

DA-DA-DRUM: Eugene Lange
Merseyside Poetry Minibook Series No 32
First Published 1987 by Windows,
22 Roseheath Drive, Liverpool L26 9UH, Merseyside.

Copyright © Eugene Lange 1987
All rights reserved.

ISBN 0 907950 33 7

Windows receives financial assistance from Merseyside Arts

DA-DA-DRUM



Eugene Lange

DA-DA-DRUM

SLAVEPOOL

Yeah! Multi-cultural Merseyside.

All that means is, it's a place where you could end up totally confused about Roots; with a name like Iqbal Mactavish, Soraya O'Shaughnessy, Jimbo Gadaffi or, even worse, Ram Jam Butty.

You could end up by eating multi-cultural cuisine: like, instead of hamburgers, Ishmail's Halal Burgers; instead of Lancashire Hot Pot, Lancashire Hot and Sour. The Chip Butty has become the Chipatti, not to mention the local favourite Curried Scouse in a Mad Ras style.

Multi-cultural? But what does that mean?

Well it certainly doesn't mean Racism is dead on Merseyside. I know that much because I got this book "Teach Yourself Scouse".

I thought if I'm going on stage I better learn to speak properly.

I could only get Volume 2 because Volume 1 was sold out.

Apparently lots of people have been brushing up on their Scouse accents turning up on TV. But anyway I got this book "Teach Yourself Scouse Volume 2". I opened it up and was shocked at the aloof racism inside. Example a) What do you call a young smart negro strutting down the street neat? - Thomas Mbongo. What's another name for a negro? A smoked Irishman. If you think that's bad the Irish get worse - "I didn't come over with me head sticking out of a crate." This expression is supposed to mean "I'm not Irish".

Some people say - You're Black, you're not a Scouser, others say You're a Scouser, You're not Black. Let's face it, the truth is that being a Black Scouser is like being Black Twice. All I can say is, what horrors are in Teach Yourself Scouse Volume I?

John Lennon said "Woman is the Nigger of the World". I say Liverpool is the "Nigger of the U.K.". Jokes once made of Black people and Irish people the rest of the country makes about Scousers now:

Q. What do you call a Scouser in a semidetached house?

A. A burglar

Q. In a suit and tie?

A. The defendent

Q. With a bag of groceries?

A. A shoplifter

Scousers forget that Black folk worked the slave plantations in the Deep South and the Caribbean to build their city, support the Lancashire cotton industry and feed their Queen.

If Black folks hadn't been around to be exploited, who do you think would have been slaving for the rulers? I'll tell you who - the poor scousers. Because Liverpool is a Slavepool.

A Seaport sprang from the Blood of Slaves,
In the "Pool of Life" they had a parade.
Human flesh formed the means of trade
African people held in chains
Brought as cargo, in exchange
For cotton, Rum and Sugarcane,
Branded like beasts who feel no pain
And all for Merry England's gain.

But everything has got to change
Things could never be the same.

Pirates auctioned and pitched,
Parliament pitted their wits,
The church sold our soul
So they could get rich.
The capital carved itself a cosy little niche,
For industrialisation, and those
They later on called the nouveaux-riche
But things'll never be the same
Everything has got to change.

We created all the wealth for free
Banking, Shipping, Industry,
Branded as slaves so easily.
Legitimate - State - Robbery
Of the people's property.
Modern day Slavery
Still no equality.

Workhouse to the Factory.
Ginhouse to Ibsen's Doll's House,
Y.T.S., M.S.C., Unemployment agency.
Everything has got to change.
Things could never be the same.

Slavepool's history has got to change
If the struggling people have their say.
Four hundred years of Shackles and Chains
Still no respect for the Wearers of Shame.
Four hundred years of Racist names
And institutional racist games ...
The poor sign-on with us,
the Sons of Slaves from over the seas
and across the waves
Everything has got to change
No more racist names or games
No more Shackles, no more chains.
Things'll never be the same.

CELEBRATION

Minute descriptive images of a future ...
where you can't colour-code, diagnose or compose
a way of being according to
the skin-tone of a human being.
A time when ...

By then ...

Everyone should know all people flow from one organic
stream

Although the Oneness goes unseen.
and history alone knows how hard it is to hold on to a
dream

or take the first step forward from all the many places
we can have been
as a creature called the human being.

Looking for something that we ain't yet seen.

A future dream. Where the earth is green
people free, the air clean,
reflecting the sea. A groovy scene.

Sure! They got science labs and video-techs
and things most people ain't seen yet -
but who's it all built to fit?

I mean, who benefits most from it,
and what is it, when you really look at it?

