The day five thousand fish died in the Charles River

And when the fish come in to die
They slap their heads against the rocks until they float
Downstream on one dead eye. From rocks
The Irish boys yell and throw rocks at them and
beat them with sticks.
Gulls wheel in the fine sky. Tall as an ogre
God walks among the rocks. He cries,
"Yell and throw rocks at them and beat them
with sticks!"
But watch those upturned eyes
That gleam like God's own candles in the sun. Nothing
Deserves to live.

--Jack Spicer
POEM, by a computer at M.I.T., which was fed the elements of English Grammar, and directed to produce sentences.

What does water find water and four blue plants on three black and red roofs for?
Not only on five rats does his tree admire three stoves,
It does make a black, tragic, gay, wide, thin and wiry list proud no longer.
Least of all, is it pointed?
Below the wood above the three flaws, beside green trains and tame hands, five flaws and newspapers, re runs the table behind Willits and Piper.
She makes a rug nowhere.
He is no longer afraid of wood and a newspaper isn't hungry, tame and tame.
Why isn't General Small good and cool?
When is she hungry and how does she hear three engines, three bright, fat and hungry trees, two shiny and oiled cars and the six blue roofs below a funny list?
Water is oiled, Piper is tragic and red, and it isn't cooled.
Is a plant green and fat now?
Because it is appreciative of a wide, new, bright, blue and black window, it isn't cooled.
Does coal hate the funny and thin smokestack and two ashes or isn't he fat and funny?
Is a thin and smooth pencil, clothed?
GRAVES REGISTRY XII

body at sea

back home. The States.
operational cruise, to keep
the hand in. Sailors grow
old away from sea the
Commodore said, laughing

--steaming along
California coast, hard,
beautiful strong tides
catching the rudder, currents
running like trains:

a brilliancy of water, sun.
nothing to watch for but rocks
other ships, the currents
themselves

The Quartermaster of the Watch
spotted him. Called the OOD.
"Sir, something's out there."

too far away
only a bit of darker blue, strangely
formed log, debris

the stomach kno

"Left Standard Rudder! Corpse to the Bridge!"

By the time the engines stopped
the deck was lined by crew, men
coming up from the hatches, the
swiftness of the wind, spreading:

everybody watched.
Mac slipped the wire stretcher
under the floating body, his
face in the boat revealed
--before the stench hit--
how long the sea held this man.

"Raise Away!" the men hit the line
smoothly & the stretcher turned
slowly as it rose. The men, silent.
Just at deck level, it swung,
the man, on his belly, dressed in
blue denim, arms crumpled beneath him

dead milky wideopen
eyes
the crabtorn face
dark gulls, to mark that lay, a memory
of war, going on, on, man-to-sea, man-to-man,
the sounded, plumbed war rose up, giant breakers
deafening beaches ahead.

GRAVES REGISTRY XIV

sea songs for women
"To Those We Leave Behind"
--Old Navy Toast

such power, recorded, is the race
of days, bright promises of what
could have been

dreams
dreams of young blood, girls
shining & clean in the sunshine
of springtime beaches

crinkling hair & the endless, forever
repeated words, out of a common pulse,
speaking of the love's concerns:

bright moon, rising
as it did, over Sumeria,
over Mu, over the cracked
terraces of drowned Atlantis

sisters companions, died in
locked arms, time time again
turned upon the words spoken
half-remembered, memory of the
pale lady rising out of foam

gesturing, the clean
drive of cycles turning.

love, speaking like guitars
a singing that drives the night
around us like a robe.

--Keith Wilson
Could she see the whole real world with
her ghost breast eyes shut under a blouse lid?

"A woman smells like fresh-plowed ground"
"A man smells like chewing on a maple twig"
Rockslides in the creek bed;
picking ferns in the dark gorge.

Goldwire soft short-haired girl, one bare leg up.
Cursing the morning.
"it's me there's no--"

Yellow corn woman on the way to dead-land
by day a dead jackrabbit,
by night a woman nursing her live baby.
Bridge of sunflower stalks.
Nursing a live baby.

daytime, dead-land, only a hill.
Cursing the morning.
"My grandmother said they stepped single
& the hoof was split"--deer

Yellow corn girl
Blue corn girl
Squawberry flower girl

"Once a bear gets hooked on garbage there's no cure."

14.XI.1955
THE COYOTE BREATH

1.

Arching around Birch Bay:
pick up polish
   seashore / soundshore
   rocks of color

Aged twisted apple trees
   they farmed,
   same time the loggers
   alkali/salt pits
   how the deer come!

