

1251
A Message is sent thru the Jungle By Drum
Boom Y. Y. Y.
like a Tom Tom in Steady Precision
" Many Black trots across a Desert
a Lash after Lash to the Body from
Four Directions

like Hunger Pains
" Kidneys that thump so Hard they
Feel Somebody Driving their Fists into you Back
like - the Butt of a Whips - or a Hand
layed on the Skull

Boom Y. Y. Y.

Like the Exploding Shell in a gun
Boom Y. Y. Y.
lets Many Boot Heels Stomped on Barn
Black Feet

this Constant Thumping Continues
in the Brain

the Nerves of a Black Mass is in
Tempo - Boom Y. Y. Y.

Each Pulse Beats Jars His Entire
Frame

Boor Boor - Beaten Down

≡

Chained Close to Him is a
Bleeding Moaning Man - another
Black Man -

in the adjoining Section a woman
is screaming -

a Symphony of Torture -
the Phrases are Punctuated By
a Wail or Groan in mortal agony

Poor Boola - Chained to the Bottom
of a Slave Ship - Down - Beaten Down
lying on His Back - in His own Daug

Don't dare to move - Hurts too much
^{Every time} the Ship Rolls the Chains tear at His
Flesh - When the Ship Pitches, His
Poor Head Bounces on the Floor

Booom Y. Y. Y.

But His Pulse Continues - He Knows it
He can feel it all through His Body
the Ship Pitches again - & again
next time "I'll Raise my Head So's
it won't Bounce" & When He Raises it
the Butt of a Whip lands on it.

Booom Y. Y. Y. crescendo to a

new Climax -混杂着 all
these Noises - Shouts, Screams -
moans - & groans - a cacophony,
Rhapsody - the anesthetic swish
of the Ocean's Spray lulls Him
Back to - a tempo - in Manseca

Boon Y. T. Y.

the Sea Has Sent in Just enough
cool Misty Air to let Him think:-

" I'm Washing away - No Water to Drink
no Food to Eat - No, No, I don't want
to think about Food - the other day
I was dragged out on deck - a Slave
took His Knife & Sliced a Piece of
Flesh from My Woman & made
me Eat it - no - no Food -
I'm Washing away to Skin & Bones
I want Be fat to Eat - then Why
are they taking me - Where are they
taking me - What Do they Want with
me - I'll go find out - I'll go ask them
Bools tries to Rise - But His Chain
Frook Him Back With a Sickening thud

"What all the noise!" cries a Guard
"Do you want to fight some more?"
there, there - take that & this &
this for good measure (4 to the Bar)

Boom T. T. T.

Poor Boalà just lays there
Exhausted - It doesn't matter
much now - there's not much left
He feels that soon he will die &
it will all be over as far as he is
concerned - So he tries to relax
oh! that nice numb feeling
to music seems to have dulcet soma-
nization - But the thump is the
same - Boom T. T. T.
& so on off into the distance he
seems to float - the boom isn't
so harsh after all - He could
dance - that his nation's dance of course
for he is in chains - But he is
keeping time with the music -
musical tones - tones that don't hold
their pitch - But seem to smear all
tones not too poor - sorta in between
sensuous but not sordid.

Voom & v. v.
This Dream is too Sweet "I'm
either Dead or Coming to life again
they are Removing the Chains
my chains - Every Body's Chains
What is going to happen now -
the Ships no longer Rolling or
Pitching - Where are we - What now
the Holds are opening - day light
"get up" a voice cries "get out"

long lines of Black Men & Women
are being ordered outside the Sun Ship
Bare feet - Voom & v. v.

He Who Falls gets the lash - with
Whip Handle on the Head - as Both
out into the Sea - Air - Fresh Air
on Deck they are Fed - "Ah, Fatigue
for the Killing" - Some Rebel -
some try to fight, But are Beating
severly - Some jump into the Sea

- In the Distance there is land But
nobody comes to meet the ship -
they lay them for a Complex a day
then at night the Black People are

Put into Small Boats & Taken
to Shore - the Slave Market -
then Comes the light to Boola -
He is a Slave - Most likely will
Be Put to Hard Labor - & Boola
was Digging & So it Was -
the First thing the Black man
did in America Was WORK

So Boola Soliloquized "Ah, this
is Not as Bad as it could Have Been
the Black Mans Head was in the Lion
Mouth, So He Had to Figure to get it
out Whole - So He Worked - He
Worked Hard in the Fields all day in
the Broiling Sun - But His thoughts
always Wondered Back to Freedom

Now & then a Slave master was
Found Dead or Missing - & that
Made the Slave owners Suspicious
He Concluded that While His Slaves
were Working they Were thinking about
How to Dispose of their masters, So

to Ultimatum - A Silent Slave
is a thinking Slave - So Sing
your Black So & So's Sing 7,7,7,7.

