can be sure he's gone out of shouting distance. And I can say to you now that his major concern was that whatever I say can be refuted. You see this is the thing that makes the difference between men and dogs. Men are sociable. A dog picks out an area or a person or a group of people and calls them his; all else is the forbidden enemy. You see, a dog believes in segregation.

For example, when I saw that great American symbol, the auction block, I felt confident everything was all right. The auction block was the basis of American democracy. This was where the invisible hand of supply and demand shaped the market. Being a rather introverted person, I'd never before knowingly entered the American free market place and seen an actual auction. Actually, I know wherever a transaction takes place there is an auction block these days. But I thought DuBois' value as artist and active free man would sway the scales in his favor and some observer in the auction hall might offer to support him in his work. But the case I witnessed made me think otherwise. Instead, there was a danger he'd never see the light of day again and he still hadn't faced a court yet. Well, if my dog had been on the scene he would've been hostile and straining at his muzzle to bite someone right away. He would only have been satisfied if the auction block belonged to him and as a matter of fact, he would have liked to have been able to walk up and down the aisle sniffing the benches and peeing on the flag pole whenever it pleased him. To my dog, what is right and what belongs to him are one and the same thing. I can never forget the unhappy day when as a child I parted his thick black coat (he was a labrador retriever, the only one I know of that was afraid of water) and discovered his skin was white. But I learned to live with that. Although I love my dog very much, I must insist that I am not a dog. I am a man. Not a dog. Please don't tell him that we touched upon this subject for it would hurt his feelings and he would sulk about for hours. Anyhow, my father once told me the dove came back to Noah with a leaf and Noah wouldn't let the bird in--but the raven came back with muddy feet and that was what saved us. So my dog tells me I'm lost because I'm sociable, and my father tells me I'm saved because I know the value of land. Not a difficult dilemma at all although one of my uncles got gored pretty bad once when a bull got onto his field.

But the main problem I have now is how to present these chairs I've made to Beulah's and my friends and relatives. Should I give a party and just leave them about? Or should I take them down to one of those new African boutiques opening up on the Avenue and let them display them for me? Maybe I could take pictures of them and advertise them in the newspapers. I've tried to prepare Beulah for these chairs. I've left books of African sculpture about the apartment and a book on yoga seating postures. I've bought a couple of LPs that indirectly touch upon the subject. And my constant wonder is how I'm going to deal with the phone man, drapery man, rug man, table man and china man? Since she's let me move in I suppose I'm her official man since I'm not only the chair man, but the love man. Well, if they come to take their things back, I'll simply steal antelope and zebra skins from the Central Park Zoo--I'll skin them on the spot; I'll lift some congos and bongos from the Museum of Natural History, and I'll sneak out of the High Museum of Fine Art with some nice Afro-Indian tapestries from South America.

So, I be sitting on the roof thinking about how the world ought to be run on time like in the barber shop when you getting a scalp treatment and the numbers man comes through to get your bet and someone takes orders for lunch while you're under the dryer and while you're getting a facial the gossipers let you know who come into some money lately and what old friends you got to visit and how people who give away their talents should be rewarded (I knew a lawyer who represented those freedom folks for free and then the internal revenue charged him with the taxes on the money he should've made. They wouldn't believe he gave away thousands of dollars of legal aid.) And how the police ought to be superior moralists, their only weapon being their understanding of justice, their major function to help the lost and intoxicated get home--and how someday everyone would realize Beulah's a woman and she's black and beautiful and has been so since before Zulaikha's classic love for Joseph (or Yusef) in Egypt thousands of years ago and how some day black artists could find a bed at a church or a sister's warm pad and that some day the words of that black Eighteenth Century giant Dumas--all for one and one for all--would be taken seriously and they would get it right on the coins where it says *epluribus unum* and children and parents would respect and love one another and the incomprehensively gigantic Roman-American Eagle would fly away and let me out from under its funky wings where I grope in darkness as the moving bowels trumpet and broken winds surge forth. But perhaps it's nothing but a funky chicken and can't fly "atall".