Floating up coast roads along--
   cloud thru hills
   Jefferson, Thielsen
   Diamond Peak
   Columbia Ma
   breathing this world
   sweep up Fraser--

Logs at the forks,
   roll in water
   float branded, beach up on gravel.

Rainy sage.
We came to Shuswap Lake
   the tribes began here:
   Apples proped with poles
   down Okanagan
   gray eyed rain September

Coyote in the wind

2.

Why do you nap in the desert
   lake two inches deep

Kneel in white salt mud
   firing sky

Shimmering mountains standing water
   suck in
   world breath out again

criss cross shining
   crystal trackless
   slump-of-meat
   eye-skinning
   tacked fayed to heaven
human sunny skin.

June 1966
--Gary Snyder
Cold in the Earth

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee
    Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
    Sever'd at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
    Over the mountains, on that northern shore
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
    Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
    From these brown hills have melted into spring;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
    After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
    While the world's tide is bearing me along:
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
    Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lighten'd up my heaven,
    No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
    All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perish'd
    And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherish'd
    Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
    Wean'd my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
    Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet, I dare not let it languish
    Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish
    How could I seek the empty world again?

--Emily Bronte
what a city is /
a vision, a
holy eye, a
structure

what a city is /
a face, a face of
love, of the place, the real
place

some
cant take it, cant
look, cant
get the whole thing, see it real, naked
not the soul, especially
not
the eyes

cant look, but
only then
the growth, the magic
real
the place
real
the love
real
is the place
is "bliss is actual
as hard as
stone"
creeley says
the word
is love, is touching, is
the place
has many
real faces

yes, there is a kind of
knowing, it can be called
love.

venice, california
2. jul. 57 / 2. jul. 58

-- stuart perkoff
THE CYCLE OR THE YONI-CHAKRA
(A Tantric Song)

SHE lives, not in Time not in Space, SHE lives in the white centre of the blue Nothingness;
UGRA-TARA the virgin goddess of the blue Nothingness.
In that ugly blackout night my father went out to the burning-ghats of Ganga in search of an unburnt corpse;
I saw HER emerging out of the inky darkness in my naked worship-room.
Father, where are you, Father, are you ----
I cried I closed my sinking eyes, I fainted, yes, in HER arms I was dead.

Ka-mantram No-yantram Tadapi-cha Na Jane-stuti-maho
Ka-gyanam No-dhyanam
----- thus sang Shankaracharya; he saw HER beyond Time, beyond Space, in the white centre, in the white lotus of the Kundalini-Chakra.
108 snakes hanging in HER 108 locks of blood-head
----- snakes of time ---- locks of space
the round-cut cups of HER breasts
make this Brahma the globe of this Brahma.

My father, the supreme-Godhead lord Shiva has not returned yet from his search.
What to do, Oh, what to do, with this virgin UGRA-TARA, tell me Father, where are you ----

In HER arms I was dead in the first Manwantar, and
I was dead in the ninth Manwanter,
And now, in the tenth I am still waiting for my father to come back, to get me entry into HER Yoni, into HER womb.

-- Rajkamal Chowdhury

[123]
POEM IN LIEU OF THE MARRIAGE OF ANDREW ZOLAN

We met like songs say in a cellar cafe
Maybe we were sad we were smoking
Thinking of your living room flowery laughter
And the ladies coming by to play mah jong

To have been brought up here, a house with books
And someone vaguely remembering great music
During unusual moments when prunung the hedge
Gallantly shuffling toward the new bed

He takes off the dark cape-like robe revealing
Black silk pajamas Leaps tenderly into
The white folds of the bride and thinks and
Comes, is it the harlot of "Clair de Lune"

Is it the tacky innocence of Debussy now waking up now
Here on the chest the arms of the custom
Where the recent past returns, the rear guard of
The white flowers serenades and cardgames

Blackjack in the fat parlor after her family
Had gone to bed. Softly touching his hand
When it was her turn to deal Or playing whist
Trump trump pawed over the small table.

Then the parents would come in with their lies
Or cough from their sloppy insomniac bed
Thinking of her sluffing it off at breakfast
Don't you think I know you know I care

The table with the two different death services
Livery and tambourines on the one hand
Even though she lived in a bourgeois comm-
Unity built on the expected assent

We ignore when these white designs are brought to the room
And evil marriage, virtuous as a lab attendant
Comes up out of the phonograph just like "La Mer"
Out of all the white vases like soft dallying

Which is not literature or the social structure
Which is not the province of the first night
Now, now sleep reigns contrary to the caveat
Emptor of our jessiness and careful instructions

We realize that we are no longer aware of Spain
It's sunlight and love songs. Our wedding
Night has been unnecessary like no songs say.
With your ring we have aborted our children
And our youth shuffles toward the dusty encyclopedia
That we will have to buy them, toward sex books
You will find under their pillows  tak tak
The theme of Eros explains your lover's death

It is all there, cached in your stupid new husband.
Children will dig it up to sell you subscriptions
You could have had those beautiful, sly little bastards
Know it, Orpheus sends back your regards.