+ there the Work Song was Born
not a Song of great Joy -
not a triumphant Song - But a
song of Burden - a song Punctuated
by the grant of Heaven or Pitch or axe
a song Punctuated by the Swish +
thud of a Sledge Hammer - a song
to a mule + an ass - or a fellow Beast of
Burden - Sometimes Part of the Song
Received the thrust of the foot that
drove the Shovel into the Earth - Santa
it followed + accompanied the left
of the Bole - Sometimes it Sustained
thru the long Pull of a Plow -
Working + Singing - Singing
+ Working - that was the Work Song
there at the same time Jim was Born
Sometimes Referred to as Uncle Tomming
or Whiskers Pulling - But it served
its Purpose Well - it Ease of the lash

the White Bull came less frequent.
Boola Sang While He Worked - He
danced away from a Kick in the
Pants - the Lubricant Had Been
discovered that would enable Him
to Withdraw His Head from the Lion's
Mouth with a minimum of Pain

* (Fang gashes) the Work Song -
a salve for the Savage Slaves -
IX Ea their Concious (the Slaves)
to think that they Had Slaves Who
smiled - actually longed He longed
But this their Evil Side Would not tolerate
His Slaves were Content - that gave
Him the fulness of a great Philanthropist
He Had done a Human Being Some
good - He was Eligible to Wash -
Combe His Hairs - Put on a tie +
Come Sunday Go to Church + Pray
Pray to the good God Who Had given
Him the Strength - that He was
Putting to Rush an Evil Cause -

8) Boola Watched - took into account
Everything He Saw - He was learning

Fast.

Baular Had Learned to til the Soil,
Bait the Cotton - to load the Barge Etc
& now Come Sunday -

that nice quiet little Hour, with
the Steeple - Everyone who Went with
it was dressed up - Courteous -
Smiled - it was all so nice -

So He Watched & Waited - He listened
the Music was so sweet & tender
Even from that distance - If He
could Only go in & see & listen
from Where He Sat, The Stained
Glass Windows were so cheerful
& inviting - So Pretty - for many
Sundays He Witnessed this Peaceful
Pause in His Weary Daily Struggle -
the Music - It seemed to Say something
to Him - Come it is for you too
you are not a Bad man. - and as He
listened He thought, "May Be thy Master
is not such a Bad man either"

to one Sunday after Church Had left
out a kindly old lady came Bodie

He Rose Hat in Hand - Spoke
She Paused & Said - Hold these
for me & Help me Home - one was
a Book - Book like the ones they
all carried on Sunday When they
Went to Church - He Could Read
a little now - (Not that Master
Wanted him to) it Said on the
Cover "HOLY BIBLE" When He Had
Helped the lady Home, He Held on
to the Bible, looking at it with
Stretcher Eyes - Sort of Rubbing it
tenderly - & the Old lady Said
"Would you like to have one"
at Which He Graciously Replied "Yes
man"

^{Read +}
She Told him that He Should Learn
it But Keep it a Secret from the Whites
Monday Morning a Sleepless Black man
Went to the Field - Book Had Been
Struggling with the 1st Verse in His
Bible all night - not Once Had He
10) Closed his Eyes - But it Was

not a Weary Man Who went about
His tasks all day til Sundown -
It Was a man of Great Strength
a man with a sparkle in His Eye
a man fully Refreshed - Strong
+ Capable - a Better Days Work He
Had never Done - now Books Could
See Where He Was Going - His
objection Was at a great distance
But in Plain View - + it seemed
that He had Dead Aim - He had
Something to live for - Something to
Work for - Something to Sing for

Tuesday - His Woman Had touched
the Bible - She Had seen Books trying
to Read All Night, get out + go
to Work more energetically + more
wide awake than Ever - She
Voula Was Curious to Know What
the Book was all about - so She
opened it - Did Her Best to
Decipher its meaning + Her day
was Brightened

Wednesday - Boola + Voala were able to talk to each other about their new discovery - they had found their God - they were taught that God created the Heaven + the Earth when they were children - yes, it must be the same God - it is the same God - it is the One + Only God - Only the story here was in another language - "In the Beginning (the Lord) God Created the Heaven + the earth" - yes, it was all beginning to clear up now - they knew the story - it was the same story it would help them to learn to Read + Write in this new language It was all wonderful -

