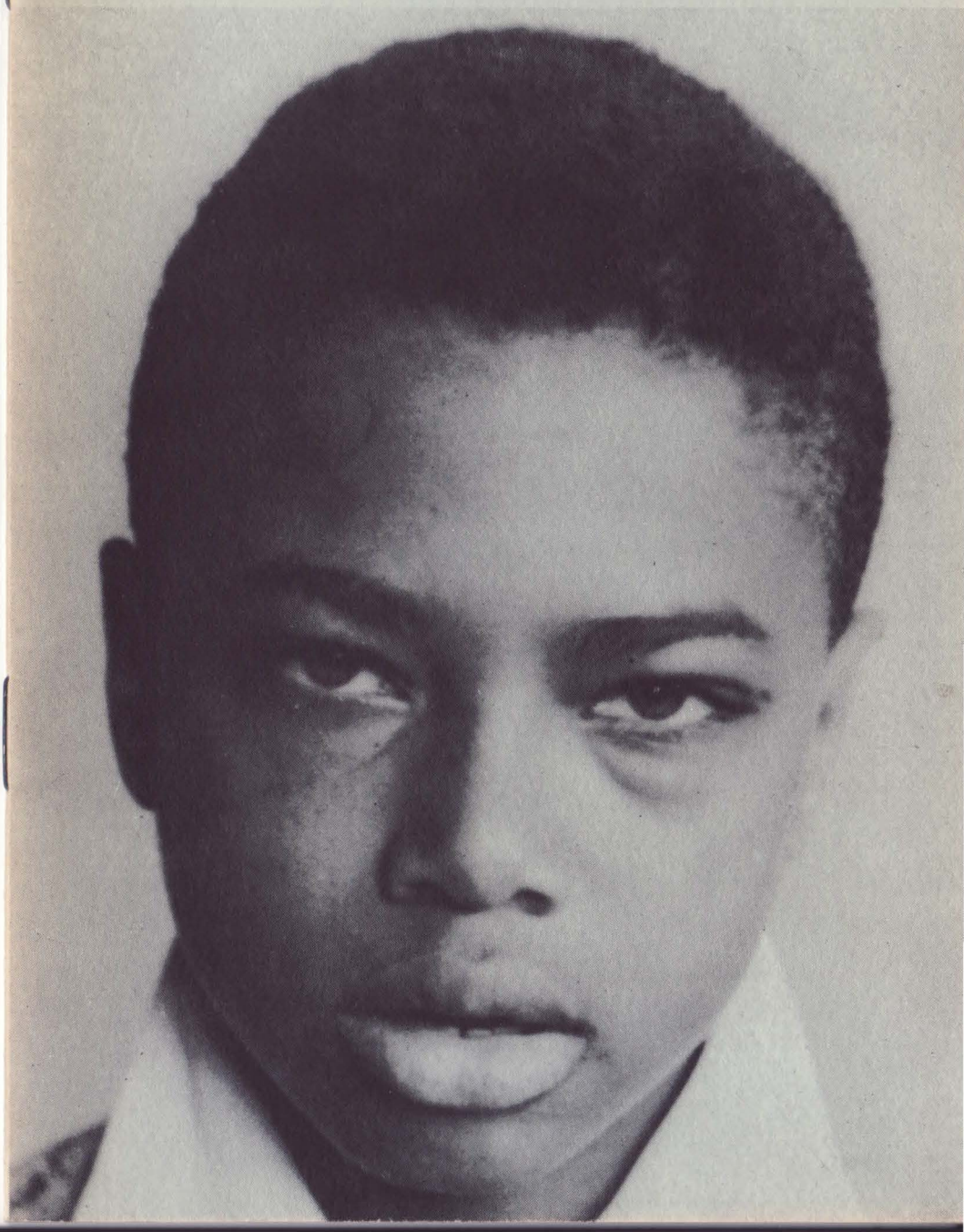




Harold Carrington

Drive suite



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an idiom of Cecil Taylor

First edition

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(**QUICKLY NOW** all the big words I can think of !)
 incomprehensible
 callaesthetics
 conundrum
 brachycephalic
 augmentation
 (more)
 casowary (ZONKS)
 kangaroo (wham)
 vibraharp (wham)
 dissimulate (wham)
 precipitous
 (cymbal/wham)
 tempestuous dromedary lackadaisical rotundity (wham)
 protoplasmic-fellaheen-unconditional-proboscus-ontology-minuscular
 (wham) . . .
 phenomenological/klackdoveedestine/amapola-poppy/phonetic-syzygy
 wham . . .
WHAM WHAM WHAM
 cymbal **WHAM** cymbal **WHAM WHAM**
 & leave it at that,
 indestructable hot fort
 with a moat-entry wall cymbal wham, cymbal
 . . . wham.

2: sweet funk, the improbability

this is a delicate plant
 about to be gotten with fruit
 . . . the pollen of poppy
 billowing on the wake or tail of wind
 , the twister subsiding, off
 to the raw sea . . .

a kitten mews for milk / like light . . .

like light . . .
 it drizzles !
 not a deluge but a deadly conceived
 leak – (the Netherlands run for cover,
 routine discipline) alluvial pattering
 petering out . . . the light
 squeezes a plant face-up out of earth
 whose black, warm and freshest mud is clay . . .

my ribbed marimba clacking
 like a felagha . . . something hashy hovering, like light . . .
 the light

isn't light but shock !
 a chance encounter
 built towards
 an astonishing slash of white
HOT/light.

(listen: it's all torture !
 an urge to rouse ! seduce !
 get hard ! manifest ! make !
 suppose ! . . . even liberate . . . more so
 with a proposition before !
 . . . **FREEDOM's** a rack and growth
 of torturous sweat !

only **FORM & ARREST**
 is freeflight !)

O, light . . .
 when i first discovered the orchid
