not going to load that crates after you took them off - at his calling us boys my uncle starts to go after him i say don't fight them. suddenly the yard is full of white

men of all white races. They force us next to the fence of the school yard. i grab one by the shirt. but do not hit him i look at his face it is young and stupid and stone like. in the distance i see a large man who has a police looking hat and shirt on. i say everything is cool because here are the police. he is not a police man. my uncle has turned his back to everyone and is crying with his head down. The police looking man hits him lightly. i lightly hit the man in his chest. another man with a lot of slime in his mouth spits it slowly in my uncle's direction i hit at this man another man in front of me is lighting matches to throw in my eyes. i "block" the matches finally he throws one in the center of my shoe and it starts to burn i lift my foot to put out the fire the men all start to fade into a mist fog. i awaken. i awaken angry. and feeling bad from a hangover.



This music is healing as it flows through us, healing our spirits, healing the spirit of the people who listen This is the feeling and visions we see in the eyes and hearts of nearly everyone we come in contact with. i am always amazed at the scope and depth of feeling those who understand our efforts are in themselves capable of projecting into our

collective musical mind force. Mind-force controls the total event bring all positive/negative energy through the various tools of sound source. We became transmitters of sound light color and tone vibration blend into an endless spiral ascending to infinity often the motion moves so quickly sound movement color stands still looking back at us laughing our bodies no longer our own rather a body moves into a space we entered into a stage or platform becomes mobile twisting the physical body of the space into a dimension where creator created creation communicate without distance between any of the elements. much like religious experience or the reality of the creation of the world universe here.

This music is healing shadows healing tongues as well as bodies. for example. The energies both plus and minus that we use on everyday affairs become super charged masses of life force mind that force us (if we play or listen to this music) to practice concentrated self control not realizing the passing of time nor space. Only when the lineage moves beyond our listening or playing strength do we realize we've been moved through time space spirit mind energy. often its exhausting often elating - healing

I need to say finally thank you to everyone who has helped me realize this book. There were so many people involved i couldn't possibly write each name; but Carmel Hubbell did a lot of proofing and typing - Hans, our printer, is really an angel in disguise and the members of the Art Ensemble gave me much needed support when i had said ".....". So special thanks to them all.

I took all the photos except the one of George Jackson; poet Thulani Nkabinde allowed me to use it, and the one of me that Jim Richie took.

The "music-words" that have been recorded are:

As If It Were the Seasons - Delmark
Whats to Say - Atlantic
Non-Cognitive Aspects - Delmark
Including Circles - Delmark
People in Sorrow (music only) - Nessa
Reese - BYG
Odwalla - Atlantic
Erika - BYG
Erika (music only) - Delmark

"May there be peace and love and perfection throughout all creation - O God"

- J. Coltrane

Lonely child



dont you know that it be longs to you



the su rit of all your fath ers and all your mo thers



gave it to you. do not fear lone ly child



while you grow a lit tle like the flow ers you play in



feel the beau ty of the sun on you lone ly child



you will know all and the sun are one.



know now you are free









