

On distingue plusieurs sortes de plumes

3  
WDEGE  
LIVES

Charles Taylor - 29 August 1920 Kansas City Kansas Sunday  
Bird on Saturday 12 March 1955 New York City



# TED JOANS

Jazz Is My Religion

On compte 20.000 copies d'histoire, but only Birds Lives

7F

Cover:

*Ndege Lives!*, 1997

Oil, ink on canvas board

28 x 22 inches

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

# TED JOANS

## *Jazz Is My Religion*

This catalogue is published to accompany  
Ted Joans' solo exhibition with Zürcher Gallery in New York

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W W W . G A L E R I E Z Ü R C H E R . C O M

## Jazz Is My Religion

Jazz Is My Religion and it alone do I dig the jazz clubs are my houses of worship and sometimes the concert halls but some holy places are too commercial (like churches) so I don't dig the sermons there I buy jazz sides to dig in solitude Like Man / Harlem, Harlem USA Used to be a jazz heaven where most of the jazz sermons were preached but now-a-days due to chacha cha and rotten rock'n'roll alotta good jazzmen have sold their souls but jazz is still my religion because I know and feel the message it brings like reverend Dizzy Gillespie / brother Bird and Basie / Uncle Armstrong / Minister Monk / Deacon Miles Davis / Rector Rollins / Priest Ellington / His Funkness Horace Silver / and the great John COLTRANE and Cecil Taylor They Preach A Sermon That Always Swings!! Yeah jazz is MY religion Jazz is my story it was my mom's and pop's and their moms and pops from the days of Buddy Bolden who swung them blues to Charlie Parker and Ornette Coleman's extension of Bebop Yeah jazz is my religion Jazz is a unique musical religion the sermons spread happiness and joy to be able to dig and swing inside what a wonderful feeling jazz is / YEAH BOY!! JAZZ is my religion and dig this: it wasn't for us to choose because they created it for a damn good reason as a weapon to battle our blues! JAZZ is my religion and its international all the way JAZZ is just an Afroamerican music and like us it's here to stay So remember that JAZZ is my religion but it can be your religion too but JAZZ is a truth that is always black and blue Halleluiah I love JAZZ so Halleluiah I dig JAZZ so Yeah JAZZ IS MY RELIGION

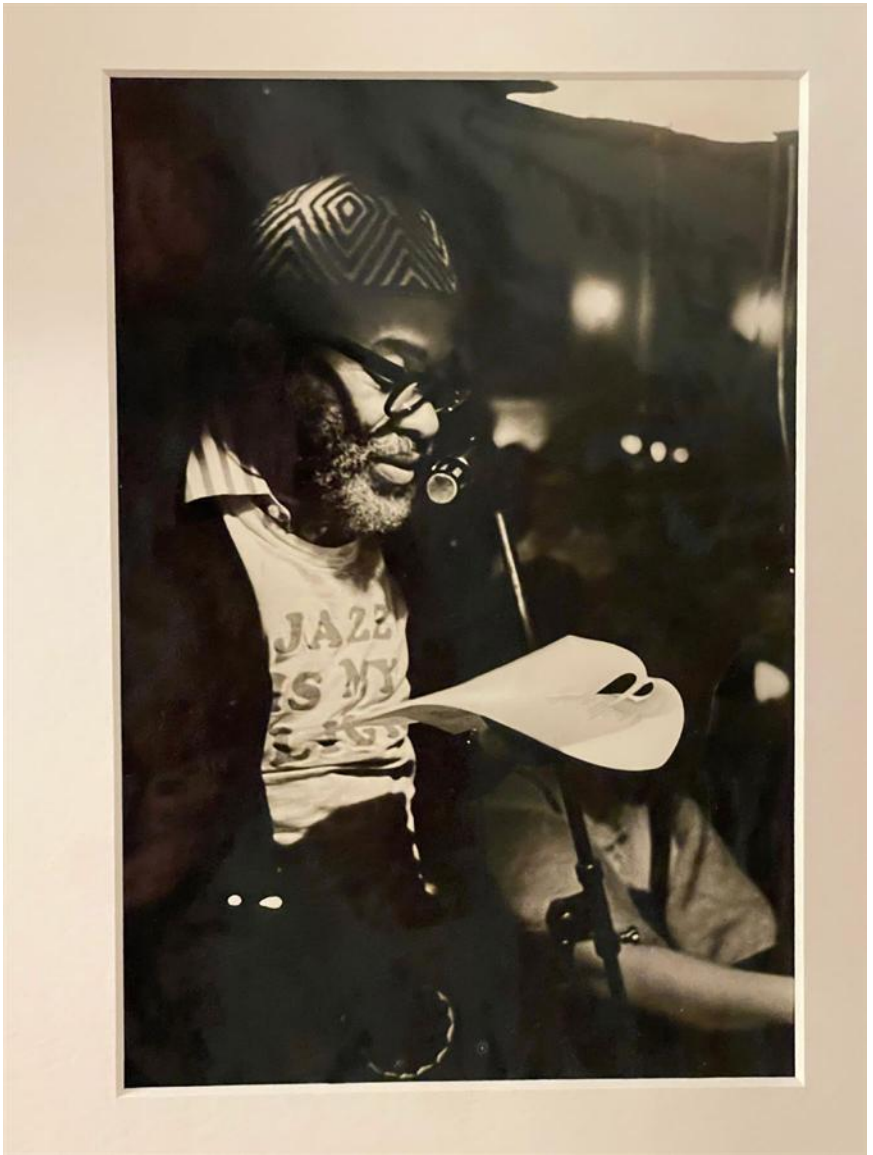


Photo: Joachim Schöler, 3 November 1979



I am a black American, born poor, I lived in the ghettos and I was lucky enough to survive. I chose Surrealism when I was very young, before I even knew what it was. I felt there was a camaraderie like that which I found in Jazz. It was the only thing that seemed to disturb the powers that dominated me. I was born a black flower and therefore revolutionary in spite of my insignificant person .... I use my senses exercised by Surrealism .... I am Maldoror, Malcolm X, the Marquis de Sade, Breton, Lumumba, and many others still, so many that you cannot know them all. They are my fuel, my endurance, and I will continue to use all the means to win my freedom, which will become freedom for all. Black Power is a means to achieve this freedom.

Ted Joans, "Black Flower", *L'archibras* (1968)



*Bird Lives*, 2000  
Ink on plastic cutting board  
14 x 10 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



## "JAZZ IS MY RELIGION" : THE BE-BOP OPTICS OF TED JOANS

By Justin Desmangles

*"Bop is the language from America's inevitable Africa."*

Jack Kerouac

*"[Charlie Parker] lived outside the pale of his own times, yet he indirectly presaged, in his drives and fierce independence, the coming of Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver."*

Whitney Balliett

*"Jazz without the Blues is a music without memory."*

Amiri Baraka

The ecstatic embrace of freedom's possibility; this is the music and magic of Charlie Parker, Bird, as exalted by Ted Joans. With forensic wit and an uncanny agility of intelligence, Ted celebrated a deep love of the imagination and its powers when set upon the horizon of freedom. His desires to cultivate and share that harvest, the fruits of his abiding affection, served as a tonic to all who knew him. I was blessed to call him a friend.

Imbued with his unique erotic sensibility, Ted's statements, gestures, poems, paintings, drawings, and collages were as natural an expression of his poemlife as the sun's gentle rays touching a morning dew. Each of his works individually is a key, an attunement, a line drawn between stars revealing new constellations of meaning in a once familiar sky. Light into darkness, spirit into matter, the word made flesh; call it what you will, Ted's work is a revival, a resuscitation of the human spirit made whole, revealed in

the beauty of its own truth, its own eventfulness. Each of these facets were among the salient, generous qualities he shared with Charlie Parker, the other half of his heartbeat. It this same systole, diastole we feel pulsing, rhythmically through each of his poems. The sensuous longing of freedom's arousal.

However, it was much more than a grand, encompassing aesthetic impulse that the two men shared, for both were steeped in the Blues. They embroidered its details throughout their artistic lives, and it was always-already African antiquity to which their compass was guided. The common thread that weaves the visions of both Ted Joans and Charlie Parker was this Blues religio, this linking-backward towards a source of common wisdom, tracing its origins to Africa. Far beyond the period of enslavement in the New World. Within these radical jousts and the fierce challenges they made, the moral beauty they insisted upon, emerged in an entirely new conception of non-linear time and asymmetrical harmony previously unheard. One entirely unseen before. Be-Bop, as their music would come to be known, quickly extended itself into new forms of dance, theater, cinema, collage, sculpture, photography, painting, and literature. Lusciously impregnating these arts simultaneously with delirious joy and absolute existential seriousness. In principle, it was the Blackest of black humor that thrust this movement along with extraordinary urgency and occasionally vertiginous momentum. The most vivid and persuasive examples of this decisive propulsion are disclosed in strategies dealing with the immediate past in the guise of the popular song. The emblems of pre-war culture. A favorite target was George Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm", first written for 1930's *Girl Crazy*, a Broadway musical which also introduced two other compositions important to Be-Bop, "Embraceable You" and "But Not for Me".

The avant-garde occupied by Parker was embodied by these strategies, angles and attitudes. Points-of-view present in the art of interpretation. They applied the most elastic, supple virtuosity, always set on the ecstatic horizons of freedom. Like Joans, Parker also sought humor as a weapon, armed and equipped with in-jokes, double entendre, non sequiturs,

inverted clichés, puns, punchlines, frequent allusions to suppressed histories, and as always, an astounding musically eloquent sophistication. In the case of Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm", Charlie Parker would play on the racist caricature of the happy-go-lucky Negro who need only sing the Blues to chase his troubles. Parker re-casted Gershwin's composition into a radical critique, giving it the title "Anthropology". Again, the Blackest of black humor, eviscerating the more dubious assertions on race and biology made by the sciences of the day.

To achieve this, Charlie Parker would create what in musicological terms is known as a contrafact, perhaps more accurately a counternarrative. By extemporizing the harmony of the chord sequence identical to Gershwin's, a bolder, richer new melody was created. Supplanting the original with a flourishing brocade of romantic, cascading complexity, and cultural comment. The original rhythmic accents were displaced and rearranged, creating new layers of opportunity for polyrhythm and prodigious syncopation. This audacious move by Parker would create an opening and an invitation for African percussive concepts to enter the musical picture more forcefully than ever before. Applying this newly minted avant-garde technique to other popular songs of recent vintage became the hallmark of the aesthetic revolution taking place in the arts after the war. Thus "How High the Moon" a Be-Bop anthem and a favorite of Ted Joans, would become "Ornithology", the study of birds, or in this case Bird himself. This same full moon "how high" is slyly alluded to in a great many drawings by Ted Joans, most frequently alongside a silhouette of Parker holding aloft his saxophone. Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are", another anthem of Be-Bop, would become in the hands of bassist-composer Charles Mingus "All the Things You Could Be by Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother." Thelonious Monk also answered "I Got Rhythm" with his own "Rhythm-a-Ning"!

It is precisely this irrepressible humor and energetic style of thinking that we witness throughout the art of Ted Joans. He, too, applied himself to the excavation of history with powerfully deciphering attitudes.

It is important to emphasize here that for artists of a certain generation, the presence Charlie Parker appeared as an emanation of the divine, indeed, the very breath of the Holy Spirit animating life itself. In the case of Ted Joans, the two men were great friends, living together, sharing the pains, joys, satisfactions, refusals, and acceptances of everyday life as well as the Marvelous. As jazz was without question Ted Joans' religion, so too was he was a disciple of Bird. To be absolutely clear, make no mistake, that religion of which Ted speaks when he states "Jazz is my religion" is an explicit reference to African religion in the New World. Vodou, Santeria, Hoodoo, Candomblé, and most assuredly its revolutionary offspring Be-Bop.

And it is herein that we uncover the keys to the kingdom, the terms for deciphering and interpreting the inner-qualifications of Ted Joans work. Both the unexpressed but intended and the unintentionally expressed. It is paramount that in our path to a fuller understanding of the work's various meanings to keep in mind (and this is true when addressing any form of expression in the Black cultures of the Americas) that its arc is transmitted through a period of centuries when literacy for the Black was punishable by death. Consequently, there is a considerably deeper, more fecund stream-of-consciousness to which all language is understood as a technology for gaining and maintaining power. The power towards self-determination, the very impulse towards freedom, social, economic, political and otherwise.

Since the Black is so frequently in an economically exploited, socially degraded class, the Black artist's dignity is always at stake and frequently under attack. In this way, Black artists have served as historians, ones who are frequently called upon to secret away much that occupies Black history before enslavement. A history that has been revealed in recent times to be much greater than has generally been assumed, or taken for granted.

The Be-Bop use of the contrafact, variously employed by Joans, is then also a vibrant, vigorous counternarrative that is often a damaging critique of imperialism, as the slave-system of the West is called. This Be-Bop invention of contrafacts in substance

is entirely akin to the creation of the poetry of “miraculous weapons”, as Aimé Césaire would describe them with such vivaciousness and life affirming verve.

By employing these techniques, the Be-Bop musician, as with Ted Joans the artist and poet-historian, would also make frequent use of the oblique quote. A collage technique interpolating texts, fragments of melody from other songs, even other recordings. Anything the day might recommend towards “the miracle of survival” Ted so often spoke of. This essential strategy of openness to any and all useful elements further broadened the palate to an even wider array of choices in terms of what the artist could respond to and offer engaged commentary on.

Eventually, over time, and with the considerable acceleration of the Black Consciousness movement on the part of Ted Joans, this newly found openness would lead to the rejection of music as recreation and entertainment, sublimating it entirely to its religious origins in ritual magic. Examples abound in the late music of John Coltrane and the advent of Free Jazz. This would also include Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, John Tchicai, and Don Cherry, all of whom were frequent collaborators with Ted Joans in Europe.

In consideration of forensic wit as an essential part of Ted Joans' arsenal, it must be understood as both an offensive and defensive weaponry. Perhaps more critically as a set of survival codes. In this way, too, Ted's use of humor is also evidence of a pervasive motif running throughout all Black art in the Americas (see Zora Neale Hurston's essay “Characteristics of Negro Expression”, a contribution to Nancy Cunard's famous *Negro Anthology*). It is also a search for the ways and means to a journey back home, the overarching theme of Black poetry in the United States so elegantly outlined in Eugene B. Redmond's groundbreaking study *Drumvoices*. In the case of Ted Joans, long before LeRoi Jones had even heard of Amiri Baraka, Ted had moved to Africa where according to Allen Ginsberg he read in more countries than any American poet. In these respects, Ted manifested a poemlife predicated on the visionary prophesy of Charlie Parker; a return to the spiritual home of all creation.