Thursday - they discussed it with the other slaves - the new light - the Bible was loaned out - they prayed (secretly) the news spread swiftly Every Black man seemed to take on a new glow - ambitious

By Friday the Children in little
Whispering Groups Were Saying : -

the Children Had Picked up Words
they Had Heard the older People
Saying - they were learning too -
they even Scallized that Something
New - & Pretty & good Had Come
over their Homes - Every thing Had
Become more cheerful & the Tension
Had lifted -

:- My Lord is greater than the
man with the whip - & He is a
good God - Our God is the same
as Mass' Charles - When we
leave here we are going to Big
Beautiful City of golden Streets -
Where the Roof tops are studded
With Precious Gems -

Saturday Evening found many
Black men Trudging up the Dusty
Paths & Roads after a Hard Day
in the Field - their Walks Broken
to a toll-o-o - By the Hard time, they
had survived - Humming to themselves

Humming in a Voice More Sonorous -
Strong - Deep - Clear -
their Broken Walk seemed to Mock
them - It was a Rhythmic Toodle-o -
it was its tempo - the Tempo that
was Beaten into them - Voom & voom
their gait was a little ragged - it
was like syncopation - a sort of 4-4
accompaniment to their Humming & Singing
which now had more definite Pitch -
It didn't Smear off So Helplessly -
Come Sunday - When All the Whitemen
Had gone into the Church - the Slave
Congregated under a tree - Huddled
together they Passed the Word of God
around in Whispers - Each sipped his
Crys-tal Pure Message till Heaven full
filled to the Bursting Point - But
He Couldn't Shout with Joy - He
Mustn't give vent to his Feelings Out
loud - for the Whitemen must take it for
an uprising & that Would Be Bad for
Every Body - So We must Enjoy the
Sweet Suffering of this Profanation

internal upheaval up long & joy
in Silence - they would get as
close to the Church as possible without
attention, attention & listen -
When the Preacher registered
triumph in droning His Point Hand to
the White inside - the Blacks outside
would give a subdued approval -
When the White inside sang their
beautiful Hymns - the Blacks outside
would hum along with them & add their
own touch to it - Weary, gorgous
melodic, Harmonic & Rhythmic Patterns
this was the beginning of the Spiritual -
the Neg. Emotional Worshipping of
God in Song - this was & always
has been the Neg. guiding Star - when
things looked dark He would to God -
God was good to the Negro & answered
His Prayers almost immediately for
God gave the Negro ability and the
inspiration to continue His singing
until it attracted the attention of
His Masters to their pleasure -
Whites enjoyed the song more &
more every day - the song in seemed
to lighten the burden on their concience

they were glad the negro had
learned the Bible - they Singing
about their God - God was the
same to White & Black - It was
as Reassuring as it was Pleasurably
Entertaining - they Encouraged their
own Singers - & from demanding
it softens to Requesting the Negro to
Sing - Words were not so harsh when
Singing was concerned - A Happy
Medium was established - the Spiritual
was Soothing to Sing & Audience -
Singing Had now Become a Major
Factor - If you Had a good Voice
you Had an Easier Job - you Could
near the Masters House - or even in
the House - to Become a House
Slave was all but to Be a member
of the Family - With good Food
Beds - Wooden Floor - Had to Keep
the Body Clean - Genuine advancement
But new Problems - the House Slaves
Were not to associate with Field Slaves
& that came down through little generation
Pleasie with the Slaves themselves
16 Some Slaves were Better than others
But Both Slaves Sang - of course

new Work songs were created all
the time to fit the Work - the House Work
Songs were big later - & Both Works Songs
Because intermingled with the Spiritual
& as time went by the Work song & the
Spiritual were not totally unlike -
there was a strong relationship -
Just as today -
it is very difficult to distinguish
the difference between the two -
the Slaves Song at this point was the outlet
for all his pent up Emotions - in every
phase of his life as he walked the
Harrowed or Whistled - When he talked
he showed the great influence of the
Bible by the constant use of direct
Quotations - he sang - worked -
Prayed in Song - He was his means up
communication with his God - In his
Song the Slave thanked the Lord for
what meager earthly Possessions
he had - Ask God Sustain his
contentment - He Prayed God would
allow him the necessities of life -
& help him solve his problems -
the Slave Songs at times were colored