1965
--Lorenzo Thomas

ZODIAC

ARIES: I come forth and from the plane of mind I rule.

TAURUS: I see, and when the eye is opened, all is light.

GEMINI: I recognize my other self and in the waning of that
        self I glow and grow.

CANCER: I build a lighted house and therein dwell.

LION: I am That and That am I.

VIRGO: I am the Mother and the Child.
       I God, I matter am.

LIBRA: I choose the way that leads between the two great
      lines of force.

SCORPIO: Warrior am I, and from the battle I emerge triumphant.

SAGITTARIUS: I see the goal. I reach that goal and then I
            see another.

CAPRICORN: Lost am I in light supernal, yet on that light I
           turn my back.

AQUARIUS: Water of Life am I, poured forth for thirsty men.

PISCES: I leave the Father's House and turning back, I save.

--Arcane School, N.Y.C.
I thought and thought.
Then there was a great
falling of snow, it
fell off a cornice, and
hit the window. It is
puzzling,
when the whole body returns like that, and you are alone
and I have seen men and women walking in it,
bareheaded, and I walk in it in my shoes,
but it is puzzling, as far as you can see
there is snow, then it lifts,
and there is cold sunlight
and soldiers

The past (as if in parenthesis)
has a sound.
It is our ears
that are not familiar,
kiosks and everything, and the sound
of change registers,
and the sound of change registers,
and the Kiss
that is on its way,
franked.

Hopelessly we look for the last part of it, as you in Boston say, art,
with a rising inflection, and I
look out into the world and look back, hoping,
punctuating with my disease,
the tracers,
where you were
so good to leave them.

--George Stanley
Of Poor B.B.

I, Bertolt Brecht, am out of the black woods.
My mother carried me into the cities
As I lay in her body. And the cold of the woods
Will be in me until my petering out.

In the asphalt-city am I home. From the utter beginning
Equipped with every death-sacrament:
With newspapers. And tobacco. And brandy.
Suspicious and lazy and content in the end.

I am friendly to the people. I put
A stiff hat on after their custom.
I say: they are quite particularly smelly animals
And I say: it doesn't matter, I am that too.

In my empty rocking-chair in the mornings
I sit down with a few women
And I look at them without care and say to them:
In me you have one on whom you cannot build.

One evening I collect myself with men
We call each other "Gentleman"
They have their fees on my tables
And say: it will be better with us. And I don't ask when.

Come morning in the gray earliness the spruces piss
And their vermin, the birds, start to yell.
About then I drain my glass in the city and throw
The tobacco butt away and fall restlessly asleep.

We have sat, a light species
In houses that claim to be indestructible
(Thus have we built the long dwellings on Manhattan Island
And the thin antennae that entertain the Atlantic Ocean)

Of these cities there will stay: he that went through them, the wind!
The house makes the eater happy: he empties it.
We know that we are temporary
And that after us will come: nothing worth naming.

In the earthquakes, they that will come, I hope I will
Not let my Virginia cigar go out through bitterness
I, Bertolt Brecht, in the asphalt cities thrown
Out of the black woods in my mother in earlier time.

--Bertolt Brecht
translated by Jack Collom
Dérange sur un pont de l'Adour

Where is John with the baggage checks anyway
and why is all this mud pouring out of beautiful Bayonne
it is April 12th and I am still a fool
northern lights are falling into the Hôtel Farnie

4/13/60

Hôtel particulier

How exciting it is
not to be at Port Lligat
or learning Portuguese in Bilbao so you can go to Brazil

Erik Satie made a great mistake learning Latin
the Brise Marine wasn't written in Sanskrit, baby

I had a teacher one whole summer who never told me anything
and it was wonderful

and then there is the Bibliothèque Nationale, cuspidors,
glasses, anxiety
you don't get crabs that way,
and what you don't know will hurt somebody else

how clear the air is, how low the moon, how flat the sun
et cetera,
just so you don't coin a phrase that changes
can be "rung" on
like les neiges d'antan
and that, sort of thing (oops!), (roll me over!)

is this the hostel where the lazy and fun-loving
start up the mountain?