This great love Parker and Joans shared continued to flourish in the fertility of the many friendships Ted cultivated throughout his life, much as a gardener might tend the rarest of flowers. This was the continuing revelation of the Marvelous, the imagination set to the horizon of freedom. That is, the role of the imagination in the practical form of freedom itself. The discovery of the use of the imaginary to infuse, even recreate, the material circumstances of the poet, and in turn the world itself. The discovery that freedom is a choice we make each moment, a moment held with great capacity for joy as well as pain. Not shying away from the facts of life, but welcoming them as natural, natural as those sun rays touching a lush morning dew.

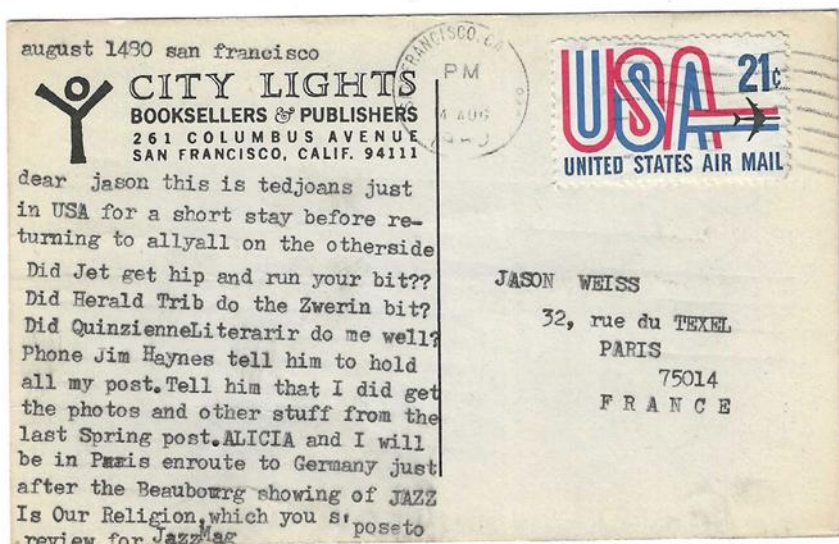
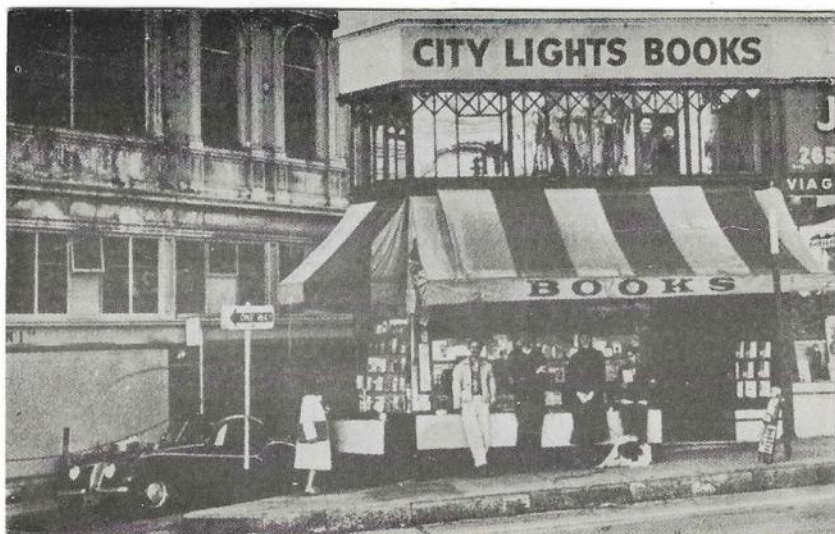
All these we see in the *Remembering and Remembrances* series of drawings by Ted Joans. They all share the silhouette technique so frequently presented in the works dedicated to Parker, where it is Bird's shadow looming, saxophone in gentle hands caressing notes. We see these memory shadows, these silhouettes, colored in amorously, each with a unique interplay of vibrant auras throughout. Perhaps they are the friendship shadows cast by Ted's own "silent sun of the center"; to borrow a phrase from Lorca.

In my friendship with Ted Joans, I always will recall his elevation of a highly personal pantheon to which he held himself in lineage. Among these individuals was Babs Gonzalez, whom Ted Joans insisted had created a Be-Bop language of vowels akin to Rimbaud's famed coloration of same. Langston Hughes and André Breton, whom he most often referred to as his "spiritual fathers", their respective birthdays honored with great ceremony. In fact, ancestor worship was a vital characteristic of all of Ted's work. But for this fleeting moment of "Now is the Time" let me amplify a later member of that same pantheon, Jean-Michel Basquiat. In art-historical terms we now are beginning to see what Ted knew all along. In the arc and panorama of international culture, the predicate towards Jean-Michel Basquiat was indeed Ted Joans. And as they shared many of the same obsessions, Charlie Parker being chief among them, so too shall we begin to real-eyes the illumination of the light into darkness they shined so brightly. The Marvelous!



John Tchicai, Justin Desmangles, and Ted Joans in San Francisco, 2001.  
Photo: Elz Cuya Jones

Justin Desmangles is chairman of the Before Columbus Foundation, administrator of the American Book Award, and former host of the radio broadcast *New Day Jazz*. A member of the board of directors of the Oakland Book Festival, Mr. Desmangles is also a program producer at the African-American Center of the San Francisco Public Library. He is the co-author with Jack Hirschman of *Passion, Provocation & Prophecy: A Pier Paolo Pasolini Dossier*. His poetry and journalism has appeared in *Amerarcana*, *Black Renaissance Noire*, *Drumvoices Revue*, *Konch*, and *Musiqology*. He was a Columnist-in-Residence at San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Open Space, 2017.



Postcard sent by Ted Joans to Jason Weiss, August 14, 1980



## ONE BLUE NOTE

when I was almost  
nine months unborn  
inside the belly  
under the breast  
under the maternity dress  
inside the vaginal cave  
doubled up womb deep  
inside my daddy's wife  
his steady laymate  
    his chick, his love life  
    my mother  
it was then I first knew  
Jazz was a black classical music  
that is created each time one blew true

## Jazz Me Surreally Do

*To Robert Goffin*

If the image of an airplane is  
Count Basie's sparse piano touch  
The propeller is oxtail stew for aardvarks  
The fuselage of collard blues riffs  
The bi-plane wings all B-flat minor  
The cockpit of mulatto Jims crowing  
The parachute of pangolin scales leaks  
The landing gear substitute head-gear  
The World War One goggles of worn biscuits  
The wings painted in gravy of drumsticks  
The tail spin Tommy Gun of pot likker  
The rudder's strut in two-tone fisticuffs  
The windshield of saxophone reeds  
The dive bombers smothered in chocolates  
The gliding in behind okapi clouds  
The bailing out in C-sharp major  
The three-point airfield of landing solo  
The hangar made of sweet potato fried pies  
The pilots of women libation swung  
The crash pad of jazz wisdom  
If Count Basie's sparse touch is  
Aeroplane



Announcement of Ted Joans' exhibition at the New York Jazz Museum, 1977. After original photograph by Paula Court. Original item is held in the Manuscripts, Archives and Rare Books Division of Schomburg Center for Research in Black Cultures.





Previous page:  
(left to right) James Baldwin, Archie Shepp, and Ted Joans at the house of Nidra Poller, Paris 1975.  
Photo: Marion Kalter



*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Charles Parker, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia







Remembering & Remembrances, Weegee Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## Colored Choruses

*in memory of Bob Thompson*

in the window i saw  
the last tear drop fall  
crushing a red rose green  
glass blades sprinkled  
with light white drops  
of dew said goodbye mid  
night and hello morning blues!

trying hard to get it  
inside (white muse and zem!)  
where goodtimes roll  
all night 'n' day long  
crying loud (white muse)  
to let you know that  
I'm (zem) sorry I done  
you w r o n g !!

Many mother many mothers  
point toward others other  
and show where the real  
truth lies and cries  
lies and cries hard  
times come fast (if we  
last) now that other  
many mother satisfies

blow your horn black daddy  
scream on the mother for real!  
blow your horn black daddy  
don't smile clown or dance  
just  
blow your horn black daddy!!

When I saw your face  
in the American Express  
then I knew your *soul!*



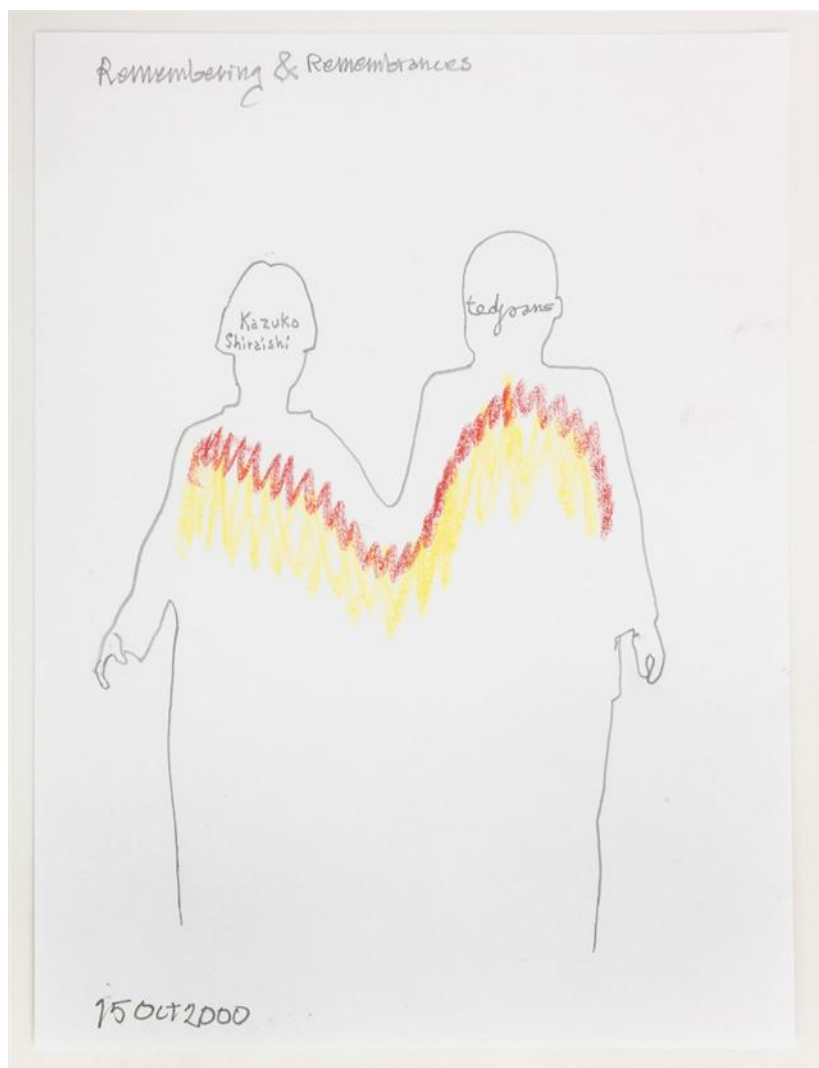
*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Bob Thompson, Oct 2000*  
conté crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Kazuko Shiraishi Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

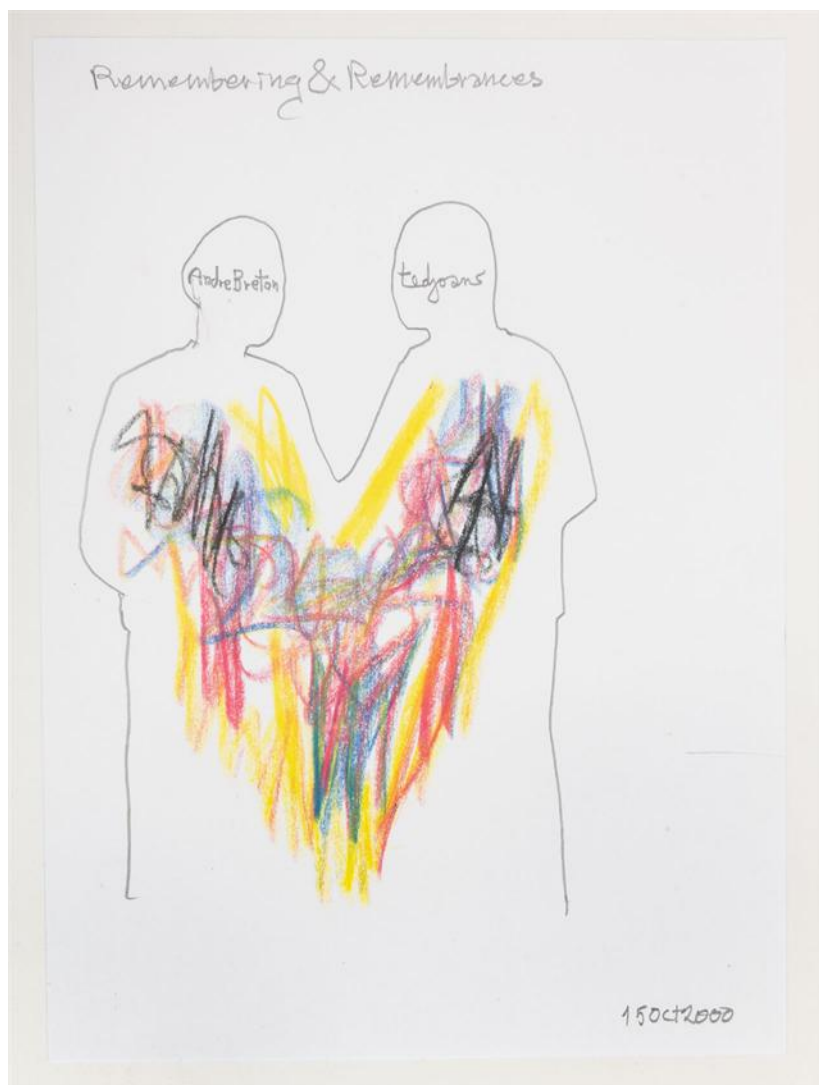
## SURE REALLY

To André Breton

I HAVE THE SHAPE OF COTTON TYPEWRITERS  
I HAD THE SMELL OF TIMBUKTU  
BUT LOST IT IN HAMMERFEST  
I HAVE EYES IN MY HEAD AND SHOES  
MY EYES ARE NOT CLOSED ON SUNDAYS  
THEY EVEN STAY OPEN WHEN I KISS!  
THE SHOE EYES ARE NOT BLUE YET THEY HAVE THE  
BLUES  
FROM WALKING UP AND DOWN SEEING THE WORLD

I HAVE THE SHADOW OF JET PLANE'S CORNBREAD  
I HAD THE LOOK OF YOUR MOTHERS BREAST  
BUT SHE WASHED IT AWAY EASTER IN ATHENS  
I HAVE EARS IN MY HAT AND GLOVES  
MY EARS WILL NEVER LISTEN TO BAD NEWS  
THEY EVEN REFUSE TO HEAR TELEVISION  
THE EARS IN MY HAT HANG OUT AT DIFFERENT PLACES  
ON MY HEAD BUT THEY NEVER SMELL UP THE PLACE  
LIKE MY NOSE