With a touch of Heaven - But in
them no matter who they, kindled -
(there just were about Men & Beast
& anything in their every day life)
the Song always went back -
Lord Have Mercy on my Soul -
So you see the Slave Song had
broadened - it covered many lives
many kinds of lives - it was song
from many positions - low & not
so low - sometimes soft - sometimes
loud - it was like a rainbow in
its many colours - even with the
golden bat at the end - for they
always envisioned the Paradise to come
always on their way to Heaven in tempo -
the Pulse was still there supporting
these Melodic Gems - Vow, I, I, I -
American Negro Music is fundamentally
4 - - 95 Percent Emotion - goes to
Fantastic Extremes - Joy & Sorrow
vice versa - & makes the Transcendental
unbelievably quick - never sacrificing
that Fatal Zest
- There'll come a Day -

the Negro Eventually Sang His Way
into the Gallery of the Church - Which
Was the Beginning of the
System Still Used in theaters of the
South, at the time of this Writing
Known as the "Crows Nest"

Singing - Working - Praying for Freedom
the urge for Freedom getting stronger
every day - We must Remember that
the Reading of the Bible Was the Beginning
of the Negro Education - the more He
Read the more Educated - the more
Educated the more Unbearable His
Slavery - Good Souls Praying &
Singing Faithfully without a
Word of Bitterness or Revenge -

"I forgive my Past Suffering, just
let my People go"

This Desire Exploded with attempts to
at Freedom in S. Carolina & Alber-
ny in 1712 & in Georgia - But was
soon Quelled - the Whites gave Baile
a chance to fight in the Colonial Wars
with the Indians - Whereupon a
Reputation as a Warrior Bold

(Records Show that as early as 1652
Boola was in the Massachusetts Army)
Boole's Bravery Caused the Indians to
Seek an Alliance with him on their
side - Which once accepted -

Boon ✓ ✓ ✓

Working - Singing - Praying
Fighting - the Pulse is Stronger
Boon ✓ ✓ ✓

4,000,000 - Blacks Captured or Killed
500,000 - of them accounted for in
America - after their Torturous Journey
the Survival of the Fittest
the Seed of the American Negro Was
the Cream of the "Survival of the Fittest"

the Desire for Freedom Motivated: -
their Rongo - Inspired their Heroes -
Real & Legendary - Actions - Policies
& Efforts - fight for or With
Any Body - Chain Breaking -

When the getting together for the
Revolutionary War on the shores
of America - the Cry for Freedom
the Negro was the first to hear it
& respond - Fight for Freedom
all he wanted was a chance
the Free Negroes Rushed forward
to offer his services - as a matter
of fact the first man shot was
a negro - Crispus Attacks -
5 yrs before the Battle of Lexington
- at every opportunity when they
were allowed Baile tried to
join up - & when impossible
he would over to the British
or to Canada or Florida
NAVY - ARMY - ESPIONAGE
American
list: -

When things were darkest for
the States there came great
warriors from the West Indies

the Siege of Savannah - 1779
Fontaine's Legion included 700
Free Negro's Saved the Day -
including: - Christophs, etc
W. I.

During the Revolution many
Negroes Won their Freedom
fighting for our Flag XX
But those who still were not
Free was were making Well Planned
attempts to Escape
XX 260,000 in South XX

Full account of Heres & Places —

West Indian Influence - Haiti
resounding
the Echo of Africa Was louder
Tropical Jungles - Drums -
Authentic African - Religious &
Sexual Dances - Sonate
Passionate flavored with Latin
Weird Rhythms - Exotic Melody
150 yrs later this music is
to strongly influence Jazz -
Boola Holds His Head a little
Higher - His Black Brother
Had Come from Haiti across
the Sea to San America - Surely
it would be better for him -
a mild anesthetic easing the pain
of His Suffering - We have more
than done our part - if we all we
have to do is Wait & Pray

Many of Boala's Brothers Had
Been Freed - they Had earned
their Freedom - Owned Property
+ Slaves - ^{X 1812} But How Can
Earn My Freedom - There is no
War - the Anesthetic is Dying
out - "I must Plan an Escape
+ When I am away, I can
Probably Come Back + Help
Some of my People to Get away
one By one - Group after Group
Some Successful + Others Caught
+ Punished - But ~~up~~ on trying
(Fred Douglas) (the Abolitionist)

then Came the Civil War - People
are trying to free me, + white people
try "So Boala Did His Bit -
He Guarded the Union Soldiers When
they were lost, He nursed them
When they fell ill Behind the
Confederate lines, He Infamed +
+ Northerners, He Joined +

Fought in the Union Army -
+ Performed His Duty So Well
the Confederates Begg'd and Booled
to Come of Slavery + fight it
for the South - this Booley Did
But Never Fired the First Shot
at the People Who Were trying
to Free Him.

