

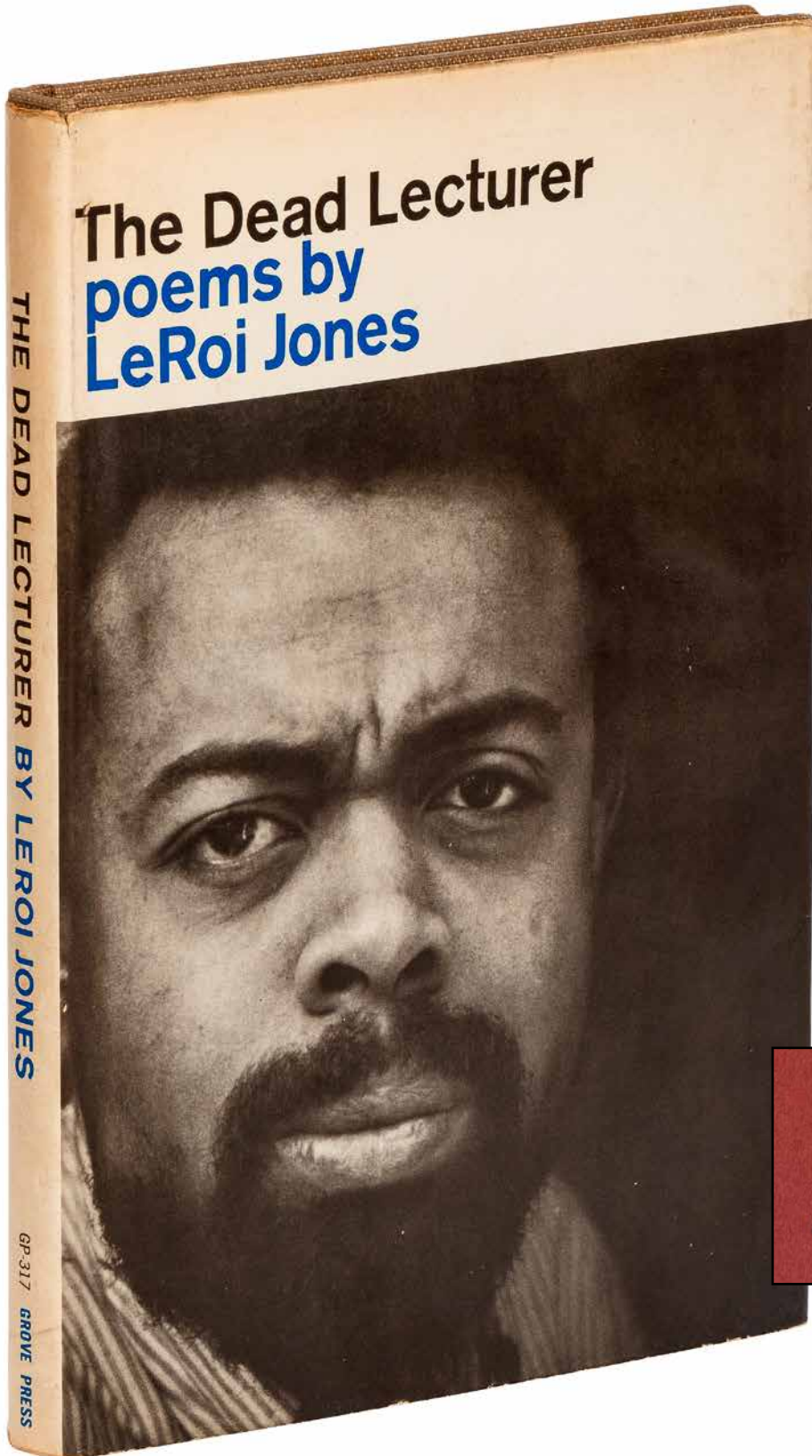
Carolyn Kizer's Copy

LeRoi Jones

The Dead Lecturer

New York: Grove Press (1964)

\$500



First edition, hardcover issue. Fine in very slightly toned else fine dustwrapper. Poet Carolyn Kizer's copy with her ownership Signature on the front fly dated in 1964. Kizer has noted a couple of passages in the text and has written in the margin of one: "awful uncon[scious] parody of school of Ginsberg". Additionally she has used the rear endpapers to make comments on the poems, including the intriguing comment "lyric poets don't have orgasms." Nice association and scarce in this condition.

[BTC#424190]

*Carolyn Kizer
New York 8-64*

A contract. (for the destruction and
rebuilding of Paterson

Flesh, and cars, tar, dug holes beneath stone
a rude hierarchy of money, band saws cross out
music, feeling. Even speech, corrodes.

I came here
from where I sat boiling in my veins, cold fear
at the death of men, the death of learning, in
cold fear, at my own. Romantic vests of same death
blank at the corner, blank when they raise their fingers

Criss the hearts, in dark flesh staggered so marvelous
are their lies. So complete, their mastery, of these
stupid niggers. Loud spics kill each other, and will not

make the simple trip to Tiffany's. Will not smash their stainless
heads, against the simpler effrontery of so callous a code as gain.

You are no brothers, dirty woogies, dying under dried rinds, in
massa's
droopy tuxedos. Cab Calloways of the soul, at the soul's juncture,
a

music, they think will save them from our eyes. (In back of the
terminal

where the circus will not go. At the backs of crowds, stooped
and vulgar
breathing hate syllables, unintelligible rapes of all that linger in
our new world. Killed in white fedora hats, they stand so mute
at what

whiter slaves did to my fathers. They muster silence. They pray
at the
steps of abstract prisons, to be kings, when all is silence, when all
is stone. When even the stupid fruit of their loins is gold, or
something
else they cannot eat.

awful
uncon.
parody
of
School
of
Ginsberg

p. 12. - good, but deteriorates into
a kind of bogus elegance

closet poetry + water-closet poetry

the whole negro cliché - p. 26
" new " " ditto - p. 63

Crusberg - p. 67, p. 11.
lyric poets don't have orgasms - "

stance as a negro } Snake Eyes, p. 75
without self-pity or } An Agony, As Now - p. 15.
Self-dramatization

p. 19 - Francis Bacon affinity

So often, after a true beginning,
the poems collapse in a kind
of self-conscious posturing.