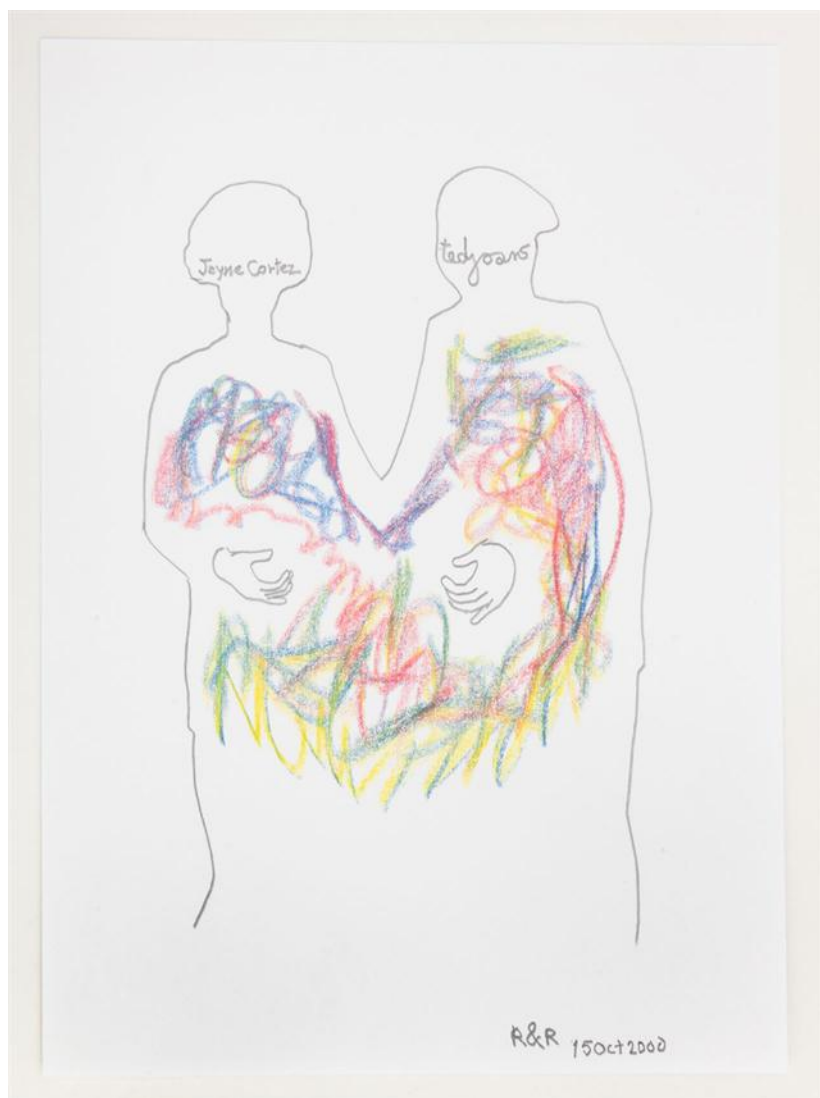
I HAVE AN ATTITUDE OF A PULLED TOOTH  
I HAD THE MOISTURE OF YOUR MOTHERS CUNT  
BUT SHE WIPED IT FROM MY TONGUES TIP  
I HAVE TEETH IN MY MOUTH THEY BITE ME  
WHEN I DO NOT FEED THEM FOAM AT HOME  
MY TEETH ARE AT THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE  
WORLD  
SHARP AND CLEAN! READY TO RUIN  
A RAG DOLL OF DELICIOUS ROSES  
I HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT I GOT  
NOW LET ME SEE HEAR FEEL SMELL TOUCH AND  
TASTE WHAT YOU HAVE GOT ! ! ! !



*Remembering & Remembrances, Andre Breton Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

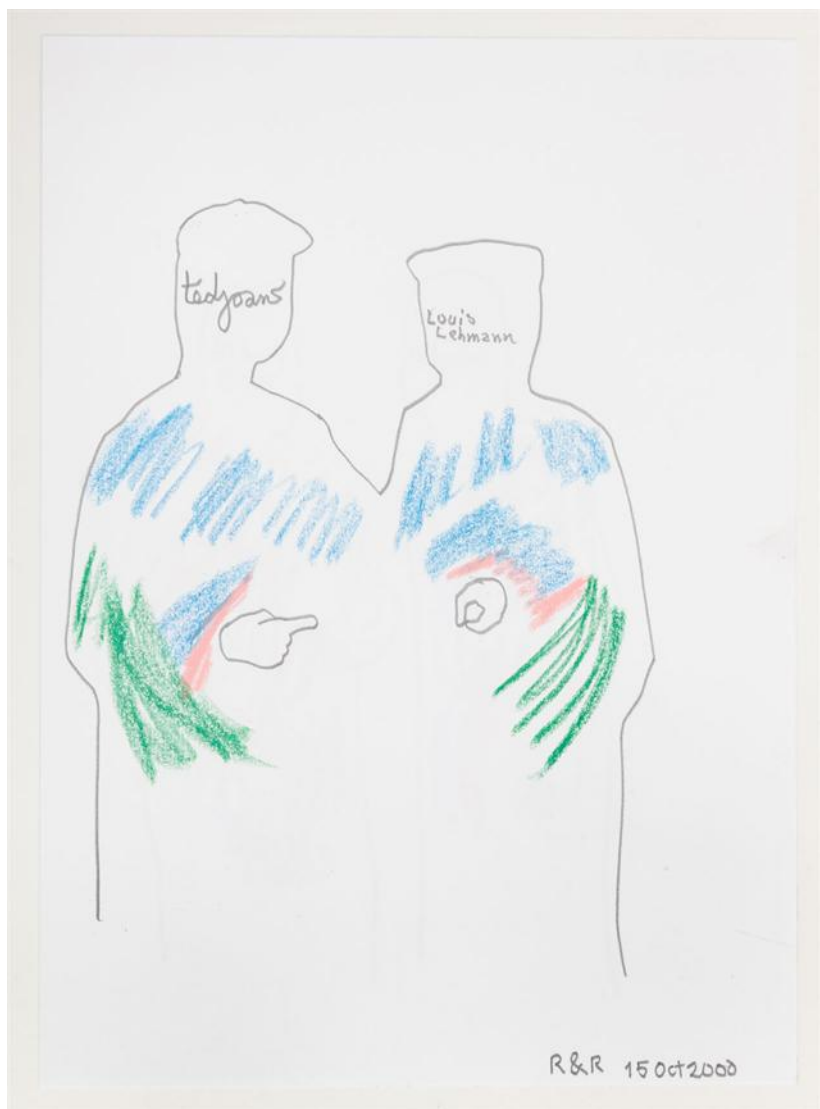






*Remembering & Remembrances, Jayne Cortez Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Louis Lehmann, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

TO BE WHAT IS NOT TO BE

*for Albert Ayler*

IF

WHEN

WHY

IF  
WHAT  
WHERE

IF

WHO WAS

THEN

WHY

WHEN

IF

WHERE

WHAT

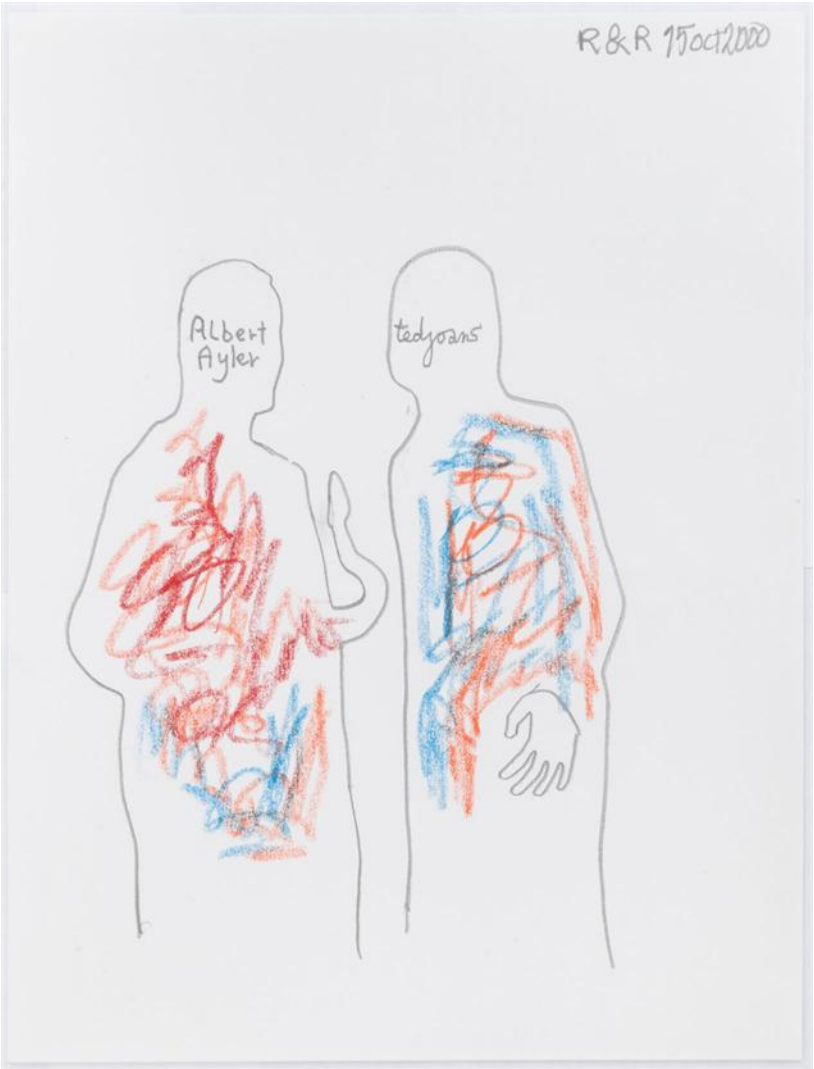
IF

WHO

WERE

THERE

W A S



*Remembering & Remembrances, Albert Ayler Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

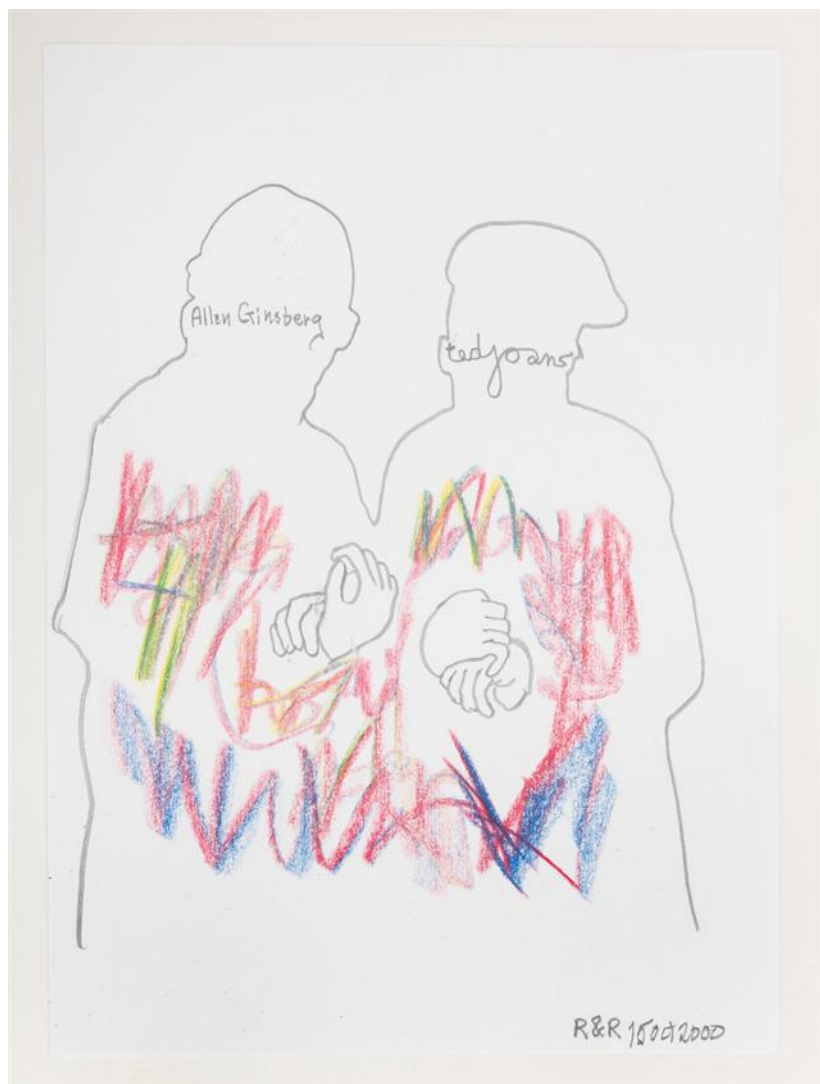
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Allen Ginsberg Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

# MAMMIFRERES

to Michel Leiris

This Lithuanian lithograph of the missed Sigui  
Michel Leiris in the french-fried hands of  
Deliberate Dogon brain-pickers  
Ambitious Amharic onion-eaters  
Armed with his Trocadero grimace:masque maigre pour face  
aigre

His posture of sprinkled gravity  
Causing his body to lean forward when listening  
To (maybe) a remark in my terrible Afrofranglais  
An outlaw grammair (la mère-grande d'Afrique)  
Who knew Jazz  
Was contagious as love  
Black shadows on Pan-African stage witnessed  
Incoherent bottles of Chaeuneuf-du-Pâpe (1932)  
Poured as libation for saxophones and trumpets

"Mais je", said he

"ce n'est pas tu (Joyce Mansour)

ce n'est pas il (moi, ted joans)

ce n'est pas vous (Joan Halifax)

ce n'est pas nous..."