4/14/60
--Frank O'Hara
The Structure Of The Academy is:
Against, The Street, or, versus.

Knowledge, THERE, for the taking. What is around, us, all. The Radio.

You can pick up things, I say! Look Here! Or wherever YOU work.

But they go against the casual, for what? What is beneath their fingers and eaten earlier.
Not necessarily Giotto, unless there is someone ate him, as I sd, Earlier.
They, those walking groves of trees,
Refuse mana. They refuse
all light. Or, finally, feeling.

They want Points, but not any that
can be had For Nothing. It is formal
Europe's ruined brains, and what did
get cannonized at Marymount. (As
some blonde fool telling about "Muslims". That they were the "only religion to preach
Hate!" Which is a newspaper headline, and rests, yes, finally in the same light, they
give, i.e., the Inquisition &/or the Witch Hunts were conducted by Christians. Are they
correct in their assumption? SPORTS PAGE TYPE! HOW DO YOU GET OUT THERE? IN THE GYM?
BEATNIK!

2

If we have information, keep it from Liberals. As they spring from those same dregh, of
thought. (N---- A---- has gotten picked up for Dirty Pictures...and he not a complete boor.)

Fnd wd say of Trilling that "he had not read sufficiently", or at least, "not the right
books". Let Trilling deny this, under oath.

3

It is, as one person sd, "what can be seen from where you stand", by your own eye. And
NOT still life.

But if you are submerged under the will of the dead. The Artifact...(as
Duncan and his redheads, go there. (vis, The Poem...huh?) That is, tho, merely envy
at more elegant times. Who can deny that we are now largely Strongman types!

But I put down here the idea of Velvet as adequate substitute for that!

Yests died, as any other man, and his bones, they say, rotted as quick.

4

The purely expressive is First Principle. Where it proceeds from. Out Of what (bar).
If art is, as I say, something that can make it seem extremely important to be a human
being, then that must rule out so many things. (And I will put down here something like
P's Progress because it harps too much on The Form this importance will take. Not because
it is a closed ethical cycle... Is Commedia is too... but because Bunyan got his ethics,
his binding formulae, from dead gossip. The Italian, I think, was religious. He had been
hit by the single rightness of his laws. (As Milton, assuredly, wasn't. As no goddamned
secular type protestant has EVER been. And Wont. And why? Because they wd always backtrack
into Reason. To Explain it (in terms of Science, Economics, Physics). Mostly, of course,
for the entrepreneur. So he cd get in...and sell peanuts during the recessional.)

Milton comes almost purely out of hearsay too. I doubt if he had any real Visions. Bunyan
was a deadbeat.
Nowledge never is seen as contemporarily available. It must come from some incontrovertible source. (Of course, we know there's not anything by that name in our modern world. In Dante's world there was.) I mean, people who want to psychoanalyze Poe so they can name the attributes of his stories like what's in yr spice shelf! Oregano (rationalization) Thyme (oedipals) Celery Salt (sado masochism)... Name some More!

But they don't see that whatever it is, for real, in Poe's that that is attractive to interesting types like myself, or WC Williams (which, can be readily looked at, as far as WCW goes, in Grain) does not sit still so easy yng Phd's can scoop it out & mount it for sd deadbeats. Altho, I must admit, they make admirable tries. As some friend of my wife's who is getting enough Points together so some people will call her Doctor... Well, she wrote a master's thesis entitled "The Household Imagery in Emily Dickinson". So help me!

All of it comes from a false sense of order. But never first hand! It is always shopworn. And, after some time, when everyone can step away and look at what they say w/ some coolness, that kind of order seems ludicrous. E.g., The New Critics, now, children won't even play with. (And one of them wanted to put down Shakespeare! Wow!)

The order they get is loosely this: Second Rate Thought (their own, & of course, they must be quickly drawn to others'). They must be largely unimaginative types. And what they come to must be Safe. No one must be able to challenge their so called Taste from Outside. As some fool on a bus will ask you "Is that Art?" They, our subject, want no such B.S. from general citizens, so they set up winnowing machines, and seed sprayers to get all their goodness in (print). E.g., that execrable sanitary napkin Horizon. Where minds that even the schools must say are "seconds" (vide G.Higget) function with amazing zeal.

But they whip all Open that over the head with it. So much money (i.e., they always have it.) 2. Buffer Zones (i.e., ideas set up by them, on the spot, to take the pressure off. As they cite now J. Celber's play as Avant Garde (and it a loose assemblage of Europe's well chewed drameurgy...) or sad neo-surrealismus in painting (because now Dada is old & elegant enough to be envied, if you've got to have some nuts in yr camp.) They cite these folks interesting so they can slide away from real that.