 abloom in the box i faced fear !
 what i'd said about form, about shape,
 all destroyed – unfounded – shot !

(i want, actually, more than any shape in the world
the formlessness to cause women weaknesses
overwhelm them as they dance before me!
very nearly naked
... i want to copulate regularly, stupendous
for an isolated hour ... and return to the warm bloom
again in its guise of wife at home and marry her twice.

... but a delicate plant! her foliate lamala's tissue ...
with magic and care and continuous shower of rain
for its face / with light
for its dimness of life ...
cymbal/wham - like light ...)

O, LIGHT !

i didn't know! my wife cried for it!
our friends joined hands and i saw
for the first time all reason for worship
flourished in a miraculous white form
in the box at home / **O, LIGHT** ...

and we wept for the beauty of light
and i tried to avoid this poem ...

3: Le Mans

deformation! a cripple bats the breeze
at le mans! ferrari chromium blinding
, a black bird, blacker than vultures, bawling ...
a corridor in a distant canyon groans
, alive in fossils — breathing, unbegun, delivered
down from clay.

/ the camshaft hiccoughs
... nervously, the carburetor gassed, 22 gone off, the flag flapped,
jet-propulsion wind swirling forced in the race
under-way.

/ **VAOOOOSHHH** ...

at Cannes festival of film
we overheard / vush ...

Indianapolis saw the great
Vukutitch murderously / vush ...

princess Grace of Monaco at
the Italian Riviera / vush ...

Palisade Park rivals the old
playland at Great Salt / vush ...

... come to Nassau in
the Bahamas / vush ...

vush the ferrari / vush the mercedies / vush the porsche
vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ... vush ...
the whole conglomerated pushing steamed and piled-up mess
into the deadly canyon of black fucking hairpins and
brutal blind walls ...

