

CD Booklet: Poet's night mit den Gedichten von Fred Ayer

FREDERICK WILLIAM AYER

Poet's night



Rudolf Volz
on keyboard
and other
soundeffects

Walter Dahn
on the
Southern
Road

1. Introduction / Love
2. Lonely Rivers to Cross
3. I am a Romantic
4. Coming down to the Gut Buckets
5. Harvesters: Or Ballad of Assessment
6. You and I
7. The Cost of Seriousness
8. Home before Dark
9. Private Pains, Public Triumphs
10. For I'm going to love you forever
11. Tell me Koko-Shine
12. Rufus's Choice
13. Grief, Love and Hope
14. Immortal Dreams or my Precious Black Woman
15. The Chewing Gum Syndrome
16. The Southern Road, featuring Walter Dahn (live)



Here he comes: a black prince of the blue danube, a fearless sailor on the river rhine, a romantic on immortal trips, and a prophet crossing lonely rivers. Talking to his people, talking to you and me. You have to listen to his speech, to his psychological legacy, to his songs of love. Here he goes: travelling on the southern road, flying on the wings of never ending musique concrète. Moved by the power of words, in the poet's night.

Günther Buhles



1996

All my love to all those who guided me to write these poems.
This CD is dedicated to Koko (Ham) - she who shines the goddesses.

All the readings of the poems by Frederick William Ayer,
except the Southern Road with Walter Dahn.
The poems are written by Frederick William Ayer.



1.	Introduction / Love	1'55
2.	Lonely Rivers to Cross	2'05
3.	I am a Romantic	4'18
4.	Coming down to the Gut Buckets	5'11
5.	Harvesters: Or Ballad of Assesment	9'31
6.	You and I	7'53
7.	The Cost of Seriousness	6'02
8.	Home before Dark	2'27
9.	Private Pains, Public Triumphs	2'45
10.	For I'm going to love you forever	3'39
11.	Tell me Koko-Shine	3'07
12.	Rufus's Choice	3'20
13.	Grief, Love and Hope	2'16
14.	Immortal Dreams or my Precious Black Woman	2'16
15.	The Chewing Gum Syndrome	5'24
16.	The Southern Road, featuring Walter Dahn (live)	8'57

These poems were first read at Chin's bar,
In Ferkulum 18-22, 50678 Cologne, Germany
organized by Gallery Patzi Bott 13 February 1996.
Special thanks to Chin Lin Chin and Hanjo Schafenberg.
Very special thanks to Philip Pocock and Walter Dahn for appearing.
Final recordings 3 and 5 June 1996 at MM musicproductions Aalen, Germany.

Cover Concept: Hans Werner Bott
Cover Image: Painting by Dennis Thies
from the exhibition EYES
Inner Booklet Photo: Pedro Citoler

PRELUDE

These poems reflect the excruciating desire to love and be loved; and it is about Lovers and those who cannot give or accept love (for that matter assassins). The lack of and the inability to respond to this human desire remain a tormenting agonizing dilemma while painfully, as it were, commit their lives into a fossilized state.

- *Frederick William Ayer.*
Banff, Canada
May 27, 1989

LOVE

Love,
who said it?
I said it.

LONELY RIVERS TO CROSS

Lonely rivers to cross!
We do not breed.....
As we cross these lonely rivers
That meander past Eden garden
Nor do we give up hope
That we might sink
As the tides rise above the banks.

Instead.....
We swim these lonely rivers
Dirigible.....
That we do not stay with the dirt——

Lonely rivers to cross!

We stiffen our backs as men do
When they know where they are going
And float with the butter of these lonely rivers
Crossing over into daylight.

I AM A ROMANTIC

I am a romantic
Hell
I'll like to meet a prick
Who is smashed out

naked

and real like the empty face

of a burnt-out coal That's my main man I
am a romantic .

Sometimes

————— loniness puts its goddamned
feet on my shoulders
heavy and bunderable
Shit!

