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FIRST BOOK
PANORAMIC CATALOG SKETCH OF BIG EASONBURG
SECOND BOOK

PENGUIN POETS
JACK KEROUAC was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1922, the youngest of three children in a Franco-American family. He attended local Catholic and public schools and won a scholarship to Columbia University in New York City, where he met Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs. His first novel, The Town and the City, appeared in 1950, but it was On the Road, first published in 1957, that made Kerouac one of the best-known writers of his time. Publication of his many other books followed, among them The Subterraneans, Big Sur, and The Dharma Bums. Kerouac’s books of poetry include Mexico City Blues, Scattered Poems, Pomes All Sizes, Heaven and Other Poems, Book of Blues, and Book of Haikus. Kerouac died in St. Petersburg, Florida, in 1969, at the age of forty-seven.

GEORGE CONDO is a painter and sculptor who has exhibited extensively in both the United States and Europe, with works in the collections of the Whitney Museum of American Art, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, and many other institutions. In 1999, Condo received an Academy Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters and in 2005 he received the Francis J. Greenberger Award. He is represented by Luhring Augustine in New York, Andrea Caratsch Galley in Zurich, and Sprüth Magers Lee in London.
THE DULUOZ LEGEND
Visions of Gerard
Doctor Sax
Maggie Cassidy
Vanity of Duluoz
On the Road
Visions of Cody
The Subterraneans
Tristessa
Lonesome Traveller
Desolation Angels
The Dharma Bums
Book of Dreams
Big Sur
Satori in Paris

POETRY
Mexico City Blues
Scattered Poems
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The Scripture of Golden Eternity
Some of the Dharma
Old Angel Midnight
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Pic
The Portable Jack Kerouac
Selected Letters: 1940-1956
Selected Letters: 1957-1969
Atop an Underwood
Door Wide Open
Orpheus Emerged
Departed Angels
Windblown World
Beat Generation
Book of Sketches

Jack Kerouac

(Poetry that sketches ain't verse
But only what is
... ... ...
Dedicated to the memory of
Caroline Kerouac Blake
INTRODUCTION

Thoughts about Jack Kerouac

Read this Book of Sketches and you’ll be amazed at what a genius Jack Kerouac was.

These poems just breathe and flow, and when Jack plays the Blues, which he often does, his blues are truly sad—they are sadness without humor, without the joking and backslapping that come from good times. They are the real unfunny truth. Like when his older brother Gerard died. This is one of the saddest poems ever written.

I learned a lot from Jack, and I can say all this not being a writer. At the age of fourteen he was the first radical I ever heard of. When I first became aware that he wrote his novel The Subterraneans in one long stretch, unrevised straight out of his head in three days, and that he had a “steel trap” memory — it was the combination of these two very important factors that inspired a new way of painting for me. From then on I combined memory, speed, and spontaneity to create most of my work. I relied on the Kerouacian notion of “the unrevised method of creation,” and it became the key to a pure uncontrollable mastery of chaos.

As a reader, you would think Kerouac was talking, not writing. Yet it was precisely everyday speech that he was able to conjure up. He, like Jackson Pollock, found a way to take something all of us see and use every day and turn it into Art. This new language of Jack Kerouac was the one we had always been speaking. You just had to know what you were talking about before you spoke.

Jack’s concept of writing was also very art-inspired — he drew on André Masson’s Automatic Painting and Charlie Parker’s informed improvisations to carve out his unique style and destination. He called upon Leonardo da Vinci’s method of observation in his studies of flowers, storms, anatomy, and physiognomy. Jack is to literature what Charlie Parker was to music or Jackson Pollock was to painting. It’s that simple. Proust should be invoked here, too. He must have been one of Kerouac’s favorite writers because he used him to describe Miles Davis’s phrasing in order to enhance a cultural value that had not yet been perceived — he spoke of Miles’s playing “eloquent phrases, just like Marcel Proust.”

To look at Edward Hopper’s paintings of the late 1920s and early 1930s is to see the destitute ambience of New York City and its existential paradox — it is a place at once industrious and at the same time empty, lonely, and unanswered. These qualities are found in some of Kerouac’s poetical sketches — gas stations, old barges, oil tankers, silhouettes of a positive industry set against dark empty exteriors that have been forgotten and misplaced: Indian land or an old gold mine, towns at one time prosperous now distinctly gone, reflecting an America that no one wanted to admit was still there.

Jack himself had a cubist take on Hopper — not unlike Joseph Stella’s faceted Brooklyn Bridge — cubist in the sense that the fragmentation is not of imagery but of time and space. The elements of chronology in these sketches are here of no importance. In fact, Jack has made a note, “Not Necessarily Chronological,” this being on his mind — in a larger sense referring to all the poems in the Book of Sketches, but also referring to the sequence of words within each poem. That’s what gives a “sketch” its edge, the fractured, almost “cut-up” feel that the descriptions carry. They seem to be running straight at you and then split up unexpectedly into multiple directions simultaneously, ending on a resolved note somehow related and yet striking out in a new direction.

Unlike Hopper, though, Kerouac did not long for the past — he did not reminisce for the sake of nostalgia — or transpose the European masters’ sensibility. Rather, in the 1950s he broke free and prophetically dreamed a future world of young people wearing Levi’s and being cut loose from all the crumbling conventions. Jack saw into the future, he lived in the future. That is exactly what happened in the 1960s to society, but by then Jack was too old and self-abused to have any pleasure from the world he predicted.

As the sketches tell us, anything that Jack saw was important. Anything that caught his eye and that he wrote about became priceless. Because in the way that an artist like Picasso could see with his brush, Jack could see with his pen. He was able to capture the spirit of his time without making anything up. And as it came to us from nowhere it certainly was astounding how concrete it all is now. It is as if the only true picture of humanity we will ever have was given to us by Jack Kerouac. All else is false and dressed up. Only Jack and Vincent van Gogh told the inner truth.

— George Condo, November 2005
Printed Exactly As They Were Written On the Little Pages in the Notebooks I Carried in My Breast Pocket 1952 Summer to 1954 December............

(Not Necessarily Chronological)
Changed now to
dungaree shorts, gaudy
green sandals, blue vest
with white borders & a
little festive lovergirl ribbon
in her hair Carolyn prepares
the supper —
“I better go over there &
fix that lawnmower,” says
Paul standing in the kitchen
with LP at his thigh.
“Supper’ll be ready at
six.”
Glancing at his watch
Paul goes off - to his landlord
Jack up the road — a man his
age, of inherited wealth,
who spends all day in big
Easonburg walking around
or sitting in his vast brick
house (Jacky Lee’s father)
or walking down the road
to see his 2 new cows —
On the kitchen floor is
a pan of dog meal mixed
with milk & water but the
bird dog Bob isnt hungry,
just let out of the pen
he lays greedily sopping
up happy in-house hours
under the d.r. table — a
big affectionate dopey
beauty with great bony
snakehead & big brown eyes
& heartshaped mottled
ears falling like the locks
of a pretty girl do fall —
in the Fall a gliding phantom
in the pale fields.
Carolyn takes a pile
of dishes from the cupboard
& silverware from the
drawer & carries them
into the diningroom. Out of
the ref. she takes ready
to bake biscuit doughs &
unwraps them from their
cellophane, stuffs waste paper
in the corner bag that
sits in a wastebasket
out of sight — She
prepares the aluminum
silex for coffee — never
puts an extra scoop for
the pot — makes weak
American housewife coffee
— but who’s to
notice, the Prez. of the
Waldorf Astoria? — She
slams a frying pan on a
burner — singing “I hadn’t
anyone till you & with
my lonely heart demanding
it, f-a-i-t-h must
have a hand in it — ”
mistaking “fate” — Out
comes the bacon & the
yellow plastic
basket of eggs — What’s
she going to make? Under
the faucet she cleans
garden fresh tomatoes
from Mrs Harris’ —
She’s boiling potatoes in a
pot — they’ve been there a
half hour — Thru her
little kitchen cupboard
window, framed like a
picture, see the old
redroofed flu cure barn
of the X farm — weary
gray wood in the eternities
of time — rickety poles
around it — the tobacco,
already picked from
the bottom a foot up,
pale & fieldsy before the
solemn backdrop of
that forest bush —
One intervening sad English
cone haystack — The
little children of the
Carolina suppertime see
this & think: “And does
the forest need to eat?
In the night that’s
coming does the forest
know? Why is that dish
cloth hanging there so
still — & like the
forest — has no name
I know of — gloop — ”
Carolyn Blake is making
bacon & eggs & boiled
potatos for supper because lately the family's been eating up breakfast foods — just cereal & toast —

“Hm what pretty bacon,” she says out loud. On the radio now’s the Lone Ranger. Lingering statics clip & clop amongst its William Tell Overtures — a rooster foolish crows — Hand on hip, feet crossed, casually, a cig burning out in the ashtray, she picks the bacon over with a long cook fork. “Hum hum hum” she hums.

Paul, having fixed the Jack lawn mower, is in the yard finishing the part of the lawn last overlooked. The deep rich fat grass lies in serried heaps along the trail of his machine with the ditch, the road, & the white road sign “Easonburg” & yellow “Stop” sign beyond — & signs on a post pointing in all the directions — ← Route 95 2 → US 64 ↓ Rocky Mt 3 ↑ Sandy Cross 4 — Paul, hat off, sleeves rolled, glumly & absentmindedly pushes at his work; the motor makes a drowsy suppertime growl like the sound of a motor-boat on some mystic lake — At the crossroads store groups of farmers have gathered & smoke & sit now. Heavenly mystical lights have meanwhile appeared in the sky as the great machinery continues in the High.

Intense interest is being shown in the lawncutter — Jack himself has just driven over (on his way to town)
& is parked on lawn’s edge
discussing it with a young
farmer in overalls & white &
green baseball cap who app.
w. to buy it — Little
Paul runs to hear them
talk — At the store
five people are watching
intently. Men are be-
mused by machines. Americans,
by new, efficient
machines; Jack had the
money to buy a deluxe
cutter — 2 Negros
& 2 white farmers stare
intently at Paul in his
lawn, from the store, as
he backs up the car
to get to the grass
underneath it — Not once
has he lookt up & acknowledged
his watchers — works on.
Jack has driven off proudly
— Still another man
joins the watchers — &
now even George steps
out to see — now that
Jack’s driven off to whom
he hasnt spoken in years —
his twin brother. In Southern
accents — “Thats whut
ah think!” — they
discuss that splendid
grasscutter — Cars come
& park, & go — Cars
hurry on the hiway to
home,
“Wait till after
supper,” says Carolyn to
LP, “we’re ready to
eat now — ” as
he complains
“Ah — nao!”

but the complaint’s not
serious & doesnt last
long — And the air
is fragrant from cut
grass. “Come eat!”
And suddenly not a
soul’s at the store as
for other & similar &
just as blank reasons,
they’ve gone to
the silence
the suppers of their own
mystery. Why should a chair be far from a book case!
P: “Well that confound yard is mowed.”
C: “Fi-na-lee.”
P: “Eat some supper boy.”
C: — “What is it 27 now? 28? It musta gone up, I thought it was 26.”
P: (eating) (to LP) Eat yr. beans, boy. Better eat up chabeans, — boy.

But all was not always so peaceful with the Blakes

When LP was born & lay like a little turd in a rich white basket in the hospital (& the Grandma & Uncle of his future peered at him thru the slot in the maternity door — & the young nurse with glupcloth on her mouth making smiling eyes — & the little mother half dead in her bed. A premature birth, he weighed 2 lbs., like so many links of sausage or one modest bologna; the ordeal cost Paul $1,000 — which he didnt have — Only a miracle saved Mother & Son anyway. The young doctor said sententiously “Long before Christ there was a Greek who found out why mothers die from shock —” he emphasized “long before Christ” in this natty million dollar Duke Medical Center where the only hint of Christ lay if any in the English-style ministers’ dormitory (students for the ministry played pingpong with their fiancees in a fresh painted basement,
the emptiness of
modern Southern & American
life) — “long before Christ”
said the young doctor — as
Carolyn lay in a coma
in the quiet shade drawn
room — & the presence
of his Meek & Sorrowful
Humility hung like
molasses with air —

That was when Paul was
being sent from one town
to the other by the Tel Co
& never had enough money
for all he wanted, they
had a house on the
other side of RM, making
payments at a debilitating
rate of interest that
would eventually force
the house from them —
Paul a veteran of Palau
& Okinawa, an infantry
man of the island jungles,
now being usured & screwed
by nonJew Southern realtors
with bibles on their mantle
shelves & respectable
white shirts — sure, sure, —
the dark rain splattered
on the lonely house as
he waited nights for C.
& the baby to come home —
“She can never have another
child — ” & across the
road from the
house, in the thicket
woods, rain, rain of the South
washed the sorrow & the
deep & something mourned
— & something whispered
to Paul: “You were
born in the woods — your
father was a farmer —
son of these rains — this
wilderness — wretched
victim of usurers &
bitter pain — yr. wife
has had yr. heir — you
sit alone in night —
dont let yr. face hang,
dont let yr. arms fall —
Doom is yr. name —
Paul Death is yr. name —
Paul Nothingness in the
big wild, wide & empty
world that hates you
is your name — Sit
here glooming all you
want — in debt, dark,
sad — Alone — You’ll
lose this house, you’ll lose
the 5, 6 dollars in yr
pocket — you’ll lose the
car in the yard — you’ll
lose the yard — you’ve
gained a wife & child —
almost lost them? They’ll
be lost eventually — a
grave that sinks from
the foot, that telegraphs
in dirt the sinking of a
manly chest — awaits
thee — and they — &
thou art an animal
dying in the wilderness —
Groo, groo, poor man
— groo — only the
heavens & the arcs
will ac-cept thee —
& Knowledge of heaven
& the arcs is not for
thee — so die, die,
die — & be silent —
Paul Blake in the
night, Paul Blake
in the No Carolina
rainy night . . .”
It took years to make
up the death; C. came
back feeble, pale, nervous;
took nervous pains with
the frail & tiny child;
the months rolled — one
of the bird dogs died of
the St Vitus dance —
in the mud — Only
old Bob survived, sitting
in wait for his master
at gray dusks — The
Autumn came, the winter
laid a carpet of one
inch snow, the Spring
made pines smell sweet
& powerful, the summer
sent his big haze-heat
to burn a hole thru
clouds & swill
up steams from fecund
earth — lost earth —
The Co. transferred Paul from town to town — Kinston — Tarboro — Henderson — (home of his folks) — back to Kinston — Rocky Mt. — Little Paul grew — & cried — & learned to suffer — & cried — & learned to laugh — & cried — & learned to be still — & suffered — Groo, groo, the heavens dont care — It had not always been so easy & calm as now at suppertime, in BE, 1952 — Hateful bitch of a world, it wouldnt ever last.

Yes, Yes, there they are the poor sad people of the South on Saturday afternoon at the Crossroads store — Not so sad as heaven watching but all the more lost — all the more lost — That poor fat Negro woman with her festive straw hat for a joke but has to be assisted from the store where she supervised the week’s grocery purchases — on her crutches; and old Albino Freckles her gaunt ghostly farmer husband, comes tottering after on his cane — & they are deposited in the car, nephew Jim slowly wheels the old family Buick (1937) from the store — groceries safe in the old boot trunk, another week’s food sustenance for the clan in its solitudes of corn — Sat Afternoon in the South — the Jesus singers are already
hot for come-
Sunday tomorrow on
that radio — "Jee-
zas — " 4, Five cars
are parked on one
side alone of that
store — & a truck —

and a bicycle — The
purchases are going
strong — inside rumbling
business, George cigar-in-
mouth is storing up his
Midas profits — only
the other day he fired
Clarence for being
late after seeing his
father at the hospital,
after five times driving
his useless bucktooth
wife to & fro the hospital
— out there’s sadness
enough without having
to run into that —
Here comes a flat
wagon, mule drawn,
with fat Pop, son &
granddotter, black,
all sitting legs adangle,
they didn’t want to
shop his prices at George,
coming from another
down-the-road store —
eating the bought tidbits
of Saturday, — poverty,
sadness, name yr beef but
Pop is eating & is big &
fat — sits, maybe, on
the warpy porch in the
woods, lets son do
all the work — muching
— The little girl black &
ugly like Africa eats
her cone — Old Mule
clops on — Son-Bo
has eye on crossroads
for traffic —, holds reins
loose, they turn, talking,
into Rt 64 — now son
doesn’t even look ahead —
quiet road — Old Mule
is alive just as they, suffers
under same skies, Saturday,
Weekday, Sunday shopping
day, Weekday fieldpull
day, Sunday churchgoing
day — sharing life with
the Jackson family —
they will remember that
old Mule & how it lived
with them & slowly religiously
drew them to
their needs, without
thanks, they
will remember the life
& presence of Old Mule
— & their hearts’ll cry
— “Old Mule was with
us — We fed him oats —
he was glad & sad
too — then he died —
buried in the mule earth
— forgot — like a
man a mule is & will
be —” Ah North
Carolina (as they turn
into the countrified home
& slowly roll home with
the groceries of the
week scattered on the
platform) — Ah
Saturday — Ah
skies above the gnawing
human scene.

LP Mama slice me one
of am — slice me
this kind of am —
what is this —
Mama what
kind is this?
C Swiss!
LP I want Swiss
Nam nam nam
(hamburg frying) (radio
noon) (hot South)

Saturday afternoon in Rocky
Mt. woods — in a tankling
gray coupe the young father
crosses the crossroads with
his 4 dotters piled on the
seat beside him all eyes
— The drowsy store the
great watermelons sit disposed
in the sun, on the
concrete, by the fish box,
like so many fruit in
an artist’s bowl —
watermelons plain green
& the watermelon with
the snaky rills all
tropical & fat to burst
on the ground — came
from viney bottoms of
all this green fertility —
Behind Fats’ little shack,
der under waving tendrils
of a pretty tree, the
smalltime Crapshooters
with strawhats & overalls
are shooting for 10¢
stakes — as peaceful &
regardant as deer in
the morning, or New
England boys sitting in
the high grass waiting for
the afternoon to pass.
Paul Blake ambles over
across the road to watch
the game, stands
back, arm on tree,
watching smiling silence.
Cars pull up, men
squat — there goes Jack
to join them, everywhere
you look in the enormity
of this peaceful scene
you see him walking, on
soft white shoes, bemused
— Last night a few
hotshots & local sailors
on leave grabbed those
reed fishingpoles &
waved them in the drunken
Friday night dark, yelling
“Sturgeon! — catfish!
— Whooee!” —
They’re still unbought
in the old stained
barrell — A trim little
truck is parked, eagerly
at the ice porch, the
farmer’s inside having
5 pounds of pork chops
sliced, he likes em for
breakfast — A
hesitant Negro laborer
headed home to his
mother & younger brothers
in the woods is speculating
over a hambone in the
counter — Sweet
life continues in the
breeze, the golden fields —
August senses September
in the deeper light of
its afternoons — senses
Autumn in the brown
burn of the corn, the
stripped tobacco — the
faint singe appearing
on the incomprehensible
horizons — the tanned
tiredness of gardens, the
cooler, brisker breeze —
above all the cool
mysterious nights —

Night — & when the
great rains of the
night boom & thunder
in the South, when
the woods are blackened,
made wet,
muddied, shrouded,
impossible —

& when the rain
drips from the roof
of the G. Store
in silver tragic milky
beadlets over the bright
bulb-light of the
old platform — inside
we see the snow white
bags of flower, the
whitewashed woodwalls,
the dark & baneful
harness hanging, a
few shining buckets
for the farm —
Sat. rainy night,
the cars come by
raising whizzes of
smoky dew from
the road, their tires
hum, they go off
to a rumble of
their own —
And the great falls —
The watermelons are
wetted, cooled — The
earth breathes a
new rank cold up
— there’s winter
in the bones of this
earth — Thunder of
our ancestors, Blake,
Kingsley, Harris, —
thunder of our ancestors
rumbles in the unseen
sky — the wood walls
of the store have now
that tragic businesslike
look of hardships in
the old rain, use in
old wars, old necessities
— Now we see that
there were men who
wore raincoats & boots
& struggled here —