The Proclamation of Emancipation
this Was it - at last - What He
Had Prayed + Fought for.
the Young Negroes Jumped for Joy -
Free + a Whole Lifetime before them
But a Sad Note Was Heard + ~~Stew~~
the Heart of every Negro - that
Same Morning - the Answer to their
Prayers Was given to the Old folks -
they Who Had Worked All their lives
+ Earned the Right to Sit Down + Be
taken Care of - Now they too were
Free - Free to Do What - they Could not
Work for a living (Too Old) they had
25 no money to Go any where else

their masters said they could
not stay - they to go - They were
trespassing - just get up & go -
where - nobody knows but God -
But over all this there is great
rejoicing - the younger negroes
are celebrating & migrating North -
singing & now - dancing -
they sing and dance &rew
& took on a flavor of abandon
Happy people drunk with freedom
getting more & more gay as it went
the Spanish-American War -
Baola was the hero of San Juan Hill
back he came - a conqueror -
the stars & stripes flying high -
a decorated hero - back home
& his woman - but a hero - attracted
many women - & there were many heroes
& so with the white man's glory we
inherit his romantic problems -
there were many love triangles -
sometimes the man who was lucky

enough to return from the Battle
Field was not lucky enough to
find His love intact - & some
instances a Woman lost a Man
on the Merry Go Round of Triangles -
But as in all love Triangles someone
Has to lose - & this loss of love
in One Hand & the Worry of Grief
in the Other - Inspired many Marriages
& Affairs - the Offspring of the
Union was the Blues -

The Blues

If You Happen to Be a Negro
or direct Descendant of Border
you Have many times Been Asked
What is the Blues - the Blues
Has taken a many different
Characters & Shapes as of today
& you know as well as I do that

The Blues Aint

Educated - Music - Stage
Medicine - Law - Congressman
Recognition Generally, etc —
Rapid Progress —
Complete Abandon —

SECOND MOVEMENT

BROWN

1770 BOOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The black mood of Boola lightens

Usefulness and courage and the
Scene brightens. The blessedness
Of honest toil transforms him.

Communion with the soil
enriches him. He is no longer a beast
of burden in a foreign land.

Christ suffered, too!

There was work to do.

Boolah belonged!

Strange, perhaps to those who have but one thought....

The thought of Self...Not Boolah's kind.

Ringing Clearly, boldly thru the din

Of today's great fight for freedom

There falls upon the conscience of the land
That selfless, solitary voice with courage
Strong enough to cry out against

"Taxation without representation!"

A Strong unselfish black voice

That did not stand back and mutter

In a dark corner: "Now, you see how it feels
To be oppressed!"

But loud and clear his booming black bass

Rolled out and thundered over Boston Common...

"WE WANT TO BE FREE"! Down with oppression!"

Five years before the battle of Lexington

Black blood was shed in the birth struggle
Of this great republic!

YES, BOOLA BELONGED!

Cripus Attucks ignited the spark

Boolah and his brothers emerged from the dark
Darkness of nonentity to march
Across the blood-stained pages of history.

Five thousand black hands reached out

For muskets, flintlocks, axes,
Hick'ry sticks, Blunderbusses, tree limbs...
Any old weapon was a good weapon.

Five thousand black hands, joined white hands

Against the common danger fusing,
Tattered and torn, battered and worn
Boolah's boots in unison.

Fierce and valiant, bare and bleeding

Boolah's soul in unison.

But first he must fight for the right
To fight the ~~gat~~ fight for freedom!

Black hands popped the prop right out from under
The ethnological farce of Bourbon theory.

Black hands and minds busied themselves....

Black hands and minds...stalking history...

Black hands, sensitive, seeking black hands
Getting the feel of sails
Fashioned new devices.

Black hands, warming to the iron and steel
Familiar with the furrowed land
Creating harvesting machines to ease the work
Of hands grown tired and calloused.

Black hands, familiar with the waving stalks of cane
Working out new ways in each succeeding day
To revolutionize the sugar industry.

Black hands were feverish...stalking history!

← Black shoulders heaved against the cannon
At Fort Ticonderoga. Dragged it down
The mountainside with Ethan Allan's
Green Mountain boys to force the British
From Boston...Boolah MAKING history!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Onward Boolah marched to freedom...