I like to meet Uranus
He who has the blue eyes
and a wild unkempt hair
Run my claws through them hairs I want
that meeting.
That meeting with someone ———
Hell! Or is it paradise?
Where are you, the one I seek
Why have you evaded me so long?
Let me see you
Let me —————

Let me have a romance that is
fairish
full of magic
out of this world
May be I seek my inner self
Perhaps my quest is undeterminable
Nameless!
Cascading into nothing
I am a romantic.

COMING DOWN TO THE GUT BUCKETS

Footloose wanderers like Walt and Phil
Are putting it right here
Cause now 's the time to
Coming down to the gut buckets.

The letter read:
Walt and Phil travelled
A complete circle
Coming down to the gut buckets.

Onomatopoeic!
Slick.....
No secret that they are
Coming down to the gut buckets.

Wearing zoot suits, talking bop
And stepping right back into the
Heart of a paternal and parochial society
Coming down to the gut buckets.

Oh ahm tired of dis mess they holler
But Walt and Phil are in a position
To come up with an answer to Cologne
Coming down to the gut buckets

*For Walter Dahn and Philip Pocock
my soul brothers with a great heart.*

" If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps
it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the
music which he hears however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



HARVESTERS: OR BALLAD OF ASSESSMENT

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun path looked upon me: my mother's, children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.
Song of Solomon

Blackness is a rhythm;
Tropical imaginations ———
Herein lie buried many things.
My song is for all men,
and my people.

Mystic drums. Unfold
the patience of my people like
poison,
crackling your ego.....
as we both knew it in the First
World.

Rusty bells perched on archaic
church towers

toll in place your obsolete frag-
ments and patterns
as metaphorical exhibits.
Fossilized; it seems Time has
stopped.
But the visitation.....

When it comes, we'll never think
of suicide.....
Out of this peril of being alone—
——
of being in want——
We've kept a daily rendezvous
with the feeling of
powerlessness——
of reduction ——
of restriction ——
of attrition ——

Yes! We've witnessed
with trip-hammer regularity
this deprivation of our noble and
envious lot.
And yet we grow steadier and
stronger
in our assertion to remain who
we are.

For Past traappings of my people
their teasing torture.....
their dehumanization.....
have brought to your doorstep
the psychological legacy of your
imperialism

Never will my people deal in
mumbo-jumbo;
but in deals of a cash and carry
system.
For we know your racial and
economic problems.

Needless to say: my suffering
has been deep and meaningful .
No revenge except your
ocean of guilt; a short chain.
A quintessence of panic.

Let me be natural.
And let me celebrate.....
My cupped ears hear a Bogle
brassing the refrain of
L'Overture ——
laced in ancestral beat.

There's no rain to wet you, Paul,
and no sun to bum you,
Toussaint.
Let's push along to yawl
at deaf ears of our complaint.

Therefore: this ballad of assess-
ment
talks to authors of an attitude,
screams about the two possibili-
ties;
but one destiny:.....
For you, Harvesters!

YOU AND I

Like so many things...
Which remain irrefragable
We stand solidly irrefragable
With our paraphernalia
Our America with her
debacles
Laced out in terms of colors
And yet paradoxically
Our heirloom ——
The unspeakables now
become
Tabletalks.....
Stop and imagine
The beauty and goodness
That came out of her
And yet the pain
That lingers on as we
Pretend there was no pain.
Selfdeceit!
If time changes
Do people change?

You and I know better
As we find ourselves
Amidst quicksand
And liedekranz ——
——
And in another land
The angst of self seems

projected
By incautious voices and
Believers in myths.

De javú

The first time
Your vision so honest and
real
Reminds me of Arizona and
Sapphire
And New York and Pearl
And Detroit and Lillies
And Philadelphia and
Carols
You know exactly that
We must not admit to the
Pantomime of these times
I love you as a person
I love the reality of you
And I love your ebony
Reminding me of the dusk
Of the Eastern Sun.

Another.....
There are no taboos
That we have not broken
There are no prison walls
That we have not turned
into paradise.

Yes Soul Sister.

The soul spirit that binds
You and I
We shall together make
Royal
Purple
Indivisible

What did you say
Girl?

I thank you.