& only left their ghosts,
& these few hardship
houses, to sit in the
Saturday night rain.
How different from
the Saturday night of
the cities, the Chinatowns,
the harbors of the
world! — This silent
place haunted by
corn shapes, the
beauteous shrouds of
fields, the white leer
flash of lightning, the
stern tones of thunder
(the rattlebones of
bunder, the long buuk
braun roll of munder,
the far off hey - Call
of old poor sunder,)
— Ah South! of
which I read, as a
child, of coonskin caps,
Civil wars, piney woods,
brothers, dogs, morning
& new hope — Ah
South! Poor America!
The rain has been
falling a long time on
thee & on thy
history —
George hustles across
the road with a
bagful of his own
beer — a Grandet
of the Americas,
worse than Grandet!
he wears no miser's
Puritan cap, or
gloves, but smoking
a harmless cigar —

the bulb shines sad
& lonely on the old
wood porch of the
South — I see it —
In the loam of
the Blake yard sweet
rain has soaked
in greens & flowers
& the grass, & in
the mud, & sends
up fragrances of
the new clean
eternal Earth —
Inside the low
roofed homey rosy
lit Blake home, see
the little family
there, bearing Time
in a rainy hour
in the silence of themselves
Leaves thin-shadow on
the wall — on the
mottled redbrick base
foundation — on the
wet variant tangled
weeds & up-sway
grasses of the yard —
Rain glitters in
little bark-pools
of the tree-trunk
— sweet cool night
& washed up, heavy
hanging vegetation
— Lights of passing
cars dance in the
drip-drops of the
awning — Little Paul
muses at the sofa
window, turns &
yells — “Why is
it cause, Daddy, why
is it cause?”
From right 90° to left
rich brick house where kid
lives who rides pony thru tobacco
field, farmers say
“Come on, work in the barn”
& his father driving by says
“If you wanta work, that
barn is ready” & he gallops
away saying, “The hell
with work” & niggerfarmers
& pickaninnies in hotfield
chuckle & scratch heads —
Patrician little bitch he is —
his house has big TV antenna,
8 white gables, big
garage, swings, trucks,
Farmall tractor, white iron
lawnchairs, Bird houses
dog pens, clip’t shrubs, lawn,
basketball basket & pole,
— behind house we see
trees & pines of the forest
— a thin scraggle of corn
a 100 feet off — The
dreaming weedy meadow
— then the redroof outbuildings
of Andrews old
farm — with brick chimnies,
graywood built, ancient,
lost in trees which in clear
late afternoon make glady
black holes for the Sweeny
in the Trees dream of
children — distant rafts
of corn — then the tobacco
curing barn near a
stick ramp with piled
twigs or boughs & a redroof
porch, & a door, smoked,
at top,
ths still with old hay

hook for when it once
was a barn (?) — there
too black holes of green
woods — A brand new
flu-cure barn with white tin
roof, new wood, unpainted,
no windows — Then another
old one — over the yellowing
topleaves of the tobacco
field — then the majestic
nest of Great Trees where
homestead sits — darkshaded,
hidden, mystical & ripplylit,
hints of red roofs,
old gray dark wood,
poles, old chimney, still,
peaceful, mute, with
shadows lengthening along
barnwalls — The trees:
fluffy roundshaped except
for stick tree in middle
forking ugly up, & on
right skeletal of underround
silhouetting dark
boughs against wall of
forest till round of umbrella
leafop — Between here
& there I see the rigid
woodpole sticks out of
haystack, conical Stack,
with a cross stick, surrounded
by hedge of weeds, of
brown & gray gold hairy
texture in clear French
Impressionistic Sun —
After farm solid
wall of forest broken
sharply at road, where
wall resumes on other side
— There is the gray

vision of the old tenant
shack with pale brick
chimbley silhouetted
against a hill-height of
September corn turned
frowsy & hay color —
with mysterious Carolina
continuing distant trees
beyond — & the faintest
wedge of littlecloud right
on horizon above — Across
road forestwall is darker,
deeper, pine trunks stand
luminous in the dark shade
bespotted & specked with
background browngreen
masses — horizontal puff-
green pinebranches, all
over the frizzly corn
top sea — Then Rod’s
logcabin, with pig pen
(old gray clapboards) &
whitewashed barrel & Raleigh
News & Observer mailbox
& telephone pole connecting
up house with 3 strands —
his withered corn in yard,
chimney, logs mixed with
white plaster, rococo
log cabin, horizontal
wood & plaster striped
chimney — Fruit tree in
back waving in faintbrow
of its California — Similar
house of neighbor where stiff
gentleman sits in Panama
hat in Carolina rockchair
surveying rusticities —

Then, in deepening shadows:
- (with him some
women with lap chillun,
Sun-afternoon, breeze, beez
of bugs, hum of cars on
hiway) — Far off in
pure blue an airliner
lines for Richmond —
— then the yellow diamond
Stop sign, back of it,
with brown wood pole
shadowing across it — A
stand of sweetly stirring
trees & then Buddy Tom’s
corn, tall, rippling, talkative,
haunted, gesturing, dogs run
thru it, weeds run riot,
trees protrude beyond —
Then his whitewashed
poles, chickencoop, doors,
hinges, rickety wire —
weeds — wild redflowers —
a tall stately pine
with black balls of
cone silhouetted against
keen blue — under
it an excited weeping
willow waving like
a Zephyr song — 2 cars
parked beneath it, blue
fishtail Cad — Tom’s —
stiff big red flower —
folks visitin, talking —
children — Lillian in
shorts (big, fat) dumps
a carton in the rusty
barrel — The base of
pine whitewashed — Buddy
Tom’s shed, just & peek
at interior shelf &
paint can — leaning
rake — Forest wall beyond.

They sit with the gold
on their hair —
AUG. 5, ’52

The diningroom of Carolyn Blake has a beautiful hardwood floor, varnished shiny, with occasional dark knots; the rag rug in the middle is woven by her mother of the historic socks, dresses & trousers of the Kerouac family in 2 decades, a weft of poor humanity in its pain & bitterness — The walls are pale pink plaster, not even pink, a pink-tinged pastel, the No Carolina afternoon aureates through the white Venetian blinds & through the red-pink plastic curtains & falls upon the plaster, with soft delicate shades — here, by the commode in the corner, profound underwater pink; then, in the corner where the light falls flush, bright creampink that shows a tiny waving thread of spiderweb overlooked by the greedy housekeeper — So the white paint shining on the doorframes blends with the pink & pastel & makes a restful room. The table is of simple plytex red surface, with matching little chairs covered in red plastic — But Oh the humanity in the souls of these chairs, this room — no words! no plastics to name it!
Carolyn has set out
a little metal napkin holder, with green paper napkins, in the middle of her table. Nothing is provincial — there is nothing provincial in America — unless it is the radio, staticing from late afternoon Carolina August disturbances — the vast cloud-glorious Coastal Plain in its green peace —

The voices of rustic-affectated announcers advertising feeds & seeds — & dull organ solos in the radio void — Maybe the rusticity of the province of NC is in the pictures on C’s livingroom wall: 2 framed pictures of bird dogs, to please her husband Paul, who hunts. A noble black dog stepping with the power of a great horse from a pond, quail-in-mouth, with sere Autumns in the brown swales & pale green forests beyond; & 2 noble nervous white & brown dogs in a corn-gold field, under pale clouds, legs taut, tails stiff like pickets, with a frondy sad glade beyond where an old Watteau would have placed his misty courtiers book

in hand at Milady’s fat thigh — These pictures are above the little dining table — Meaningless picturelets
over the bureau in
the other corner (put
temporary
by finicky Carolyn)
a dull picture of
red flowers & fruit
rioting in the gloom —
One chair: - a
black high-back
wood rocker, with
low seat, styled

in the oldfashioned
country way, hint
of old New England
& Colonial Carolina —
a hint lost to the
static of the radio
& the hum & swish
of the summer fan
set on the floor to
circulate air in a
wide arc from one
extreme twist of
its face to the
other — a fan
brought home by her
husband from his
office at the Telephone
Company.
CB herself, cig in
mouth, is opening the
windows behind the
blinds — she’d closed
them at 9 o’clock
AM to keep the
morning freshness in
— & now, near 4,
the air cooling,
she opens them again
— a fan can
only stir dusts of
the floor — Instantly
scents of fields

& trees comes into the
pink room with the
hardwood floor — A
gay wicker basket
is on the floor beneath
the windows,
full of newspapers
& magazines & a
Sears Roebuck catalogue
— CB is
wearing shorts, sandals
& a nondescript vestshirt
— just did her
housework — washed
the lunch dinners
& is about to take a
bath — The breeze
of afternoon pillows
in the redpink plastic
curtains. Carolyn
Blake stands, cig in
mouth, glancing briefly
at the yard outside
— beyond it stretches
a meadow, a corn
field, a tobacco
field, & faintly
beyond the wreckage
of a gray flucuring
barn the
wall of the forest
of the South.

CB is a thin, trim
little woman of 33 —
looking younger, with
cut bangs, short hair,
bumused, modern —
On her commode, two
shelves above a drawer
& opening hinged door,
pale wood, is a
wooden salad bowl,
upright; two China
plates, upright; an
earthen jug of
Vin Rosé, empty,
brought from NY
by her mother;

a green glass dish —
for candy — a glass
ashtray — & two
brass candle holders
— these things luminescent
in the glow
from the windows,
in still, fan-buzzing,
lazy Carolina afternoon
time. On the
radio a loud prolonged
static from
nearby disturbances
rasps a half
minute —
On the wall
above the husband’s
dining table chair
hangs a knickknack
shelf, with 3 levels,
tiny Chinese vase
bowl with cover —
copper horse equestrian
& still in its
petite mysterious
shelf — & Chinese
porcelain rice-girl
with huge hat &
double baskets.
These are some of
the incidental
appurtenances in
the life of a little
Carolina housewife
in 1952.

She turns & goes into
the parlor — a
more elegant room,
with green leather
chairs, gray rug, book
shelves, — goes to the
screen door — lets
in Little Paul &
Little Jackie Lee —
Her son Little Paul comes
yells “Mommy I
wants some ice water!
Me & Jackie Lee wants
some ice water!
Mommy!” She shoos
them in with an absentminded
air —
Little Paul, blond, thin,
is her son; Jackie Lee,
dark, plumper, belongs
to a neighbor — They
rush in, barefooted,
each 4, in little
shorts, screaming,
wiggling —
In the kitchen, at
her refrigerator she
pours out ice
cube trays — Little
Paul holds the green
plastic waterbottle —
“That water’s warm,"

says Carolyn Blake, 
“let me make you 
some ice — ” 
“I wants some 
cracked ice Mommy! 
Is that what you 
wants Jackie Lee?” 
“Ah-huh,” — assent, 
“Ah-huh Pah-owl.” 
The little mother 
gravely works on the 
ice; above the sink, 
with a crank, is an 
ice cracker; she

jams in the ice cubes, 
standing tip toe 
reaches up & cranks 
it down into a red 
plastic container; 
wiggling the little boys 
wait & watch — The 
kitchen is modern & 
clean — She slowly 
goes about taking down 
small glasses from 
a cupboard, jams the 
crushed ice in them. 
They clasp the 
glasses & rush off — 
to Little Paul’s 
bedroom.

“This is our home, that 
trailer’s our home,” 
says Little Paul as 
they wrangle over 
a toy trailer-truck 
on the white chenille 
bedspread. 
They have toy horses, 
“Now you kill yrs.” 
“Kill yours” — Jackie 
“He’s killed.” 
“Arent you glad?” 
“They aint nothing 
but big bad wolves . . .

Hey — mine’s got a 
broken leg.” 
“Give it to me.” 
“They’re not your 
horses!”
An incredible 
city of toys in the
corner, on a card
table, a big doll
house, garages, cranes,
clutters of card,
accordions, silos,
dogs, tables, cash
registers, merry
go rounds with

insignia goldhorses,
marbles, airplanes,
an airport —
Little Paul —
“Here — here’s $12
for those horses,”
striking cashregister,
Jackie: “12 dollars?”
The bedroom has
pastel green walls;
the crib in the corner’s
now only for toys —
Polo Pony for water,
a balloon; rubber
naked doll; black
lamb — At foot
of bed a hamper
full of further toys —
On a little table
with flowery tablecloth
a small standing
library of Childrens
books — A huge
double bed, four posts,
the little Prince
gets up on it &
walks around —
He opens the
hamper, “Jackie!
know what? I
found a rake!”

Holding toy rake.
“You can work on
the track.”
On the open hamper
cover they hammer
their horses. “This
is gonna be a
horse race.” Paul
finds a track from
his Lionel Train box.
“Are they glad?”
“Yes.”
“Here comes another
straight track!”
— to distinguish from
Dont let em go Jackie! he calls from the track box.

“I wont.”

“Ding ding ding!”

shouts Paul pounding with a railroad stop sign on the hamper.

“Ding ding racehorse! Ding ding track!”

Jackie: “One of em’s our main horse!”

“Huh?”

“This one’s our main horse.”

“Pah-owl the horses are goin out in the tunnel! — ”

“The train’s not comin down that way. I better make a turn race. No — ” adjusting curvetrack to straight track — “no, gotta git anodder race track — You better help me Jackie.”

“Why?”

“Cause — Cause this is a hard track. Sure. Sure is. Now let me put a track right here. Hard. This hard.”

“Now it’s goin right around that tunnel. Paul we’re gonna have a whole lot. We have crow-co-dals — ”

“If you mess up that train track one more — I’ll

shoot ya!”

Jackie: “Talkin to me?”

Paul: “Shoo — flooshy you.”

Outside, in gold day, the weeping willows of Buddy Tom Harris hang heavy
& languid & beauteous
in the hour of life;
the little boys are
not aware of
God, of Universal
Love, & the vast
earth bulging in
the sun — they
are a part of
the swarming mystery
and of the salvation
— their eyes reflect
humanity & intelligence
—

In the kitchen the
little mother, letting
them play, bustles
& bangs around for
supper. Something
in the air presages
the arrival of the
father old man —
Soft breeze puffs
the drapes in Paul’s
room as he & Jackie
wriggle on the floor
“Hey Jackie — you
got it on the wrong way
aint ya? Now
put this in the back
— now fix it.
(Singing) I think
I’ll get on this train,
I think I’ll get
on that train,
I think I’ll get
on the ca-buss,
Broom! brian!”
lofting his wood
plane — screaming —
“Eee- yall —
gweyr! ” On
his belly, smiling, —
suddenly thinking
silently . . .

In the kitchen
changed to yellow
tailored shorts,
tailored gray vest
shirt, & white sandals
the little housewife
prepares supper. She
stands at the white
tile sink washing the
small squash under
the faucet — preliminary maneuvers for
a steak supper she decided upon at the last minute —
“Hello Geneva — he went to Henderson this noon — I think he’ll be back — bye — ”
— She slices them into a glass bowl, standing idly on one foot with the other out-thrust at rest —
the little boys now playing outside —
The screendoor slams out front —
“Hey!” cries CaB not moving from her work
“Hey Moe” greets her husband —

He comes into the kitchen, Panama hat, white shirt, tie — casual — tall, husky, blond, handsome — smooth moving, slow moving, relaxed Southerner — He has mail & that afternoon at his mother’s house in Henderson 50 miles away, while on a business trip for the tel. co., he went thru his grandmother’s trunk & found old letters & a pair of old diamond studded cuff links, he stands in the middle of the kitchen reading the old letter — written by a lost girl to his uncle Ed also now lost — the sadness of long lost enthusiasms on ruled paper, in pencil —
But now a storm is coming — “It’s gonna storm,” says
Jack — From the west the ranked forward-leaning clouds come parading — stationary puff clouds of the calm are snuffed & taken up — From the East big black thunderhead with his misty gloom forms hugeing — Directly above the embattled roof of the Blake’s the sea of dark has formed — the first light snaps — the first thunder crackles, rolls, & suddenly drops to the bottom with a shake-earth boom — More & more the rushing clouds are gray, a forlorn airplane in the southeast hurries home — Far in the northeast the remnant afternoon’s still soft & fleecy gold, still rich, calm, clouds still make noses & have huge maws of incomprehensible comedy in their sides — Thunder travels in the West heavens — “parent power dark’n’ing in the West” — A straycloud hangs upsidedown & helpless in the thunderhead glooms, still retaining white —

Mrs. Langley nextdoor swiftly removes her sheets & wash from the wire line — looks around timidly —
absent in her work,  
frowning in the glare,  
peaceful in the  
stillness before storm  
(as one birdy tweets  
in the forest across  
to the North) — Grass,  
flowers, weeds wave  
with dull expectancy  
— The first spray  
drops wetten the  
little Langley girl  
in her garden  
play — “Hey” she  
says — Children  
call from all sides  
as the rain begins  
to patter — Still  
a bird sings.  
Still in the NE  
the clouds are  
creampuff soft &  
afternoon dreamy.  
Some blues show  
in the horizon grays  
— Now the rain  
pelts & hums —  
gathers to a wind —  
a hush — a mighty  
wash — the  
trees are showing  
signs of activity —,  
the corn rattles,  
the wall of the  
forest is dimmed  
by smokeshroud  
rains — a solitary  
bee rises, the  
road glistens. It  
is hot & muggy. Cars  
that come from  
up the road roll on  
their own sad images  
gray & dumb —  
The cooling thirsting  
earth sighs up a  
cucumber freshness  
mixed with steams  
of tar & warp danks  
of wood — Toads  
scream in the meadow  
ditch, the Harris rooster  
crows. A new  
atmosphere like the
atmosphere of screened porches in Maine in March, on cold gray days; & not like sunny Carolina in July, is seen thru the windows above the kitchen sink: dark wet leaves are shaking like iron. A tiny ant pauses to rub its threads on a spine of leaf — the fly solemnly jumps from the bedspread to the screen hook — as breezes rush into the house from that perturbed West. “Close that door!” cries the mother — doors slam — “Paul I said you stay here!” Rain nails kiss the dance of the shiny road.

The parched tobacco is dark as grass. Behind the storm the blue reappears — it was just a passing shower — CB doesn’t even bother to close her windows. Inside an hour the grass is almost dry again, vast areas of open blue firmament show the cottonball horizons low & bright over the darkesses of the pine wall woods, up the road in clean white shirt & pale overalls that looked almost washed by the rain, comes the pure farmer, a Negro, limping, as orgones dance in the electric washed new air. All is well in
Rocky Mount, North Carolina, as 5 o’clock in the afternoon shudders on a raindrop leaf, & the men’ll be coming home.

AVILA BEACH, CALIF. (WRITTEN YEAR LATER)

Seethe rush longroar of sea seething in floor of sand — distant boom of world shaking breakers — sigh & intake of sea — income, outgo — rumors of sea — hushing in air — hot rocks in the sand — the earth shakes & dances to the boom — I think I hear propellers of the big union oil Tanker warping in at pier — A great lost rock sits upended on the skeely sand — — Who the fuck cares

1954 RICHMOND HILL SKETCH ON VAN WYCK BOULEVARD

Before my eyes I see “Faultless Fuel Oil” written in white letters on a green board, with “11-30” in small numbers on each side to indicate the street address of the company. The building is small, modern, redbrick, square, with curious outjutting new type triangular screens that I cant really examine from this side of the boulevard but look like protection from oldfashioned robbers & stones — The garage door
entrance for the oil
trucks: green. The

building sits upon the
earth under a gray
radiant sky — I see
vague boxes in the right
front window — Cars
are going by with a
sound like the sea in
the superhiway below it
— It is very bleak
& I only give you the
picture of this bleakness.
By bleakness I mean:
utritional, stiff, lost
in a void it cant
understand, — in a
void to which it has no
relation because of the
transiency of its function,
to earn money by delivering
oil. But it has

a neat Tao of its
own. In any case this
scene is of no interest
to me, & is only an
example. A scene
should be selected by
the writer, for haunted-
ness-of-mind interest.
If you’re not haunted
by something, as by a
dream, a vision, or
a memory, which are
involuntary, you’re not
interested or even involved.

SKETCH WRITTEN IN OUELLETTE’S LUNCH IN LOWELL MASS. 1954

“Ya rien plus pire qu’un
enfant malade —
a lava les runs — j’aita assez découragez
j brauilla avec — ”
“Un ti peu d gravy*
d tu?” — “Staussi bien . . . Mourire
chez nous que mourire
la” — “L’matin
yava les yeux griauteux”
— “J fa jama deux
journée d’suite” —
“J mallez prendre
une marche — ” “Comme
qui fa beau apramidi ha?”
“A tu lavez les vites?”
— “J ai lavez toute les vites du passage” —
“Qui mange dla marde”
“A lava les yeux pochées — tsé quand qu’on s leve des foit?”