White Plains...Stillwater...Bennington
Red Bank....Fort George...Stony Point...
Boonesborough...Princeton...Monmouth...
Saratoga...Bemis Heights...Long Island...
Boolah's been there!

Boolah, too, had a stake in this. A sacrifice
To make. She nursed the wounded...

Slipped thru enemy lines...signalled information
From her clothes line...Trudging thru the snow
Skirts stiff to the waist...Extended like a
Ballerina's...in the bitter freezing cold...
Bringing strength to Boola...Bringing courage...
Bringing hope...

VOOLA BELONGED!

VOOM! VOOM! VOOM! VOOM!

The "Spirit of '76!" Ah, yes, but they did not tell us
That the strong and stalwart soldier
Who stirred his comrade's spirits
With lilting fife and drum...was a black man!

Preserved for posterity

Was a face of lighter hue.

But WE knew

It was BARZILLAI LEW!

Great, giant of a man was he.

On to Valley Forge he piped. All the way
From Groton. Lifting up the lads he met
And setting all in motion!

On to Bunker Hill he strode

Shunning rest and ration

Sure, he had a job to do

To help to save the nation.

Fifing, drumming, singing, humming

Battle cry of freedom.

At his side marched Boola, too

Knowing they would need him.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

On to cross the Delaware...Bleeding..Starving...

Freezing..crashing down all barricades,

Capturing the enemy. The feat was most

Bewildering. Major Barrington, General Prescott

...Pride of Britain's fairest...

Were but naught to Boola's boys....

BARZAILLAT LEW sought the rarest!

On the land and on the sea....Boolah fought for liberty.

Gone from the pages of history

Names of black men who made us free.

Deep in our hearts the light burns bright

For the brave blacks who shouted:

"PAY OR NO PAY---WE FIGHT!"

(West Indian Influence)

Swooping down like great black leaves
Suddenly hurled by ~~and~~ angry breeze
Came the seven hundred Free Haitians
Of the Fontages Legion to descend
Upon the British at the Siege of Savannah.
With the tide turning against the Allies
There came the Fontages Legion's surprise...
And Boola's heart was filled with hosannas!
His black brother from across the sea
Had come to fight for his liberty !
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Haiti resounding the echo of Africa was loud here.
Tropical drums...sexual drums
Savage drums...religious drums...
Sexual drums...passionate...exotic
Sensuous...weird...flavored with Latin.
Boolah heard and felt it all. Boolah
Absorbed them into his being.
He was enriched altho' he did not know
His own rich blood and music had flavored
This new and startling sound
Which stirred his being.

Unknowingly, he covered ground with one
Destined to shape the fate of other blacks
Across the sea from whence he came.
A man who bore the name of...Christophe!

Christophe...Brave and gallant Christophe!
Who carried home the seeds of freedom
From this troubled land to sow them
With another black brother whose name
Has blazed in the hearts of the oppressed...
...Toussaint L'Ouverture!

Up went Boola's head...Up went Boola's ~~heart~~ hopes
Up..Up..UP went the song
In Boola's heart.....
He had done his part!

Boolah belonged!

Surely, now he'd get his due. Many blacks were free.
But why not all?
The war was won...
Where was HIS Liberty?
Get away...get away...get away..."Tears in his heart
Seemed to say: "Once I'm free
I'll come back and free my brothers...
One by one, if need be...
But I must be FREE!"

So Boola planned and prayed and waited.
Boolah now began HIS fight in earnest.
White hands were soon outstretched.
The hands of men who knew that one man
Enslaved held all the land in bondage!

"All men are created equal..." A noble document...
But to Boola it was sheer hypocrisy.
A mockery of men's souls.
Four million blacks wanted to be free!
Swimming walking, crawling, tens, hundreds,
Thousands of miles....onward to freedom.
Through trackless forests.....wastelands...
Blood-thirsty men and dogs snapping at
their heels...Hunted...in swamps...on the
Mountaintops..Still they plunged on...
Traveling by night...hiding by day....
Feeding on roots, leaves....wild berries...
Swimming rivers...bruised and bleeding....
On...On...Still fighting
Tho' the battle had been won!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Some succeeding...others failing....still the
frenzied flight continued.
Some sought to stand their ground....
Moving into swamps...Hiding in the mountains....
Making home wherever one dropped...Farming
Fighting...Fleeing....to Freedom!

Out of this wleter of broken bodies...blasted hopes
And shattered dreams...Arose mighty men
Of action! Nat Turner...Denmark Vesey...
The Gabriels...The Catos! The Toms!
The greatest of them all...
A black woman...HARRIET TUBMAN!