End

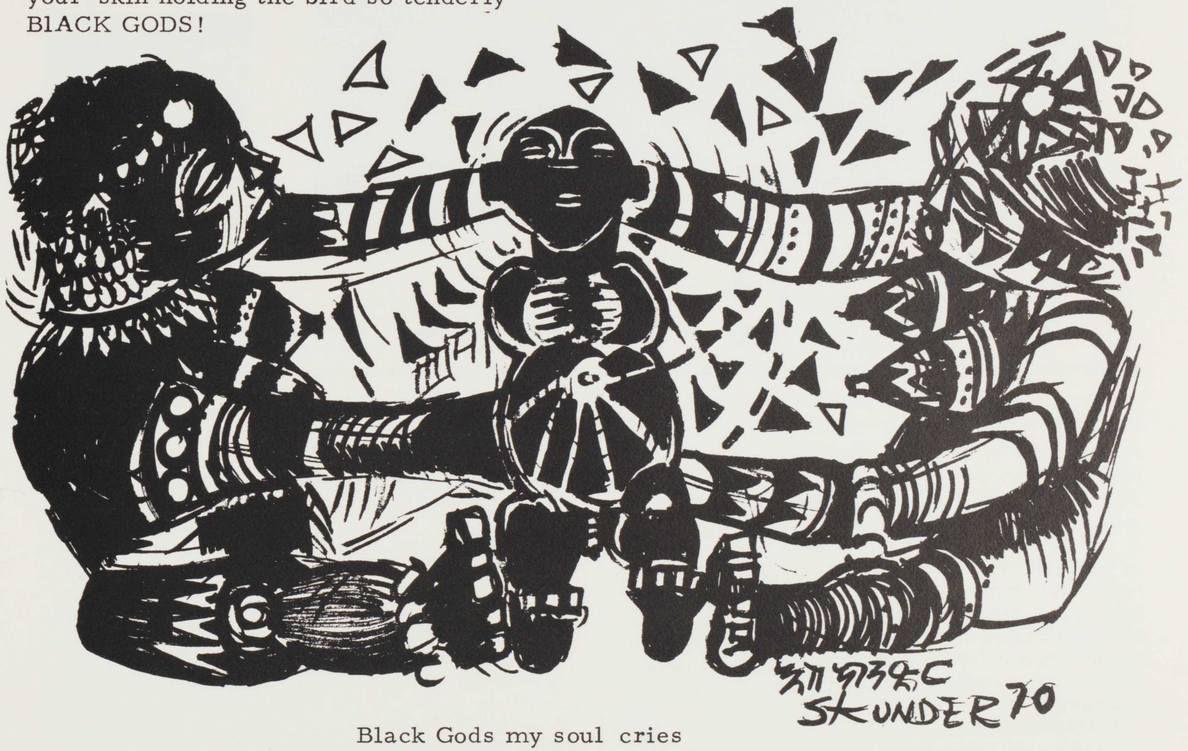
Brother Bill Mahoney has served the movement as an organizer and editor for SNCC, and author of *Black Jacob* which appeared in 1967. This excerpt is from his forthcoming magabook, *Everything's Everything.*

Black Gods Hear Me

from this black bar, singing
sad songs
and buttswitching rhythms
city torn skin, centuries of
blackness, since time began
I cry
to you Black Gods, for your
healing breath, on my hot
pounding, infected mind...
bless me in my wilderness
give me the strength of your
dark nights
your skin holding the bird so tenderly
BlACK GODS!

your child cries
from the pain of his days
the long shadows fall so
fast over the small slats
of light touching the brain....

Only yesterday, my torn soul
wrapped itself in the delta of
my time,
my body, caught in the
breath of her eyes.....



Black Gods my soul cries
for a way, we must be avenged
Black Gods
the white centuries cradling
the lives of our new born
Black Gods send the warriors
a sign
beyond the searing pain of
indecision and whiteness
Black Gods your names must again be
erected
Black Gods we await your
sign.....

Neal april 67 (easter monday)