**CAT SKETCH ON THE CONCORD RIVER (1954)**

The Perfect Blue Sky
is the Reality, all 6
Essential Senses abide
there in perfect
indivisible Unity
Forever — but
here down on the
stain of earth the
ethereal flower in
our minds, dead
cats in the Concord,
it’s a temporary
middle state between
Perfection of
the Unborn & Perfection
of the
Dead — the Restored
to Enlightened
Emptiness — Compromise
me no more, “Life”
— the cat had no
self, was but the
victim of accumulated
Karma, made
by Karma, removed
by Karma (death)
— What we
call life is just
this lugubrious
false stain in the
crystal emptiness
— The cat in waters
“hears” Diamond
Samadhi, “sees”
Transcendental Sight —

“smells” Trans. odor,
“tastes” Trans. taste,
“feels” Trans. feeling,
“thinks” Trans. thot
the one Thot
— So I am not
sad for him —
Concord River RR
Bridge
Sunday Oct 24 ’54
Lowell
5 PM
A ridiculous N E
tumbleweed danced
across the RR Bridge

Thoreau’s Concord
is blue aquamarine
in October red
serenity — little
Indian hill towards
Walden, is orange
brown with Autumn —
The faultless sky
attests to T’s solemn
wisdom being correct
— but perfect Wisdom
is Buddha’s
Today I start teaching
by setting the example
not words only

ROCKY MOUNT 1952 (again) WHILE HITCH HIKING BACK FROM NORFOLK VA.

“You done lost the
man’s hole . . . Smart
Alex.”

N.C. — Near Woodland N.C.
Hams hanging by wild
bulb-bugs in hot
N.C. nite — sad dust
of driveway, scattered
softdrink hot-day
bottles, old crates
sunk in earth for
steps, pumps (Premium
& Pure Pep) —

hillbilly music in car
— trucks growling
thru — old tire,
rake — old concrete
block — old bench —
& tufts of green
grass seen au bord du
chemin quand les
machines passes —
L —
Yard in afternoon of August — bright red drum shining in bright green & yellow grass-weeds, buds, — old used rusty brakeshoes & parts piled —

Sooty old woodwarp ramp — in weeds — fat RR clerk with baseball hat walking across, cigar, scratching head, removing hat — will go home to dogs, radio, wife, blond boy on a tricycle in white bungalow — Old A.C.L. Railway Exp Ag, 441 weather-brown Cracked cars — 2, 3 of them — nameless parts arranged in weeds by tired Negro workers — Puff sweet Carolina clouds in sultry blue over head — my eyes smarting from fresh paint in office, from no sleep — drowsy office like school days, with sleepy rustles of desk papers & lunch-in-the-belly — hate it — SP is in cool, dry Western, romantic Frisco of bays — with hills of purple eve & mystery — & Neal — — here is fuzzy, unclear, hot, South, hot turpentined poles at tracks that lead to Morehead City, Sea & Africa — & impossible lead tho — just dull fat cops & people in heat — Easonburg is better.

DIDNT HAVE PENCIL with me to sketch the bluebells that climb up from beautiful
fields of weeds to
curl around the old
dead cornstalk that
is rattly crackly
deadbones & wreaths
it purple, softens it,
gives it a juicier
(THE WOODS ARE SHINING)
sound in the wind,
droops it, embraces
it, gives it the
Autumn kiss for
harvest stack farewell
— old Melancholy Frowse
is wound round in
Carolina in the
Morning —
The piercing blue of
the first Autumn
day, the woods
are shining, the
Nor’est wind making
ripples in the
flooded tarns — all
is lovely this Sunday morn.
The Weeping Willow
no longer hangs but
waves ten thousand
goodbyes in the
direction of the wind
— The clean
little teles pole without
crossbars stands lost
in Carolina vegetations,
some of the corn half
its height, & that
lush forest of
Carolina backs it
solemnly & with
a promise — that
was here for boys killed
in Palau in 1944, boys —

that had sisters who
yet mourn this Sun.
morning — hope
that was there for
the strange Cherokee
— & now for me
that wanders round
my earth — amen.

Sitting in the middle
of the woods with
Little Paul, Princey
& Bob — Little foxy
Prince sits panting
— big mosquitos —
Big Bob panting
hard, tongue out,
licks his mouth,
blinks eye, big
tongue flapping over
sharp teeth —
drooling — Pine
needle floor is
brown, dry cracky
odorless —
blue sky
is sieve above
tangled dry
vining green heart
leafing trunking
cobwebbing —
now & then sway
massedly in upper
winds — Sun
makes joy gold
spots all over

The sand road
is blinding old —
many gnats —
cars raise storms
of dust — wind
sways grass

in ditch ridges —
straight thinpines
stand in vaulty
raw blue, clean —
Negroboys bike
by smiling —
Princey’s little
wet nose —
no more — no more —
Oh Princey, Bob,
Little Paul, woods
of Easonburg, no more
— (freedom of
the blue cities calls
me.)

SHORT TIC SKETCHES (TICS ARE FLASHES OF MEMORY OR
DAYDREAM)

(1) Hartford — when I was
a boy poet & wrote
for myself — no
frantic fear of “not
being published,” but
the joy, the shining
morning, “This love
of mine” — leaves,
houses, Autumn — and
**Immortality**
(2) Hospital, 1951, letting
the images overwhelm
me, not rushing out
to lasso them &
getting all pooped
out — NOW Coach
(3) Oh when I was young &
had a pretty little Edie
in bright lavender
sweater to hug to
me — big breasts, thighs
warm, bending-to-me waist,
— now I’m cold as
the moon . . . no more women
for puffy-eyed Jack —
who once posed in a
button-down boy sweater
for a picture — When —
O when, reading the N.Y.
Times, he thought he
was learning everything —
& has learned but decay
only — & sadness of partings —

(4) Mr Whatsisname
in beat ragged coat
in r.r. office, has same
haggard anxious soul neglected
sorrow as
he searches among
ledgers, mouth open,
as my father in his
shop of old yore —
with glasses on
nose, blue eyes, —
O doom, death,
come get me! I cannot
live but to remember
— old puff lined
Jack, go put a
poor blanket of
dirt over your
noble nose.
Last night, under the
stars, I saw I belonged
among the big poets
(did I read that somewhere?)

(5) Raw, almost childlike
slowmotion dinosaur
ideas of 1947
bop on So. Main
L.A. — “You Came
To Me From out of
Nowhere” — The
ideas of serious basic
thinkers, young, energetic,
powerful — joy comes
from the really new —
Bird was like that, but
more & most complex

Be like Bird, find y.self
little story tunes to
string yr. complexities
along a wellknown line
or you will sound like
a crazy Tristano of
the Seymour-record
(Bartok — Bar Talk)
(Bela BarTalk)
— Bird has visions between
bridges — So do you
in visions between chapter
lines — — !!!
Shakespeare, Giroux’s
Shakespeare Opera
Books — simple — not
that simple but use
story-forms — or phooey,
do what you please —

Never will be bored in the
bottom — at the hut, the
secret room, the weed,
the mind — the daVinci
series —

I was in my mother’s
house, in winter — I was
writing “The Sea is My
Brother” — what have
I learned since then?
I have written Doctor
Sax since last prattling
like this —

NEAR SANDY CROSS N.C.

Quiet shady
sand road at
late afternoon, a
crick pool-like
& ripple reflecting
& brown with froth spit motionless, & exotic underwater leaves, & tangled jungly banks under dry old board bridge — vined sides of it — a wild claw tree protruding from silent greeneries — with 12 agonies of fingers, & one twisted guilty body, the weatherbeaten bark as clean as a woman’s good thigh, with a climb of vines on it — The brown & tragic cornfield shining in the late sun up the road — The clearing, the negros, the flu barn, the white horse nibbling — Coca Cola sign at the lonely golden little bend — a cricket

I got up this road into my Maturity

And what will that corn do for you? — will it soothe you & put you to bed at night? Will it call yr name when winter blows? Or will it just mock the bones of yr. skeleton, when August browning breaks its Silence camp, & blows — Immortality just passed over me — in these woods — as it cooled — & darked — at 6 PM — The Angel visited me &
told me to go on

THOSE Mornings in A.C.L. office will be remembered as happy — the visionary tics, the dreams, the delicate sensations — must be that way on the road of rock & rail.

Repeat — let it come to you, don’t run after it — It would be and is like running after sea waves — to embrace them up where you stand when you catch them — aïe —

TICS
The long dismal winter street where I’d go to see Grace Buchanan — & Mary — (The prophet is without honor in his own family.)
A “tic” is a sudden thought that inflames & immediately disappears —
The Indians see a Little Cloud a Shining Traveller in the Blue Sky

TIC
The yard with the brothers & dogs in the rickety back of Ozone Park back of Aqueduct track — Why’ is it have to be Kentucky?

The Time-type executive — “Ahuh, — yeah —
That would be about 500 kegs a month —
Well alright if that takes care of yr situation thats what they want I expect — Yeah — hm — We’ll try to do that this afternoon — anything you want just holler — ah huh — — bye — same to you” — click —

TICS
O fogs of South City,
the rumble of the drag,
outside, chicory coffee,
the doom-wind-sheds
of Armour & Swift —
waybills in the Night —
the clean mystery
of California — these
sensations — Why makes
it me shudder to remember,
if it aint hanted

The exams in University
Gym — Bill Birt, morning —
those smells, sensations,

rise to me from just
standing at requisition
shelf where fresh paint
& cool breeze blow — usually
rouses Frisco RR work —
Why? — if not hanted,
charged materially with
substances that are
locked in (and as
Proust says waiting to be
unlocked.) Ah I’m
happy — Yet it’s only
11:30 & Time Crawls —
& I’m so sick of the
burden time, everything’s
already happened, why
not happen all at
once, the charge in
one shot —
Old clerk to other old
clerk — 25 yrs. same
place — “What are you
today, Columbus?” —
as he searches lost ledger
— Sad? It’s abominable

— The names of old
lost Bigleaguers Cudworth
used to paste in his books —
1934, 1933 — Dusty Cooke,
lost names — lost suns —
as more sad than rain —
— those 2 men drinking
at the old bar on Third
& alley — old Meeks
Bar 1882 — why do I think
of them? — Pa & Charley
Morrisette spectralizing
Frisco-Lowell —
ROCKY MOUNT oldstreet
with 90 year old Buffalo
Bill housepainter spitting
brown 'bacca juice on
roof, — & younger painter
who heartbreakingly white-
washes that part near the
porch reminds me of poor
lost Lowell — And old
lady sewing little boy
bluepants on historic
porch breaks my heart —
& old black bucket &
fire in negroyard & little
gal in scrabble reminds
me Mexico & the Fella-
heen peoples I love —
for old retired couple on
that porch aint just
sittin in the sun, sit
in judgment & Western
hatred — not all
of em —

I am alone
in Eternity with my Work
For
as I sat on the
burnt out stump on
the Concord River bank
staring into the flawless
blue & thinking of
earth as a stain,
suddenly I realized
the utter absurdity of
my squatting assy
humanity too, the
infinitely empty
crock of form, like
suddenly hearing myself
sneeze in the quiet
Street night & it
sounds like somebody
else — Therefore, is
my pelvic ambition
for girl’s bone-cover
the True Me? — or
is it not, like the
sneeze & the ass,
absurd, like the
smell of the shit
of a saint

THE GREAT FALL is
rumbling in America —
in back of the Telephone
office in R.M. you
can see it in the profounder
blue of the late aft sky
as seen from among
the downtown Southern
redbricks — in the
brown tips of leaves
on trees over the garage
wall — The wholesale
hardware wall — in the
particular cold deep red
that has suddenly
come into the tobacco
warehouse roof with
its spotted loft-
windows — inside,
faintly in the

brown like Autumn tobacco
brown, the piles
of bacco baskets —
Here watching Paul’s car I
sit — poised for the
continent again, Aug. 27 '52
And in San Jose the
Great Fall is tangled
brown among the
greens of sun valley
trees, deep shadows
of morning make the
woodfence black
against the golden
flares of sere grass —
California is always
morning, sun, & shade
— & clean —

lovely motionless green
leaves — vague
plaster rocks lost in
fields — the dazzling
white sides of houses
seen thru the tangly
glade branches —
the dry solemn ground
of California fit for
Indians to sleep on
— the cardboard
beds of hoboies along
the S.P. track up at
Milpitas — & the
clean blue deep
night at Permanente,
the dogs barking under
clear stars, the
locomotive flares
his big hot orange
fire on sleeping
houses in the glade
— sweet California —
memories of Marin
& the California night
are true & real —
& were right
And then I went
South to Mexico

And then I went North
to New York

To New York, to the
Apple, New York

(Remember, this isn't chronological)
Mexico December '52

Plant without growth
in Vegetable bleakness

The thirst, the mournfulness

The terrible benzedrine
depression after big
night of drinking on
Organo St. with
La Negra & the
courtdancer queer
children after whore
sluffed me & I lost
brakeman's lantern,
French dictionary,
earmuff hat, money,
pages of writing,
left piss in my
new pots & walked
off — long rides
in perfect Mexico
on bus, sad — but
at Tamazunchale
begin to feel good &
see Kingdoms & homes
& heavy syrup air
of jungle —
& at Brownsville
Missouri Pacific bus — &
then VICTORIA
“SIRONIA” — 
my walk — miss’t 
bus — saw Xmas 
in rose brown 
r.r. track 
windows — 
Sweet stars — 
presaging months 
in Winter 1953 
Richmond Hill at 
Ma’s house writing 
gemlike 
LOVE 
IS 
SIXTEEN

After which flew 
back to Coast to 
work mountains 
at San Luis Obispo 
puttin up & down 
pops — ending I 
sail out the Golden 
Gate on a Japan 
bound freighter that 
first goes to New 
Orleans where I 
drink & take off 
(“Worlds Champion 
shipjumper,” says 
Burroughs) & return 
NY in summer, to 
heat & Subterraneans

& Alene Love 
& eventual 
RAILROAD EARTH 
book of Fall 
Come - Christmas 
O rushing 
life, 
restless gyre, 
seas, cots, 
beds, dreams, 
sleeps, larks, 
starlights, mists, 
moons, knowns —

SKETCHES WRITTEN IN ST. LOU IS-TO-NEW YORK AIRPLANE

Winter in No. America, 
the sun is falling 
feebly from the 
South.
Getting rooked of all
my money trying to
get home for Xmas
in time — for a
childhood chimera
blowing all my pay —
flying TWA — Lemme
see, can I find
Jay Landesman’s
saloon?
it’s going to be
a Merry Xmas
one way or the
other

Winter in No. America,
the passengers on the
right in the TWA plane
have a sea of incandescent
milk blinding
in their eyes, from
where the feeble
South American sun
comes raying, plus
the dazzling sun
ball herself, but
on the left, on eastbound
58 out of St. Louis,
on the fireman’s
side, they see the pale
blue North out the
window, also blinding,
but more seeable —

It’s like facing the
snow on the North side
of the train eastbound
in the morning, in a
strange New England
of snow created by the
ice-cap of overcast
covering the Eastern
lake & seaboard —
like Greenland, from
the top of one of
its highest coastal
mountains seeing
below the enormity
of the continental
inland polar snow
field a thousand,
two thousand miles long —
a field of clouds,
no buttercups there;
a glacier of

SOUNDS IN THE WOODS

Karagoo Karagin criastoshe, gobu, bois-crackle, trou-or, boisvert, greenwoods beezzy skilliaagoo arrange-câssez, cracké-vieu, green-in buzz bee grash — Feenyonie feenyom — Demashtado — — Greeazzh — Grayrj —

Or — where a festive fly makes a blade of grass snap — Or — Hurried ant flies over a leaf — Or — Deserted village clearing of my sit Or — I am dead Or — I am dead because everything has already happened I must go ahead beyond this dead to — the ground

to —
the vast
to —
the moss of the Babylon woodstump to —
mysterious destruction from — blisters bellies
stockings
fingers with hair
tans
sores
muddy shoes
Seulement pas, S.P. —
Aoo reu-reu-reu-
a bee —

The Woods Are Ave of Me

Ant town antics
Joan is dead
The flup fell down
I have an ant
criOLLing thru
the rot
stump
“Yey” voice
of human child
“oh! — “ Zzzz
Finally: -
Degraded fling lump
stick stump motion
bump in the brother
mump of —
skreeee — lump —
Terre vert —
sflux — seeee —
Spuliookatuk —
Speetee-vizit,
vizit (bird) —
Vush! the whole
forust! Zhaam
Sabaam Vom —
V-a-a-m —
R-a-o-o-l —
m-n-o-o-l-
z-oo — ZZAY —

Tickaluck — (Funny)
fiddlegree — R-R-
R-R-Rising vrez
Zung blump
dee-dooo-domm —
Deelia-hum —
Baraljdo —
Spitipit — spitipit —
Ahdeeriabum, ah
grey —
Vee!
Eee-lee-lee-
mosquine —
Rong big bong
bee bong —
PARANOIA AND OIL

When Buz Sawyer goes to South America representing Americans who only think in terms of paranoia & oil. — bkfast. in the best hotel is only a time to read the paper, across the park it’s empty & just a paranoiac Indian photographer — he talks over the phone with Mr Boss, avoids women — Woogh!

WATSONVILLE, CALIF.

Mechanized Saturday night — the foggy Watsonville Main Drag on the Mexican side has
people on the sidewalks
milling but Mexican field
& section hands dismally
knowing they cant find
love till they return to
Mexico, just wander, &
mostly look into workclothes
stores (!) like I do and
a group of anxious Indians
finished with the beet
& lettuce season have
bought an enormous suitcase
at the Army Navy
store & are going home
to stern fathers

& good mothers who
have taught them
gentleness & the Virgin
Mother so they dont
crack around wise guys
like the Mexican American
Pachucos — but only
have great sad eyes
searching into the lost
blue eyes of America,
& in the “American”
part of the Main Drag
there are no people,
empty sidewalks, empty
pink neons for bars
(like Sunnyvale) just
cars in the street — a
mechanized Saturday,

with occupants who
look anxiously out for
companionship of Sat
nite mill crowds but
the steel of the
machines is walling them
off — argh!
Meanwhile I dig
the woman in her
sad furnished room above
Mex Mainstreet, her
little boy in window
looking out on the whiteness
& mystery of
Nov. 8, 1952 — & the
old wood building’s been
covered at front with
plaster — She’s in the
window in her pink
dress, radiant, transparent,
lost — I would be
great if I could just
sit in a panel truck
sketching Main Streets
of world — will do.
God will save me
for what I do now,
help my Mom —
he will —

In his idealistic youth on
railroad in Maine Old Bull
says “Why should I have a
radio when I can hear
the music of a crackling fire
& the steam engines in
the yard?” — railroad Thoreau
— he sits alone in his
caboose, in the dark, with
the fire, drinking — Old
Bull Baloon the Man
of America — Guillaume
Bernier of Gaspé —
& says “All that
matters is the healthy
color of that fire” —
but too much bottle,
not enough sottle, brings
him to his last late
years —

**TITLE: - THE MORTAL UGLINESS**

The Mortal Story
(Haunted Ugly Angles of Mortality)

Did I ever get my
kicks as a kid with
date pie & whipt cream
combining with “Shrine
North South All star
football game Christmas
night in the Orange Bowl”
— dug sports then
as something rich
& at its peak on
holidays when
it went with turkey
dinners & peach shortcake
— Also, remember
the joyous snowy mornings
when you played
Football Game Board
with Pop & Bobby
Rondeau? — the oranges
& walnuts in a bowl,  
the heat of the house,  
the Xmas tinsel on  
the tree, the boys  
of the Club throwing  
snowballs below  
corner Gershom —  
Moody? —  
On the Road that  
if you will, Sex  
Generation that  
if you will —  

Made Sick by The Night

My Father Was a Printer

The trouble with  
fashions is you want  
to fuck the women  
in their fashions  
but when the time  
comes they always  
take them off so  
they wont get  
wrinkled.