HARRIET TUBMAN...How long will be remembered
Your utter disdain of self,
Your dauntless courage!
Your blessedness of purpose!
How you laughed at the efforts of the ~~fa~~ctionfaithless
With their blood-hounds and gold
With which to snare you!
And you...with God's own hand to guide you!
How you prayed for rain and snow and sleet
To cover up your tracks
And save your precious cargo.
How you triumphed over all their ego!
How brave you were when weaker souls
Lagged back with fear, altho' your heart
Was anxious, too. How glorious the lesson
In humanity you caught your brothers
Not too blind to see.

Frederick Douglass cut the bonds in 1838....
Escaping to a land where he could breathe.
But not content to save himself
He set his mind to work to make
His brothers free.
In seven years from slavery he pushed right on
To England. Just seven years from slavery
He begged the world to hear...(with head
Held high)
The plight of helpless black souls,

Shattering the structure of slaveocracy

Brave black man fought to be free

What did they know

Or care of economic stability?

Abraham Lincoln knew and sought to set it straight...

Unbalanced by their dreams of power...

Softened through contempt and scorn

Of Nature's laws of fitness

Over-confidence was born of generations

At ease, whipping black men to their knees.

They erred. They dared
to fight the losing fight
And bitterness took hold.

Again the black man took his stand and fought

The same fight over.

He knew the side to fight beside

And soon the South relented.

They even took him in to win

Their folly was repented.

Men and useless blood shed

And women left to mourn the dead.

This challenge chnged to prophecy and still

Is hanging in the air:

"Till all the wealth piled high

By bondsmen's two hundred andfifty years

Of unrequited toil shall be sunk,

And until every drop of blood drzwn

By the lash shall be paid by another

Drawn by the sword...this war goes on..."

Old Abe said that ...and later made another challenge...

The Emancipation Proclamation!

A nation's honor bound in simple phrases.

Returning to man his God-given rights

To be free!

How , do you ask why he fought in 1625???

How, do you feel as he felt in 1770?

How, do you know what he knew in 1812?

How, Do you think as he thought in 1917?

How, do you fight for the freedom for which he fights in
1945?

Bool jumped for joy! His freedom won....

But whither? He faced a lifetime

Of freedom, tho' it be shrouded

Now in uncertainty and insecurity

Still....it was sweet to be one's own!

A sad note was sounded in the hearts of the old folks

They had earned the right to finish out

Their sorry lives unworried and at ease...

What now??? "You must go...you're free....

"Get up and go!"But where?

Nobody knows but Jesus...

"They set us free.....but left us alone
To starve.....to freeze...to die..

Boolu searched his soul and found the answer:

"I took it from the earth for others...

I'll scratch it out for myself

With bare hands...if need be.

They haven't beaten me!

Reassured, his singing and dancing grew wilder....

And took on a flavor of abandon.

Happy people drunk with freedom.

Laughing...crying...working...praying...

Digging...pulling...

War clouds gathering...

EMANCIPATION ! AH!

Elation, frustration, joy and sorrow
Got all mixed up in the hearts of these poor souls
Set free. Helter-skelter they sought a shelter
From misery..hunger..the annihilation of pity!
But none of these things matter to them
When danger threatened their country again.

And brave black men marched off once more...
This time to fight the Spanish-American war.

At San JuanHill where Boola stood
Triumphant with the flag flung high,
The blood of ~~bal~~ black men, bad and good
Was shed by men ~~a~~ unafraind to die.

And marching home a hero came
Who learned that to play the white man's game
Was to suffer the loss as well as the gain
And the joy of the victor was turned to pain.

A medal hung proudly from his chest
But where were the arms for his head to rest?
And when he learned someone had to lose
---That's how Boola got the blues!

Groaning blues! Biting blues!

Moaning blues! Fighting blues!

Laughing to keep from crying blues!

Boolahad theblues!

"The Blues...

The Blues ain't...

The Blues ain't nothin'....

The Blues ain't nothin' but a cold gray day

And all night long it stays that way."

Ain't nothin' that leaves you alone

Ain't somep'n you want to call your own

Ain't nothin' with sense enough to get up and go

Ain't ~~like~~ nothing like nothin' K know

"The Blues...

The Blues don't...

The Blues don't know nobody as a friend

Ain't been nowhere where they're

Welcome back again..."

Sighin! cryin!....

Feel just like dyin'....

