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american folk

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american folk

by

Preston Poe

A non-thesis project submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
School of Art and Art History
College of Visual and Performing Arts
University of South Florida

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Spider John Koerner, Paul Geremia, Richie Havens.
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Preston Poe
5'8", 145 lbs.
Brown Hair, Brown Eyes
Cap, Glint
Oklahoman
January 23rd, 1970



A song to you-
whoever you are-
you true American hearts
wherever you may sprout or roam

a song sung from the sing-song mind of Preston Poe

Okay man- you wolves of art- you war dogs of peace you aggressive passivists- lets get this out of the way- lets get explicit about what i'm implying here for once- lets cut out the minuteman- the middle man- lets knock humpty dumpty off the wall- lets bring the kingsmen in here to sing louie louie til the thing goes kaplooeey- lets rock around the clock-



i'm a usa'er- a surfin USA-er- capital L
O V E- american style - with a hi- fi and
a hi- five. i'm born to run, born to lose,
bound for glory, on the road, with one
arm on the window slot and rollin down
a dirt road and combin' thrift stores for
prewar gibson flat tops and turn of the
century banjos-

save the world when you are a kid and
thats what you did when you grew up-
to hit the road- start hobo-in.' so i did
- early- packed my oversized teddy bear
into a suitcase and slid the sash up and
out the window i went -i was halfway
across Zinc park before my big Mis-



souri stepdad pulled up in his truck and hauled me and my little brother back in...

i'm lookin for a way out man- like WAY OUT.
I wanna get out of this place- we gotta git outta this place. the whole humdrum drum has been humdrummin on my thumbs for as long as i can stand and you can only learn to walk when you can't stand it anymore and you refuse to sit down lay down play dead and die on cue-

I'll take heed of the deeds i need and reduce the abundance of dismal do -dad's by one and then one by one,. i'm skedaddlin man-

mom and pop i sez at the tender age of seven- what you have me be? happy says they. To that reply i existentialized- i said a hobos' life for me. bewildered wildebeasts they- them ma and pa - hey gimme that kettle - i'don't need your kettle of fish.. dig see

so blap- pow - movies and books- the gateway to the out realms and inner causalities- beyond the artifical frontier of time and all this emphatic straight lines- i take my doodling - emphatic. so git back- make hey-make way...

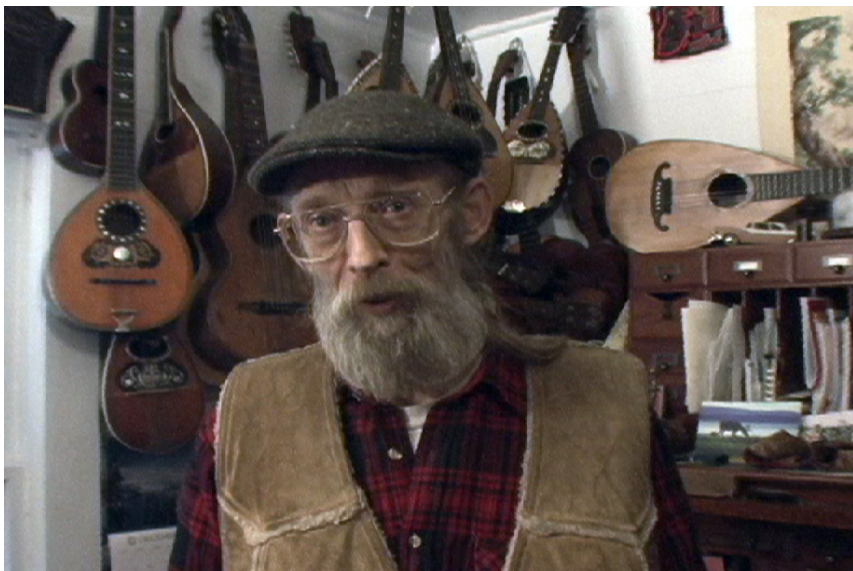
more coffee on the way- dig the motif- i travel man- day, night, through time... on narcissistic waves of azure grace- i de-commission the commodification- i reemphasize the tender golden willow tree, i plow into the haystack of reality, i chafe my scrawny neck against the constraints of the social leash man- that's my occasion -\just let me fly..

clank a lank it man- take your music on the road man make it sing- write a scat man crothers kinda letter- let it wink at ya- let it curl yer toes- folks - just people- let them be beautiful- let them exude- let them moan and groan to name a tone- let them identify with the prophecies of the ancients- let them hear their tones ringing in the hallways of time, let them scatter their seeds in the autumn from the heights of their pessimism.



let the dates be scattered and eaten with the golden boughs of moonlight sinatra, let hank williams row your boat, let joni and joan bemoan the student loans and let the ents whistle to mary anne with the shaky hands- give me gristle give me rain - i want to get wet while i'm breathing, i want to fill the wind in my sails - i want to assail the tumultuous pulchritudes and platitudes. where is the dance of the gypsy- it's like a siren song to the hobo child- who dances in the mirth of the oatmeal box drum and the cigar box guitar.