Face it, the really  
great fucks in a  
young man’s life was  
when there was no  
time to take yr.  
clothes off, you  
were too hot & she  
was too hot — none  
of yr. Bohemian leisure,  
this was middleclass  
explosions against  
snowbanks, against  
walls of shithouses  
in attics, on sudden  
couches in the lobby —  
Talk about yr. hot peace
The Sea is My Brother —
a figment of the gray
sea & the gray America,
of my childhood dreams —

Walked from Easonburg
on old walking-road but
3 miles — in gray thrilling —
with bag — saw Negro
pulled by a mule on a
bike! — to junction 64,
immediate ride young hot-
rod speedsters to Spring
Hope, pick up Wake
Forest boy too — he
got off, went downroad
— Hotrod told, as he
went 90, of man
tried pass truck hit

school child & turned
over — Old thin bum
at S Hope, hitching east,
from Atlanta, “Almost
got stuck in old car 10
miles out” — A blond
husky Hal Chase-truck-
ride to Raleigh, arr. 4:30
P.M. — hates South —
nothin to do, bars close
— New Caledonia, Louis
Transon, Noumea —
he said is Paradise —
— A bleakness I dont
like in air — dull
trees of Raleigh —
I feel forsaken —
Old goodhearted taxi-
driver to corner — Curious
Raleigh Judge-type
to corner —

Girls crossing — man
stops — Relief mgr
of restaurants —
Corn likker test, up
in Old Port — Mickey
Spillane, Faulkner —
Is going to rest finally at a
steady Maryland restaurant
— Then young kid in
old truck, married, who in
1946 hitched to Wash. State
with $500 & came back
with 21¢ — Then
incredible beat old car
with old fat bum, one
mile, incredible heat
from motor, incredibly
dirty shirt — Then
2 bleak eternal bakery

workers driving home dogtired
from work thru red clay
cuts of Time, with wine
faintly in gray western
horizon, beefing about work
— I thought “Why do
you want men to be
better or different than
this” — One talked, other
didnt; one urged, other
brooded; left me off
at truckstop road to
Greensboro N.C. — broke
$5 on coffee — “Dinning Room”
Tics of Eternity
called me buddy — good hearted Charley Morissettes of Time — I must find langue for them — frazzly eager one & Charley Mew-Leo Gorcey used-out legended ripened-beyond sad fat one — O Lord

Great big G.J. burper picked me up in the rain, dark — after I talked to old bum (70) in railroad hat who said country was worse off than in 1906 (truckdriver from Liberty Tex. to Baton Rouge worried Mex, called it “tarpolian”) — GJ burper in new huge Chrysler, was Chief in Navy gun crews on Liberties, also bought requisition food (for Bainbridge Officers), at North River wholesale houses — ate 5 pound steak — ate 2 lobsters at Old Union Oyster House, Boston — used to screw redhead at 7 PM on her beauty parlor couch — used to beat up queers in Washington — Drove me into bloody Western horizon beyond rain (!) into the glittering Lowell town of Greensboro, gave me card Robt J Simmons Lily Cup Corp. — to Salvation Army — was only gym, old Negro born in Hollywood (“used to have a show on the corner with my sister & etc.”) directed me accurately “That Esso Sign, this side, them real bright lights, 707 Billbro St. — bed & breakfast” — Sho enuf — a little ramshackle house — dorm bedroom — man was 50, thin, gray; Red got up in undershirt — to talk about routes

(“No sir, Winston Salem
to Charleston waste your
time, you in Charleston
& Bluefield & you in the
mountains” — hanging
bulb, table, pictures of
wanted criminals on
flowery wallpaper —
bathroom — “take
70 right on down the
river — ” ) Tennessee
River, from Knoxville to
Nashville — rain
starts — go to bed
at 9 — no eat — talk

with Red an hour about
rolling, wandering, sleep
police stations, quit jobs,
drink whiskey, itch —
etc. — Dream all
night wild dreams of
big Chicago Salvation
Army with wild young
gang with me, & girl
horrors of my
wallet, Salvation Army
underwear — incredulously
all over me I see six
inch long & thick sponges
of fungus growing off
me — so awful I dont
believe it even in
dream — spectral happenings,
cellar, stairs,
rooms, bathroom, girl, boys,
wallet, (had it in my
pillow case so Red mightnt
steal it) — Up at 6:30
“Gotta go” says boss
— breakfast: 2 coffees,
weak, cornflakes &
evap. milk — & my banana
— & blowing drizzle out
but I go — & get spot
ride to junction — & get
slow ride to High Point,
dampwet, dry in car
man was at New
Zealand & Melbourne,
— dry further in
High Point Greek
lunchcart with mottled
marble greasy counter

& aged grill & fry
smells & comfort, with
steam redglow
redbrick Hi Point but
gotta roll —
(I got in that truck,
driver said “I’m quittin
my job so the hell
with the insurance spotters,
less roll” —
bums in SA) — always
say, for truck driver,
less roll —
I got $4.85
Blank Universe stared
me on Main Hiway out of
Greensboro — storm rose —
driving wet drizzly winds —
I was positive I was lost —
faces of passing cars — Staring
porch people — bakery trucks —
but I got a spot ride
to junction — & there in
storm, got ride to High Point
— but woops, already wrote
this — Walked clear to
Furniture factories at junction,
& stood an hour 45 minutes, near
bleak aluminum warehouse
with tin chimnies with
Chinese hats, & smoke, &
Southern RR yards —
& funny Kellostone apt.
house with Italian in-porches
with potted palms, silent
& dismal & unfriendly
in the blank gray day —
Certain again I was
lost — But — ride to

junction from a guy (I
forget now!) — &
there, on open hiway, I
get ride from new car
to Hickory N.C. 90
miles — with furniture
veneer wood agent who
knows Yokleys of Mt. Airy
& talked & was intelligent
(Sheepshead Bay, book review
for High Point etc.) —
at Hickory I was at
foot of my worse trip
— mountains — but had
no time to despair, a
blond hero boy in a
red rocket 88 (’52)
with frizzly dog (half
terryland Terrier & Sheep
dog) — zoomed off to 100 mile straightaway — was only going to Kansas City — 1000 miles! — I helped him drive — we rolled thru Mountains fast, thru Asheville (Tom Wolfe sign on road) — (right across Woodpen St.) —
to Knoxville, to Louisville at midnight (pickt up lost hitch hiker in rain outside Mt Vernon, Ky.) — but Oh those Cumberland Mtns. from Lake City & LaFollette Tenn. thru Jellico to almost Corbin Ky. — dismal, bleak, I dreamed em, hillbilly shacks, hairy buttes, smoke, raw, fog — wow — at Louisville the great Ohio,

the redbrick wholesale bldgs., soft night, — cross to New Albany, Ind., where I drove straight across the Vincennes etc. to St Louis in the morning — he drove to Columbia Mo. — I drove another 60 mi. to Boonville — outside Warrenton he wanted to show — attendant — ranout gas — on road — went 117 M.P.H.!!! Kansas City Kansas at noon — I lost dark glasses in his car — wild kid — KC washed in station, spent money on cokes & crackers & ice cream — ride to junction — Two Texas boys work in car shops for Santa Fe RR in El Paso drove me Topeka — got there just as boys were coming out of work in Rocky Mt N C car shops! — moving — Then Beryl Schweitzer,
Negro All American back from Kansas State, drove me to Manhattan Kans. — we talked — Then two cowboys, the driver 14, drove to Riley on Route 24 — talked about horses, calves, roping, drinking, girls, cross country riding on “Satan” their unshod bronc — etc. — with red hankies of cowboys hanging on dashboard in old rattly car — cowboy Sam called my seabag war bag — ! — at Riley I despaired, got truck to junction — sun going down — 2 boys who come home from work drove me to Clay Center, where I ate tuna in backyard — & it got dark, I was souldead, I wanted to die — so got poorboy port wine, then $1.75 hotel room with fan, sink — right on tracks of R I R R or C B Q — slept 12 hour log — washed, shaved, wrote, ate sardines —

500 miles to Denver, I have $1.46 — but feel alive again & even that I will be saved, i.e., I am not a dead duck, not a criminal, a bum, an idiot, a fool — but a great poet & a good man — & now that’s settled I will stop worrying about my position — & — concentrate on working for stakes on Sp. RR so I can go write in peace, get my innerworld lifework underway, Part II, for Doctor Sax was certainly part one!

Clay Center Window —
creamy snowy silo rising Farmers Union CO-OP —
green roof & old gables
(once English style) of
Clay Center RR depot —
redbrick 1-story Plumbing &
Electrical Co. — cars
& small trucks parked
on angle — rickety
brokendown shacks on tracks
— rickety graywood oldhouse
under noble trees, signs
on small barn, weeds, piles
of barrels or bldg. material
in back — someone is hammering
on a plank — W P Stark
Lumber Co. hugetruck backin
in a truckstop across the
tracks — fellow in blue
baseball hat in P&E doorway

is jacking up a car — man
in RR hat & man in Panama
talk & watch — sun’s
coming out — US Royal
Farm Tires sign waves
in breeze — small Farmers
Co Op gas truck went
by — Tourists — Small
liquor store, was once gas
station, where I got wine,
white plaster, white fence,
green lawn, looks like
LA realty office —
music from a restaurant
juke — junkyard in distance
— nobody on street
— everywhere the green
balls of trees over roofs
— last night a thousand
birds from the Plains were
yakking in this town — from
the Plains Clay Center is
a cozy nestled settlement
in the Huge —

It’s the thought of Nin
that makes this trip so
sad — my sister didnt
love me, I didnt know
it —
The drink that’s bitter
going down, & sweet in
memory — Life.
I am now stuck
outside Norton Kan.
with no prospect of
any ride, nightfall,
hunger, thirst, death.
Brierly saved my damned useless life — I went to Prairie View Kans. in a truck, in a vale from behind where I was, phoned him collect, he’s sending — but why make a record, he’s saving me — he expects to see me & be all excited in talk & joy — like I was — but am I dead?
— I want to say to him “I dont understand what’s happening — any more — I dont understand the dew — I know there is no Why but I cant help it — ” But he saved me — I went from Clay Center in a car driven by blond handsome young reclamation worker — we drove 60 miles west to Beloit — I felt very happy, the land of Kansas smiled —

days that start good end up bad — at Beloit I got a ride from father & son (father road worker, apparently drove to Missouri to fetch him for holidays, is married to ‘new wife’) — to a lone-ass junction at 281 — hot killing sun — no cars — I thought I was done for (was, too) — I prayed to be saved — a man carrying a carseat load of dead side beef (smell of death) saved me — my meaty dumb bones — & carried me zipping to Smith Center —

wrecked his car Feb. 29! nice old fella — (on 28!) I know the joy those little girls’ll remember, in Prairie View with their mother — yes I do — And that cunt’s tall
grandfather — does
my mother think I
dont know those
things? —
Nobody cares —
How can they care
when they dont know?! —
At Smith Center a
ride to a country junction
from a farmer hero
straight profile with
little blond son —

at ice cream stand, the
mother said to her son
“Dont hang around with
him” & I recognized her
face & she mine — mad —
but I got a ride to
(this was off Agra) —
to doomed Phillipsburg
from carload of kids driv
by Marine ex & wife —
Okie — on I go with
dignified father & son
to that lonely hole
on a hill where I
think I die — 2 hours,
no rides, zoom, sun
going down, despair,
— Prairie View in
truck — but later —

I walked in with seabag —
Old falsefront western
wood stores, dirt, or tarred
gravel sandy road Main
Street, cars crunch over
majestically, on review on
Sat. nites — but not a
soul in sight, I’m going
down over prairie hollow
of trees bloodred, birds
thrashing in trees, —
I go to Public Telephone
little old white house,
woman long calls Neal
for me (San Jose), he’s
not home — her husband
in long overalls was
once farmer, gives me
hamburg sandwich huge,
says (& also huge
glass water) — “A man
dont know what to do
anyway.” — Sun goes
Prairie Viewers come round
for Satnite, men sit in
front gen’l hardware, some
on ground, talk soft —
little kids hurry to
church suppers or whatever,
mothers — sodafountain
opens, I sit, watch happy
mother & little Gaby Nashua
joy girls — ate my heart —
& crazy castrated lunatic
Wellington chain smoking
stuttering smelling somehow
sweet & open air talks
to me — Ah — "Born
same date & year as
A G Bell a great

intelligent" — "hmph,
a Swede, he’s a Hollander,
there’s Mr. So and so,
barn burned down in ’49"
etc. — Pushes hat back,
wild hair brow pasted, mad,
somehow Fitz, I like
him, he’s intelligent —
“Kansas City was in
street 2 nights — went
to hotel — need 55¢cut
says man — next night,
need 75¢ says man —
okay, — not got it —
pushes me on left shoulder —
out" — “Dont work
any more since my
headaches started” — “Old
Mr Jones lived to be
98 — died a
mile north of that

water tower — couldnt climb
it tho, guess he was too
old — he was a Hollander
too” — Farmers: “Otto
is it? Hello Otto!” yells
Wellington — He’s sensitive
— listens when you talk,
jerks to hear & reply —
We cross street, longpants
niceman driving to six
miles east Norton — Meanwhile
Old Justin’s sending
me $12 Norton — goodbye
— they (longpants &
thin heroboy of Kansas
but sad & attentive) drive me to hill of Western Nite — hail down stationwagon bein whaled at 85 by wild cunt — fixed me a ride as only farmer could — man in car says “Working late aint ya?” — (harvest he thinks) I get out car — “Thank you sir — and madame.” Forced on them — Go to depot, agent off duty, raging mad I tear up handful of folders & hurl them screaming across Rock Island tracks to where sad cows being waybilled to Santa Fe moo — I go to Hotel Kent, get a room, promise pay morning (first I rush for wine, Gallo port) — back — waterfountain, grocery store, man wallet — hotel room hot — windows — shower no handles — curse — dancing below — 5 shots wine — sleep — cold in Fall morn — up — wipe wine from things — depot — joy of dark shadow morn on RR tracks etc. — rush to WU — back (waterfountain) — cash hotel — Melroy Cafe huge bkfast. — go — waitress — read paper hurricane, Faulkner crash airshow “Please keep away — for Gods sake keep away” — bus at 5:30! — I hitch! — Cursing half hour, deciding never to hitch again, to end On The Road (pure hitching) with malediction gainst America — a sunny funeral director from Hope Indiana with particularly irrelevant
old bum carry me
80 mph. to Denver!
— “Believe in helping
out a feller — try to
do God’s will as best
I can — ” Never seen
a rattlesnake or
a mirage till this
ride! — Zoom —
Arrive Denerver

ZAZA (Barbershop in Denver)

Zaza’s — blue squares
painted above long
vertical panes, on
glass — says “Baths”
& “1821” — Barber
Shop — little tiny
bulb light over door
on protruding bar, bent —
beat up doorway, gray
paint below the mad
cerulean wash blue
— in window burlesk
ad, whitewashed flowerpot
of tub with soil & crazy
redblossomed weeds —
smaller pots, weeds —

no decoration, just bare
chip-painted weathered
old planks in window-
case, a can with soil
& greentip, — a milk
bottle, empty — a Wildroot
smileteeth ad card, a
sad tablecloth over a
rail — an upsidedown
ancient piece of an ad
card — “Barber Shop”
is flaked half off —
Gaga’s — other
window has ad cards,
same — Inside is wooden
drawers, white — chairs
white & black, old —
cash register — barber
coat over chair — (closed)
— sink, bench — wood
slat wall — calendar
— next to beat
Windsor shoe shop, used
shoes ranged in window
Late afternoon at the New England Sunday lakes of my infancy —
The Joe Martin truckdrivers of the crosscountry Denver night — old lunchcarts —

Early Autumn in Kansas —
I ate a big breakfast of sausages, eggs, pancakes, toast & 2 cups coffee — hungry on the road — farmers in the Sunday morning cafe, the bright sun, the clarity of a rickety Kansas town alley outside — heartbreaking reminders of Neal Cassady — “The Energies of Cody Pomeray”!

Alley: telephone poles, wires, Firestone tire sign (flamepink & blue), old graywood garage door, redbrick chimney lashed to a house with bar, aluminum warehouse, old streetlamp overhanging — Norton, Kans. — Old shacks! — O America! — What was it like in Lincoln’s time! — Where are all the railroad men of the 19th Century! They’ve all slanted into the ground —
The heavy-headed wheat —

**ACROSS KANSAS**

Golden fields flaming with the sunflower —
Thirst-provoking-while-chewing-gum mirages across the dry plowed fields — but a dust-raising tractor in the middle of a cool sweet lake is a blatant lie — “Many poor devils died trying to reach one of them” — (driver from Hope) The immense dry farming
white silo at Bird City
Kans. — Distant
drunk phone poles —
A thirsty man looks
for mirages!

Colorado — old barn,
red — pile of dry boards,
barrels, tires, cartons —
dry wind, dry locust in
brown grass — old Model
T wreck truck — Wind
sings sadly in its dash-
board — & thru wood
boards of floor — just wood
slats for roof — incredible
erect, skeletal — what
deader than old car?
— haunted by old
dead-now usages —
rusty skinny clutch handle —
no cap — drywood spokes —
old ferruginous mudguards
I write on have tinny
sad ring & sing while
I write — pile of tarred

poles — Cows grazing
in the Plains haze —
sweet long breeze —
horse in the flat —
prairie crickets tipping
— hay mtn. with
old dead wagon 2
wheel — old dead
skeleton plows — wreckages
of old covered wagons are
hinted at in the scattered
junk of backfield — a
backyard to a barn
& station that faces
infinity — tremendous
open dry white sand
square to city, town —
west of Idalia —

The Colorado Plains
horse neighing in immensity —
Ah Neal — the shaggy
whiteface cows are
arranged in stooped
dejected feed, necks
bent, upon the earth
that has a several
mood under several
skies & openings — Ah
the sad dry Land ground
that’s open between
grasses, whip’t bald
by the endless Winds —
the clouds are bunched
up on the Divide of
the horizon, are shining
upon thy city — the
little fences are lonely —

The grassy soft face
of earth has pocks
of canyons, arroyos,
has moles of sage,
has decoration of
aluminum wheat barns,
the one skinny
revolving windmill in
the Vast, — lavender
bodies of the distance
where earth sighs to
round — the clouds
of Colorado hang blank
& beautiful upon the
land divide —
the line of man’s
land is the bleak
line of his Mortality —
soft crunches the cow’s
munch in all eternity
— shining cloud
worlds frowsily survey
the little farm in
rolls immense of
dun scarred breakless
grass — Sadly the
Continental Divide appears,
dark, gray, humped,
on the level horizon —
The first crosser of these
E Colo. wilds first thot of
clouds mountainshaped —
then — “Hey Paw I
been lookin at them
mountains for a hour” —
“I have too, son — unmistakably
mtns. — not
a cloud — ” then the

party went into a long
hollow — came up
again on a rise —
(shaggy gray sensual
cow lazing along) —
but the rise not high enough — for 5 hours —
: — “guess it was a mirage”
— Next day —
“Yes, a mirage” —
Vast earth flat with the blushes of the sun — of God —
God is blushing on the land — throwing his tints with a slant & sweep — & soft —
“Yes, yes, yes, mtns!”
“Unbroken miles of em!”

Over the lavender land, snake humps —
rock humps — squat eternal seat forever —
promise of raw fogs —
(the beautiful hump necked pony, white & black, with Indian black strands personalizing his sweet neck & dark thoughtful eyes ) —
Vast eternal peak points there, shy to show their might till you come up close — Have deserts damned up behind em —
— — — clouds vie above for mountainism —
they go darkening to Wyoming territory North — to Nebrasked dark gray wall sky — cyclones have formed there —
The sad mountains wait forever — (heavy-bellied pendant ringlet cow) —
(Madame Cow) — — —
The land of the Comanche!
I already smell that Western Sea! — The mountains (closer) are misty, bright with hazel, silver, gold, territories of aerial bright hover & bathe them — Sad dry river here, helping out the So Platte — thru the cities of railroad & telephone poles
the mountains do cloud darkly — Now I see levels of them one humping upon the other — Smell the ozone & orgone of the Plains where the Mountains appear! — the mystery of them is like the gray sea — because the flats rush to meet them — & traffics hasten seaward — The pale gold grass of afternoon, the cakes of alfalfa, the hairheads of green sage in the brown plowed field, the poles on the rim — Snow on the mtns! —

Pure snow & tragedy of Great Neal’s home town — Wild sweet Mannerly of the Night here rages rushing — Tiers of mountains supramassing now — the Event! Enormous golden rose clouds far towards Bailey, Sedalia, & Fairplay — The mountains loom higher — Father, Father! ! — — Yes son, Yes son — Lonely lost paths lead to them over rollhills of dark & pale land, Father —

Ah Son the silver clouds above their Loom & Huge, the rains of them, the sad heaps of them, — The monstrous block they’ve made to our westward grand march — the flatland is here upchucked & rockened to hard — they swoop & slant, have sides — The clouds put on a splendorous air to oertop these Kings of Earth — the wind blows free on
them from this
lone prairie —
Estes has Showers of
light-mist — the
blue cracks to show
open heaven — the
Whole Plain descends
to be foothilled up —
yellow patches show
on those early sides —
beauty is black, &
wall drear, & Berthoud —
distant Pike the Giant
sleeps, black — his
shining snows now shrouded
in gales — Colo Spgs
rooftops are gray &
windswept now — but
Denver is snow, gold,
sun, be-mountained,
won. —

Over the gold wheatflats
they rise blue as mysteries,
sweet, dangerous —
Oh Father the road is
a thread to their knees!
Their mottled hills are
Indian Ponies! The
cornflower prairie is
their carpet of welcome
— Welcome to Bleak —
They are blank &
muscular rock upon
this naked earth —
this earth naked to the
blank sky, flat, opposite
— They oertop
our wagon tops & rooftops
now, & our trees —

their smoky blue make
trees a proper green —
Stay so, tree — Ah
the sad ass of my
Palomino buttocking to
the Great Divide —
In green clover hollows
they fill the opening
with their Merlin lump —
Wild trailer cities
on D’s skirts!
Old 1952! hallo!
— Rockies? the
jigsaw fanciful cliffs
of infant scrawls
are no steeper!
they have sides that
sink like despair & rise
like hope —

with a still point
peak — Motels, Autels,
Trailerlands! — they
huddle on the Plain —
The buildings & motels
far out E Colfax are
so new you couldn’t
smear shit on em,
it would fall off!