It is interesting, and probably appalling, that even in such an Open thing as Jazz, these undertaker types get in. There is a stinking European who says things like "The Heresy Of BeBop". Also, to get back to the Buffer idea, there is a movement afoot, in this same sport, to unseat people like Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman in favor of the professors. Third Stream Music its called (and that title ironic in the sense I have used. Third Stream indeed) and its heroes are those mythical people who have at last ASSIMILIATED Jazz w/formal european music. So now we have to sit still under all that. These men want to be loved for what the Know not what they Do. (And anybody will have to second the idea that knowing what other people know, except when they Do something, is mighty difficult. I mean, if I say "It's raining." If I expect some reaction it would probably be that the person I sd it to would whip out his umbrella, or go in out of it. If he merely turned and gave me a blank stare I wd not be certain he Understood what I had sd. Even tho yrs later he wd write a thesis called The Historical Relevance of J---- K---- Says Its Raining.

Do Something is what I ask of official US Highbrows, Do Something. To show you are at least well meaning. For a man to say, as Arthur Mizener did last week that "The New Yorker is the finest literary magazine big or little in the country" indicates serious brain rot or simple incompetence. (Who is Arthur Mizener?) I would give even Partisan View the benefit of the doubt.

But all these formal minds of our time shd be asked to do something. (Liberal Bastards!) You read Henry James and tell me for the 12th time what he
that about when he was traveling back and forth between England & America I'm going to tell you before you get it out that I know already!

But get in on yr own lives. What's dying each second around you. Our world. Tell me what you think about now. Go to The Clearing, and see what you see. (And don't be fool enough to ask it to "play dead" for you. It'll eat you whole.)

--Johannes Koenig

THREE POEMS BY YOUNG JAPANESE POETS
translated by Syunichi Miikura

The Landing

What place is this?  The landing.
Where does it lead?  It leads nowhere.
Can't I go anywhere, then?  Yes, either upward or downward.
What have I here?  A mass of soul's darkness.

A beam of light ran through it.
Spirit is always lineal.

Then a dust jumped up.
A dust danced.
A dust sang.
A dust danced and sang.
A dust danced and sang.

A bright chaos.
I live.

--Yukio Matsuda
Jacob's Ladder

alone I climbed up the high tower
to test my own madness.
my own madness --
it had begun in the bathtub of deep slumber.

I found the sea so warm.
if I closed my eyes and stopped breathing
I'd drift away to my native place.

the fish came and ate my body
and I got clean by and by.
all the more I lived in the very fish feeding on me.

I saw two angels
in the chamber of my brain
indulging in sodomy.

o the rosy girl! There's in your nest
woven with tender branches
a small devil who so tenderly licks me.

I'm handling the endless toilet paper
which fills the vessel of white dream
and lets the water flow without sound.

hurra! Father!
at last the wire's charged with electricity
to reach you in Paradise.

oh then my form gradually fails.
I become lighter and thinner.
lonely metal steps that sounds like an iron-harp!
I no longer need my shoes.
as light as feathers
I'll go up spirally.
jump off, my hot!
drop, my shoes;
when I look down I see the city smoky with lights
and I can no longer see the base of the tower.
upward! upward!
go and climb toward Mother Moon clearly drawn in spring heaven,
soon the tower's top will be cut off
and as I feel no more plank under my feet
I'll drop downward --
then some kind hands
will deliver me like a fetus.

---Yu Suwa
New Year Greeting

In the sky dances a dancing fan,
On the earth spring out bamboo shoots,
And clear waters run over the rocks.
Out of the sighs of fruit, the urn of sorrows
There appears a maiden in this heaven and earth.
Leaning against the shining stars in the sky
A lyre sounds throughout the transparent spheres.
Before the season of the blossoms of cherry and peach,
Dews cover the dawn, haze prevails over our fatherland.
Out of the dim airs still chill to cheeks,
A maiden dances forth in grass-green cloths.
On the earth spring out bamboo shoots,
Clear waters run over the rocks,
And in the sky dances a dancing fan.
Oh, her tender shadow of bare-footed dance
Penetrates into the earth, into the inmost well.
Angels, if any, kiss the clear water of the well;
Time, stop to run amid her smile
Brightest ever on the earth.
Everything shall embrace each other though temporarily
Between birth and death, here and eternity.
Oh, in the sky dances a dancing fan.
On the earth dances a bare-footed maiden.
From her slightly wet virgin steel
Joy and Spring begin to blossom.