where is the dynamo that conjures this compulsory wheel of cataclysmic preponderance? i dont just dance- i plow, i meow i rush i swoon- i turmoil and broil and boil in oil and toil and toil and scratch the soil



take this shirt, take these trousers, take this basket of overalls and shine across the heavens like a pickup truck. take a basket -weave it into your soul- turn your sounds into arms to reach out across heaven-

you see these cats- they dig- they know- they have hair - they have ears- they have ear- heads- these cats that's what they are man- ear-heads- you soldier on in your gravelly road with the sound of a metal vibration sowing your seeds in winter- but these cats they are the blue skies, the swing, the clank , the funk- the old school reel time funk- the pre funk

-the dawn of funk- the ecstasy of funk- the bliss of the kiss of funk- the iambic pentameters of funk, the sons of soul- blossomin in the morning jukebox...

the console, the dash, the ice-chest recordplayerheadphonesona sun-daymorningwhileeverybodyis sleep-ingstill. the magic hour the moment when the trees arrive- when the birds are still looking over the edge of their nest - ready to fly and there- with your socks- there- with your head- phones- there with your cradle-

like a doctor seuss, like van gogh on the karaoke pipestand- like a modi-gliani of montovani- like the hi fi on



jai lai.

like like like like like like

bam bam bam bam bam bam

make music with your body- tap dance and sing and wrassle with your little brother in grand central station- the white castle-

vibes man so many many vibes to over-



come- disharmony and harmony and chaos
and order and everone just wanting to be
under the sun just wanting to live to sur-
vive and to surface in the bottom of the sea
of what- man- for what man- what?

burning heart- see the burning heart- hear
it man listen to it- look at the blood run
in the sun- see the sound of it- make it a
memory- live by it and run-

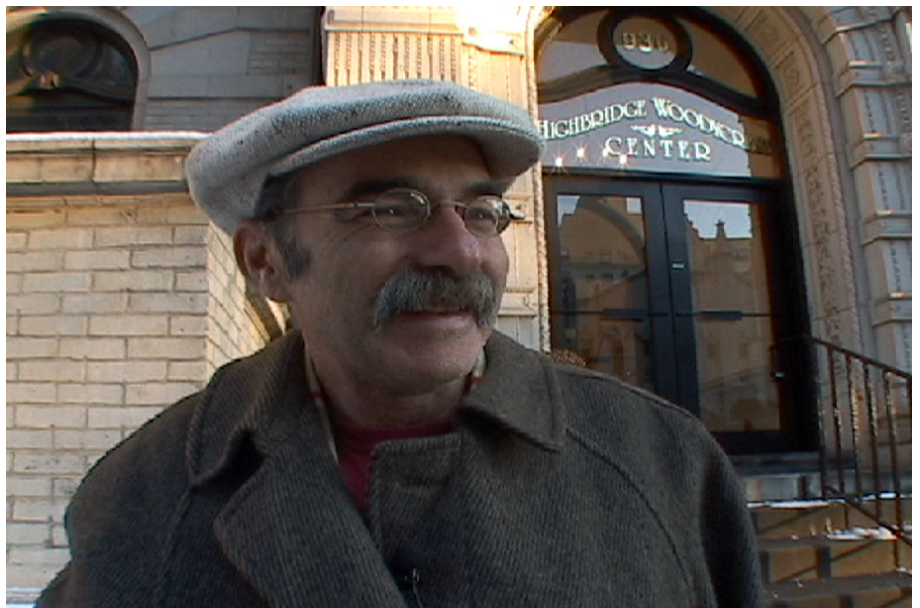
hobo style:

no liason can integrate you into the veras-
situde- the versimilitude- big words, little
words. make ice - build a castle out of sand

- desert sands, beach sands- the sands of thyme and myrtle...we can live here but we are leaving- we can
stay here but we are going- we are living but we are dying- we are not young but we are old.- where is the
click of it all- where does the studio end- is it in your building?

my building is a story telling-- where
when who the rhythm of it-the ca-
dence of creation- the rhyme- man i
have to hold it show it to you like a
beautiful fuzzy multi-colored cater-
pillar in bloom- i want to feel its long
furry hairs and show you its bright
colors in the sunshine on a spring
day-

i want the whistles and the sound of
the oceans floor and the road going
by and the road going by and the
road going by and the road going by...
we are here in our holding tanks-
surviving by dying



compulsory notice- kicking rocks up and down kick-
ing rocks up and down-

this thing is a slow sizzler- with a flavor of know-
ing- knowing who what where when and wondering
wondering how- thats the thing man- wondering how-

how to say it- how to show it how to hold it how to
feel it- how to reveal it how to let it go and how to
hold on to it...

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a special dish a mix a heinz fiftee seven a mutt a real shaggy dog man shaggy and shaggy and shaggy

so here's a guy- a guy- no an okie-

here's an okie

he's writing a paper- no -

he's making a movie-

no- he's writing a story

a war story-

no a love story

a war story about love

a love story about war

a neo ficticious non narrative recurring memorization

i can't believe its not yogurt.



I borrowed christian marclay's boots, amelie's
heart, micheal moore's gut,, agnes varda's
beauty, and leaned on kerouac's armrest to make
this movie...and Charlie Chaplin's eyebrows
looked down upon my fitful pillowed head while
I slept (slipped) into the other little heavenly
drawing room of the soul...

Richie Havens is not finished yet.