THE THING I LIKE ABOUT

Chinatowns, you look around,
you see that everybody has
a vice, beautiful vice —
whether it’s O, or wine,
or Cunt, or whiskey —
you don’t feel so isolated
from man as you do
in AngloSaxon Broadways
of Glare & Traffic where
people might be hung up
on shouting preachers, or
 lynching, or baseball,
or cars — Gad I hate
America with a passionate
intensity —

I’m going to excoriate
the cocksucker & save
my heroes from its doom.
It aint no atom
bomb will blow up
America, America
itself is a bomb
bound to go off
from within — What
monster lurks there, bald
head, fat, 55, young wife,
millions, Henry J Shmeiser,
out of his pissing cancerous
life will flow (from the
belly) a juice of explosions
— dowagers
& young juicy cunts with
high mannered ways on
buses will gasp — I
stick my finger in the cunt.

America goes ‘Blast’ —
Fine people like Hinkle
will be buried under the
stucco autel ruins — ah —
Lucien will rave —

(Written when I was a railroad brakeman
covered with soot mad as hell in 1952:
I apologize now, America, in 1959, for
such filthy bitterness but that’s what
I said then, and meant it.)

DENVER

The So. Platte at the
CBQ railyards — in
Sept. flows briskly from
the hump mountains
— sand island, — one sad
sunflower — weeds —
mudsides plopping off in
tide — water ripples
fast — banks steep,
dumpy, reinforced with
rocks — pieces of tin
strip, sticks, pipe —
sewage pipes come out —
oil rainbowing the water
— many small beat
bridges — under the
RR bridge an old

concrete foundation, — oily
rocks — driftwood piled,
a-ripple — cans — dirty
pigeons — rock villages —
— on bank old dining
car, red soot, for switchmen
— little trees growing
on the reinforced bank —
but many tree stumps
where trees cut — long
islands of rocks —
fast flows at sides —
above this sad stream
flowing thru iron tragedies
are the brass clouds
of solid Autumn —
Junk: - pile of tires, a child’s
crayon book, broken glass,
coldwind, black burntout
near sewage steam pipe —

bolts, bird feathers, an
old frying pan sitting in the
crook of a bridge girder,
old wire, flat rusty cans
no longer nameable, —
is written on viaduct concrete
wall: “If anybody were
in the Army in August
1942 when I shot
gent Slensa come
ant tell the Sgt.”
(incoherent) — & drawing

in chalk of profile
with cloth cap, plaid,
top bop button, a
strange Skippy —
“All Judge
Suck Pussy”

Field of weeds, a plain
facing “The Centennial
School Supply Co.” — “The
Mine & Smelter Supply
Co.” — aluminum sooted
tanks — red tin sooted
sheds — boxcars —
concrete silos — redbrick
warehouses — chimneys —
& Denver skyline behind
not seen — in weeds is
piece of rope, piece
of car window stripping,
nameless rusty perforated
tinhunks, newspaper, old
fold of handtowel
paper, old Jewel
Salad Oil carton,

a pile of junk, — & the
girders of the viaduct have
great black bolt heads
like knobs of a
sweating steel black
city, — gray overcast
clouds, cold — pipe
of engine, steam hisses,
cars skippitybumping
overhead, clang bells,
iron wheel squeals,
rumbles, — over the
silent mtns. a bird —

Near the Lee Soap
Co. is a collection of
ruined shacks — slivered
burntout by time boards
skewered, under the
viaduct, cartons &
    newspapers inside where
old boys slept — old
bottle Roma wine —
Old Purefoy Cassady
slept here — many
cans of many a
pork n beans supper —
strange festive weeds
with big cabbage
leaves & bunchy green
substance you could
roll into seeds between
palms — slivers of
wood cover ground —
old rusty nails long ago
hammered now lie
uppointed to heaven &
forgot —

A bum fire, sweet smoke
scent — Inside shack:
abandoned child toilet
seat! — Royal Riviera
Pears box — flashlite
battery — hole plugged
with cardboard but
boards spaced an inch —
The thrill of old magazines
time soaked — a
haunted village — wood
of crossbeam this door
is decayed where nails
went in, mould of dusts,
tiny webby darkgray
Colorado shack color,
a big old Rocky Mtn.
tree overhangs — this
was once a thriving
    Mexican or cowhand
camp settlement — mebbe
a big Mex family now
gone — Beautiful
lavender flowers 5 foot
hi in rich erotic weeds
— A redbrick shack
with torn “Notice” —
hints of onetime smiling
people now the shithole
beneath the
viaduct of Iron America
in which at last I
am free to roam —
Come on, boys!
(Old Black Flag insect
Spray! — for particular hobos! — but thrown from viaduct — )

Deserted House — on tar road, many of em — around back — great weeds — incredible cellar stairs leading to black unspeakable hole not for hobos but escaped murderers! — Shit on floors — papers, magazines — Ah the poor sad shoes of some thin foot bum — weary with time — scuffed, browned, cracked, but good soles & heels only a little edgeworn — wine bottles — a pocketbook “Trouble at Red Moon” — Old newspaper with faces of tragic Mexicans in hospital beds of the moment — now upstare this bleak roof torn — old bum in topcoat came in — “Boys be around a little later” — old Bull Durham pouches — planks — trains go by outside — plaster — Boys who were coming were 2 Indians — one roundfaced, dungarees — one thin, tragic, seamed, Colorado Wild, with workpants, jacket, red bandana & strange rust red suede cowboy slope hat of the Wides — coming across UP tracks with big bags (of sandwiches probably) — tied up with old white bum who had strange high voice, was Irish, old but only 45, rednose, tremendously hopeless, didn’t talk to me, went next room, read or scanned thru floor
reading — what a movie of the Gray West I there missed! — never felt the thrill of the West more since childhood days of gray tumblewagon serials in the Merrimac Theater — cold, cold wind — Wazee, Wynkoop, Blake, Market — dismallest of streets with RR track each side, parked boxcars, cold winds blowing down from all the gray Wyomings,

sheds with stairs, redbrick bldgs., shacks, deserted — poor little Neal in this night! — and the alleys! oertopped thickly with telephone double pole lines, barrels, concrete paving, dismal, long, cold, leading to gray Raw each way — Then Larimer, corner 19th, Japs, — cluttered dark pawnshops with tools, guitars, lanterns, (some unusable), rifles, knives, stoves, bolts, anything — & a poor Negro couple quietly talking & speculating as they walk in to sell something, their children will hear of it one day the down & out past

— beat Negros pile in car, “see ya later,” garage Negro walks on, “Cool” — but says Cool emphatically & like a revolution — Two itinerants standing outside Pool Parlor still closed 9 30 AM, everybody cold — Coffee shop — cafe — next to Windsor — old bum in faded Mackinaw eating big breakfast gravely with grizzled sorrow — younger men — coffee 5¢ — sugar & cream put in for you etc. — Windsor lobby cold, gloomy —
painting of constellation
of faces around Windsor,
Cody, Edwin Booth,
Lily Langtry, Baby Doe,

Oscar Wilde — Ah
this is all the Jack
London gray — Deep
dark stairways blood
mahogany — bums sit
around — one man at
bar — talk across 50
foot lobby — once a
great splendour is now
mutter hall of hoboes
— clerk at sumptuous
desk paces & whistles —
bums huddle in gray entrance
to smoke & see
out, hands a pockets
— rattle rasp of
a truck out there, I
sense the gray cold
tragedy of N’s boyhood
— & its joy, too,
as he showeth —

Bums sit forever, with
that hurt look, angry —
smoking — waiting — immovable
from their position —
different type looks
out door humbly, waiting
for he knows not what,

— old tottering tall bum
in plaid shirt with
squinty look of bewilderment
— old painter
bum in white coveralls
struggles thru door —
men with hats, coats, hands
a pockets, sauntering — some
of em weatherbeaten, hard,
rough looking, Canyon City
was their most recent
home —

Glenarm poolhall —
rubber floor full of
holes, boards show — ancient
lost linoleum under —
tables have hanging baskets
like balls — Pederson’s —
old tin panel ceiling,
tan color — cue racks —
pissery in corner hid by
partition — greentop card
tables where Holmes
in bleak poolhall time
sat dealing blearfaced
& grim — “Onlooker’s
bench” pale green, high,
sand jars — Candy
counter, open phone
booth panels, juke —
parking lot across street —
Denver Bears on
summernight radio —

click, bounce balls on
hard, laughs, “God-damn!”
— husky voices — Stomp of
feet angling around tables
— shuffle of shoes —
“Let’s go, let’s go!” —
voices of adolescents —
crash of break — “Shhhhhhit”
— impatient knock of
cuestick on floor —
bop — click of ball
in basket — pocket —
Blackboard near counter
— groups of voices,
Street — Hotel DeWitt
— flash of liquor store
neons — Drake (blue)
hotel (red) down right,
cold — Bright orange
Chinese neons up left of
city center — Denver
Auto Park, lot, old redbrick
Hotel Southard one wall,
DeWitt (brown brick white
bordered) other — over
head wire bulbs in lot —
Above poolhall Acme Hearing
Aid Co. whitewashed brick
— barber pole — (left)
Hotel Glenarm pink neon
on red brick (right) —
Mirobar corner — (flashing) —

Counter — old bronze gilded
cash register — framed
licenses near coathanger
hooks — dark brown cabinet
— cigar counter with Tops,
White Owls, Red Dot — El
Producto — King Edward —
signs in entrance glass sides
low Coca Cola, Whistle
Oh Lord in heaven above
what a holy moment, coming
to Neal & Carolyn’s house in
the gray fog day of San
Jose, nobody in, the 9
room sadhouse, the old
Green Clunker filled with
California Autumnal leaves
like the prophetic old
birdhouse wreck of old
travels & sorrows — & finding
all alone in the house
Eternal house little John
blond & beautiful as an
Angel, taking him up,
a spot of Tokay, sit
by the radio with him
& have there on my
lap all that’s left
of my life, as if he
were my blood son.

And he looks just like
Carolyn — how sad
the ten-balled years,
how toppled the pin
of myself — what
Gray Sorrows of Autumn
for this sailing soul
— and for Cassadys,
nothing but love &
attention — bearded
doom boy Jack in Old
Jose, walked from
Easonburg Carolina —
with $5 — & came
to the Angel child that
was not afraid of the
Shroudy Stranger.

FRISCO Embarcadero Sept 8
Cold fog winds blowing
from the wreathed hills
of houses, I can see
the blazing fog shagging
over from old Potato Patch
in a cold whipped blue
— bay waters clear to
Oakland are ripple & keen
blue & cold looking — the
wind even whistles — The
majestic Mormacgulf with
her creamy white masts
& rigging in the pure blue
sits before me, a rusty
redpaint waterline on
the green Jack London
swell of old piers —

Cold wind brings hints of
all the good food in Frisco
(& maybe all the love,
& surely all the hate) —
Mormacgulf is tied
with great cables, a
ratguard broke loose near
the bowsprit canvas and
bangs like a tin pan
in the wind — Water
rushes gushing from a low
scupper — In the water
is bread, a leaf of cabbage,
a butt —

SP train at night

The local — sweetsmelling
night soots — crashby
dingdang of opposite
train — the pink neons
of Calif., the cocktail-
glass-&-mixer neon of
the ginmills — The hills
of supper lights — the
blear of fogs in from the
brown gaps — blear of
lights — Redwood City to
Atherton, clear, clean
night, with magic stars
riding the dark over the
homes of the railroad
earth — plenty time —
I must believe in the lives
of people & the history of
their reality — I must become
a historian —

observe the history of society
& write histories of the world
in wild hallucinated prose
— but a record of the
angels personalizing all the
haunted places I have
seen, written for the angels
not the publishers & readers
— a complete history of
my complete inner life,
also — Wail of the
train, chipachup of the
locomotive steams when
they open a vestibule door
— brakes haul up train,
old ornate browngreen coach
sways — Brown seats
of sticky stuff —
California Spanish neat
cut houses & Launderettes
& modernistic groceries
in the leafy black —

nameless newbrick mortuaries
or grass conservatories
or waterworks with
Shrouds — Oh old train,
Wail my Lowell back,
wail for my Lowell, make
my Lowell my only come-
back — Palo Alto, taxis
at bushéd sidewalk, lights
evenly pinpointing in a
main drag, — Dodge Plymouth
paleblue sign exactly the
one at Letran corner
in Mexcity — but with
beautiful bloodclot glow
Don Hampton beneath —
Strings of yellow bulbs
in car lot — A sudden
view of muddy wood
supports litup in the
construction night —

Spectral palegreen greenhouse
of a factory — Her
I dont like & dont have
to like & wont — Fuckups
have a choice they make,
in naked silence — I
have never been a romantic
lover like him because
I do not like to moo &
screw — I like straight
relations no show all
balls come & comfort —
the slightest sadism makes
me sicken — I am a
hero — Distant bloodred
antennas of Calif. —
Murder will out among
these beasts — that
puffed feather She —

I like my women tragic,
silent, & ravenous souled
— Angel of Mercy,
come to swirl my brain
& teach me the truth &
what to do now, I pray
thee from dark & ignorance
— In darkness reeling I
see bare naked ledge of
oldbrown wood lit by
streetlamp, brown, dim —
Distant geometric modern
bluebright factory of
aircraft windows — The
star of my fame & pity
following far above — Lights
of spread parks illuminating
lonely bits of walks
— Green lights too — the

whistle calls on ahead —
Why did Sebastian live so
intensely & romantically
just to die bleary-eyed —
he was saved from middleaged
baggy eyed ends — The
Old SP’s all I got now,
Sam — I had loved you &
you me — Edie, I loved
you too, deeply — The
old stained glass of the
coach, the smoky tan
round ceiling, the barbershop
chairs, the engine calling
for our mountains & all
that’s lost & was supposed
to happen & didnt — Ah
James Joyce, Proust,
Wolfe, Balzac — I’ll
combine you in my forge —

Lovers like X. & Y. — simper
like snakes
WAITING FOR 146 AT
CALIF. AVE.
Backsteps Caboose (crummy)
bloodred — hills seaward
smoke shroud — sun orange
on its flare — Palo
Alto bank bldg. — steam
hiss, silence — the long
track Southeast — the
quiet Calif. cottages —
old paintchip trailer
in backyard, overturned
car junk, abandoned
cab (black, white), clothes-
lines with pins on —
Drive-In — Restaurant —
Green with modern ranch
style redwood sections,
Swift’s Ice Cream neon
in window, big bamboo
blinds in window, cars
parked around — Sunday
afternoon in San Jose,
late sun, the haunted
mountains from the East
rim of Santa Clara
Valley appear only after
a second take look,
dim, yellowish, faintly
rilled, round, bare as
flesh, humping softly
far over the flat of
fruit trees — Beyond
Drive In the night

lights of a ballpark —
traffic on road — Shadows
of pretty girls passing
inside Drive In — new
cars everywhere, & lots
— lost spiritualities
of America dulled &
buried in this last
barbaric land — empty
of meaning but rich,
fruitful, golden, — (the
land is) —
Original home of the
Tender Indian — the Pomo —
O Dostoevsky of
Indian Milleniums! —
Christian Fellaheen
Peotl Saint!


With historical basis in this: -

(1) America is a pseudomorphological wave laid over the land of the culture-less Fellaheen New World Indian
(2) The American Race is West European, Faustian, Late Civilized, Decadent
(3) Faustian West will destroy itself; the New World Earth will return to its original Indian & Fellaheen
(4) The Indian is one with the Fellaheen World Belt thru Mexico, Africa, Aramea, the Near East, Mohammedan
lands, India, China, Korea, the Primitive & the Fellah joined in one Underground Mankind beneath Western &
Russian Marxist heels — cultureless, non-critical, simplicity Mankind
(5) The prophet & saint of the World Fellaheen Future is a man of simplicity & kind heartedness & clarity; the
various levels of the human godhead are defined in the separate religions which give decency
& richness in blank & blind
Eternity with everybody
waiting. Wm. Blake, &
Dostoevsky are of the same
Church! Jesus Christ & the black Cunt are reconciled, the Virgin Mary is painted on the back of an immense hardon of gesso plaster in the hut home of my Culiacan host, Mexico.

**NOTE**

1. The Russian Christian of the next 1000 years belongs to the Aramaean Springtime of the Soul
2. The Aramaean Springtime of the Soul coincides with the Millenium of the Hip Fellaheen which has in it the seeds of the Antichrist
3. The next great conflict will be between Hip & Christ, will be resolved in the dark

The Millenium of the Hip Fellaheen has the subtle AntiChrist in it — it is not serious. Finally — Not Race, but the Types, in Fellaheen Form, is Discernible; the slope shouldered cowboy switch man in dungarees, low rolled sleeves & brim hat is the same type as the same-built Indian driving a Mexico City bus or lost in endless meditation on the desert.

The types come & go & never change, but history changes; it is history laid the pallor over the face of same-built Radio City executive — the history of his Race. But he who surmounts his race, & sits beneath history, is Fellaheen. Funny ideas. The realization of the death of a comrade is Jesus; the Millenium of Christ; the surprised news of the death of a comrade is Hip . . .