(Poetics in monologue in
appreciation of
will do/can do/ commitment
attitude -1-18-88)

(for Claudia Dunemann)

THE COST OF SERIOUSNESS

You are a patient understander.-

Let me release this new-born feel ——
And I know.....
That in the dark wombs whence our ancestors stem,
Both our souls had grazed.

That common earth

——

Independently.
I cannot sail your

seas
And I cannot wander your cornfields
Or your hill-lands
Or valleys.....
But stay.

Be quiet!
I am spring——
I feel like March —

——

And you are sunshine and flower——
Memories cannot be wrapped in camphor
The moths will always get there.
That at every meeting we are meeting a stranger
And we die to each other daily——
We talk of darkness and labyrinths
And a world that does not exist but this ONE.
Yes my love
I want you

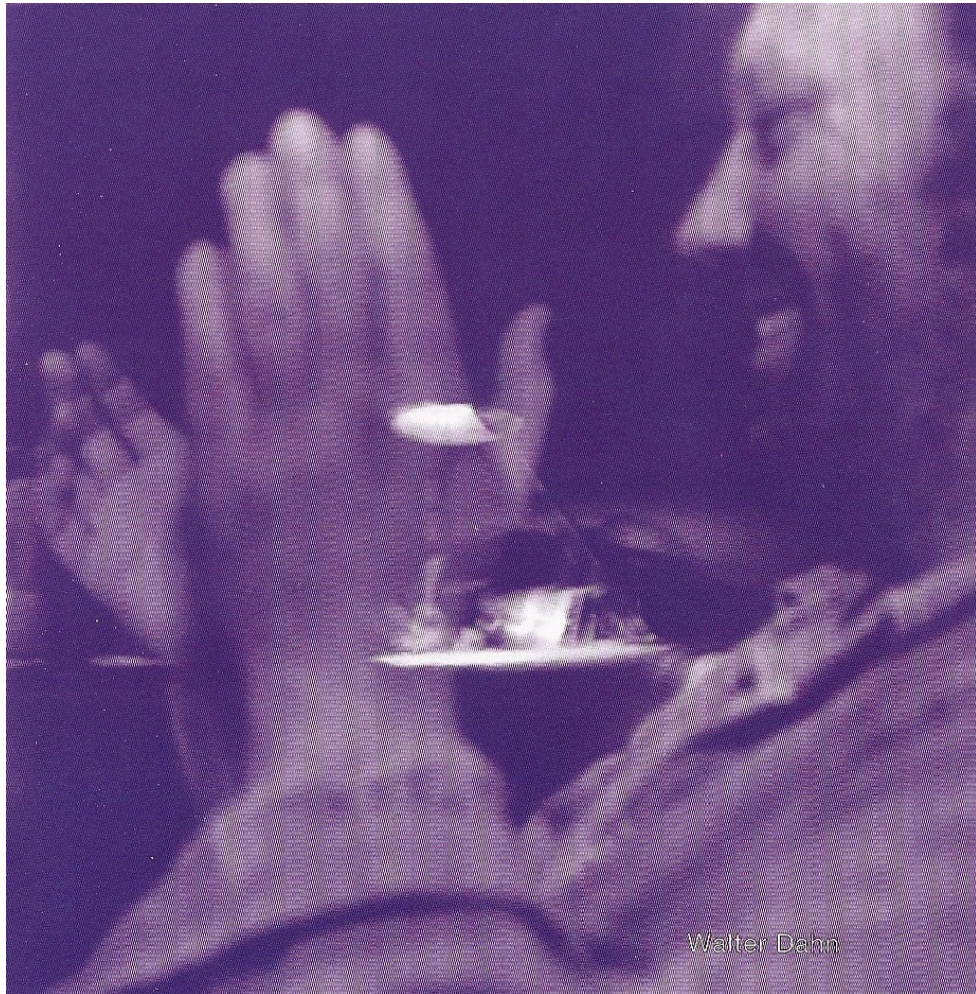
Even more daily ——
— Seriously!

I feel the cold of the nights
The heat of the days to come
And the myths
And Images
Of the shadows and ecstasy of now ——
-

That is what matters ——

In a society column
I search
And
Fate
Finally destined
You. (Hope this is true)
And that is seriousness ——
Yes my sweetheart
The cost of seriousness will be unspeakable ——
Or would it be different?
Seriousness Yes!
Seriousness ah, "quanta pena mi costi".