He, therefore is: Je est un autre

Who is that other surrounded by

Animaux à langue vermiforme

Servant d'organe de préhension

Pangolin ou l'orycterope

(one with scales/one without scales)

Both outlaws among domestic animals

Both refuse to eat meat/both ant-eaters

Often killed and killer

Subject and object

In Paris and New York

One self and the other

Rimbaud and Coltrane

Avoiding self-suicide by doomed society

Torero facing the immense white rhinoceros

Nuclear and unclear tomorrows

"But he" said she

That hat is not Magritte

That piano is not Monk

That Ruiz is not Picasso

That Ogun is not Dogon

Michel, therefore, is Yoruba (des Gauls)

A true mammifère

Curieux animal à tête longue et effilée

Like Cotton Club 1932 trumpeters

When Harlem shook its black ass

In rich white faces

Being funny for money

Harlem yesteryear BLACK "géant": étrange, grand, et étranger

Its hardworking yet unemployed hands on hips

Humain: la main humide, moite

Hot hands to be handled

Porgy your Paris with

My very Bess New York

Langage: bagage, lent de l'esprit

Invisible tongue luggage

Let loose from the roof of our lungs

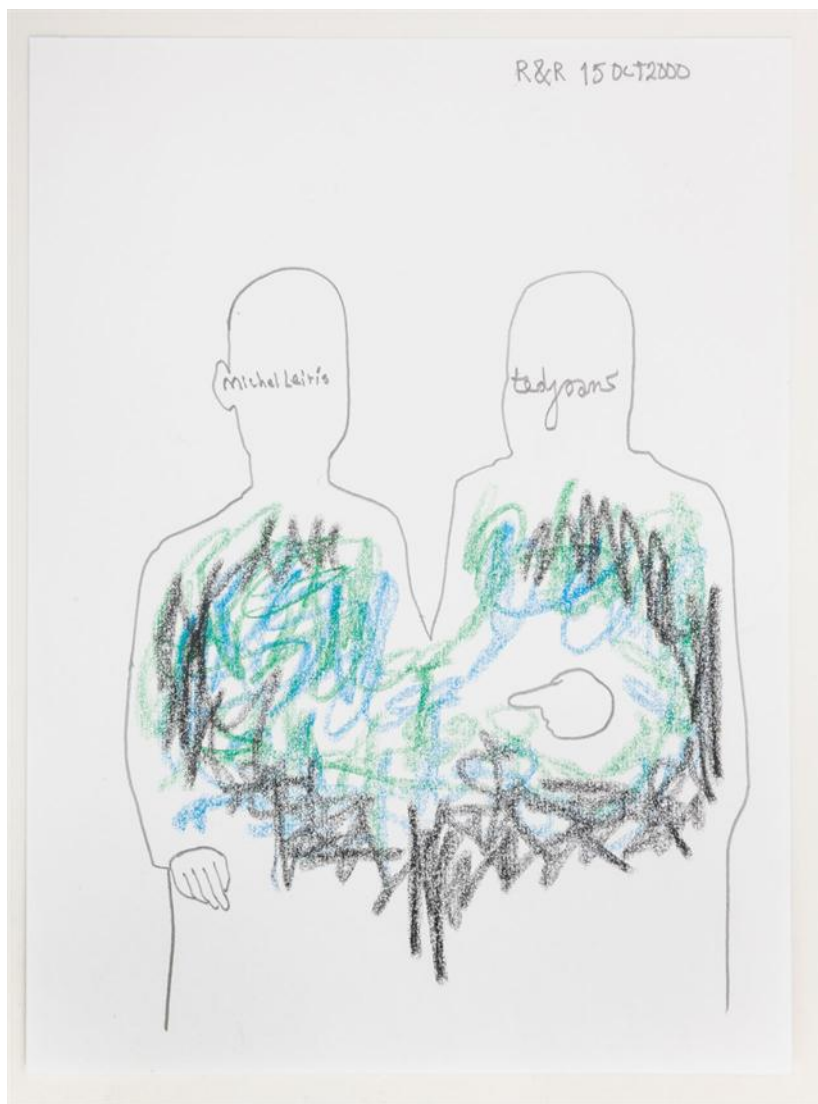
By that august quai-man of grand glossary

St. Leiris Blues

26 August 1978, Paris

Ted Joans, from *WOW, poems by Ted Joans with drawings by Laura Corsiglia*, 1999





*Remembering & Remembrances, Michel Leiris Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

29 March 96

Hey



Jason

I chose this xeroxed item to alert all poets to April's the Bob Kaufman month. Dig my enclosed poem, I was going to read it at The Poetry Project Stillworks but unfortunately: ~~no bread~~ ~~no Ted~~ they would not pay for me Amtrak to New York City!

Finally you get an answer to your 13 Oct 95 important letter, however

I did respond while I was in New York during the Whitney Museum Best Culture Exhibition. I was invited to exhibit a painting, Bird Lives and six collages, from ~~my~~ The Hipsters ~~my~~ book that is now one of those Collectibles. I also gave two lectures and read for a minute at the Whitney. I phoned Ms. Deborah Treisman, we spoke and that was all decided. I hope things are still open for my work on the magazine. If so Fax/phone 206-625-1399.

I'll Fax <sup>more</sup> poems as fast as Fax is a fact!

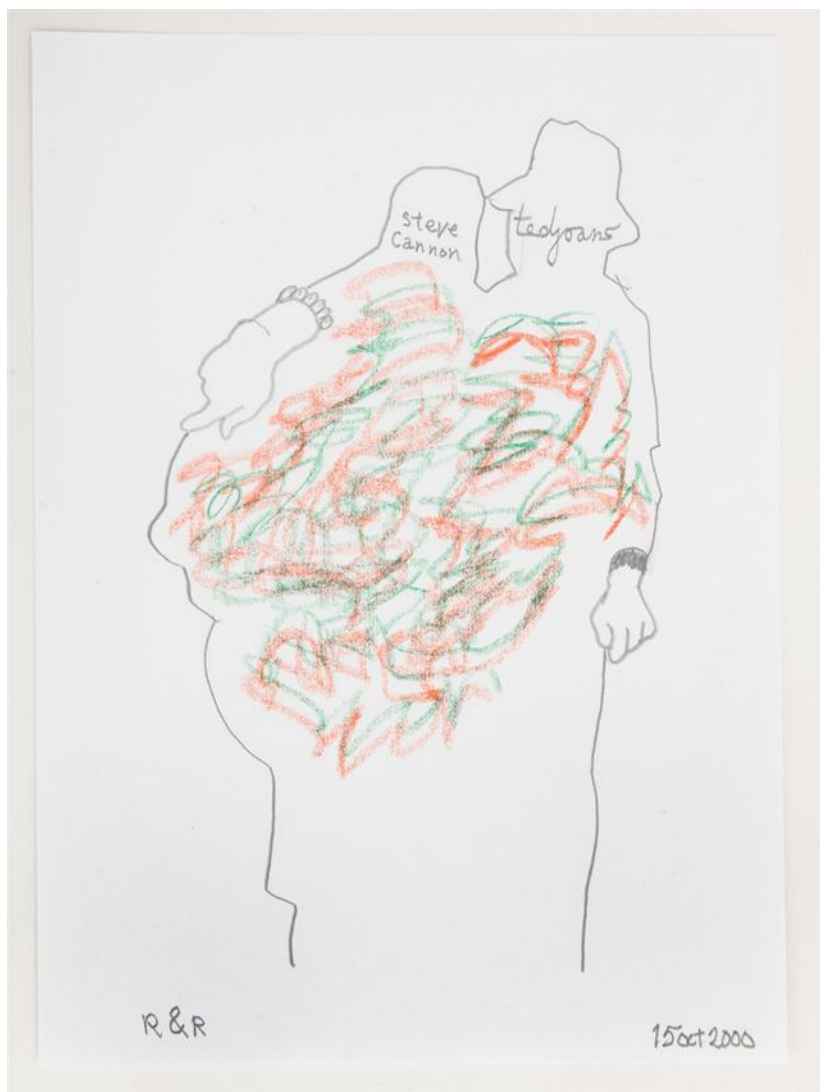
Keep on the jazz ways  
+ \_ e \_ d

P.S. I think you'll die the  
Munk stamp cause you  
wrote Munk Lives in Paris  
when he died next pass?



*Remembering & Remembrances, Bird Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Steve Cannon Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Marie Wilson Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

*HAPPY 78 HUGHES BLUES*

SO IT IS HERE  
WHERE I FLING MY ARMS  
LEGS HIGH WIDE AS  
THOUGH ENCLOSED NOT  
IN FULL FLOWING  
BOUBOU ROBE  
AND TIS HERE  
THAT I TAKE  
TO THIS BLUE-BLACK  
WARM WINTER SKY  
TO SING SWING  
ACROSS THIS  
POWDER PUFF GREY SUEDE  
OF SAND SUN LAND  
AS A BIRTHDAY SALUTE  
FROM TIMBUKTU  
FOR ITS FEB FIRST  
YOUR DATE OF 1902  
I SHADOW DANCE NEAR DAWN  
HERE IN UPPER AFRICA  
WHERE I STAND WITH YOUR BOOK  
AND INHERITED LEGACY  
ALREADY AT HAND  
SO I LEAP OUT THERE  
FREE AS A TREE  
SAYING HAPPY HUGHES BIRTHDAY  
TO YOU LOVELY LANGSTON BLACK LIKE ME !!

*Feb, 7, 1978  
TIMBUKTU*





*Remembering & Remembrances, Langston Hughes Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Charles Henri Ford, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## Ready or Not

*for Ed Clark*

Certainly there are  
One can believe that  
Just as it is a fact  
Of course there is no doubt  
It really does exist  
It is not so blatant  
Yet it seriously prevails  
There is no question  
It is not quite overt  
Nevertheless it is there  
At readiness  
However its manner  
One must take care  
Even during winter  
Especially near dawn  
When all is still  
One must be careful  
Caution must be exercised  
Of course one could deny  
That there are such  
Believe it or not  
It's really dangerous  
For it does exist  
It is an overt fact  
No one intelligent denies it  
No sane being questions it  
It is a known fact  
It is a proven fact  
Basic above all  
Nonetheless  
There are those  
One or two doubters  
Who just cannot grasp it  
And will not admit it *is* here  
Even though they know  
What we are talking about  
It is right here  
Ready to act

Gabon, Libreville  
13 February 1994



*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Ed Clark, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## Ted Joans Said "Jazz Is My Religion"

As Ted would say  
Let them go to heaven  
Or let them go to Hell  
when I die I want to go to Jazz  
Who needs Gabriel when we got  
Clifford, Clark, Lee and Bix  
You can add Thad to that distinguished  
Mix  
and Lester and Billy sit on  
their thrones  
and their court wear porkpies  
gardenias and glittering stones  
And the tempo of the place is  
like Denzil Best  
With Mingus and Brown doing  
the chores on bass

A place where Satch is Avatar  
and Sun Ra, Gil and Count  
are resident Sages  
and among those on trumpet  
are Fats and Hot Lips Page

With Klook on drums  
and Trane on Axe  
a thousand years of  
Jamming  
for what more could I  
ask  
Let them go to heaven  
let them go to hell  
when I die I want to go to Jazz  
Don't surround me with cherubim  
with their golden locks  
a place where there's no Vodka  
on the rocks  
and spare me the diet of  
milk and honey  
in this high-up Lincoln Center  
where it's all about the money

What use are Angels  
singing Acappella

When I can have Dinah Sarah and  
a scattin Ella  
A tisket a tasket I lost  
my yellow basket  
Mr. Paganini please play  
my melody  
I want to spend eternity in  
a place where they can swing it  
No need for a Paradise where  
anybody can wing it

The folks in Jazz  
might not dress in  
white garments but  
They're as natty and clean as  
a stylish Earl Garner  
Or Duke in his tails gloves  
and black top hat  
and Saint Peter is Babs  
saying welcome home  
cats

The residents of Jazz are  
bopping in the aisles  
As Diz and Bird swap  
fours with Miles  
And spare me the sounds  
of celestial harmonics  
I prefer something like  
Jazz at the Philharmonic  
jumping with my boy Sid  
in the city

When I die I will go to  
straight to Jazz  
No need for me to encounter  
The Naz and  
Don't send me off with  
No Razz a Ma Tazz  
some bars from Round  
Midnight will do just fine  
and lacking that  
some Earl Father Hines



*Remembering & Remembrances, Ishmael Reed Ted Joans, Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia







*Remembering & Remembrances, Matta Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

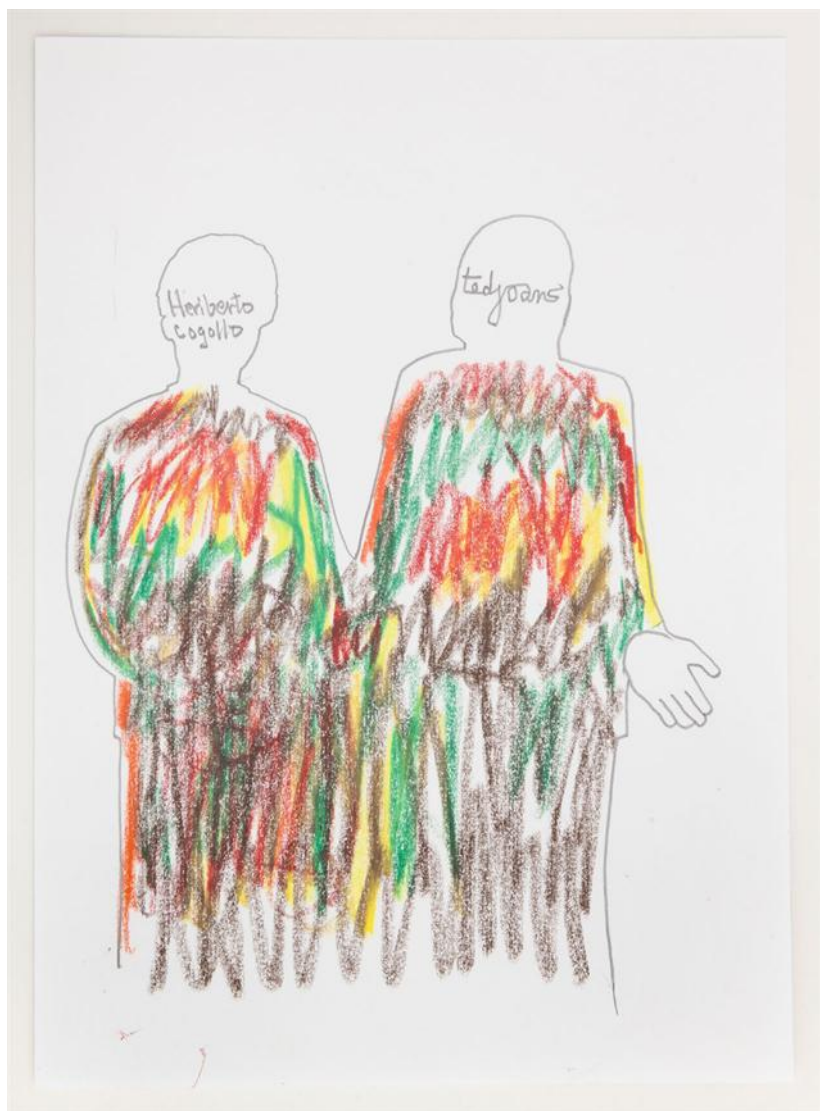
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Konrad Klapheck Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Heriberto Cogollo Ted Joans, Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## AFRO CHINO

Afro

Afro

Afro

Afro

Afro Chino

Afro Chino

Afro Chino

Afro Chino

Afro

Afro

Afro Chino

Afro Chino

Afro Chino Cubano

Afro Chino Cubano

Afro Chino Cubano

Afro-Chino-Cubano

Afro-Chino-Cubano

Afro-Chino-Cubano

Afro-Chino-Cubano Wifredo

Afro-Chino-Cubano Wifredo

Afro-Chino-Cubano Wifredo

Cubano Wifredo

Cubano

Cubano

Cubano

Cubano

Cubano

Cubana

Cubana

Wifredo Lam!