--Atsushi Sekiguchi

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Rest in peace

Al Capone you were a tower in the midst of/
Al Capone you were a strike breaker! a blight on the radical movement
The Italian anarchists hated you, Al Capone!
However some remember with glee the good old days
of the Capone era, bootleggers, jazz buffs, boxers and junkies/
Al Capone----yr foot, yr stinking black foot! it's a black lyre
out of the pythagorean scale!
Al Capone--it's cool, ok, it's the end!
Al Capone you have no singer
You were not Giuliano, hero of the people!
I refuse to sing you, Al Capone
I go on, we all go on
Giuliano's a myth and your felt grey hat floats flat lands USA
to spume ridge of Trinacria where the Door to Hades IS
--racetrack around the pool of Persephone--
Sicily, yr dark mother, Al Capone!

REQUIESCAT IN PACEM

--Philip Lamantia
HOW TO MEDITATE

--lights out--
full, hands a-clasped, into instantaneous
conscious like a shot of heroin or morphine,
the glad fluid (Holy Fluid) as
I lay-down and hold all my body parts
down to a deadstop trance--Healing
all my sicknesses--eraser all--not
even the shred of a "I-hope-you" or a
Loony Balloon left in it, but the mind
blank, across, thoughtless. When a thought
makes a-springing from afar with its held-
forth figure of image, you spoof it out,
you stuff it off, you fake it, and
it fades, and thought never comes--and
with joy you realize for the first time
'Thinking's just like not thinking--
So I don't have to think
any
more'
STREET CORNER SONG

I know what they say and don't care
for there are talents called impossible
or at least unreliable that for me come as easy
as flat on my back in the sun in the grass
in a world which is mine to sing in!

II
All it's more than sheer power for I've stood
by the hour just waiting in tears to see her appear
and on any next day on my street corner come six
o'clock she came! She laughs and she cries and lights
up the sky and off we fly so madly!

III
It's a prayer I have to be all
the time ripe for the beautiful
irresistible if it's a prayer others can't
hear, even if they bait I'll be damned if what
they say of what they can't see or hear
can keep me in tears off this corner crying!

SPECIAL EYE

I keep my Special Eye out for Everyone
and today your fifteen page poem letter
makes me think of only you and all the angels
you make saints that live & sing in San Francisco.

I love you Richard and Sally and Virginia I love you
and everything about the way you put out FOUR SEASONS
poems pamphlets and ringing WIND BELLS ringing
to make a world glad see straight what is wake up.

You hailin the public and manage their books and miracle
drugs while yourself sit Zazen before the milkman or take on
Ginny yes yes downtown to jerk in set-and-spray Sason
Otherwise miracles are people unimagifico dying.

So thank you so much for your letter poem and everything
you spoke true about fuck Hope while dew is on the grass
in Marin in morning over the bridge before alarma ring--
like us walking home in Hills as the sun sets Pacific.

--David W. McKain
I. THE NATURE OF THE REBELLION

We black citizens of Newark, New Jersey declare at this point that the unrest among the black citizens of Newark New Jersey (July 12 - July 17) cannot be characterized as a "riot" or as a "criminal action" on the part of the black citizens. We understand that this unrest was a rebellion against the forces of oppression, brutality and legalized evil that exist within the city of Newark. And that we citizens have the right to rebel against an oppressive, illiterate governmental structure that does not even represent our will, the will of the majority (63%).

The roots of this rebellion are well known in the black community. Such affirming to human dignity as the insistence by the white bandit power structure that our homes be torn down and a white oriented medical school be erected on the former sites. A medical school that will serve almost none of the black majority of our city, and will drive some 23,000 black people from their homes. Again and again in this instance we have sought to plead through the reference of progressive humanism that our homes be spared and that instead of this destructive act, new homes be built for our citizens, and that if any school be erected that a free community college be built in Newark that will accommodate the black majority in this city. Again and again our plaints have been denied by an unfeeling, ignorant, graft ridden racist city government.

(Callaghan, &c.)

Another recent example of the callousness and lack of principle of the Newark city government was the case of one James Callaghan, who was selected for an important Board of Education post by Hugh Addonizio. Newark's so-called Mayor, despite the fact that Mr. Callaghan was not educationally qualified for the position and also the fact that the majority of Newark's population were unalterably opposed to this cheap political appointment. Addonizio, disclaimed any responsibility (and has again and again) to Newark's black majority as far as his conduct in office. High offices and important prestigious positions have been given out in Newark according to the whims of Mr. Addonizio with no thought as to the welfare of Newark's majority.