Walter Dahn

HOME BEFORE DARK

Time of life makes no difference
 when all I long for is
 is to walk with you
 home before dark.

Distance makes my heart bleed
 for you
 as I crave to hold your hand
 home before dark.

Today and tomorrow enrich your freedom
 as I continue to love you on my way
 home before dark.

My angel and highpriestess
 I feel your voice
 as I call you with my heart moving
 home before dark.

PRIVATE PAINS, PUBLIC TRIUMPHS

Inside him _____
 So very private
 Common-sense harbored
 Slight that straddle
 His ever-increasing pains.
 Personal merits crumbled!
 His humaneness has no importance.

Outwardly _____
 So very public
 Love and endearment
 Made a distinction on his body
 But not his brain.....
 Or was it his body and not his brain?
 Ambivalence!

The perilous stairs
 Wobble with the price
 Of outward triumphs.....
 Ah!
 Being a world champion.....
 Being a world star.... Did not matter any-
 more
 His private pains, public triumphs
 Became laced in sugared caramel.

for Gladys, Diare and Jackie

FOR I'm GOING TO LOVE YOU FOREVER

Even if I cant hold your hand
 And look beyond the band
 It will never make my soul repair
 For _____

Your vision remains like gold
 Making my lost life feel the scold

Your sweet voice rings like a sweet snare
 For _____
 Where have you been all these times?
 I looked for you yesterday and here you are
 I like the way you walk: these pantomimes
 For _____

So great is the sacrifice
 When all we want-"-is to be in paradise
 Allow me to feel you ever so near.
 For.....!

TELL ME KOKO-SHINE

Your memory remains like

An endless fascinating book
 In the pages of my mind...
 Cascading!
 Tell me Koko.

It was time & place that brought
 Us together admiring you since
 From far and your voice ... near...
 A liberated eagle from an apocalyptic
 Kingdom ...
 Tell me Koko.

The joy and hope
 Of these few weeks... maybe these
 moments
 Yes of feeling for you
 Night brings a thousand memories...
 As I think of you... Tell me Koko.

„In meinen Adern welches Feuer !
 In meinem Herzen welche Glut ! “

for anniemie

RUFUS'S -CHOICE

If you could just remember
 That there's a clock on the wall
 Ticking.....
 You'll realize that you've
 Got no monopoly
 Since Parker got involved
 Everybody's doin' your gig
 At the Dom Bahnhof
 Or Hamburg Bahnhof
 At Central Station
 And for that matter
 Everywhere.....
 So Rufus look at the clock.

Your Human Condition has become
 A rainforest and a red at the
 Stop sign.....
 Like you ain't got no mind
 Multiple rituals and hallucinating
 Changes.....
 Oh listen all who never felt.

Yes Rufus I want to tell you boy
 That I have no panacea for you
 Not even a pandora box.....
 You'll have to make it from
 Day to day
 Without friends or foes.....

“Aber Rufus
 Wer zeigt ein Kind , so wie es steht.”



GRIEF, LOVE AND HOPE

As a child I am born
from mothers, torturing grief,
blend into a scorn
and see myself a griffe.

As a man, I plum
beautiful things with love
and marriage with a plump
that stinks with garlic in a glove.

In my old age, with years unknown
to come, I am wiser with a hope
that makes me reknown
with a full circle and a trope.

IMMORTAL DREAM,S OR MY PRECIOUS BLACKWOMAN

O blackwoman;
you gave me hope
to learn and to love;
to endure and suffer
and be a man,

Oh blackwoman;
you make me suffer to endure,
like a child that was lost
whose immortal dreams are
to be a man.