1974



*Remembering & Remembrances, Wifredo Lam Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia







*Remembering & Remembrances, Dizzy Gillespie Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
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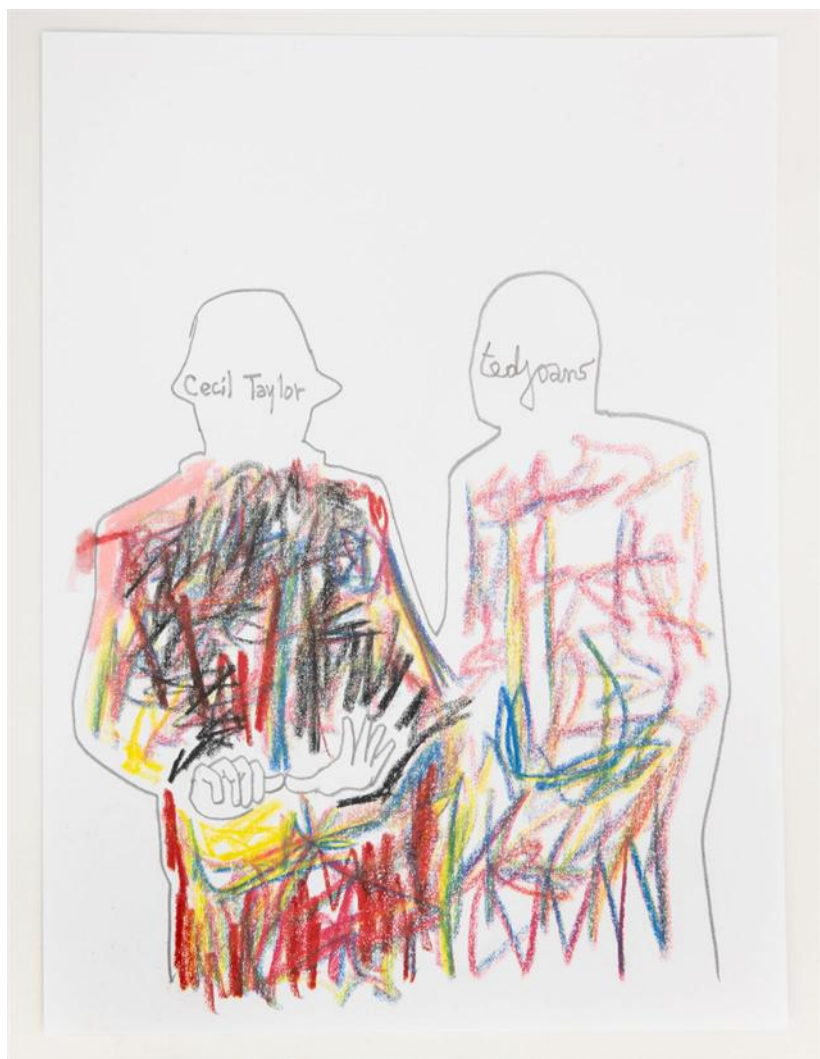
*Remembering & Remembrances, Archie Shepp Ted Joans, Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## JAZZ IS . . . . .

*dedicated to Cecil Taylor*

a SCREAM/ can scare/ awake or shake one UP!!  
to joy's highest pitch/ forth deep into fathoms where/ boss  
bass sounds rumble/ round riffs repeat thhythms/ there. . . .  
a SHOUT is whats/ thats about/ jive or groove/ right on  
across the bridge/ work and rework them changes/ catch  
this bit/ here not steady/ READY? accidentally fell in  
and out of those fast changing bars/ discovering and  
uncovering/ dare a devil phrases/ skipping the last  
measure at last minute/ plenty plenty soul stirred down in  
it in it in it/ git up git up/ let up off that there clicks/  
away heres what I gotta say/ forcing fierce fragments/  
out side of me into machine voice/ tearing away its  
mathematics of so-call so believed and preached music/  
a moan may cause tears/ reminds or just shatters/ the  
mask is down on its knees/ now to disguise the non melody  
in me/ out of me/ free/ glad to be/ keep in touch with  
your axe/ truth streaming across the earth/ worming its  
way/ out beyond the seas/ mountains/ fields/ and grave-  
yard giggles/ sad at first burst/ bigger blacker blacks  
to be had/ biggest barriers broken/ sound pounding is  
swings/ let freedom swing one more again/ bright  
explosions hammer human hang-ups dark moods massage  
the guilt/ gas leak of pleasure/ marvelous images  
surround/ brain tissues/ discarding manmade forbidden  
issues/ these beats blending and bending/ back to black/  
and forth to forward march/ beats heat increased/ to  
arouse whats really there/ down inside/ soul sacks/ a  
black sound/ a BLACK SOUND/ leaps/ or glides/ into the  
ear/ of the digger (a listner who sitrs) and like water and  
air/ Jazz is. . . .

good for the soul



*Remembering & Remembrances, Cecil Taylor Ted Joans, Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## My Ace of Spades

MALCOLM X spoke to me & sounded you

Malcom X said this to me, then told you that

Malcom X whispered in my ears but screamed on you

Malcom X praised me and thus condemned you

Malcom X smiled at me and sneered at you

Malcom X covered me and exposed you

Malcom X made me PROUD and you all got scared

Malcom X told me to hurry and you begin to worry

Malcom X sung to me but growled at you

Malcom X freed me and frightened you

Malcom X told it like it *damn shor* is!

He said I gotta fight to be really FREE

Malcolm X told both of us

the truth, now didn't he?



*Remembering & Remembrances, Malcolm X Ted Joans, 15 Oct 2000*

conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

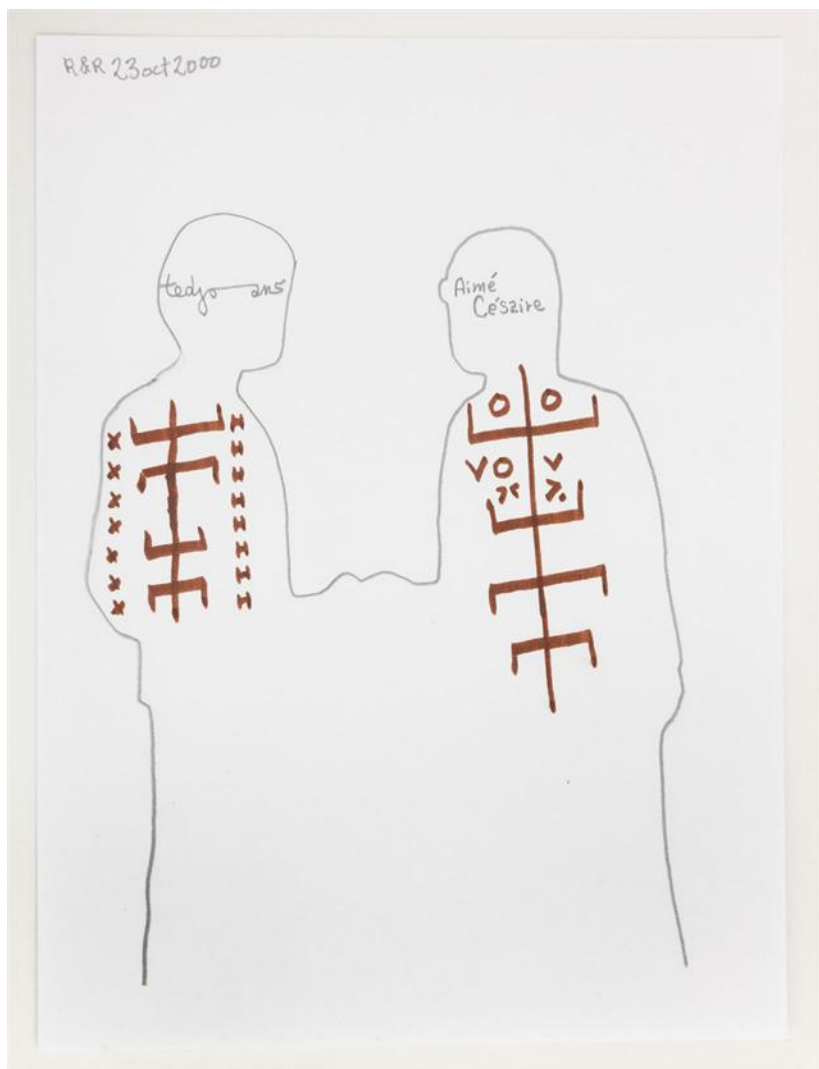
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## AFRODISIA

*To Aimé Césaire*

WHEN THEY FORM THEIR WHITE MOBS TO MURDER  
ME OR SHOOT ME  
FROM GREAT DISTANCE WITH THEIR GUN  
IT'S OUR AFRODISIA THAT THEY HOPE TO KILL  
NOT JUST A BLACK ONE  
HOW MANY BLACK MEN ARE ACCUSED OF RAPE  
WHEN THE WHOLE AMERICAN SCENE KNOWS WHAT  
REALLY TOOK PLACE  
IT'S OUR AFRODISIA THATS BEING ACCUSED  
NOT JUST A BLACK COLLECTING HIS HORNY DUES  
WHERE EVER BLACK PEOPLE MAKE MUSIC DO DANCES  
MOVE BLACK BODIES  
OR SING BLACK SANE SOUNDS  
IT'S OUR AFRODISIA CAUSING ALL THAT MOVEMENT  
A NATURAL MUSICAL JOY ABOUNDS  
WHO KNOWS BETTER THAN WE HOW TO WEAR  
JUST PIECES OF CLOTH  
WHITE BRAND NEW SHARP OR SECOND-HAND-ME-  
DOWN DUDS GALORE  
THUS THE WORLD DIGS OUR NATURAL FASHION  
SHOW  
IT'S JUST OUR AFRODISIA THAT  
MAKES US IN ANYTHING LOOK DRESSED GOOD SO  
WHY DO SO MANY INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE DIG US  
OUR COLOR OUR LAUGHTER OUR NATURAL WAYS  
OF DOING  
THIS AND THAT ALAS  
FINDING US "INTERESTING" OR "SEXY"  
EVEN WHEN WE ARE TOO SKINNY OR OVER-FAT  
ITS AFRODISIA ABOUT WHAT THEY SECRETLY CHAT  
ITS AFRODISIA THAT THEY FEAR / HATE / ADORE /  
(DIG OR DONT DIG)  
DISTANTLY OR UPTIGHT CLOSE BY  
ITS AFRODISIA THAT NATURAL POWER  
THAT IS POSSESSED BY BLACK YOU AND BLACK I





*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Aimé Césaire, 23 Oct 2000*  
marker and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Leroi Jones Amiri Baraka Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conté crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

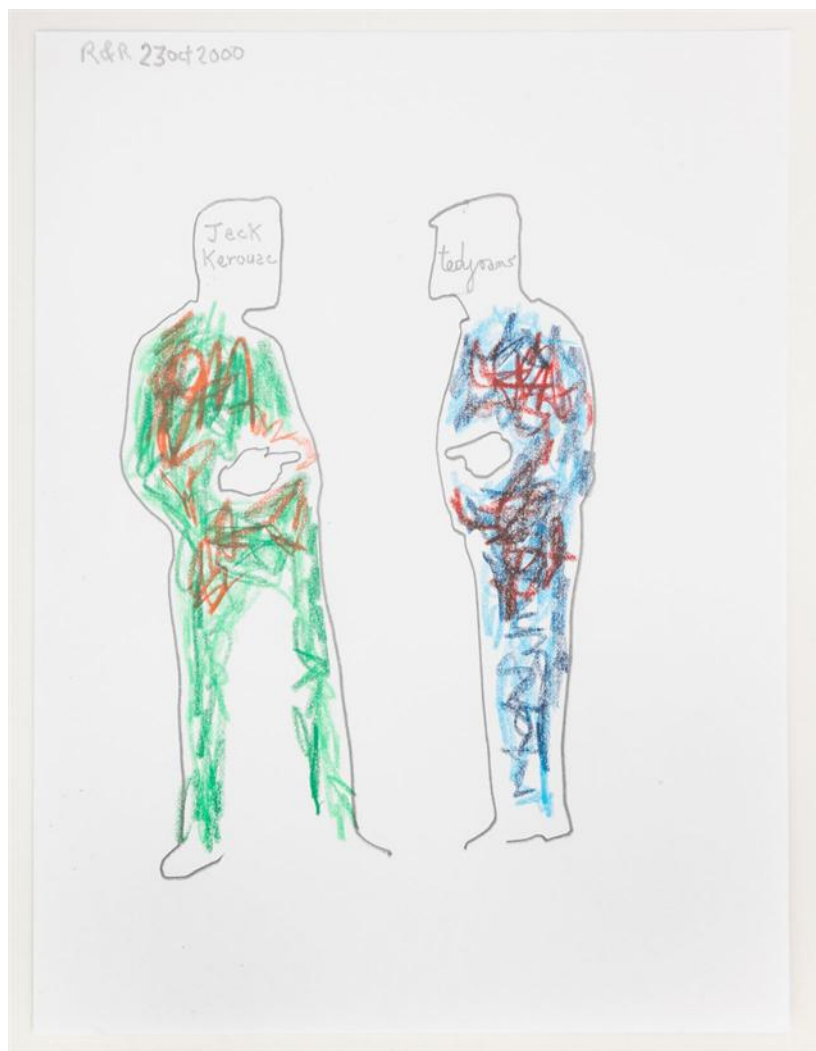
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## The Wild Spirit of Kicks

*in memory of Jack Kerouac*

Jack in red and black mac  
Rushing through derelict strewn streets of North America  
Jack in well-worn dungarees and droopy sweater of smiles  
Running across the country like a razorblade gone mad  
Jack in floppy shirt and jacket loaded with jokes  
Ole Angel Midnight singing Mexico City Blues  
In the midst of Black hipsters and musicians  
Followed by a White legion of cool kick seekers  
Poetry livers and poem givers  
Pale-faced chieftain tearing past  
The fuel of a generation  
At rest at last  
J.K. says hello to J.C.  
John Coltrane that is!