(into the first, beyond it
at the next ... a lizard screams
as a racer runs it down ...

behind a wall at the third ...
sound of passion ... something wheezing
... smell of legend ... vush ...

the fourth and vush the fifth, a
lion roaring in the road ...

the sixth is vush ... and vush ...
... and vush,

WHERE LURKS KRAKATOW

where lurks hot lava and
primordial formless rock
monstrosities ...)

vush !
vush ! beetlebaum !
... imponderable !

... .. wham ...

GOD say tadpole cymbal/wham GOD say frog ferrari/vush
the porsche cymbal/wham ... wham / le mans GOD say toadstool / wham
, GOD SAY WHAM !
, GOD SAY WHAM !
, GOD SAY WHAM !

the strata crumbles
fish are fish and coalacanth out of New Zealand
, O the Neanderthal of it all ... tumultuous ...
the Ganges ... rape of the whole western
mind ! cacaphony ! spontaneity ! obscenity !
wham ...

(a buzzard with an evil dripping beak
, ominous in the tortured cold, the clouds, a murder
coming ... the brontosaurus bellows
, slightly rhinoceros, armed to the teeth ...
an earth quakes ... seismography shot and
useless useless useless cymbal wham ...)

SO QUICK THE SPACESUIT ! VUSH !

fantastic fast O, missile - vush !

O, flight-lightning, fling flang

flung into the soup of astrology.
mythic man corrupts the sky with
fiery constellations ... epi-
sodes of stellar proportions ...
whack / the stalagmite
out of sagitarius falls ...
(I AM A PISCES ! february stew O - wham)
ameleorate the embryo -
chickenitza - cassiopeia - marmaduke
; astro
; astro
; so, astroautostellarsonia !

man, the volatile vapid
matador, the bull of astronomy
, snug in space, his elongevity
is latitude

man, the consumer
, man, the malignapoid ... anthropo-
itic-itious, fool after fool the
foolhardy, blob on a scanned-once scene of
scream — the screened spleen

man

the friend, the celestial
nebulous mar ! far off umble
on a jupiter moon of an inch high
pock-mark in a cosmos, man,
the minutia, militia, allution
hiccup of feeble minnow, man,
the crapezoid ...

MAN MUST MAKE THE MEASURE OF HIMSELF.

reverberator clattering ...
spieling wham wham ... making wham
the inconography of Rhodes and making wham
the can of span out of spiced-hap / wham / spam

simple !
complex !
not unusual
unholy
unnatural and impossible

wham !

GOD SAY take of light what element to see
GOD SAY see ! GOD SAY know ! GOD SAY imitate
ME ... GOD say god SAYWHAMGODSAY cymbal/whAM !

wham(ie; funk or funkless flight
, the core of the matter
, être ! être ! tying
-together, gestalt and
vault, pole-vaulter ...)

wham(viz; wham wham wham
wham / cymbal / wham
cymbal cymbal wham ...
cymbal wham
... .. wham !)

99-2084

Cecil Taylor

was born the 15th of March 1933, in New York, into what is known as 'a musical family'. He plays piano the way other people talk, and from the same age. He started composing when he was about seven, as a way of thinking. Composition and harmony at the NY College of Music and four years at the New England Conservatory came later. His earliest jobs as a musician were with Hot Lips Page and Johnny Hodges, in the 'fifties. His first engagement as leader of his own group followed in 1956, at the Five Spot - it lasted six weeks. In 1957 he appeared at the Newport Festival, but during the next five years he would find no more than thirty weeks' work as a musician. Taylor's uncompromising constructivist approach and his astonishing technical virtuosity combine to give his music a forbidding, unapproachable aspect - but once one has entered one of his cubes and become steeped in the iridescence that flows through and out, both the music and life itself become more manageable.

