

Summer? Going to Paris? Spain? Or staying home to tap on the tipping typewriter. I ain' understand this blasted form:

THE DAY AFTER THE NATIONAL GUARD DARED TO ENTER THE SACRED GROUNDS OF YALE UNIVERSITY, 2 MAY 1970.

Master,

Some heavy shit was being put down here yesterday, as the brothers say. Some bad shit! All of a sudden, while there were 20,000 demonstrators on the New Haven Green, (the park facing the court house) and while hundreds others were milling about the 12 colleges about four detachments of national guard mock-soldiers entered the sacred grounds of the sacrest university of God's earth, and people start to shit themselves. The master of one of the college, John Hersey, the novelist turn white and red, and show people he have power. He got them to move farther down the street; then he wasn' satisfy and he get them to move round the street, and bejesus christ, them come and take up position on 'pon my street, Park Street, which is the back street of Pierson College. But they ain't do nothing. The students play record player loud loud for the soldiers to listen to, movie people take picture, people pass in big car and Cadillac and look at them, and smile, and everything went on like a big fucking picnic, meanwhile Bobby Seale in jail, and the New Haven Nine. Dillinger, Rubin, Froines, Hilliard the highest ranking Panther outta jail, and Kenneth Mills the long tall Trickidadian fellar what does teach philosophy here, all them big guns 'pon the platform talking big and revolutionizing small-small. White people, young ones old ones, what the brothers decide to call "Crazies" walking 'bout the place, some wearing flower and thing, some wearing steel helmet as iffing they expecting doom and 'struction, some in blanket dress like Julius Caesar, 'nough o' them in jeans and combat boot and combat shirt as if the fucking revolution start already. The colleges open their gates to the demonstrators, everything organize like a fucking war, medical centre, first aid centre, information centre, ant-rumour fucking centre, muh brother! (these Yankees ain' nice, yes!) ... everything that could happen to man or enemy done organize, and the fellars down 'pon the Green talking some heavy shit! And the black students ain't left behind concerning organization neither! Them have the sisters long time in a underground place, hide 'way and protected from vi' lence. And yours truly walking round the place looking brave as arse-hole whilst inside I frighten as shite, and I know all the time that when the first fire-cracker pop, godblummuh, is like in the old young days at Har'son College when I was in a 100 yard dash. But nothing ain't happen – YET! Today is only Sarduh, and the thing have next day after this one to go still. But nobody ain' studying vi' lence, only some o' the white people and mayhaps the poo-leece! But be-Christ, if you had any reservation 'bout Yale and Yale' power, godblummuh, this morning yuh wake up and yuh know that Yale ain' no play-toy. The Busby child write me a nice letter, mention you in the thing, and she say the book coming before you could pick the booby outta your eye. Nice child, me brother. Nice. Tell she so, 'cause I can't: I too far. Tell she too, that mayhaps, I might send she the thing I writing 'pon Guyana and the thing I writing 'pon Yale. George Beckford was here. He blew fellars mind talking 'bout decolonization, and the plantation culture o' all black people from the plantation in the New World. The fellars that living in we generation so fucking heavy,

what we going do with them, Handrew? I packing up book and chair skillet and blanket and moving back to Toronto soon soon; and I only have one distraction for the summer, a little picking teaching people how to write prose. So the rest o' the time I spenning 'pon these two book. What you doing for the summer? Going to Paris? Spain? Or stanning home to tap on the tipping typewriter? It quiet here now, like on a new england slave plantation on a Sunday morning. I ain' see no slaves this morning yet; and the masters ain' get up yet from last night. Most o them get blind drunk while the revolution was revolving. A lotta things come outta this crisis: I start seeing the director o' the Afro-american programmes clear clear; and what I see ain' look good: he foggy, man; he blasted foggy. He want status, he more obsess with being at Yale than he obsess with being black. The black students behave nice: you woulda been proud o' them, man. I going try to catch his ear next week, and see what he doing to do in the vaccum created outta this. It ain' look like if the black students ever going back to classes: they going stay out till the university decide to do something 'bout the demands they asking for. So what you hear 'bout Trickidad that I ain' hear? It was a fucking bad scene, man. It point out some realities that I ain' sure the boys down home understan' 'bout power, and the peripheral black man. And when I see all that happen, I say to myself, "Wilson Harris, man, kiss my black arse!" All that shite 'bout ax continuum o' shite and architecture o' consciousness: there is only one consciousness, and that is the consciousness o' the fucking black man in the whole fucking black world. Not to comprehend that is tantamount to racial suicide. Malcom say so long long ago. But we have some black intellectuals here at Yale who does spend lotta time talking 'bout "professional integrity". They ain' learn yet that they black. As sister Nina Simone says, "Freedom is a state of mind. And I am free." So, dig that state o' mind, brother.

Salaam and love, Austin.