Harlem, USA  
22 October 1969



*Remembering & Remembrances, Jack Kerouac Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
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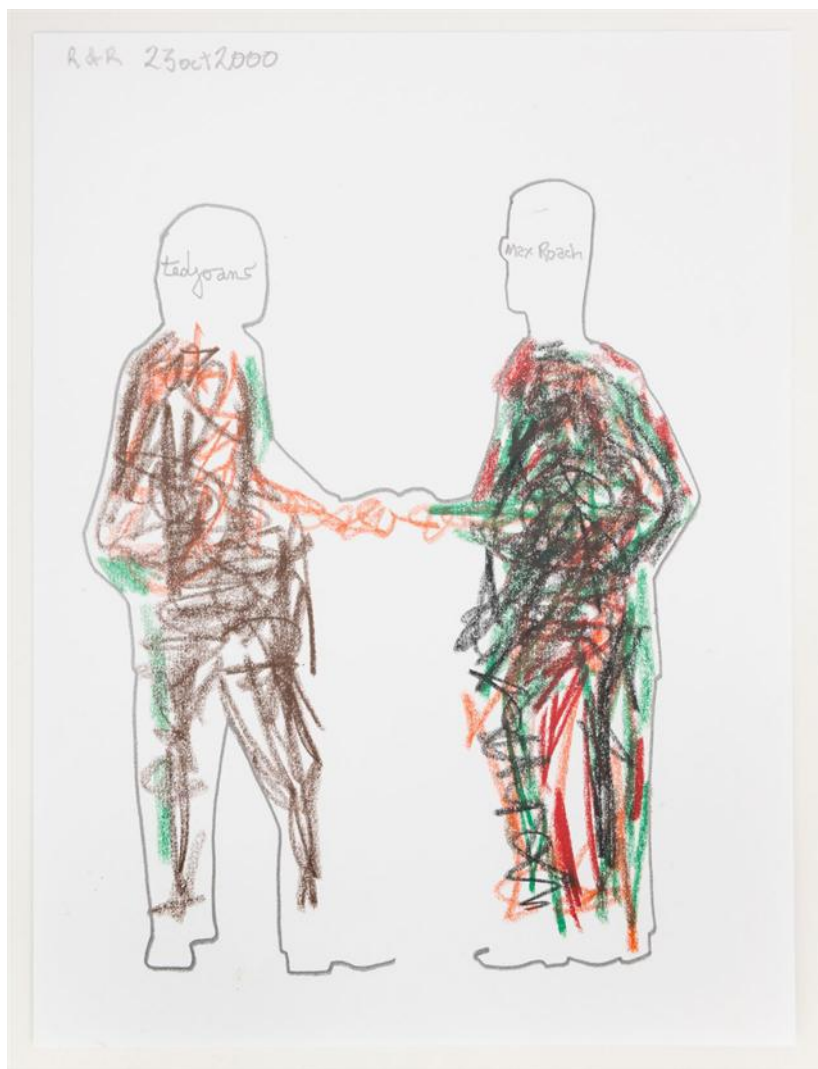




*Remembering & Remembrances, Paul Bowles Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
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*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Max Roach, 23 Oct 2000*

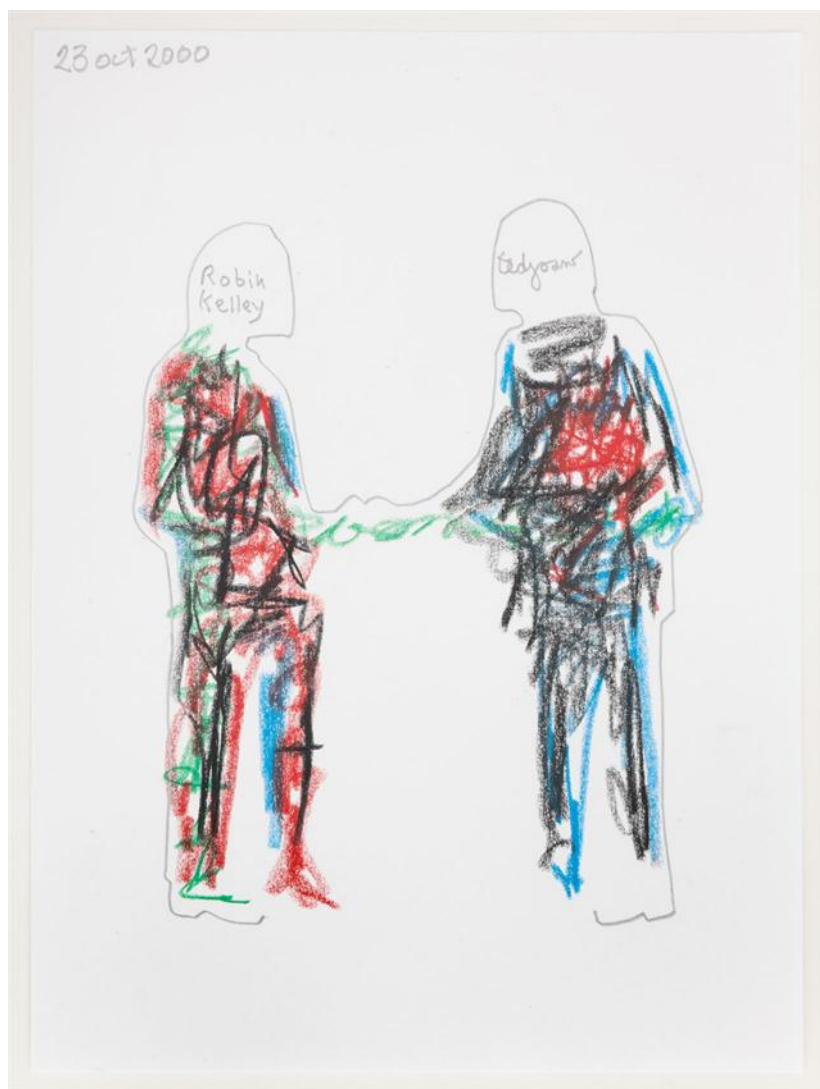
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

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*Remembering & Remembrances, Robin Kelley Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

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## Him the Bird

*in memory of Babs Gonzales*

Once upon a time a few years ago now  
There was a young café-au-lait colored bird  
Who blew sax and his earth name was CHARLES PARKER

He mounted a small bandstand in Greenwich Village  
And blew through Bob Reisner's Open Door where  
Bohemian whores used to sit with big-assed business  
Men talking trade backed Bird's funky lore

He lived at flophouse on Barrow Street and froze  
With a Moslem and me during that winter of my time '53  
Eating canned beans sardines sipping wine and drinking tea

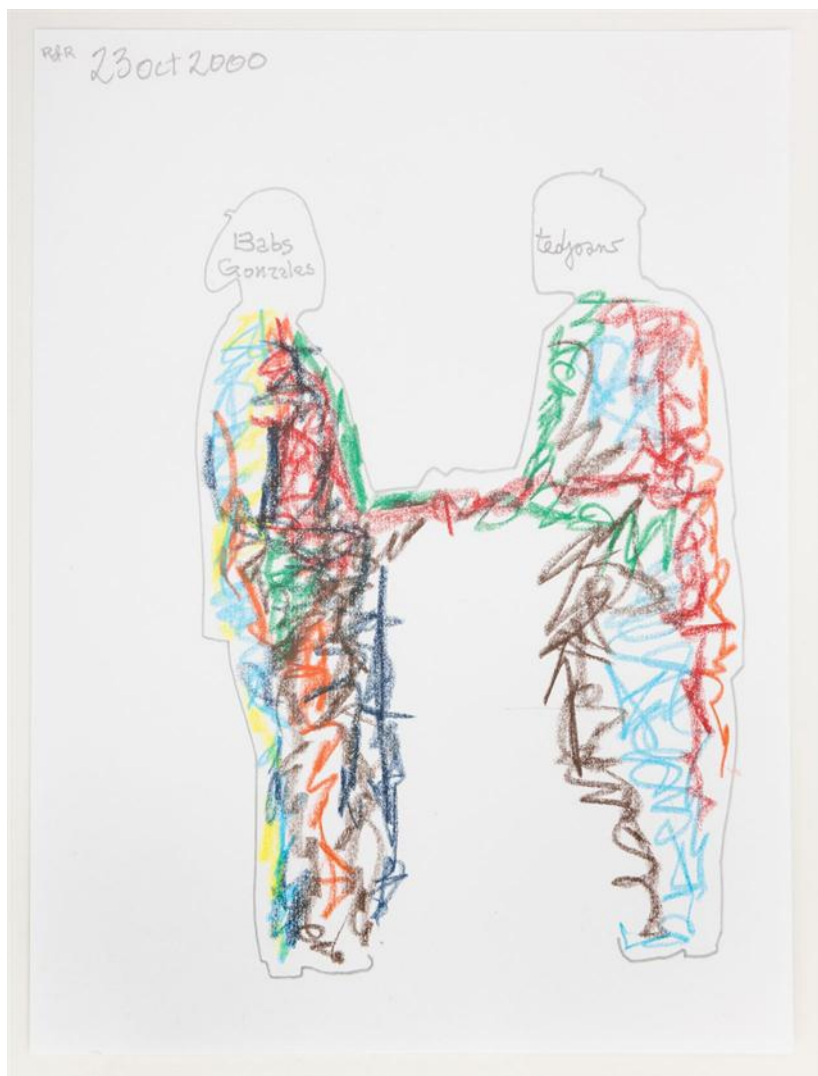
He blew for young Hebrew in Mafia-owned joint  
Where sat James Dean with Weegee and some technicolored  
chicks

He blew for kicks and a few measly bills  
Those solos he took on borrowed alto  
Sax gave everybody their jazz-as-religious thrills

He blew his horn in the Village and wailed for the world  
He died a pauper although now his every  
Effort on wax will sell So the BIRD is gone and  
In the outer world he cooks therefore women and  
Men like me will always have the BIRD influence in  
Their music paintings and poetry books

Bird Lives Bird Lives Bird Lives Bird Lives!!

Ted Joans, from *Teducation*, selected poems 1949-1999



*Remembering & Remembrances, Babs Gonzales Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conté crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Bob Reisner Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

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*Remembering & Remembrances, Wole Soyinka Ted Joans, 23 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Nicolai Welsh, 29 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
8 x 10.5 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## PROMENADE DU VENUS

To Joyce Mansour

I the traveler who crossed Les Halles at summer's end admiring the  
nude rear of a fur flower from Egypt

I walked with desperate steps looking for the café

### P R O M E N A D E   D U   V E N U S

She a dark slit of beauty having escaped from a large sphinx's paws  
admired the power of griots in army overcoats from Norway

She had been warned of erected staff of lightning between his legs  
while he searched for Promenade du Venus

I having been there once during a day dream leaning against a library  
pushing aside memories of marvelous safaris south

I who had come back black never knew an Ambassador of Saltpeter  
Where is Promenade du Venus?

She a fur flower agonized by taxi-message-machine-music ignores my  
meter another Portuguese left his lungs dangling from her eyeball  
ring

She open and closed her legs to get out from under our thunder urge  
Which way is Promenade du Venus?

I witnessed a naked white curve conceal itself beneath a trouser cuff  
a crowded vernissage drew like a million ball bearing magnet

I poured champagne across her sand covered tongue until she undressed  
another Portuguese shaved her armpit in memory of pushcarts

Is this the Promenade du Venus?

She shoved a cigar between red, white, and blue lips her poem appeared  
bare admiring her netted legs against the stem of her fur flower

The Portuguese and I stood under her buttocks to avoid her erotic stare

We faking innocence wore children's socks and shoes that hurt

She a female fur flower smiling at black magic of skyscrapers tops

Soft Portuguese Fado sounds emerged from a cellar near Cairo

I the traveler who had crossed Broadway, Jardin du Luxembourg and  
the Sahara asked the Portuguese as he shoved her under a pyramid

Is this the last step of

### P R O M E N A D E   D U   V E N U S ?



*Remembering & Remembrances, Joyce Mansour Ted Joans, 29 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper  
10.5 x 8 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

## TWENTY-THREE IS NEXT

To Robert Benayoun

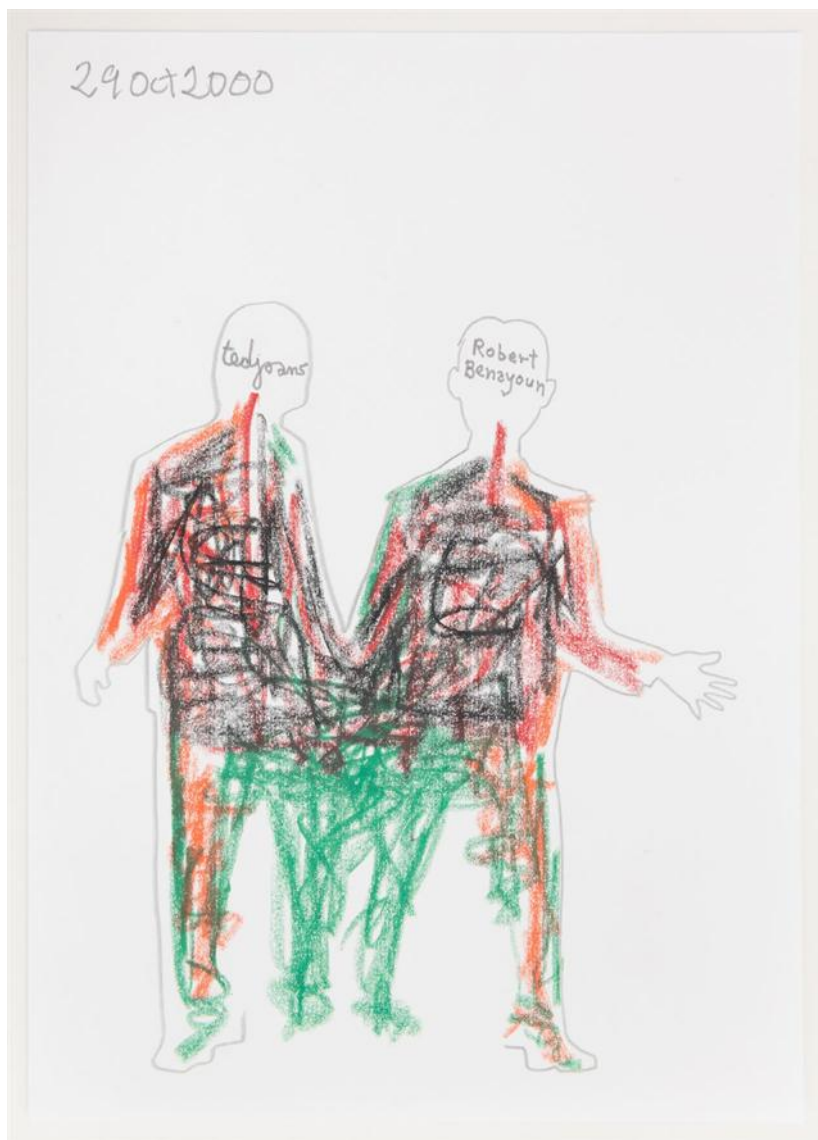
Everytime you flush the toilet  
twenty-two litres of drinking water  
goes down the toilet's drain  
So place a long dead fish in a dark  
room and it will give off a  
strange bright glow

Each year a comb factory manufactures  
twenty-two billion sets of hair teeth  
thus bowler hats should no longer be  
filled with spaghetti when a bowl is missing