The system has a million machines
to put all kinds of people in

but most of the time people toe the line,
grinning if they're winning:

because we all like winning as much as birds like flying

and fish like swimming. Then ... there's rhythm ..
rhythm is .. something we've all been given
Celebration tunes us in to the one big grin
Celebration .. hands across the nations
People everywhere coming together
to take stock of the situation.
Check it out without a doubt, find out
what it's really all about, then shout
and when you open up your mouth
let a celebration come out. YEAAAAAAAAAH!!!
Don't categorise your brothers and sisters
who say our back's against the wall.
They say you gotta see the edge
to be able to avoid the fall.
Trying to bring you down is nobody's intention
take a look around, there ain't that much to mention

So I'm celebrating the possibilities of a plethora
of positive vibrations
Unlimited sources of inspiration with similar
variations
level vibes, a clear space of mind .. time and time and
time and
different times for celebrating
mankind, womankind, people-kind and I'm
celebrating while I got the time, the time to find,
That the feeling is fine,
fine, fine.
Level vibes and a clear space in time.

53rd STATE

In my more satirical moments I ask myself: What is Poetry? People ask me: How do I define what I do? and I answer myself. Poetry is a way of resisting hegemony. Cultural hegemony; colonial, imperialist racist mentality, when it gets the edge on me, subliminally.

It's got me developing a stutter like Max Headroom, and I'll be in tune/ for a job as computer operator on the dark side of the moon.

Twelve month shifts from June to June.

The Kids were talking about what will they be when they grow up -

They were punctuating their sentences with words like Zing Bedong Boing Ziggledy Pops, rewinding the Video game in between stops.

I watched the news. World Affairs. News redesigned according to the current trend in views. Cosmic Blues. Media-ism .. Reagan-ism - Thatcher-ism
ism and schism.

The off-beats in the rhythm of rhetoric scripted for her Royal Majesty's suspicious subjects.

Society's rejects reflect,

on the areas Her Ministers neglect,

Sociology's side effects,

The UB., Glass Beads and Trinkets. The Glass Beat Game.

Fortune and fame under another name.

Glass beads and trinkets become Video games and N.F.L

Space Invaders, Joan Rivers and American hard sell,

Dallas and Dynasty, Hollywood playing Kiss, and tell in the 53rd State.

Where even Frankie knows how Hollywood has become the New Olympus, home of the much idolised New Graeco-Roman Gods, Gods of the face-lift, and the nose-job.

Training for World leadership by fiddling tax returns as Watts, Washington, Harlem, Toxteth, Moss Side, Brixton, St. Paul's, Chapeltown and Cape Town burn and Che Guevara turns in his grave, and Yuppies rave. Be Brave.

Radio reporters talk of Britain becoming the 53rd state as Maggie is surrendering under the weight of Rambustious Ronald the Reprobate.

See "Uncle Sam's Foreign Affairs"

the sequel to "Masters of the Universe".

The Livingstone Syndrome and the U.S.

has US in a missionary position - Dr. Livingstone - the Dr. to be presumed at a later date

as the patron saint of Ronnie and Maggie.

The pupil returned to take over the teachers ...

Let's just go back in time a bit to check out the work of Dr. L. - their predecessor - the Elitist Preacher.

Livingstone - the Syndrome - the Trickster.

The Visitor - the Man with a Mission - the Missionary

The Lizard with the trinkets and glass beads

who had a spiel to sow the racist seeds

that paved the way for Imperialist deeds ...

Ploughing furrows in the smooth brows

of so-called savages that trusted him enough

not to call his religious bluff of a blue-eyed Christ

that was to penetrate the deep dark African bush.

Less like a quick acting pain reliever
and more like money madness or gold fever.
Pandora's Box, the Bag of Tricks
from out of which sprung the Techno-Blunder
Masai-Coke-freaks, and TVs in the jungle
as Jeffrey and Bungle become a 3rd World Wonder
and Dr. L.'s ancestry, or should I say legacy,
tears the full green earth asunder;
as they desecrate their own ancestors' bones
merchandise the wild-life and blast rock-stone
for diamonds and platinum, uranium and gold.
Blue skies become grey with fog, smog and grime
from a long line of tragic-magic - that forces scally-wags
to steal your clothes off the line,
and stops you signing on on time ..
the American dream congealing long ago into
the Urban Scene. City Lights. Continual expansion,
Multinational schemes, World Domination.
a simple pattern of exploitation, disguised as progress,
stifling side-effects of big business
rear their ugly green-crinkly paper and ink heads,
in the form of a dehumanisation process.
Mankind on the edge of the abyss. As a complex culture
rides a NU-clear stallion off into the sunset
with Mankind's future. Hi! Ho! Silver!
People watch rampant knowledge, forage
for wisdom, not realising
the trick is, it's fun ...
. . . it's exciting, it's a novelty,
till the fun is done. The Beat goes on.

The Radio Reporter introduces a D.J. who plays
a record about a spaceship travelling to the sun,
a newflash tells of a man with a gun. It's the U.K.
Ronnie says "Make my day" and the Band plays on.
Maggie walks behind banging a big drum -
Ram-tarn-tam - Ram-tarn-tam, Drum-derrum-derrum.
Trying to drum up support for her colonial overlord
holder of the sword.

No-one wants for a direction .. just tune in to No. 10
or the Pentagon Pentagon Demon's Den.