"The Blues ain't somep'n that you sing in rhyme

The Blues ain't nothin' but a dark cloud markin' time

The Blues is a one-way ticket from your love

to nowhere

The Blues ain't nothin' but a black crepe

veil ready to wear.

THIRD MOVEMENT

BEIGE:

HARLEM! Black metropolis!
Land of mirth!
Your music has flung
The Story of "Hot Harlem"
To the Four corners
Of the earth!

Listen:

"Soft voices laughing..shuffling heels....a
Kaleidoscope of color, the savage moan of the saxophone
the primeval beat of the jungle ...Boston, Mass.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Enlightened savagery..frenzied wizardry...they
ripple and swell with strange and eerie sounds...
....Cleveland, Ohio

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Scorching...Primitive jungle calls...wild...joyous.
...The rhythm rises...falls,...Rocky Mountain, North
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Carolina.

"Brooding atmosphere that haunts the memory...the
hushahusha of the steel fan on the trap drum....

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Feverishly melancholy...nervous vitality..exciting.
as Stravinsky...Paris, France

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!

EElation and despair go hand in hand...and there will suddenly pervade the air...a mournful elegaic outburst...London, England.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

" Dynamic outpourings of religious fervour...Copenhagen,
Denmark

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Strains at once thrilling...soothing....delicately haunting...Gladgow, Scotland

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Jungle drums

Bombard the brain

Bootleg hooch

To dull the pain

Mellow tones,

The rattle of bones

Blocks of sound

And feet that pound.

Cheerful

Tho' your money's borrowed.

Carefree

Tho' your heart is sorrowed.

Golden whisperings

Of the brass

Woodwinds rustling

Leaves of grass.

Wa-wa wailing...

Spirits trailing....

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And so, your song has stirred the souls

Of men in strange and distant places

← The picture drawn by many hands

For many eyes of many races.

But did it ever speak to them

Of what you really are??

Did it say to them

That all your striving

To take your rightful place with men

Was more jazz and jiving??

Did it say to them

"The joy I'm giving

Is the foil I use to lose my blues

And make myself an honest living??

How could they ever fail to hear
The hurt and pain and anguish
Of those who travel dark, lone ways
The soul in them to languish??

And was the picture true of you

The camera eye in focus

Or was it all a sorry bit

Of ofay hocus-pocus???

How then, this picture
They have drawn??

It can't be true

Is dance and sing

That all you do...

And moan!

Harlem...for all her moral lurches

Has always had

LESS cabarets than churches!

Who draped those basement dens

With silk, but knaves and robbers

And their ilk??

Who came to prostitute your art

And gave you pennies

For your part....

And ill-repute??

Who took your hunger

And your pain

Outraged your honor

For their gain??

Who put the spotlight on

On your soul....

And left you rotting

In the hole

These strangers dug??

Who brought the dope

And made ~~the~~ a rope

Of it, to hang you

In your misery?

Who brought disease

And at their ease

Broadcast for all the world to hear

That there was "death and danger" here?

Why did they need to spread their fear
And discount every good thing here??

Who are these men?
Do they not know
Their God whom they profess to love
Is watching all from up above?

Why were you shoved and
Shut off there,
To smother-~~an~~die....
In your despair?

And Harlem
How'd you come to be
Permitted
In a land that's free??

Ah, yes! But Harlem
You are strong.
You've stood the test
And they are wrong!

You've dodged the snare of subjugation
And ripped the bars with education,
And now you stand prepared to lead
Your brothers from the wilderness
Of hopelessness and need.

TAKE HEART!
In every land where you have been
You've left your mark on all the men
Who since have perished...
And you've survived!

The caribs and the Indians
Have ~~been~~ long since vanished
You kept a part of them alive
And in your song their song's revived!

Yes, Harlem!

Land of valiant youth,
You've wiped the make-up from your face,
And ~~shed~~ your borrowed spangles.

You've donned the uniform of Truth
And hid the hurt that ~~ang~~les
In heart and mind. And one by one
You've set your shoulders straight
To meet each challenge and to wait
Till justice unto you is done.

The drums of war ~~BOOM~~ out again
We join the ranks in keeping
Conscious of the need to share
The trials of a world that's weeping.

Seek not for honor

Nor for gain....

But rather for the joy of doing....

For credit is an empty thing

Unless it's thru the joy of giving.

Remember DERRIE MILLER!

A black man gave blood plasma
To a world of suffering
In its blackest hour.
His endless toil and searching
Was for knowledge...not for power {

(DREW)(???