(Newark's "Negro" Leadership)

In order to make a show of representation in his government by black people, Mr. Addonizio has almost without exception appointed only those Vick Ineffectual showmen Negroes who are completely loyal to Mr. Addonizio. Any black man who has shown the least bit of loyalty to the black majority in Newark has been immediately stripped of any office or position he has held.

At the time of the rebellion not one of Newark's so-called Negro Leaders, that is those supposedly representing Newark's majority within the Addonizio administration, was on hand to help the oppressed black citizens of Newark. And up until the present time the only statements attributed to these handpicked wind-up toys of Addonizio's have been irrelevant confessions of loyalty to the racist structure which oppresses the black citizens of Newark.

Our two Negro Councillmen, Irvine Turner and Calvin West have shown no inclination to side with the black people of Newark in their hour of need. Health and Welfare Director Larry Stalks has shown again and again that her loyalties are to the oppressive, unfeeling Addonizio regime and not to black people. Human Rights Commissioner James Threatt did not come forward to prevent the brutalizing and terrorizing of black people by maddened city police and state police and national guardsmen. Where were these so-called leaders when we needed them? Where was Chairman of the Board of Freeholders Charles Matthews? Where was State Senator Hutchens Irge? Where were any of these so-called Negro Leaders when black people lay beaten and bleeding in the streets of this city?
The Police and National Guard also entered in many many cases the homes of black people silently and violently, destroying the contents of these homes and shooting up the occupants. One very close example is this very house where we are having the press conference. On Sunday night, July 16, at approximately 10:00 a large contingent of police and National Guardsmen broke into the side door of 33 Stirling Street, and entered the first floor and basement of the building, throwing things around and screaming around. Other guardsmen and police having surrounded the building. After a two minutes the troops went out. (Documentation: Stirling Street Block Association.) It is thought that had the occupants of the upper stories of the house, which included a woman and a child, moved around, they would have been slaughtered on the spot.

It is also rumored around Newark that 33 Stirling Street which is called Spirit House, will be the target of more illegal entries and perhaps the kind of violence that destroyed the Black Liberation Center on South Orange Avenue. Come what may, let it be stated right now that we black people at Spirit House know the intentions of the cowardly murderers who invaded the building illegally and with death in their eyes.

(Attitude, etc.)

Not only have the so-called law enforcement agencies been guilty of wanton murder and destruction, but the judicial section of the city government has been just as blatant in its disregard for the rights of Newark’s black majority. One judge in particular, Mr. He, has consistently used the bail system as a weapon against black people. (See statement in Star Ledger “If they can’t pay it ((the bail)) let them stay in jail.”) He has placed bails on black people knowing full well that they could not pay and has then boasted of his oppressive acts, flaunting the very constitution of the United States. (See also his statement Ledger, Newark News re: Smith trial, “I will not accept charges against police officers”.)

For these reasons it seems clear to the black people of Newark that it is not possible to get any kind of trial by the racist court systems in this city. And for this reason we demand that these racist judges be replaced by competent objective jurors or we cannot recognize these “trials” as anything but what they are: LEGAL LYNCHINGS.

III. JONES - WYN - MCCRAY CASE

Early Friday morning, LeRoy Jones, Barry Wynn and Charles McCray were driving around Newark observing the rebellion and seeking to help brothers who were hurt and wounded, since the police and medical authorities seemed unable or unwilling to help them. One brother picked up on the corner of Belmont and Spruce Street with a bullet hole in his
leg, we took to City Hospital, again and again encountering resistance from city and state police who attempted to stop us from taking this wounded man to the hospital.

Early Friday morning after the rebellion had calmed down, and few people were on the streets Jones Wynn and McCray were stopped by more than twenty policemen with shotguns taken from the wagon in which they were riding and beaten. Bones broken, teeth kicked out, heads split with clubs and gunbutts (Documentation, Statement to L. Booker, Atty, and C. Lynn, Atty.)

At police headquarters money and a check book were stolen from Mr. Jones by policemen in full view of Police Director Dominick Spinna. No phone calls or legal aid were given to the three captured men, and no statement of rights was ever read. After arraignment Mr. Jones was taken to Essex County Jail and placed in SOLITARY CONFINEMENT; also Jones was placed on 25,000 dollars bail, Wynn and McCray at 10,000 dollars each. Motions to get Jones' bail reduced were denied time and again. And the courts again showed that they intend to use the bail system as a weapon against black people.