**Hip is Half.**
**Meek is Full — or Whole**

The Millenium of the Meek (Fellaheen)

Hip, & Culture, is Arrogance

Hip is the final Dionysian culture or cult-form in the decaying
West Arm of Europe —
it wears a subtle mask, it
covers nothing.
Fellaheen is Meek & Rages
like a Beast — the faces
of matricides in Athens
or Cairo afternoon editions;
over the hot rooftops a
woman wails.
The (Purely) Meek Shall
Inherit the Earth — the
Children of God
Children of Jesus
of the Son of Man

A mankind of saints shall
occupy the final Earth,
in endless contemplation of
Heaven —
Hip Fellaheen will lead
to Meek Fellaheen, souls
sitting round a fire in
the open night
All this (My Kingdom
is Not of This World) is
why 1947 was the
“happiest” year of
my life.
Now no more tea,
but contemplation of
Good & Evil —
Lust & Sorrow

Burroughs the Boss of
the Jungle —
Carr the Boss of World
News —
Ginsberg the trembling
Saint of the City —
Cassady the worker
of the wheel on the
land & cunt-man
Kerouac the Pilgrim
of the Meek Fellaheen
Huncke: - criminal hipster
Joan Adams: - the Heroine
of the Hip Generation
John Holmes: - the
Western “writer” &
“critic” — late Civilization
anxieties & word-torrents —
Solomon: - Megalopolitan
High Jew Enigma

The Gospel of the Meek
Fellaheen, Bringing History
Round to Jesus, Begins in
Sweet Actopan — &
ends there

I love the railroad
because it is laid out on the
land, & requires the
eyes of Indians — but
the Rail is Evil
“Brother have you seen
starlight on the rails?”
“Yes” — but,
the greatness of Wolfe
must have been in his
realization of the land —

Come face to face with
the lonely grave now;
beyond it is Heaven
— the lonely hole you’ll
lie in is the only hole
you’ll have — round it
God has woven golden
rewards the Fabric
of His Glory —
My father only now
is blinking his eyes on
the other side of Light —
Jesus loved the
Individual —
America is Decoration
now — planted palms in
San Jose —

The City fattens on
the blood of Towns,
then bursts. The
Atom Bomb, or its
satellite Power, will
destroy New York City
& all of Western Civilization
from Marxist-
Faustian Vladivostok
westward round the
globe to San Francisco.
Then the Millenium
of the Hip Fellaheen
begins, in all lands.
But Eden Heaven
awaits the Milleniums
of the Meek Fellaheen
for all time
The Mankind of Saints,
that shall come after
& finally.
The Men from Mars
are really the baldheaded
bespectacled
lobsters of American
business. — really &
seriously — their
beady eyes, in fat,
glint on the grave —
Rocky C.
A boxer with the
sadness of a saint
Faustian society had
good intentions

The latest sounds in
hip bop are exactly
like the latest developments
in N.Y. Advertising
— the latest ad shows
an empty Coca Cola
bottle, a model with
a black patch over his
eye; these trivial things
are really milestones in
the History of Advertising
in Western Civilization, &
are momentous in the
concerned (Balzacian) circles;
in Eternity of the Meek
Fellaheen they have no
more meaning than that
a walnut fell on the
head of the Patriarch this
morning — or the

Messiah’s pants fell off
the chair —

SKETCH

Crazy California of my
Selma days — tracks
of old SP shining in hot
birdy-tweeting breezy afternoon,
De Jesus & Rodriguez
market of white stucco
with cars parked (2) in
driveway & sign (same
as above, over PAR-T-PAK
board) — I see a
whole bookshelf of wine
bottles, GALLO too — &
here in field, in matted
brown grass under an
avocado tree, I see

an empty Gallo Tokay
fifth & fillet of herring
can & beer cans showing
a royal feast of hoboes
in their California, &
bed-down grass of their
reclinations — In De
Jesus (Vegetable, Meats)
I see a woman selecting
a brace of Cokes — a
car parks — across road
is Ferry Morse Seed Co.,
all spectral iron hell
red last night with
browndark clouds of
locomotive steam in
Faustian sky —
A little strange SP
handtruck (handcar)

(in Kansas Rock Island
boys say “Nothin to
worry about but a nigger
on a handcar” — pricks)
goes by, with 5 Mex
Indians, one Negro —
they point to rails for
foreman Mex who has
sledgehammer — a Jet
screams above, from
Moffett Field — upper,
paler B-29 groans —
— Seed
Co. is modern flat
plant, nobody in
sight, the machine
silent in the red sun, —
At night not a
human in sight,
just cars smooth in the
hiway, the rails gleaming,
cruel & cold to the touch,
slightly sticky with
steel death, — lights of
airport pokers, distant
roar of Jets in wind
tunnels, far off joints
slamming, planes carrying
Edison’s light across the
stars & freights of
Machine Humanbeings —
& the block lights in
the night that give
panic or peace
according to the
switch points as
manipulated — too
much iron, too much

for me — but in
afternoon, De Jesus &
the Tokay wine, the
roadbed rocks have little
silver gleams & waving
dry tendrils of interspersed
grass & crazy shuddering
little flowers & crackly
wind-weeds & pieces
of wood, hand towel
paper, cellophane
chip bags, gum wrapper,
little ants that bite —
the juice of the grape
stored darkly in the
cool interior store, I’m
wantin a poorboy —
Beyond pink brick Seed
Co. with its streamline

built in windows that
hide controlled vibrating
horror (Rocky Mt. Mills)
is a field of fruit trees,
iron & barbwire fenced
from precious Company —
little white cottages of
the railroad earth, with
end of day papa car
parked, little fruit
trees — haze of
sun — I’m sitting
by silver painted SP

Telephone box & eq’pt —
wearing workshoes, asbestos
gloves now black,
soiled timetable, thick
socks, ankle strap from
swollen ankle missing
bottom climb bar &
falling on rocks in
grim railroad dark —
blue work pants, too
tight, — gray workshirt,
— baseball hat for sun
— dreaming of my
$500 stake & Mexico
& the Millenium of the
Hip Fellaheen this winter
The intensity of D. H. Lawrence was not carnal

A woman’s cunt is the soft avenue to her womanhood, the godhead of human generations, the yearning point of man — I believe the celibacy in the teachings of Christ were Paulist & Jewish-Castration-Circumcision-cult in origin — for if His Kingdom is not of this World, & the Soul is to be Saved, it makes that difference inside a woman’s legs when her permission is given —

Neal’s Pornographilia is religiously intense —

The Phallic Cults worship generation of the species; the Aramaean worships its Salvation

Jesus did not say, but I believe in a woman’s permission

Retirement annuities that grow out of group life insurance & hospital plans & sick benefits, sponsored by the modern big company, are only an attempt to cut out turnover of employees — imagine devoting yr. entire life, its soul & meaning to a pineapple company & accepting its retirement annuities for reward — “Stay with the Machine, boys, don’t need to run away or shift to other cogs, you’re just as well off in this one — we offer
YOU SECURITY TILL THE GRAVE.” — never mind the Saviour, he never took a shower. This company-sponsored insurance, that takes bites out of the victims’ pay all their lives to support itself (the money clangs hollowly from the Machine’s
twidget to the Machine’s twadget) is called protection — protection against their being left to drift free outside the M. (M. for machine).
Big Business in Late America prides itself on growing figures, just as a spokesman for the Golden Age, “the American Explosion,” points with pride at the 3 inches added height average of American kids. If not the highest, then it’s the “fourth highest” etc.

The faces & demeanors of successful young American businessmen: - a guarded sense of one’s own gentlemanness — the face taut & ready to smile the hand-shake smile — a terrible concern in the expression that the subject wont reciprocate the same escalator tension from empty gesture to empty gesture — these gestures are the ritual of Late High Civilization — the American workingmen have adopted a surl in superficial opposition — but the Executive

secretly & queerly desires the Worker’s “tough look” & the Worker (excuse me, the Man of Production
in New Overalls) secretly practises Executive Smoothness before his mirror.
Ad infinitum —
First signs of the Machine really destroying itself & People is the guided drone plane with Atom Bomb warhead — “DRONE” is the horror name, deeply named by mysterious High Priests in the Forums of the Pentagon Glare.
. . (I worked on the Pentagon)

The gray drab Indian village near Actopan, no Coca Cola, no Orange Crush, just dysentery-ridden water, & lizards on the old walls — Jesus has made it hard on us.

But a maiden wears a smile, & a little hidden ribbon of meaning, & at the brook the waters ripple in the shade of shepherd trees — the flies are insistent, but so is the soul in its thoughts & loves, O Man, Poor Man — Thirsts developed in us by the Machine are insatiable

As for “freedom” — there’s no doubt of freedom in Fellaheen

Cathy says: “Write it right here now.”
“Look at her legs move” (the bug) “she wants to eat.”
J: Nobody eat the bug.
C.: The bug eats the shades up.
J.: I bounce (bowtz) Pee-pit (paper) We baint (paint)

That paused look of a
man pissing —

“Silly Faust — & the
mystery of history”

J: Arent you dired?
C: It’s a nightgown —

The Agrarian American
is the strongest American
because nearest to Fella-
heen condition

Santa Barbara
1. New notebook
2. Spoon
3. Toothbrush
4. Lunch
5. Dostoevsky
6. Matches for lamps

The Fellaheen women
let the men run things
— in the driveway of
the country store on
Sunday afternoon, they
wait in the car & smile
while the men goof with
beer cans — These are
Mexicans, Indians, of the
California countryside —
Western Civilization women
would say “Are you
coming John?”

American woman run
things, even kicks, —
have made life a drab &
sorrowful for their
Milquetoast Machine
husbands, the dumb fucks —
also the American women
have subordinated everything
to “my child” — my
so-called child — (the child
of God, lady) — & so
make the husbands attend
to the children only —
Fellaheen children are in
the background silent,
watchful, & awed —
American kids are loud,
nasty, forward, disagreeable
at 4, & bored at 16

The horrible bitches have
no regard for man
anyway, just their
itchy old twats & what’s
come out of it — It
would never occur to
American women &
American Old Woman
Society that a 80
year old man’s life
is more valuable than
an infant’s life because
it has acquired its
value — They think
in terms of “My Child”
with an almost-mystical
sense of the Future
as abstract as everything
else Faustian —

A jet plane is an
abstraction because it
serves absolutely no
purpose to body or
soul — just flies —
All their other abstractions
— Communism,
Freedom, etc. — are
abstractions within the
Abstract Structure of the Machine —
Machines can’t
run without a theoretical
basis.
The theoretical of
Nature is still & will
always be “unknown”
because it is not
theoretical, it is —

Ah now the croaking
birds of California Afternoon,
the tweeties too,
the neigh of a horse,
the breeze, the rustle
of a paper bag stuck
against a bush — God
will come again in all
his radiance & illuminate
our souls with understanding
& pity, & Jesus will
descend into our minds
with his Meek & Sorrowful
Look & pierce us with
the pang & arrow of
our condition on the
plain of life — & bless
us with a soft
shroud — I want
to sit in the

desert contemplating the
earth & the clouds &
the insects & suddenly
the poor Fellaheen
simplicity-souls there
with me — I want to
be among them in the
night, soft lights across
the sand road, distant
dogs of the Fellaheen Moon

— the maguey rows —
the holy marijuana to
enliven my Vision when
needed — the sweet
wine — to soften my
cark & belly when needed
— the tender cunt of
my Indian Love — my
Fellaheen Wife — &
holy sleep among the Patriarchs

All I want to do is
love —
God will come into
me like a golden
light & make areas
of washing gold above
my eyes, & penetrate
my sleep with His Balm
— Jesus, his Son, is in
my Heart constantly.
My brother Gerard
was like Jesus. My
father I loved like
God. My mother
is sweet & golden-
hearted & never meant
harm to bird, insect
or person in the depths
of her simple heart, —

My sister is dead to God
now, because she puts
marriage to a tyrannical
but simple-hearted
man before her knowledges
of God & the soul that
she learned once from
her father, brother (&
mother perhaps) & Church —
She & I knelt in
damp pews of poor Good Friday — 
I am working for the railroad to keep my stomach in food & drink but I want to throw myself on the ground & die for God if it wasn't so awful

TO DIE & leave the joys of food & drink & cunt, & grieving relatives.
To learn the life of sainthood is harder than 8 years of Medical or Law School — I will come to it gradually, to celibacy & some fasting (by celibacy I mean of course simplicity of living, for instance no gum chewing & such trivial habits that attach to me still from the Machine of Anti Christ) — come gradually to growing my own food, to Patriarchy & Silence in the Earth & Ecstasy of Alyosha

SKETCHES NO. 3

Cowboys of the Wild American romantic West & the Horsey Set are hungup on horses' asses —

Cows around an oil well pump say — “Leave the oil in our earth.” — Later ages will wonder why Faustian man extracted all kinds of stuff from the earth, dirt, mud, oil — Silly pumps ass balling up & down the ground for nothing — oil for horror —
( — Dostoevsky’s moon — )

Aping nature is not art, only a gospel will do —

Tea — backtracking thru
the universe —

Not only a derangement of the senses but of personal evaluations, moral evaluations of yourself — tea is suicidal —

I want to be alone — since that repudiation of a human wish Americans have become adjusted to their machines —

Baby crying in gray morning — moments meshing with every note —

Pray to God for the great reality (on yr. knees in Italian railyards near spectral tenements)

The first thing that strikes me about Dostoevsky in beginning any of his books is the nervous anguish that seems to have preceded the first page — the hero is always the same, comes to the first page out of eternities of introspection, anguish, gloom — just as I do every day.
Hmm.

The morning of me liberation — Oct. 4, 1952 — I go live alone in a 3rd St. room, leaving Neal’s — for the 1st time since 1942 — (in Hartford) — All set to write On the Road, the big one with Michael Levesque — the only one — have renounced everyone, & myself dedicate to sorrow, work, silence, solitude, deep joys of the early mist —
Train 3-419 is waiting
outside Oakland yards
— it's 7 30 AM —
fog — great clutter of
dbedsprings & screens &
rusty fenders for walls
make a house of
ferruginous barrels loaded
with iron mucks — I
see whole interiors of
hotplates, grates of
old stoves, the arms
of antique washing machines,
tubes, buckets,
— two bos just
passed it, found an
interest in a piece on the
ground — Strange
bird flies overhead —
Saw 1000 ducks Milpitas —
Next to junk crib
is concrete blockhouse hut
with protruderant pole
with climbing ladder &
iron pipe — a smaller,
sloperoofed concrete house
with no meaning (hides
a dynamo?) — little
window — in chalk
“Nixon is broke” —
Armour & Co. loading
platform has yesterday’s
debris — a Filipino
fishes in blue barrel —
October & the railyards
again, & the great novel
in America —
The Cook is Grooking —
Jacky Robinson’s at
bat again —

OCT 4

Saturday morning in a Frisco
bar, October, it’s the
World Series as in 1947
when Michael LeVesque
was in Selma Calif.
& the old railroad clerk
spoke to him in the
long dust of an
afternoon of sorrowful
farewell, when Mike’d
turned for one last goodbye
at Teresa in the
long grape row —

I’m getting my kicks in
typical Jack Kerouac
way, refilling a tokay
25¢ shotglass from
my poorboy pocket bottle
in railroad-grime jacket

& writing & watching
W. S. while Negro &
Filipino cats sit in
bar watching game
without buying or
drinking anything at
all — Mike Levesque
is like that, the
Pilgrim of the Fellaheen
is a simple & joyful
fellow & no “innocent
boy” camper like Peter
Martin — but no
more words, now for
the scenes —
(She was born in Montreal
a simple-intentioned pure
heart, & remained so for
a lifetime thru histories, paranoias
& grief)

You’ve got to put a
superstructure of love
on yr. life or you’ll
just be a skeleton in
the grave of yr.
mortal days, shuddering
naked against the main
nerve of yr. being,
unclothed for the
Raiment Halls of
Will, Severity of Purpose,
— God is a superaddition
to the frame of Man,
like the flesh & eyes —
Therefore unravel the
drama of yr. soul before
yr. eyes, be strong &
thoughtful, be not naked scared

The personal legend of
Duluoz is for communication
on a later level —

When I walked in 20th Century Fox
office in 1949 I knew the
corruption of certain types &
the City; but now I see the
corruption of all America
& its broken head on an iron wheel
Ah what’s happening in
the world! —

I woke up — 2 flies
were fucking on my forehead

It’s hypocrisy makes
these hills grim —

The pue of the sad Malley —
listen to the sad Malley —
the phew of the sad Malley —
song of the sad Malley —
(Mallet locomotive)
    You have an inordinary
    knack to inult me
every nime
    This is the end of
the handball game
TO CARL SOLOBONE

SKETCH . . . .

Watsonville, valley — the
sun is setting in a mysterious
orange flameball over the
flat green lettuce fields
interlined with brown dirt
rows & roads & rails — beyond
the milky haze of this
dusk is the sea, unseen, the
Pacific to the Land of the
Rising Sun — the grass is
like hay, full of ants
that go to sleep at sundown,
dry shrubs, dry cottonwoods,
weeds, tart spice ferns of
Spring are now fuel for
Autumn Seres, — little
weedflowers close their
blossoms as the dusk birdsongs
titter — a farm in the
dreaming vale below, white-
washed barn, flat reposant
chickencoops & toolsheds —
I hear the distant hiway
trucks — sitting on the
mat of earth on the westernmost
American hill facing
the unknown east all
pink now — Sweet dewy
breeze hints of sea —
The railroad cries the roundroll — I sleep on the ground under the stars like an Indian, baseball hat, brakeman’s lantern & tucked in Levis & workshoes & jacket, arms folded to the moon —

   a cow mourns below —
   adios — now the sun is bloodred, sinks behind the mighty mountain trees — the distant sad hiway of little soundless cars — the Salad Bowl of the World sinks to dark, all you need is a plane to spray mayonnaise & chopped scallions — eat a whole valley raw — the figs trees are shitting on the ground, Mexican Motorists pick walnuts from the ground, the bums have left a Tokay empty under the avocado tree — ripe California

THE CRUMMY

Where once I’d quake at the thought of a jawbreaking caboose hitting in the slack, Wham! — now, this morning, in my bemused equicenter I look up & see the caboose crazy disheveled blurred, as if I was seeing it momentarily photographed thru a trick mirror, & feel no shock or wonder nor hear a sound nor move from my seat — just see it as it rocks to the bang

Now that I understand the railroad with my own senses I see that Neal was only jabbering about the obvious again, & in his unnecessarily involved &
confusing way — which has
to do with his sadism —
to confuse — unclear
& befrighted with subtle
“lies” or “hiddens” —
“hidings” — concealings —
— from weird guilt —

The Bird of Chittenden

OBRA PRIVATA
When you were a kid,
Dulouz, & the perfumed
aunts visiting & the
promise of quarters &
ice cream & lipstick
kisses & long afternoons
of gossip in the kitchen
as the sun gets red —
The Immortality &
Eternalness of all
that & everything that
ever happened to you
still waits for
that Obra Privata
pen, sorrow & faith —
(some of it in French!)

MORE SKETCHES CALIFORNIA

Sexy young Wop mother
waiting train at Burlingame
in Gray West Void with
blond son, campy meets
her brunette sister in a
suit — a semi wino in
brown & white saddles &
beat pants passes them
smoking with that “Hey
Jack, I’m tired & shore
weary” expression — Big

sad baggage boy pushes
trunks on orange truck,
crepesoles, buttondown sweater,
short hair, his mother’s
making chocolate pudding
for him right now, his Pa’s
puttering in the garage —

Hundreds of cars parked
in concrete back of
Bridge & Dugan Carpet
Specialists — A big
yellow squash in the
weeds near the railroad
fence of a California
bungalow settlement
with same backs —
Pale green dobe oil
ccompany buildings —
(ranch style) —
Bay Meadows, the
starting gate high
on the far turn above
the immense Bay
flats & wreckage
of cranes & poles —
blah — The Machine Plain —

The California Okie
businessman with bushy
eyebrows & red face
clumpin along adjusting
his belt butt in mouth
newspapers sticking out
of shroud coat, in
first rain of year —
in Hillsdale — thousands
of cars everywhere half
of them new (now’s
time to buy jalopy)
Brown-grass hills, green
redwoods, alpine lodge
houses of 30’s Calif. —
Gray murk on palms —
Western Awning Co.
palegreen stucco —
& Dentist in Spanish
style — Dullness of
Texaco station, “Marfak
Lubrication” “Motor Tune
Up” — attendant pissing
water on windshield —

— Rain on the
parched Calif. brown
grass hills — the sea
beyond — Ha! —
What will be debris
by Europe track? —
here is oil cans, beer
cans, paper (brown),
oiled tie-piles, boards,
cartons, lumberyards,
junkyards, cellophane —

The winter in Italy? —
April in Paris! —
January in Venice! —
Summer in England
& Scandinavia!
Fall in North Africa!
Winter in Baghdad!
— !! —

CONSUMER CREDIT &
the new E. A. Mattison
Budget Finance Plan
Inc. is just a loan
to someone to finance,
manufacture, distribute &
sell a product, such as
home freezers — But this is
going in debt in order
to pay it off with
savings. You borrow
money, buy or invest, &
then save to pay off your
debt: leaves U.S. with
record savings & record
debts at same time.
Consumer credit is one
arm of machine reaching
out to help other, but
under conditions of debt.