After ballgames are terminated on  
twenty-two hundred aircraft carriers for reasons  
of sexual security perhaps worn sandals  
can be used just as successful as keys to open books

Where men and women have shed their  
clothes and danced to number twenty-two  
on the slut machines in spite of jukebox  
hydrogen warnings -- the grass grows  
higher when smoked afterwards

Sausage sack under wears and over rates  
the coming of twenty-three after twenty-two



*Remembering & Remembrances, Ted Joans Robert Benyouh, 29 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

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*Remembering & Remembrances, Leon G. Damas Ted Joans, 29 Oct 2000*  
conte crayon and pencil on paper

10.5 x 8 inches

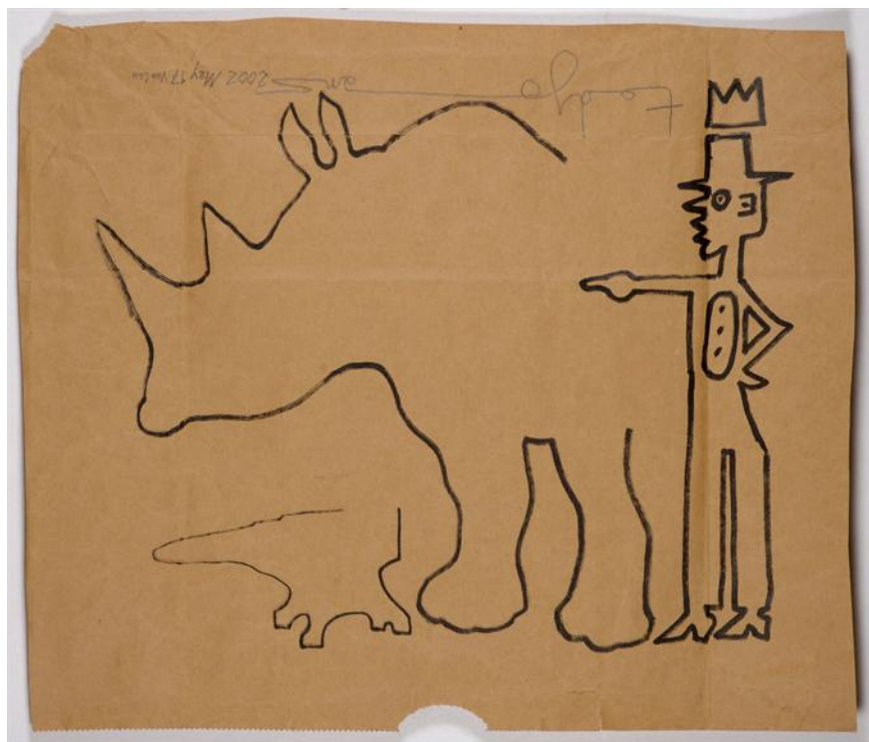
Photo: Adam Reich

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*Trader Joe's Bags Series 1, LAURATED 20 May 2002 VanCan*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
19.5 x 11.75 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

Foodys  
ams 20.2002 May B.C.  
You Can





*Trader Joe's Bags Series 6, May 17, 2002 VanCan*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
16 x 18.75 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



*Trader Joe's Bags Series 4, May 2002*

Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
19.5 x 19 inches

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

Following page:

*Trader Joe's Bags Series 5, 2002*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
19.5 x 26.5 inches

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



tedyans  
2002





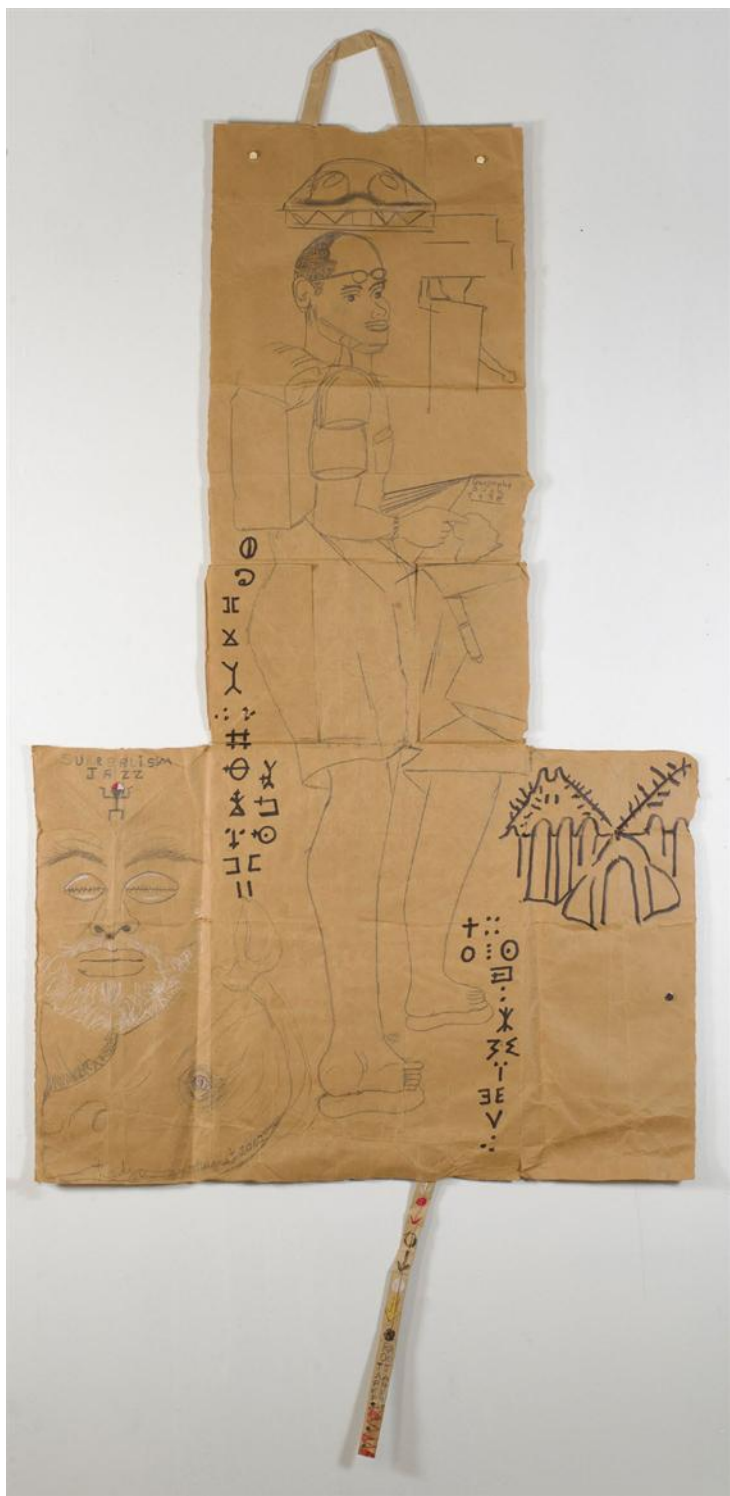
*Trader Joe's Bags Series 2, May 2002 VanCan*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
20 x 12.25 inches

Opposite:  
*Trader Joe's Bags Series 3, 2002*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
26.5 x 12 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

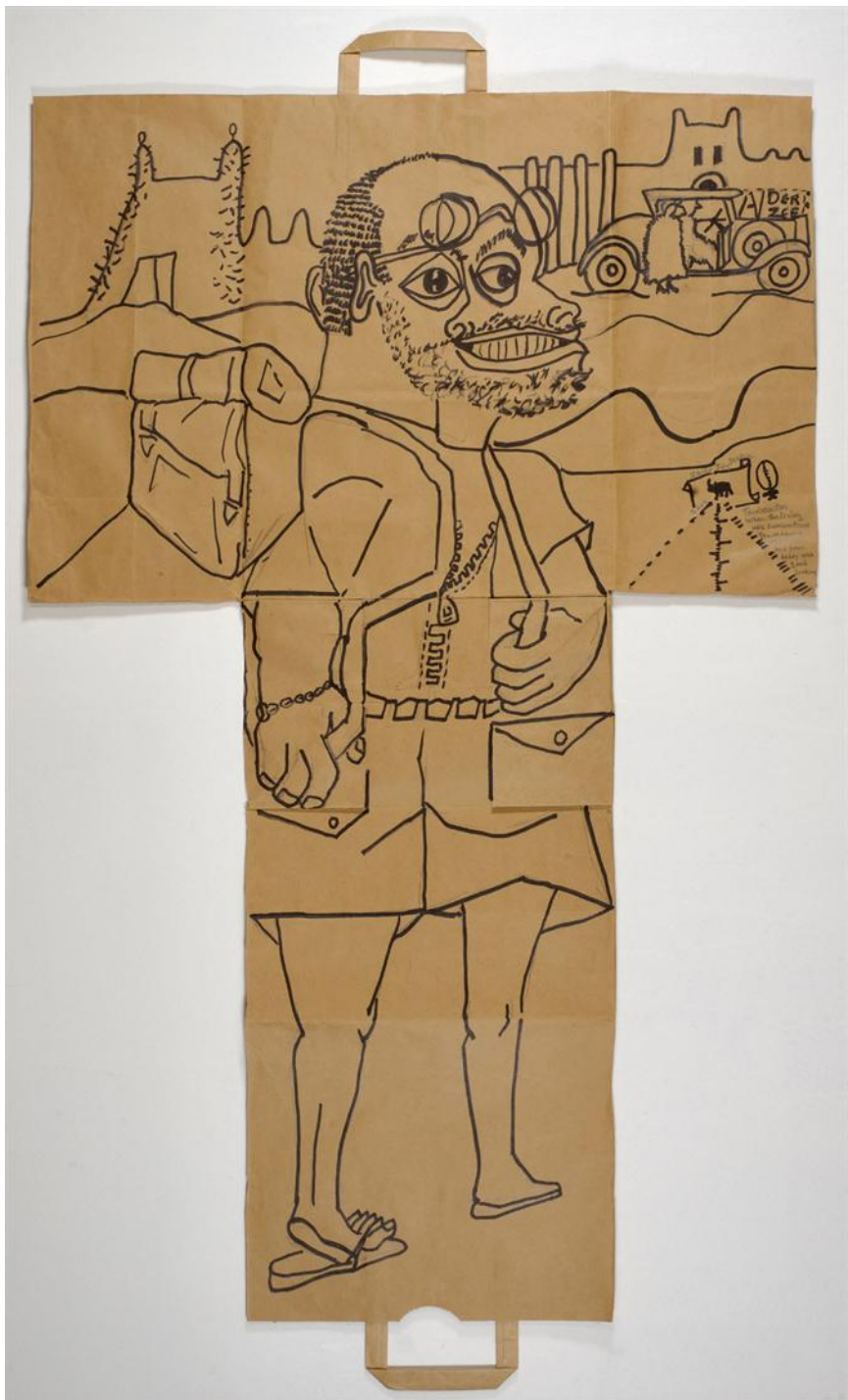




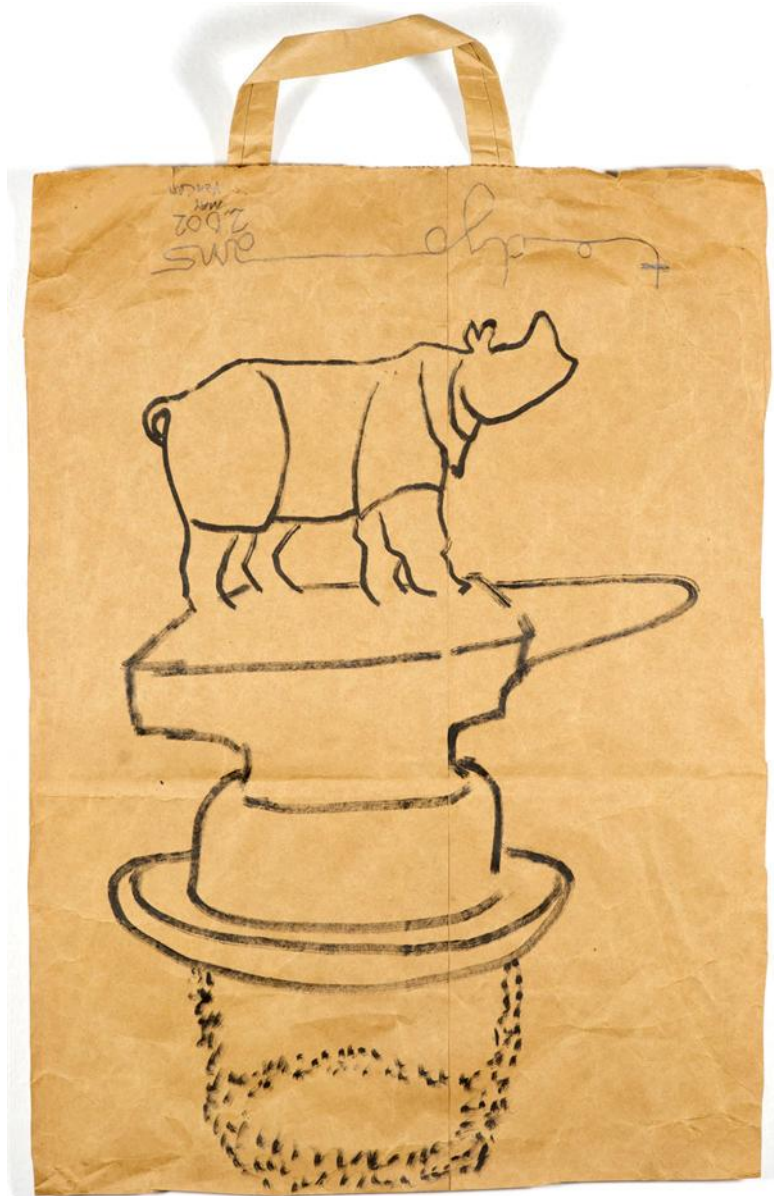
*Trader Joe's Bags Series 8, August 2002*  
(Geography book 1938, surrealism Jazz, ROTATEP, Tamasheq writing)  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
55.5 x 26 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



*Trader Joe's Bags Series 7, July 2002 Seattle*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
45.5 x 26 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



*Trader Joe's Bags Series 9*  
Marker on Trader Joe's paper bag  
20 x 12.25 inches  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



## *JAZZ ANATOMY*

my head is a trumpet  
my heart is a drum  
both arms are pianos  
both legs are bass viols  
my stomach the trombone  
my nose the saxophone  
both lungs are flutes  
both ears are clarinets  
my penis is a violin  
my chest is a guitar  
vibes are my ribs  
cymbals are my eyes  
my mouth is the score  
and my soul is where the music lies