His followers do not have much chance of hearing Taylor live, but they are provided with a prestigious number of exceptionally varied recordings:

Jazz advance (Transition) was recorded 14 September 1956 with Steve Lacy (sop sax), Buell Neidlinger (b), Dennis Charles (dms). Cecil Taylor at Newport (Verve) is one side only of a July 1957 recording with the same personnel (the other side has Gigi Gryce). Lookin' ahead! (Contemporary) was made 9 June 1958 in L.A. with Earl Griffith (vb) instead of Lacy - liner notes by Nat Hentoff. Hard driving jazz (United Artists) is also called Coltrane Time: made in N.Y. in '58, it has Coltrane, Kenny Dorham, Ted Kolick, Louis Hayes. Love for sale (United Artists) followed early in 1959, with just Neidlinger and Rudy Collins (dms), plus two horns on one side. The world of Cecil Taylor (Candid) has the old 'rhythm section' (the what?) plus Archie Shepp - it was made in N.Y., October 1960. Into the hot (Impulse) is the extraordinary 'Gil Evans' record which is in fact divided between Taylor and John Carisi - it is Taylor's first record with Jimmy Lyons (as) and Sunny Murray (dms). Live at the Café Montmartre (Fantasy) was made November 1962 in Copenhagen - four long numbers, with Lyons and Murray only. Nefertiti, the beautiful one has come (Debut), although released later, was recorded by the same combination at the same venue and date. Unit structures (Blue Note) of 19 May 1966, probably the best of all, features Eddie Stevens (tp), Lyons, Ken McIntyre, two basses and drums. Conquistador! (Blue Note), October '66, again has Henry Grimes and Alan Silva (b) with Andrew Cyrille (dms), plus Bill Dixon (tp) and Lyons. The jazz composer's orchestra (JCOA) features a Taylor composition with Taylor as soloist for all of two sides; it dates of June 1968.

Harold Carrington



was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the later half of 1938, and spent all his life from the age of sixteen in various jails and reformatories: he was released on the 27th of July 1964, and died three days later of an overdose.

Such are the stark and meagre res vitae which record almost the whole of Harold 'Wine' Carrington's journey. Almost – for some things are left unsaid by these statistics: that he was a poet – that he had friends who still mourn his untimely and shocking departure – that he was alive – that he was human to the point of having a nickname.

He had started writing in jail, of course (he could hardly have started much earlier than that) and writing became his all-consuming passion – or perhaps the workable substitute for his all-consuming passion to live, which he had never been able to express and did not know how to express except occasionally, in drink or drug. Poetry became his monkey, he died 'of an overdose of New Jersey' – or so Ray Bremser thought, who had met and befriended Harold at Rahway prison when they were both inmates there in the early 'sixties. Ray became the guide, and he established contact with the outside world – with Walter Lowenfels and Diane DiPrima, who in their turn became Harold's main correspondents. The black establishment was not exactly willing to absorb the pent-up torrents of emotion that began to pour from 'Grimley's Hotel' (Mays Landing) and from Trenton State: both Langston Hughes and LeRoi Jones wrote fairly meaningless and empty encouragement (once) – but now at last Eugene Redmond, tireless editor of neglected (and dead) black poets, is establishing the corpus of Carrington's scattered work.

Still, seven years after his death, this is Harold's first book. It has been a hard choice, for there are several other possibles in that part of his output which I have inherited. There is 'O' ('poem under influence of Rochelle Owens, pictures under influence of me') which would have to be reproduced together with its phallic fantasy drawings. There are the haunting 'Variations for DiPrima' on the theme 'o lord it hurts me when I dies': the manuscript of this would make a book quite literally of 'writing on the wall'. There are, also, the marvellous 'home cookin' series and the prose sketches entitled '3 days 9' (in memory of his thirty-nine days of reformatory before going to Trenton). On another level, there is the long 'novel' which Walt Sheppard planned to publish as a supplement to his Nickel Review: printed in 50,000 copies, it was to be hawked in the streets at 5 cents a piece, to become the first 'underground' bestseller.

I finally chose Drive Suite both for its sheer virtuosity and as a tribute to the one interest we shared: Cecil Taylor's music.