In other words, Debt
(Neal’s big hassle) is the
form, financially, the Machine
creates to enslave the
individual to It — for
instance, Sinatra owes taxes,
back taxes, & is “forbidden”
to go to Europe, also
Dick Haymes — The
collusion of Debt, the
“Tax,” & “Insurance”
are tying people closer

& closer to the great
Wheel Rack —
Don’t accept “Loan”
or “Arm” of Machine —
it is a deceptive enslavement
— simple souls mistrust
offers of loan for no
idle reason —

The traffic problem is
merely that cars by the
millions enslave us to
new city systems requiring
hours of driving to & from
needs, on “congested” arteries, naturally — where once you’d-a walked — These are all conditions pointing to the imminent cancerous death of America, the Final Cog in the Western Civ. Machine — the supreme end-result of early Gothic Phallic forms is the skyscraper & the oil drill & powered compressor & pistons of great engines — the Machine copulates, men aren’t allowed to any more —

The flesh gets numb, but the soul doesn’t. N’s feeling for “Marylou” in that pix — her sexual pinched pretty face — he doesn’t realize about flesh is numb — till she’d die, I say — Candlelight in a beat room

The rat of hunger eats at your belly, then dies &’s left to bloat there —

WATSONVILLE GRAYMORN, a barbershop near park is doing big business at 9:45 AM — gray overcast, raw, cool — The park grass clip’t to the sward — a thin grayhaired fastwalking lady in low heels hustling towards Main St. of 5&10’s (Woolworths), “City Drug Store,” Ladies Shoes, Stoesser 335 Building, with Physician X Ray Doctor windows above, & “Roberts” Just Nice Things (Store) — In the barber shop a Brierly-like barber in neat glasses & white frock lowers little boy from littleboy chair — Name of shop is “Virg’s” — with an Anson Weeks
band ad in glittering window
& a few bottles of
hair lotion — Little boy
was with mother who
trots him pushing him
along across park in her
big ass gray slacks, bandana
& crepesoles —
little boy has wool cap
over new hair cut —
Trucks of supermarkets
& Oakland Towel Co.
& just pickups without
lettering grumble around
park — The palms
hang dull in bleak
green bug-specked Void
— California on a
gray day is like being
in a disagreeable room —
Here is lineup around
barbershop: “Sodas
Shakes Sundaes” in old
fashioned Watsonville
sidewalk roof corner but
not Western; solid &
Victorian, once respectably
whitewashed, with bas
relief drape regalcords

& a “Surgeon” goldpaint
flecking off a round
baywindow — “Athletic
Supplies” — Sharp’s Sporting
Goods next in same bldg.
— fancy fishingpoles

in rich interior basketball
gloom — then “Ben’s
Shoe Service” not cluttered
but prosperous & shiny like
he sold shoes — then
the old arched wood
doorway of old bldg. with
bas relief sprigs — & a
doctor plate — Then
Steve’s Cocktail Bar,
shuttered with French
blinds, black tile base
of wall, cocktail glass
drawn under “Steve’s”
— Then City Club
restaurant, same shuttered,
but open door, red “Beer”
neon — (bells ring now)
— (for Ten) —

Then barbershop; then
“Smoke House,” an
ordinary cigar newspaper
store — “Pajaro Valley
Hardware” sandwiches
in old Colonial Hotel
bottom of 2 story of
which is Sporting Goods
— Then rich creamy
concrete streamlined
bank on corner, with
official Main St. globetype
(5 globes) streetlamp
announcing bleak official
clock district officer
corner of bus stops
traffic & stainglass
doors
In Pavia, 18 miles south
of Milan, the ashes of
St. Augustine, the great
monastery Certosa di
Pavia, junction of the
Ticino & the Po, fortifications
of Old Ticinum,
thousand yr. old university,
manufacture of pipe
organs, makers of wine,
silk, oil, and cheese.
Must go to Pavia

Taranto for oysters

San Remo for swimming

Padua for pictures

Stone Age village near Terni

It not to pay is not
a sin to Jesus

ON THE ROAD
BY
Jack Iroquois
Billy Caughnawaga

The “angelic” light
behind Joan in that  
“radiant angel Mary”  
dream — if so, Edison  
is God because it’s the  
electric light gives her  
her glow — Only in America  
a woman is condoned for  
putting the man out of the house

Half of mankind is  
Snakelike

Ah Duluoz, — when you  
left home to go to  
sea in 1942 — that  
was the beginning — then  
you’d sing Old Black Magic  
in the night, & love  
yr. thoughts, & Margaret,  
& yr. good little friends of  
Lowell — Sammy GJ  
Salvey Scotty Daston

— what have you  
gotten since? Edie in  
the Fall led to Joan  
Adams Summer 43,  
which led to Carr,

Burroughs, Ginsberg, Chase,  
which led to Neal —  
& Tea — What would  
you have if you hadn’t  
written Town & City? —  
NOTHING — At least you  
met Holmes, especially  
Ed, & Tommy (they’ll always  
be yr. friends) —  
& now you know that you  
must depend on yr. self,  
& love the few who love  
you, & try a disinterested  
love of even yr. enemies,  
but must work like  
Joyce now, “silence,  
exile, & cunning” —  
All on your own  
terms, in yr own intelligence

— Never mind what  
Burroughs, or Ginsberg, have  
to say about anything  
— start by exposing them  
all in your parable about
America: -  
THE MILLENIUM  
OF THE MEEK FELLAHEEN  
Then work on “Vanity of Dulouz” with  
original ms. & all  
new Dulouz memories —  
in Mexico or in Spain —  
in Paris or in Pavia —  
Fish out that old  
“Liverpool Testament” —  

   concerning Dulouz —  
   For now — we’ll start  
   (& remember yr FrenchCanadian soul) — Compren tu?  
   Bon — commence —  
   Oct 28 ’52  
The old cowboys of  
1930’s pulp westerns were  
always in river bottoms  
eavesdropping on the rustlers  
at late afternoon — the  
Pajaro River in dry  
California, brush, sand,  
cow turds, trees —  
ashes of old campfires —  
Nowadays the wino  
   there realizes the old cowboy  
must have had that  
canteen of tequila forever  
upended, the way things  
are — Peeking thru  
the brush at the doings  
of other wino-rustlers  
jacking off or cooking  
pork & beans makes you  
realize once & for all  
the world is real &  
pulp & pocketbook B  
Movie magazines are  
unreal — the late sun  
on the cattle tracks, the  
flies, the sad western  
blue —  
The flame of the  
woodfire grows more profound  
& mellow on the first  
November nights, in  
the caboose —  
   Remember that picture of  
Edw. G. Robinson, a Bowery  
bum drunk, visiting a  
Class Reunion — saw it  
with Pa — it’s as though
I, of the Pajaro Riverbottoms, should attend the Columbia Lou Little Reunion of $6 a head & $4 for game tickets — in poor Halloween! — Oh Soul —

“The trouble with me is that outside my mind it seems the world hasn’t got no ass,” speech to Alumni, Dostoeyskyan, embarrassing, significant

MANTELES PARA LA MESA

The poor little Mexican gal in Calexico, writing on Oct 1 1952 to Manuel Perez in Watsonville whose clothes & belongings I found intact on the Pajaro levee dump, wants money to buy a tablecloth — can you picture an American woman asking money for such a humble, useful purpose — “unos manteles para la mesa.” “Honey,” she says, “dime porque no me has escrito” — “tiene tan . . . pensamientos para ti.” She loves him — I am wearing all his clothes not knowing whether he’s alive or dead - or in the Army? I found several of her sad letters on that dump, in October, — in the dry dust, just before the rainy Season, —

Me: a man made to stand before God —

Who is the Montgomery Clift Stanford kid reading Shakespeare in the 12:30 local on Oct 31 AM 1952 — what ignu? what sonnets of his own?
does he realize Kerouac
is writing the Millenium
next to him, in workclothes?

OCT 31 1952
Evil dies, but good
lives forever —
The evil in you will die,
& your flesh with it, but
the good in yr heart &
soul will live forever —
Evil can’t live, good
can’t die —
Your angrinesses, impatience,
hassels, even that & your
shit, all — will die, cannot,
wills not to live; but the
flashes of sweet light will
never die, the love, the
kindness of hope, the
true work, joy of belief —
   As for reforming others,
   let them reform themselves,
   if they can’t they were
meant to die; they
are barely alive now if they
can’t reform themselves tomorrow;
better a cleaner
of cesspools than a reformer.
   Let every man
make himself pure as
I have done — that’s
the “reform” —
Work on your own soul —
experiment to see if one
man can be saved, as
the whole lot en masse
can apparently not —
on yr own soul first,
then the angels of
your soul, yr mother, your
wife (a new, good wife),
your children. If a son
or a daughter is bad,
throw it in the sea —
Your few good friends.
Cultivate yourself like a
flower; pull out weeds
like Cassady, Ginsberg,
Burroughs; accept the
nourishment of White,
Holmes: — water yrself
carefully — & keep your
flesh fit so as not to
burden the soul with
temporal strains & remove
that much energy
   for its prime consideration
   & meditation —
   God, & Good — Direct
contact between you &
God means no church,
no society, no reform,
& almost no relationships,
& almost no hope in
relationships — but
kindness of hope inherent
in that what is good,
shall live, & what is
bad, dies — Your
flesh will be a husk,
but yr. soul a star —
The greatest & only
final form of “good”
is human —
   Because intellectual
   & intellectually willed
good & so conceptual
good is only a word —
“Almost” no hope in
relationships, means,
no foolish hope, but
true hope —
Everyone to his own
true work — There
is no good in work
which does no good.
Railroads, factories,
solve & give nobody
nothing, serve the
flesh only, at great
time & sacrifice, are
evil —

The true work is on
belief; true belief
in immortal good;
the continual human
struggle against
linguistic religious
abstraction; recognition
of the soul beneath
everything, & humor, —
Lights in the foggy
night are not necessarily
bleak & friendless, but
just lights (in fact to
light yr. way), & fog
from the necessary sea —
Stupid, fatuous men
are not necessarily
all stupid & fatuous,

nor all on the horizon,
nor completely devoid of
good, or hope — The evil
in them will die, the
good will live — Bleak
& friendless universe is
only one of several
illusions, the greatest &
only immortal one of
which is good —
Enough, the words to
this “idea,” or belief,
are limited, the combinations
to describe it
almost exhausted already
— Manifestations
of this in humanity, therefore
in your writing work,
are endless however —
This is the return of
the Will

Just the sight of the “snow”
under the locomotive, brings back
sweet light of the boy soul in
Lowell, the human earnest desire
to revisit Lowell this New Year’s
& soak up the sad hints of
the past in a grateful soul,
from just . . . “snow” — So
immortal love also hides
in things — talisman details
for the temple soul —
but soul, soul, soul, the
“details” is the life of
this thing —
GO NAKED TO THE WHITE

(End of SK 3)

EN ROUTE MONTREAL BUS Mar 20 ’53

I keep thinking of the
acorn trees outside Lowell
on that gray day Mike
& I hiked to the quarry —
Kírouac will be like
that, gray, fated —

MONTREAL (in “taverne”)
Montreal is my
Paradise — &
they almost didnt
let me in —
Railroad restaurant Frisco
combined with Mexico
Fellaheen girls taverns
& Lowell — O
thanks Lord

N.YState
Crows are insane in
the mist — America
is thrilling on a gray
day, Quebec non —
America has histories
of wood & Robert
Frost fences —
McGillicuddy’ll
make his comeback —
The Canucks are
ignorant, vulgar,
cold hearted — I
dont like them —
No one else does —

Moreover Kirouac
has always been an
unpopular name
among Canucks, for
Breton reasons I
guess — something
hotheaded independent
& brilliant makes
yr paisan bristle
with suspicion —
Noel was a whole
chunk of suspicion
— I shoulda
spattered him in
the street
And that would
tear my clothes
break my watch no
thanks —

In America the
birch is grievous,
lost, rich, poetic
— the woods are
haunted — a meaning
was united in this
bleak — I know
the dead Dutchman
of Saybrook never
cared for the
name Kirouac —
but I have cared
for ye dutchmen —
It is my prerogative
to believe, in my
own way, in what
haunts my conscience
& fulfills my hope —
I know there’s nothing
down the line but
gray indifference, the
earth-covering excrescence
of mean men —
That I was born into

a beastly world with
all the traits in
myself — & God
will crown my head
with grave dung —
but I have sung
the pale rainy lakes
in this chokéd craw
of mine & will
sing again — &
mine enemies look
me in the eye
if they will, or
be still

The moon’s
dropping a
tired pious
drape

A Whitman song
of New England in
Winter! — the
coasts, the white
sprays of shipping off
N.B., the r.r. brakeman’s

eyes slitting in the
long New London dawn
— the covered bridges
of Vermont, tunnels
of love of old hay
rides in other harvest
moons — The shiney
snake in the bog,
the mad bongoeer
in the dark shore
of Nancy Point —
the blue windows of
mills, of Boston ware-
houses — Wink of Chinee
neon in Portland Maine
A big piece of myself is stuck
is choking me in my throat

My belief in the Holy Ghost
less and less — it’s fading
— It must not fade, but
return — Return, Holy Ghost

March 30 1953
PLANS FOR NEW WRITING
“Newspaper accounts”
of what happened, short
ones or long “novel” ones,
with moral theme . . . since
that is the final question,
do we live or die bleak.

— Fullscale explanations
in unpausing sometimes
hallucinated prose, of
these things, —
(No — continue with
Duluoz Legend)

Spring in Long Island
Not a blue sky clean
Spring but a mixed
new-haze day smelling
of faint Spring smokes
— a chill wind
makes washlines sway
— a gray horizon, a
radiant sun behind
clouds — in little
snake mottled trees
balls of Spring bole
hang like decorations,
wave —
Six million diesels
churring & vibrating
in the yards, waiting
for fueling — The
tenderness pale clouds
that in the exact
zenith mix with
the pale pure
blue — Among the
bushes the carpet of
caterpillar hair —
The basketball
players of the
open cement court
are wheeling &

whistling — a ball’s suspended in air, a Scandinavian sweatered youth is stiffnecked watching it, others in attitudes of twistback & turn, “Ya-y-y-y” — — gesturing, talking — watchers have arms on knees — a ball is bounced —

A mother works eagerly in this orgone ozone
day pushing a teeny child in the park swing — She won’t throw him down the airshaft — she says “It’s chilly here” —

Figures on the plain of the park in various throwings, strollings, pushings of carriages, scufflings, the graceful walk of

a beautiful young girl who doesn’t care — How can an old man like me devour what she has, it is a nameless newness insouciance & style as ephemeral as gain, as heartbreaking to see as loss — as lost to me as smoke or the smell of this day —

nothing there is left for me, for us, but loss — yet we choke & gain after races & rush & nothing’s to come of it but tick
tack time —
A little paper on
the cement is
just as glad
as I am, just
as won —

Young girls in Levis
with little asses,
little pliant waists
& ribs wrap in
gray jacket coats, —
green skirts —
I see them walking
off with the huge
LIR R coal bunker
as their backdrop
— But yet I
aim to write books
believing in life How?

In the heat of my
blood it all comes
out & good enough
& like birth —
It still isn’t
Spring, the wind
in my neck’s
not April’s,
March’s —
insistent, beastly,
knifing — Ah
cars! Ah airplane!

**SKETCH**

Behind big engine 3669
in the bright day of
San Luis Obispo the
mtns. of hope rise
up, treed, green, sweet
— a rippling palm
behind the pot steams —
the young fireman of
Calif. waiting to
make the hill up to
the bleakmouth panorama
plateau of
Margarita where
stars of night are holy —

I love Calif. more &
more — if everyone loved
it as I do, dear
abandoned Jack, they’d
all be here — This
rippling land was the
Pomo’s — There’s
a cool sea wind
this noon — With
F M Hill I’m going
now to swing the hill —
to learn — long after
Neal, & hopeless — a
strange estudante
writer-brakeman

Only when that work
which oertops my
hopeless men-among
bones will save me
up & back to enthusiastic
inside
me personal need
breast —

The Pomo word for person is animal —
So they spoke to
spiders & hawks,
& thanked the
ground they slept on —

SK People in L I R R Station
Gray skies, man glances
at wrist watch, —
not people — big
bleak blackwater windows
of an upstairs Jamaica
loft with French blinds
rolled up matted at top
& bank building marble
or smooth concrete blocks
— does God care?
do I care?
Say What you Want or
Drop Dead

You’re the boss . . .

Move silently, serpent
Thru the crisscrossing swords
of afternoon
The shining grass
Move broadly, servant

0....................................................0

Sign in Sunnybrae, Calif. : -
BAY PEST CONTROL
Our Business is Simply Killing

Man is to be a
Young animal not
an Old carbon copy

NEW!
Brand New!

Daydream Sketch
Neal & I are in Mex City —
buying tea off queers — we’re
in a hotel room — they
are very weird, young

dirty — The hotel is like
the Hunter, with 2 rooms,
2 bathrooms, $10 peso
a day & we’re in MC
only a week just for
weed & a few Organo
girls — Neal’s blasting
& rolling & bringing my
attention to the weirdness
of the boys “Dig them —
dig their lives, man — The
way they live — how they
hustle on that crazy Organo
street — look at their
clothes, their eyes — hee
hee, now dig him, see
they’re talking now, wondering
how much they oughta charge

us & the little one with
the curly hair & the
airforce wings on his
T shirt who’s just like
a little kid — he’s
hot for you, Jack — he
doesnt talk business, lets
old Mozano handle
that — ” & the
mothlike dense eternal
moment of a thousand
things — caught — I get
so hi I see the history
of nation, Indians, America —
“But Mozano’s not
interested in the money
either, he’s just anxious
for La Negra to enjoy
himself — he watches”
Add Achievements: -
Met Glenway Wescott
in the Kitchen

DEATH OF GERARD

Oil cups flaring in
the misty night, the sand,
the ditch in the street
with jagged concretes
of old making little dusty
ledges for little living
strange dusts that are now
blowing in the night —
the flicker of the
flares, the saw horses,
the sand piled —

somewhere on the mysterious
horizon of the suburban
nite like scenes in Mexico
City or Montreal &
equally Strange — equally
weird — equally & O
most hauntingly like
the little man with the
mustache, a strawhat,
a salesman saying he
is dying, the golden davenport
of his house at the
top of the street —
the wind from the river
cold & inhospitable,
dim lights in houses, creak
of pines, lost Lowell
in a winter night in

1922 & I am not
yet born but the oil cups
flare & smoke in the
night — little rocks on
the pile have eyes —
everything is alive, the
earth breathes, the
stars quiver & hugen
& drool & recede & dry
up & spark — no moon.
Black. Shuffling figure
of a man in a derby
hat handsapockets
going to the latticed
house, the kellostone
pine, the great soul
of my brother in
sadness hums over the
scene — Hear the
river hushing under a
load of ice — Smell
the Smoke of the dump
— the little man in
the strawhat is going home,
newspaper underarm, he’s
left the trolley at
Aiken & Lakeview, but
a new Rudy Valentino
box of chocolates for his
wife for tomorrow night
Friday, I am
dying he said to
me in Eternity in
Montreal years later

& that afternoon Frank
Jeff & I took the 2
girls, sisters, to the
bleak roadhouse outside
Mex City & danced
to sad lassitudinal
Latin mambos & slow
tempos & tangos —
the rain came, outside
it was a pine, a gray
window behind brown
pink Mexican drapes
of decoration — The
hand drummers dreaming —
I saw the oil cup
flares of the construction

job at the middle of
Gregoire St. in Lowell
in a night before I was
born, the moths flying
millionfold around, the
dense happiness of
timeless reality and
angels — the incoming
soaring whirlwind
cloud of thoughts, eyes,
the whole shroud, the
Blakean wind &
the voice in the wind
saying “Ti Jean va
venir au monde, Il
va savoir le mystère,
il va savoir le mystère — ”
& at the foot of the
street the house where
the woman had an
altar in a room, whole
statue, candles, flowers,
this dame instead of
a TV had in & for her
sittingroom of settees
& kewpie cushions a
bloody sadness in
plaster, loss & vim
of kicking candle flames
hundreds darting to
the rescue in air
screaming pursuit of
lost atoms —
The mist of the night,
the river beyond, the dull
street lamps, the pit of
the universe not only like
the Mass. St of Mary
Carney in another room
of the Level Time but
(as dark, as fragrant)
like the night of
the dream of the crowd
playing leapfrog around
the racetrack with dice,
knives & interests
— in Denver, in
Shmenver, when silently
I a goof following

a cop who later turned
into a woman came
padding in my dusty
shoe of dreams, amazed
— the last gloom, the
last barn — horses? —
& in the rickety sad
immortal Now-house
the swarming vision parting
over the heads of
little children on the
bed & I’m singing
a saying — “Where’s
Neal?” — & that
little salesman sipped
his beer in Montreal,
put it down, adjusted
packages, said “Ben
j m en va chez nous”
“T’est t un vra
soulon —”
“Ben weyon, parl
pas comme ca — On
dit pas ca —”
“Aw —” I was
sorry — “En anglais
en amerique — c’est
une joke — on dit —”
And he said: “I’m
half dead anyway — I’m
goin to die soon” &
off he goes, 98 lbs.,
dark, blessed, off
into the spectral

Montreal night of
suburban streetdiggings
with oil cups, flares
illuminating sandpiles,
as the Angel bends
over, Gerard bends over,
leering sadly
in this night —

A great
unequivocal dog
Is all a wolf is

I am Mallarmé’s
grandchild

The locomotive comes swimming
thru the newsy city. In
a deep cut, houses on both
banks, full of living lights,
talk of families in eventful
kitchens. This is where I come
riding my Maine white horse.