*Bird Lives*

Plastic toy saxophone and cutout paper letters

9 x 6 x 2.25 inches

Photo: Adam Reich

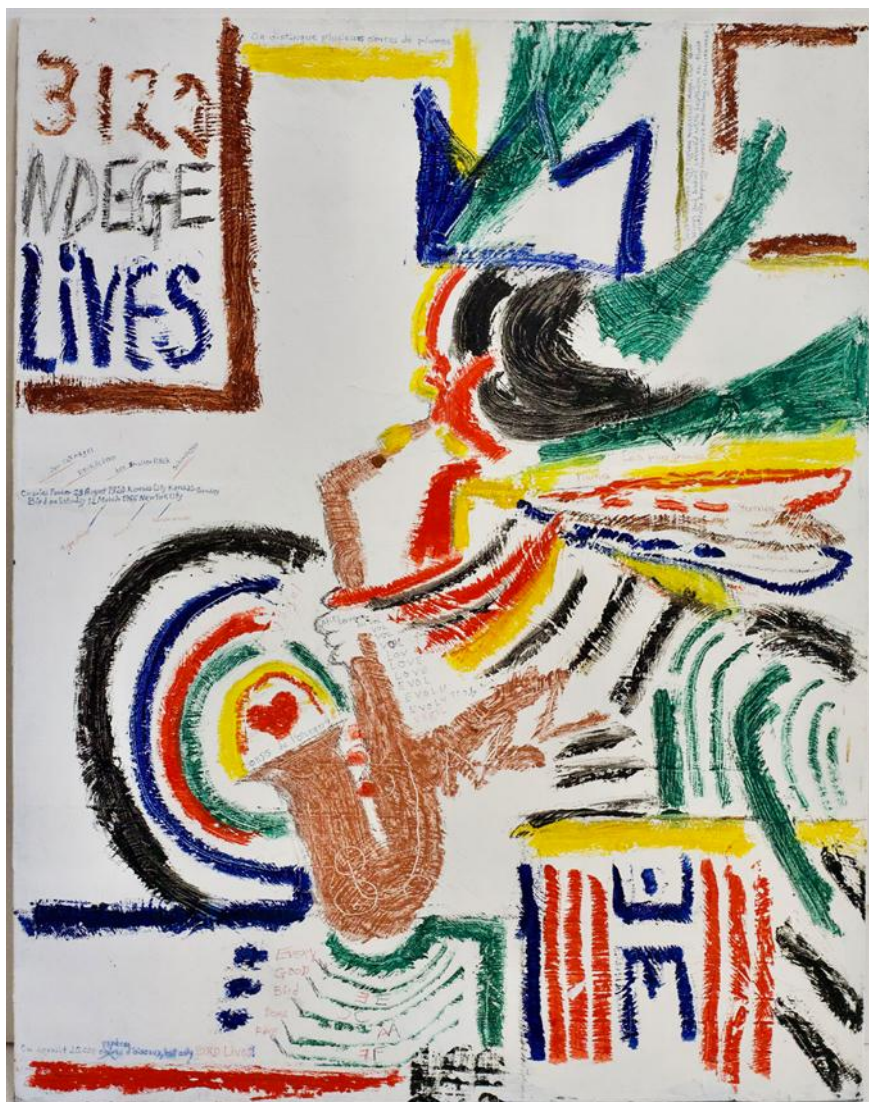
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

*Ndege Lives!*, 1997

Oil, ink on canvas board

28 x 22 inches

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



*Dear Bird*, 1 May 1999, Newark, NJ  
Marker and crayon on wood  
12 x 7.75 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

1 May 1999  
Newark NJ

Dear Bird

I am at the airport, not the hair part of this  
our mother earth. We were on the mother  
continent just a few months ago. Rode up the  
Niger River by motor canoe. The river water  
was high, almost as high as the moon which  
was full as those many watermelons that  
we shared with our new friends in  
the new Timbaktu-  
Timbuctoo-tin Bukta  
Soho gallery base  
Chic cellar a best  
painting and there  
Basquiat painting  
an office, looked  
Portrait of  
also saw  
Tropic by  
Becon. The  
was the Duke's  
birthdate and it  
celebrated. I read  
paper that Kansas  
last unveiled a  
statue of you  
statue is my  
is now world  
**I RDLIVES**  
Bird Lives Birds  
new world species  
museum in the  
museum of that  
New York City  
that Prez named  
piece at Newark  
flight to Seattle  
ornithological that is similar to you Bird-for you live



Tombouctou-  
We saw in a  
basement or  
Basquiat  
was another  
hanging in  
like a  
him. We  
a fabulous  
Francis  
29 April  
100th  
was duly  
in a news  
city has a  
tribute, a  
on that  
graffiti that  
known - **B**  
**BIRDLIVES**  
we saw many  
at the largest  
world American  
urel History in  
The Apple a city  
I created this  
Airport awaiting  
via Phoenix. An

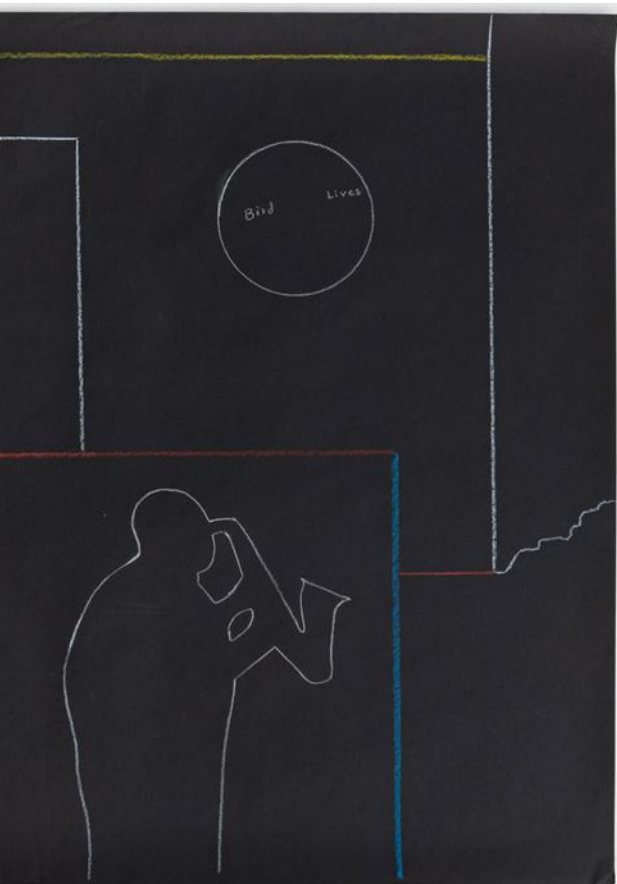
Bird was born across the Kaw River from Kansas City, Kansas which was larger than Kansas City, Missouri. When he was in Greenwich Village shacking up in my small Van Gogh-like room at 4 Barrow Street, we would often talk about "good and bad times back home." Afroamerican culture is rich in poetic incidents, multi metaphors and horrendous racist happenings. Bird and I had similar dues paying Black-man-in-America backgrounds. My old three-story building where we once sat, slept and ate, being "broke as the Ten commandments" was later torn down and replaced by a ten-story apartment building named Parker Towers, which had nothing at all to do with our musical towering figure Charlie Parker. He was suffering from poverty, and I was 'the impecunious poet'. Yet today Charlie Parker's image is on the Belge 200 Franc banknote that celebrates Adolfe Saxe, the Belgian inventor of the saxophone. They actually goofed. The image of Coleman Hawkins would have been more correct historically.

The movie *Kansas City* by Altman is more authentic than Clint Eastwood's excellent effort (I hope the diggers of Bird will buy one of my Bird lore paintings, drawings or collages). So far the best big world widely distributed movie on jazz has been *Around Midnight* by Tavernier starring handsome Dexter Gordon. Alas, Doris Parker is gone on, Chan Parker is gone on, and soon it shall be March 12th when the walls of the world should flash that worthy graffiti BIRD LIVES! When I heard that Bird had gone on to his ancestors, I put a stack of his 78rpm recordings on my Philco as I shed inner and outer tears. While listening to his Dial and Savoy discs as I did, a series of frenzied automatic drawings just grew. Then I phoned some of my friends to meet me at Café Rienzi for some very important proposals. At the Rienzi I told three of the hipsters, Donald, Julien, and Joel my plan. I gave each man a piece of white chalk and a chunk of charcoal. We took subways in four different directions and along the route we wrote with religious fervor, two large words BIRD LIVES! It was against the New York City Law to deface any public property by pasting or marking. Violators would be fined \$50 dollars or persecuted. We took our chances for him, our blessed musical genius Bird. Bob Reisner in his very good book titled *Bird, The Legend of Charlie Parker*, had to delete this part of my interview from his book, for fear that NYC Police Department may seek me out for public vandalism. Later I painted a stark rough surfaced black image of Bird imposed upon a flat white surface, it was titled BIRD LIVES. It was bought decades later by the De Young Museum of San Francisco for their Permanent Collection. I still scrawl Bird Lives on the Bird Dates of August 29th and March 12th wherever I am on earth.

Excerpt from *Jadis, si je me souviens bien..., Once if I remember well*  
by Ted Joans written for the publication *Black Renaissance/Renaissance Noire*,  
Vol 4, No 2/3, Summer/Fall 2002

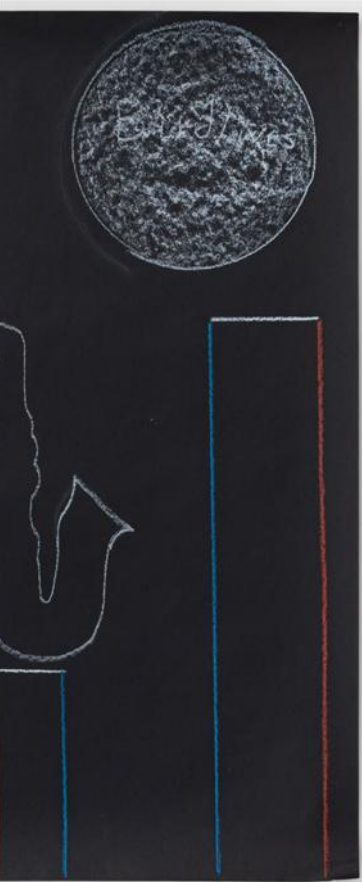


*Famous Feathered Bird, August 29, 1920*  
Charlie Parker, 1953, photographed by William Claxton  
Postcard, feather  
7.25 x 5.25 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia



*Bird Lives*, 12.9.95 (triptych)  
Conte crayon and newspaper cutout on black paper  
24 x 18 inches (each)  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Bird Lives Lucratively Amongst White Shadows*, 10 Jan 99

Wooden box, plastic, staples, pushpins, cardboard,  
styrofoam, wool, twig, plastic rhino, pencil, pen

3  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 8  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 8  $\frac{3}{8}$  inches

Photo: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





*Bird Lives!*, 2010.99  
 Marker, pencil, staples on commercially printed cardboard  
 12.5 x 9.25 inches  
 Photo: Adam Reich  
 © Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

Opposite:  
*Bird Lives*, 9.9.99 Paris  
 Conte crayon, pen, plastic on cardboard  
 8.75 x 4.5 inches  
 Photo: Adam Reich  
 © Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

Bird Lives  
Bird Lives



Tedyoans  
9.9.99

Paris

*Untitled*, 1998  
Collage, ink, and pencil on paper  
32 x 24 inches  
Photo: Adam Reich  
© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





(Left to right)

*Jazz Must Be A Woman*, 1977

marker on wood panel

16 x 7.75 inches

Private collection, New York

*Bird in Blue Striped Suit*, 1977

marker and pencil on wood panel

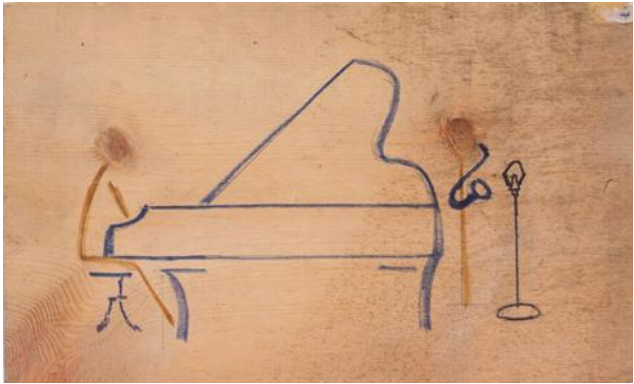
13.5 x 6.12 inches

Private collection, Paris

Photos: Adam Reich

© Ted Joans Estate, Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia





(Top to bottom)

*Bird and Bud a dynamite duo, 1977*  
marker and pencil on wood panel

11.25 x 12.25 inches

Photo: Adam Reich. © Ted Joans Estate,  
Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

*Bluesmen of K.C. Jay McShann and Bird, 1977*  
marker and pencil on wood panel

7.25 x 12 inches

Private collection, USA

Photo: Adam Reich. © Ted Joans Estate,  
Courtesy of Laura Corsiglia

*Langston Hughes backed by Henry Red*  
*Allen and Charles Mingus, 1977*  
marker on wood panel

11.75 x 16 inches

Private collection, USA







Previous page and above:

Archie Shepp Orchestra: Alan Silva, Grachan Moncur III, Ted Joans, Archie Shepp, Clifford Thornton; Festival PanAfricain, Grand Théâtre, Alger, July 30th 1969  
Photo: Jacques Bisceglia

Bottom:

Mel Edwards, George Preston, Jayne Cortez, Oliver Lake, Bob Hamilton, and Ted Joans, Jazz Museum, NYC, 1977.

After original photograph by Paula Court located at The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

" JAZZ IS A BLACK POWER  
JAZZ IS A BLACK POWER  
JAZZ IS AN AFRICAN POWER  
JAZZ IS AN AFRICAN MUSIC  
JAZZ IS AN AFRICAN MUSIC  
WE HAVE COME BACK "

excerpt from *Ted Joans & Archie Shepp*  
*Live at the Pan-African Festival*

Recorded by Archie Shepp in Algiers on the  
29th and 30th of July 1969, in collaboration  
with Touareg musicians.

Personnel: Clifford Thornton (cornet)  
Grachan Moncur III (trombone)  
Archie Shepp (tenor sax)  
Dave Burrell (piano)  
Alan Silva (bass)  
Sunny Murray (drums)  
Ted Joans and Don Lee (poets)  
Algerian and Touareg Musicians



## Acknowledgements

First, I would like to thank Laura Corsiglia for her trust and support with this project. I am very grateful for her significant efforts in gathering the materials for this exhibition and catalog.

I'm also grateful to my assistant Natalie Preston for her careful and dedicated work on the organization and layout of this catalog.

I want to express my gratitude to all the people who've been so generous with their time and efforts in bringing Ted Joans' memory and artistic presence back into light.

Eric Bisceglia  
Linda and Leslie Curtis  
Justin Desmangles  
Michel Dorbon  
Marion Kalter  
Olivier Ledure  
Yuko Otomo  
Jason Weiss

Gwenolee Zürcher  
New York, July 24, 2024







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Printed in U.S.A.

JUANS  
JAZZ  
POET

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