Throughout the incarceration of Jones-Wynn-McCray this trio were threatened constantly with death and long imprisonment by policemen, hospital officials, prison guards. And it is well known in Newark that Addonizio, Spinna and company are "out to get" Mr. Jones and the other two brothers because they have been outspoken in their condemnation of the foul workings of the Newark City Government.

The word is also out that the murderers of black people in Newark are not about to rest until Mr. Jones, Mr. McCray and Mr. Wynn are put away or murdered. (Just as in the case of "The Sixteen" arrested in Long Island for the sham assassination plot, simply because they are outspoken black people.)

At this point a defense fund has been set up in New York and New Jersey for the defense of Wynn-Jones and McCray. There will also be a defense fund set up by the Committee for any of the black people arrested in the rebellion.

IV. RECOMMENDATION OF INTERVENTION

The Black Survival Committee recommends immediate intervention into Newark Judicial and Law Enforcement systems by United Nations Peace Keeping Forces as we are a non-self-governing people (Chapter XI, Article 73, a,b,c,d,e of United Nations Charter ((59 Stat.1048)).

The Black Survival Committee agrees completely with the resolutions passed by delegates from The Black Power Conference that Mayor H. Addonizio be recalled in a special referendum because of his inability to govern black people. And finally because black people must govern themselves or they will not be governed at all.

We also agree with the BPC that we should support the acts of black people in rebellion against the oppressive racist system, and we also join with the BPC in demanding the immediate release of all Black People now in prison arrested during the rebellion.

NEWARK BLACK SURVIVAL COMMITTEE
JULY 22, 1967
NOTICES

Anyone remember Johannes Koenig? First part of his essay, "Names and Bodies", appeared long, long ago in F.B. #24.

"the", a mimeo mag from Boulder, wants mss. c/o Jack Collom, 667 North St., Boulder, Colorado.

"Intrepid" out of Buffalo, always looking for new work. c/o Allen De Loach, P.O. Box 175, Kenmore, N.Y.

"Riddle of the Riddle", an English mag devoted entirely to prose, due to bring out its first issue soon. Send prose to Nick Woods, 2 Edison Avenue, Hornchurch (1) Essex, England.

A good book to read a long time is Gertrude Stein's "Making of Americans", (900 pp.) now published complete & unabridged by Something Else Press, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City. $11. Try reading it out loud to your baby.

Heiner Bastian, 479 Green St., San Francisco, making an anthology of LSD & other-drug poems for translation into German. Lord help him.


"Guerilla" a great newspaper-literary organ combo from Detroit available from 4863 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. Also check with Artists Workshop Society, 4863 John Lodge, Detroit, for list of their available publications. A hive of activity. Hope to have news for you next issue on the course of the legal defense of John Sinclair and 50-odd others from the Workshop, arrested for possession of grass in January.

Poets Press back in business after a year's lull. New books this fall are Philip Whalen's "Braincandy" (long overdue) $3, and David Henderson's "Felix of the Silent Forest" $1.50, with intro by LeRoi Jones. Other books still available are: A. B. Spellman's "The Beautiful Days" $1; Clive Metson's "Mainline to the Heart" $1.25; di Prima's "Seven Love Poems from Middle Latin" $1.25; Kirby Doyle's "Sappho Bones" $1.25; Herbert Huncke's "Huncke's Journal" $2.; c/o di Prima, 86 Third Place, Brooklyn 31, N.Y.

As you can gather from last article in this issue, money is urgently needed, and will be all fall and winter, for the legal defense of black people arrested in this summer's disturbances. A Riot Relief Committee is being set up in New York to collect and distribute funds for this purpose. Checks should be made payable to the Committee, or, if you prefer to contribute directly to the LeRoi Jones-Wynn-McCray legal defense fund, make checks payable to LeRoi Jones. They can be sent to The Bear c/o di Prima, 86 Third Place, Brooklyn 31, N.Y., and will be forwarded.

"Signal" a mimeographed magazine from Pittsburgh, (not to be confused with the little mag from New York with the same name), is also seeking mss. Send the stuff to Jerry Rhodes, 333 Burrows St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213.

The Bear needs money. Always. Please help. We now print 1500 copies of each issue, mail out 1250. Also, it helps if you send us your address changes as soon as possible (saves postage, time & file cards--puts less strain on the editor's wobbly Buddha-nature.)

If you live in N.Y.C., go see Michael McClure's "The Beard" at Barney Rosset's new Evergreen Theatre on University Place.

F.B.#34, Meg Randall's account of her stay in Cuba, in two months, if all goes well...
THE FLOATING BEAR

c/o di Prima
88 Third Place
Brooklyn 31, N.Y.

return requested