O my pioneer;
oh my immortal dreams;
you have fifty and more-
to remember those immortal dreams;
merely a handful of kilometers
and you-
Sapphire

for Gladys

THE CHEWING GUM SYNDROME

It is no longer a secret
Who eats chewing gum
Everybody seems to be
Gobbling something behind
The locked gates of their
Swollen jaw.
In these concave times
human survival depends
On this sweetened gun powder ——
Some of them are Red——
Green——
Yellow ——
Blue ——
White——

And Black——

With given trademarks.....
They are dynamite and explain
Our state of being
The effect is quaint
And Metal!
Pronouncing
The Joy ——
The Sorrow——
The Angst
And our poverty and richness

Even the bawling mouth of
Babies contain it and accomodate it,
As a clever substitute for mother's
Breast'

No wonder this steady diet of chewing
Gum is cheaper than the usual staples
In these harrowing times.

Remember it is a good jaw exercise!
Especially when it deceives the stomach
That actual nourishing food is being taken
Everybody is chewing something
The bigman
The littleman
The richman
The poorman
The upperclass, middleclass
and lower class
Everybody is chewing at something
Wonder

The bottomline
Is chewing at something
When there are no more
chewing gums
I tell you somebody will be chewing
somebody out ——
——

Human survival is a chewing gum!

What did I say?

Dedicated to City of Bad Segeberg

THE SOUTHERN ROAD

(live recording with Walter Dahn)

I.
What is it and where is it?
Multiple questions.
Varied answers.
And complexities of opinions. Yes
Only if you can talk with the
Children of those who have
walked the terrain of
this thoroughfare.
As I set forth upon the southern road

A celebration of drama and pathos.
This road dogged ——
Tempered with determination.
Despite jaundice; orchestrated
by Liberty exploiters.
Who refused to listen to my banjo
strike for humanity.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

Overextending mountain or hatred.
And valley of no respite.
Desertlike!
Brought no oasis for a weary soul.
On this route amidst cornfields.
The caravan loomed with:
Folksongs and Cottonsongs.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

Tears have flowed like screams.
To swell the black river.
Sweat from a brazen head

filled footpaths stripped
With body cleared —— no remuneration.
As if there was no harvest.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

And here,
Where the darknights portened a wish,
to flee

Tunnels have snaked up
To the North.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

II.
As I set forth upon the southern road.
Memories began to jag.
Telling a normal being,
About rainstorms and lashers;
of human tragedy where vision beheld
a spectacle with dripping blood....
Where ears cupped to the wind
were listening to the throbblings of the drums.
And here the rhythms of the guitar player
filled skyward.
As I set forth upon The Southern Road.

Snared up in this culture.
The soulish voice of the blues singer.
Rendering a heartbreaking pain;
Plaintive as hell.....
And the jazz player playing.
A viable tune that remains a tradition....
And the gospel singer caroling.
A vesper to a neglectful God.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

There beneath a southern dusk.
I have watched battered travellers,
seek night lodgings under oak trees;
Under swamps.
Under muddy waters.
And I have seen the bruised feet:
Of the marchers.....
Of the defiants with a cause
As I set forth upon the southern road.

Revelation!
The southern road.....
Is a region, a particular place.
Here.
There.
Where the chemistry of life and death, is reality.....
With dreams.
With nightmares.
And Work .
And Toil.
And Rest and Peace.
And Joy and Sorrow.
Opening a heavenly gate,
where the saints go marching in.
As I set forth upon the southern road.

III.
Let me take you through a mental flight.
To where the sun keeps on shining.
Where tradition becomes the bedrock;
of my being.
And across, really across

down, really down, deep down,
the southern road; And.
Observe.
Women clad in white
watching a starless night sky
in expectation of the rituals
of death and the cry of a child
muted in the agony of the longnight!
As I set forth upon the southern road.

Tomorrow like today and like yesterday.
This road.
The southern road.....
will be there and here.....
Holding the human cord of men
shaped in steel and courage.
And ravages of reality.
It will play the music of time and life.
The celebration of which,
will break all bounds
to speak to men's heart!

(Brother Dudley bear with me for revisiting
The Southern Road which you know so well...
Nor do I want to rewrite your poem. You gave
me a feel and you carried me away. Show me
the magic of the Southern Road and give me
the wisdom to know what you knew then; help
me to touch the earth of the Southern Road
and let me smell the scent of this soil.)

IV.
As I set forth upon the Southern Road.