But don't

start questioning or rejecting
the cultural components of need war and want
Reaganism Thatcherism Jingoism
recycled at a later date to impregnate the imagination
of another still born post industrial generation
Sounding out all natural reactions
for adaptation into main stream media
like the record industry's black music seizure
Analyse it! Neutralise it! Then advertise!
So people buy it, and Hollywood replaces God
Belief structures are marketable commodities.

God is another commodity - ask your Ronnies and
your Maggies

They got kicks to thrill ya! and tricks to kill ya!
Hell for leather whatever way you measure
we're being sold on a hamster-like life-style, or just
lemming-like leisure .. sun lamps and sun-ray beds
to turn your face a painful red ..
like society at the end of its tether

trying to control the weather,
The work of the trickster
we got to get out of this mess
North South East and West
We know where the sun shines best
And it's not out of our glorious leader's ass
Sing
"Everything's swinging in Maggie's England
Everything's swinging from left to right .. "
while the nation is
hit from all sides by inflation.
Rationalise - Privatised. Debts piled up to the sky
means they're selling off the nation
U.K. becomes the 53rd state
See Reagan operate
Hollywood created the Dream Factory,
It put god out of a job.
Meanwhile, back on the ranch ..

Move of the century - by a 20th century fox,
Uncle Sam goes on the rob, on the box.
World domination Complete control.
The 3rd world's been stolen by continual
expansion. Box off Europe - fulfill the goal.
Develop - the need. Create - the market
Exploit all weaknesses .. for profit.

Now U.S. jets patrol these skies,
make way for free enterprise
And more lies.
Maggie picks up the bill for an overkill

of American cheap thrills.
Lifestyles - junk food - reminiscent of pigs-swill
Bisodol - Seltzer - excess acid, - a fast food facet,
Just heat it and wrap it in record time
Pounds Shillings and Pence
turn to Dollars and Cents .. but ..
Buddy can you spare a dime?
American express - No access for the downpressed,
just stress,
As commercials persuade you to wack it.
Urban excess. Digest ..
Two fries Two teas, and a 1/4Pounder with cheese
Louise, if you please
Try mad Ronald's Rootbeer - the antiseptic soft drink
or a Macdonald's watch, to keep in time with the neon
signs
Greenwich meanTime sounding like a U.S. rhyme,
or just a sign of the times - anyone remember Auld-
Lang-Syne.
As uniformed utensils tow the line
media models swoon at the ..
inaccessible swell of success
Savour the savoir-faire as rose-red greedily glistening lips
excitedly elucidate a hold within their grip like they
couldn't care less. Advertising no less.
The U.S. knows how to use the media best
to exploit sex.
As palpitating protuberances acclimatise then
.p.p.p.p. patronise in a peach-like pattern
of sexism and satin. What's next?

It's the 53rd state and naught's sacred
Computer date to the discotech
Dynasty, Cosmopolitan. Quick turn over -
U.S. take over. Life is a Broadway musical ..
while propaganda is marketable .. and ..
the video is the gospel ..
Sloanes go underground down town marching
round
the 53rd state.
Escapism .. Romanticism .. Materialism
Consumerism .. Capitalism ..
Tunnel vision .. no direction ..

And it stems from the man with the mission
a new wave of neo-eolonialism,
cash in on a cold slice of colonised clone
like consumerised living.
All stereo-typed at a fancy price
after Ronnie and Maggie's fancy advice
Girls looking for jobs like Annika Rice,
Boys cloning themselves on Miami Vice,
Two role models in one; one black, both white,
going for a dream that's larger than life
while they D.D. on commercial hype.
A load of tripe.
Be a slick style student fresh off the soul train.
Be a page 3 chick, dropa lotsa fancy names.
Reinforce these Tory aims,
as Ronnie and Maggie play fancy games.
Be cosy - cupcake - cosmetique
diamond hard, oily sleek,

foxy in a bargain - Dallas-fun-fur
comic cliché of the chic week.
Get your act together quick
or get all hung up on fancy tricks
American Dream or Tory Tactics
Ronnie and Maggie catch theatrical kicks
What starts in the Pentagon's Wizard's Den
connects to the vampire at No. 10
What goes around, comes around, again and again
It's the 53rd State my friend
It's late, but it's far from the end.

See the Iron Lady bend with the latest US trend
sing

"Everythings swinging in Maggie's England
Everythings swinging from left to right".
We'll be
Talking Yankee overnight.

MERSEYSIDE POETRY MINIBOOKS SERIES

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY (The Daily Blurb)

Since the Mid-70's and the "Legendary Eric's Club" **EUGENE LANGE** has enjoyed a modest amount of support from a variety of alternative, new wave and underground audiences, nationwide.

After winning a Black Penmanship award in 1981, he quickly won himself the reputation of being a posturing jackanapes and a complete and utter jack-ass.

Which instantly qualified him for a more mainstream audience .

Yours (The Very Droll)
Ass. Ed. The Daily Blurb
Cab Creole

WINDOWS

ISBN 0 907950 33 7