A woman in a
Clipper berth foam-
rubber mattress being
served bkfast. in
bed over the jungles of
Ecuador —
she’s going down to Guayaquil
as an administrative
assistant to
some Aid deal — “to
help develop the economic
‘security’ etc. of
Indians — etc.” — plane
falls — her thots,
running, her whole life —
crash — she ends up

being treated kindly
in a dirty village by
sweet meek Indians
whom she fears — she
gets hysterical — her
husband comes to get
her & takes her back
to her bedroom in some
exclusive section outside Chicago — she’s had her taste of “Global Democracy” “Anti-Communism” & all that highblown Time shit — A movie idea — She appears on TV & you see her lie about her “experience” —

Add to Sam Horn the idea of modern cowboys with Ford Mercuries

Man, the terrible laugh of those who think themselves special — élite — it has a gory hungry sound lonely dirty

Apr 28 ’53
San Luis Obispo
Blue 2 PM Sky
Mtns smoky
Growl of motor of bigtruck on 101
Who cares
Everything is alive the blue glass domes on tphone pole
The skittering birds Rippling palm leaves Waving pine branches Valley of hope pale green with dark bushes

A completely pastless man smoking a cig in a dark bedroom — fuck literature! — write like at 18! — cracked insanity of T & C years esply 1948 — enjoy — daydreams

Unbroken word sketches of the subconscious pictures
of sections of the
memory life of an
imbecile genius resting
in the madhouse of his
mind — The word
flow must not be disturbed,
or picture forgotten for
words’ sakes, nor the
pictures stretched beyond
their bookmovie strength
except parenthetically.

Work from your own side of literature
& room fetish, not “publishing’s” —
It’s the Holy Memory
It’s the dinihowi of
Memory
It’s fit for dunes &
desert huts & railroad
hotels
Let them pick the story
out of the house of your
words, floor by floor, room
by room

|
| 3 a Year, like Shakespeare |
| THE TOWN AND THE CITY | 1946–1948 |
| ON THE ROAD | 1951 |
| VISIONS OF CODY | 1951–1952 |
| DOCTOR SAX | 1952 |
| MAGGIE CASSIDY | 1953 |
| | |

Work on Railroad
DRUNK: Know I can handle it (OVERCONFIDENCE)
HIGH: Fear I cant handle it (UNDERCONFIDENCE)
SOBER: Know I can handle it with reservations (NORMAL CONFIDENCE)

Same with work on mind
& memory —
Automatic interest in
that you write what &
how you like, on spot
Present tense —
LIKE

The following Sketch

Late afternoon in San
Luis, the Juillard Cockcroft
redbrick courthouse warehouse
building stands in the
profound 6 PM clarity
to the stwigger of all
the birdies — some of
the birds trill, some sing
like humans — a faroff
racing motor — the still
“suburban” trees — always
the rippling pine fronds,
the breeze — The green
pale grass mtn. with its
raw earth cut telephone
pole & scattered cows —

the green dazzle of
grayfence bushes — shadow
of a porch across the
leaves & whitened buds —
Moving shadows of bush
on white house — The
old Indian’s been
rubbing his antique
truck all day to get
the rust rid — now’s
inside working on
dashboard — That
sweet little cottage shack,
Southern style groundlevel porch,
purple flowers in a rock
front, little slopey roof,
broom, doormat, with a
TV in SJ fine —

PEOPLE

“What do you mean,
There are no people?
Isn’t Hawk people?
Isn’t Dove people?
And Rat
And Flint
And all the rest?”
— Jaime d Angulo

COYOTE VIEJO

My father in his dying
1945 year thought Danny
Kaye was funny — we’d
listen to the radio, go to
shows — how humble in
eternity can you get?
— We’d sit in the Ozone Pk
parlor on Fri nites listening
to the Pabst Blue Ribbon
Ads between Danny’s
jokes like O Really?
No O Reilly! —
& Hal Chase thot
Danny was funny too
& that too is a strange
humility in eternity
— that these gigantic
hearts shd. have latched
onto such a stale &
narrow clown —
& all for what?
— for waste of time —
I even used to
listen to Jas Melton,
dreaming of SERENADE
by James M Cain,
just as today I waste
time on boxscores, on
Philley’s last hit
or Greengrass’s
homer — or on
TV stupidities —
how mediocre everything’s
got since 10 years!

INTENSITY

Intensity must be all
Ripeness
Intensity is all
All night eager pale
face Chinatown talk
in eternity weary
mystery
Health is for clams
snails & shells
Intensity & sorrow
is for Geo Martins
of Time
For Zagg Big O’Zaggus

ALLEN G.

O Allen Dear Allen
Ah Allen Poor Me
Walked the streets of
Ee ter ni Tee
With me —
O Allen Sad Allen Ah
Mystery — Ah Me
Ghettos
East Sides
Denver Pigeons
Doldrums of Coasts
Suicides of Seas
& Hart Crane Sub
Sea Deities
And Corals & Shelves
Immemorial
Hallos

I have nothing to
say to ye
Except
Dont trod the wrong
tightrope
Weird Mind will wrassle
Thee
To a meet in the
Hole of Destiny
With an Angel White
as Heaven
Gold
Snow
Cobalt Pearl
And Fires of Rose
Then remember me
long dead.

WM BUTLER YEATS

Stormy mad
Irish Sea
Sex and bone
Cane pipe peat
Death stone
Constantinople
Dostoevsky of Machree
Patriarch of Mayo
Pard of Innisfree
Isle of Imagery
A.E.
James J.
Leopold Bloom
Curmudgeon Connaught
Patrick O Gogarty Bemulligan
Silt throat

LONG DEAD’S LONGEVITY

Long dead’s longevity
Coyote Viejo
Ugly un handsome old
puff chin eye crack
Bone fat face McGee
In older rains sat by
new fires
Plotting unwanted pre
doomed presupposing
Odes — long dead
Riverbottom bum
Raunchy
Scrounge
Brakeman bum
Wine cans sand sexless
Silence die tomb
Pyramid cave snake Satan

TOMBSTONE

I was a naive
overbelieving type

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Half wanting to live
Full having to work

Sketching is successful
but not fun — not
artistically absorbing,
like making jerky
or building a fire
or writing a
Cody Pomeray in
The Poolhalls
or sketching from the mad mind itself

The metaphysical mayor
broke down

That which has not
long to live, frets —
That which lives
forever
Is full of peace
And there is no man who’ll live forever
Here it is California,
little young girls going to
school in the fresh &
dewy sidewalks of sleepy
San Luis — birds are
noising up & down —
a mist sweetens the
mountains — the cool
sea beyond the hills
has been all night
& will be all day —
ever eating sand, creaming
rocks, washing worlds —
The rail is sticky, wet,
dewy — clean architectural
trains & perfect red &
black signals —
my life so lonely &
empty without someone
to love & lay, & without
a work to surpass
myself with, that I
have nothing nothing
to write about even
in the first clear joy
of morning — Today
May 5 1953 I’m
going to decide on my
next book — the
idleness is killing —
WILL to decide —

The pristine leader who
made & lost this house
has none of my sympathy.
In the desert there was
a sign that said
“SNAKE CHEF’S
DAUGHTER DOVE
XND
JOSEPH CHARLES BRETON
HERE RECOMMENCED
THE WORLD
FROM THE GREAT FIRE OF
JULY 1845
URP RAIN AGAIN”
though no one had seen
it except the father
of the later generation
Bretons, John.
“Urp what again?”
“Rain”
“What’s that mean.”
“Nobody knows Looks
like urp. It might
be something else.
It looks like Snake
Chef’s Daughter Dove.
It might be something
else.”
“When did you see
this sign? Why didnt
you bring it with you?”
“I saw it in 1895
with Uncle Bull Balloon
I didnt bring it I didnt
even touch it. That was
my father’s sign your
grandfather He was
given the name Silver
Fox by the Indians His
son his eldest son his first was called Coyote & is now somewhere in the Mexican desert or walking along a railroad track in California & known as Whitey to the bums & Coyote Viejo to the Mexicans & has a flowing white beard. That is your uncle Samuel He is I believe in the Zacatecan Desert & like a ghost.”

“How old were you in 1895?”
“How should I know?”
“How old are you now?”
“I ceased I dont count any more I ceased & deceased . . . And that little hotbox in yr car wasnt even formed in yr unborn brain cells when I made my first payment on this farce — & you, but just an idea buried in dirt at the back of my brain.”

“I remember Old Jim when his eyes were moist — ”

Sun Apr 26 SWING THE HILL
Rent .90
1 Cream, chips, misc. bum 1.00
Ice cream .30
Lost from keypocket .20
Total 2.50

(The railroad is a steely proposition)

Animals dont have pride Men shouldnt — healthy men have no peacock pride I’ve been imitating Gerard in reverence since he died — his death was my one real tragedy more than Pa — his death my death — But imitating & adoring him
I grew exclusive, special, prideful, found Turf, later “literature” to do in my room — in fact life insulting me because it no longer included Gerard — Get rid of pride Get rid of sorrow Mix with the People Go among the People, the Fellaheen not the American Bourgeois Middle-class World of neurosis nor the Catholic French Canadian European World — the People — Indians, Arabs, the Fellaheen in country, village, of City slums — an essential World Dostoevsky if you want to Gauguin on — but mainly, fulfill yr. needs, live, — sit staring in the yard all day, if the other men laugh at you challenge them & ask them if “you would like it if I laugh at you” — Screw, drink, be lazy, roam, do nothing . . . gather yr. food — Get out of America for good, it’s a Culture holding you, no Life — The People of No Good & Evil — of No Culture, no Prophets — nothing but essential politics & literature as Tales of the People —

Gauguin practised a neurotic civilization impressionism among primitive fellaheen people — is his art so good as they say? — is it better really than all-out culture bourgeois dutch come-&-honey Rembrandt? — of course not — Impressionism is & has always been a breakup & compromise in the art of picturing
nature & is now a
wild scatological paint
blur call’d Surrealism etc

Primitive art nevertheless
is closer to Surrealism
than “Naturalism”
(which is unnaturally technical)
— but primitive
art does not consider
Subconsciousness or
Primitivism — & is in
any case Decoration
for Utilitarian Purposes,
not so called “expression
for expression’s sake”
& the difference is
millionfold down deep —
Gauguin would have done
better decorating their pots
& boats — This humility
is the true artist’s —

& explains the vast
greatness of Bach writing
for the Sunday Service,
Raphael painting for
the church wall, —
the essential uselessness
of Goethe — Shakespeare
writing to fill the
theater seats — (a
shoddy purpose) —
Homer singing to his
listeners is the essential
fellaheen poet —
There are 3 basic
possibilities in fellaheen
Hunter, Priest, Warrior
The hunter has to be experienced,
the priest political, the warrior
mindless — I’ll have to
learn to be a hunter

The railroad is the hunt
in America, for me (&
Neal & Hinkle) — hunt
down the rail for bread —
I gotta learn many
esential things now

Hit my natural male
level after awhile —
It aint easy to get
away from the inworked influence of Civilization — which is an avoidance of reality finding its greatest symbol in embalming fluid — Sad that even the fella-heen are stupid — want radios & soap operas — Thoreau made the 19th century intellectual mistake of reading the Koran & the Bible instead of following his soul to ultimate . . . the tales of creation among the Indians & even further the methods of hunting & nomadry — instead he pored over the stale Goy Hatreds of the Old Testament, the aristocratic “middle-class” Arabic cultisms of Mohammed —

The People Need no Religion, no Art, no War

A healthy man imitating an invalid —
me imitating Gerard —
men imitating Christ
Cockless Christ —

Culture, & Civilization its later millionfold subdivision into technicalities red tape & by laws, is an incredibly useless clutter of substitutes for sex & real life —
Anyone interested in the million details & sensations of a Culture is interested in clutter &

is now (sic) longer in contact with the Life Flow underneath this junk & therefore Neurotic & Dead in Life —
Reich’s Orgone Box doesn’t compare to a screw in the noonday sun — nor
Bogomolets’ serum
to sexual & therefore
spiritual (joie de vivre)
longevity —
Needs from the
earth bleeding — pulque,
cocaine, marijuana,
peotl, gangee, herbs,
woods, vegetables, acorns,
greens, & the rabbit

Remember that everything
is alive — the Spider,
the Rattlesnake, the Tree
Wish no harm &
none will come yr way
& tell it to the
world alive,
the Animal, the People

I shall become a
goatherd — goat
milk, goat butter, &
tortillas & beans
with goat cheese

And yet most of these observations
arise from the fact I
cant get a woman anyhow —
too “bashful,” too “scowling” —

Tho it would be hard
to surpass the profound
nostalgia of the smoke
of an American cigar,
you would have to surpass
it. — To find the
Fellaheen Reality
means to find a
primitive country life
with no morals —
Country life with
morals, as in North
Carolina, is the most
destructive life on
earth — City life with
morals offers a few
diversions more, nothing more.

Yet whenever I get the
most rigid & philosophising
& dualizing as now,
is when I most weakly
feel like reacting to
the allurements of
what I seek to cast
out —

I dont know when
this eternal dual
circle will end —
In 1949 it was
Homestead vs. Decadence
1951
Mexico City vs. Work in U.S.
1953
Fellaheen vs. America
Be decadent, work in U S &
Have a Fellaheen Homestead too

All is I want
Love when I want it
Rest when I want it
Food when I want it
Drink when I want it
Drugs when I want it
The rest is bullshit
I am now going out
to meditate in the
glass of San Luis Creek
& talk to hobo &
get some sun & worry
where my soul is going
& what to do & why
as ever
& ever
shit

So that writing will finally
in me end up to be the
working out of the burden
of my education
for personal Surrealistic
self-therapeutic education-
burden time-fillers in
Agrarian & Fellaheen Peace

No radio TV education or
papers — a sombrero, a
mujer, goats, weed & guitars

I blame God for
making life so
boring —
Drink is good for
love — good for
music — let it
be good for
writing —

This drinking is my
alternative to suicide,
& all that’s left

And marijuana
the holy weed
It isn't anybody’s fault
that I am bored —
it’s the condition of
time — the burden
of putting up & filling
in with tick tack
time in dull dull day
— How humorous it
is that I am bored,
that it’s no one’s
fault, that time
is a drag — that I
would rather commit
suicide than go on
being bored —
Men are new creatures
not built for this old
earth — the lizard yes

The lizard lost all
his children long before
men began being bored
in this Eden of Harshness

Alcohol, weed, peotl —
bring em on — &
bring on bodies —
Why does the Indian
drink?
Because he never knew
how to make himself
drunk with weeds &
brews — only stoned

The carefully exposed
sipper’s bottle is
suddenly rapidly sinking

Every year be writing 3
books simultaneously
— a morning sober book
— an afternoon high book
(the greatest)
— a night drunk book

hee hee hee!
& girl
& friends
& universal tippling
forgiveness
WRITE IN SMALL PRINT WHEN YR. DRUNK
The charm of the original drunk —
Vermont — the mtns. of Manchester
& we all got drunk — Kids — tore
up trees — the earth got drunk with
us as I remember — weaving, swaying —

THERE WERE OUTCRYES***NASCENCES
OF LOVE***I FELL HEADFIRST
out of the car to greet the
ladies — GJ protected me
& goofed with me in the romantic
American starlit nite of
youth — G.J. — still great
is G.J. — huge-in-eternity GJ —

Goodbye, San Luis Obispo

July 1953
One of those downtown
Manhattan cobble corners
on a gray afternoon
given so much more gloom
to its already gloomy
dimness — the big
busy trucks of commerce
& even occasional horse
teams clattering & booming
by — The corner where
the old 1860 redbrick
now weatherbrick bldg
sags, with Mexican like
sagging black sad broken
sidewalk roof suspended
by bars attached to the
wallfront — it’s like

a vision of the old Buenos
Aires waterfront & beater
still & like the bleak
merceds of So America
but the heart of modern
sophisticated Rome-New
York — A rain of
plips & day-mosquitos
falls across the black
dank gloom of the
corner — profoundly hidden
within is an almost
unnamable man on
a crate bent & thought-
ful in the day dark
over his order book &
by mountains of
cabbage crates — The
gray sky above has a
hurting luminosity to the
eye & also rains with
tiny nameless annoying
flips & orgones —
life dusts of Time —
beyond is the vast
arcadium green Erie
pier, a piece of it,
with you sense the
scummy river beyond —
The West Side hiway,
gray, riveted, steel,
with automobiles crisscrossing
in the narrow scene
to destinations like
bright silver ribbons

North & South in the
city & no regard, no
time for the dark sad
little corner with its white
oneway arrow, blue St.
Sign (Washington & Murray)
leany lamppost, litter
of gutter, curb as if
pressed down by years
of trucks backing up —
The lone blue pigeon
truckling along, the
squad copcar stopping
momentarily to think —
a scene wherein in
some darkfog midnight
2 seamen stagger, or
an anonymous clerk

in rumpled July summer-
shirt hurries meek
with Daily News —
or by gray hot noon
of dogday August some
small merchant in
brown coat, whitehaired,
clutching a box underarm
slowly walks — on
late October afternoon
a rusted & forgotten spot
in the great joysplash
of Manhattan with
its glittering band
of rivers, ships exuding
booms, shrouds —
smoke, of railroads,
trucks, boom of time
Closer up you see the
actual pockmarked grime
of this sad Manhattan
scene, an old hydrant
with 2 black iron stanchions
beside it as if
obsolete ruins of old
water or horsetrough
equipments of 1870
when where you now see
Erie Pier’s green parthenonish
front was the jibbooms
of great sailing vessels,
the boom of wagon wheels
& barrels — Overwritten
doublepainted all-lost
writing friezing around
the crumbling warehouse

says BABE HYMAN & SONS
& also DAVE KLYDAN SPE
interwritten
On the 4th floor, corner
window, a black hall
where a pane of less
blackdusty glass is missing —
the 5th floor itself is
home of a savage
poet who lies on his
back all day staring
at cobwebs above,
fingering his beard only
to — poems on the
floor covered with dust,
black dust — his shoes
a half inch deep in
dust — not dead —
yes dead — a Bartleby
so beat that it
is inconceivable to see
how he can live much
more than 5 minutes —
The bldg. is for rent —
The sun comes out,
illuminating the cobbles
but the grim edifice stays
gray & wears the
aspect of the city’s
grave — There
is no poet up there, just rats
& a few sacks of nibbled-into onion

in the night it’s the great sad orangeness of lights shining on orange backgrounds for red letters, like a sideshow poster the colors but nothing so flimsy or entertaining — White creamy huge stucco warehouse of Kew Gardens movers, the back of the bldg. has silent stairs with no one on them never at night if ever at all, iron stairs that lead to a green door in the whiteness of the stucco wall just by the orange & red writing, huge half seen half lit picture of a truck, Chelsea, moving phone numbers — territorial towers of a inexistent Kingdom that once lived but had to be embalmed to survive the ages & but now in our age finds itself misplaced as a moving company & no one notices the Algerian splendor of those walls ramparts creamyness & disk Mayan designs scrollpainted by union brush saw hacks on board platforms hung up & rolled by ropes 2.15 an hour but
not knowing the
Egyptian Kingdom
splendor of their
work now in the
misty Rich Hill
night, the
Proustian Goof of
that thing

Evening, aftersupper
evening in Richmond Hill —
the cool sweet sky is full
of fine little white puffs
separated angelically
in regular
— over the tree the
pink hint sensation white
is calm, the tree quivers
at the leaf — sweet
is the coolness, even the
filmy wire on my TV antenna,
the new transparent aerial
curve is cool, white, blue —
but in the sound & the
sensation the crickets
muscle whistle, others
repeat the idiot creek
creek from denser yards,
cats lap & lick,
bugs hover, night breathes
sweet soft vastness
into heaven —

the motionless green
grass is like iron, chlorophyll,
Chinese, densely
personalized, rugged, almost
pockmarked, rich, as
if chewed — hanging
pajamas & rugs on
lines move majestic
& slow in a cross
movement, now they
hustle a little up —
flowers blaze in their
own radium world —
in night they aureate
to no human eyes
unseen magical darts
of prismatic Violet
light, for mosquitos

to whir in front of —
Huge purple transparent
phosphorescent night
fall now pinks the white page of life, faces lost in hate & personal pitbottom dislikes, hasseled heavy footed too-much-with himself man fawdling in yards of pride, whining at the dogs of time, overhead groans the airplane of his far reached folly —

and so the crickets creek, cree, cree — eaves darken & get inky gainst whitened dusk — the pale dawn dusk clouds move not but silent in a mass advance somewhere slowly — it was in evenings like this I’d lie in my skin & jeans in California waiting for the Apocalypse & for Armageddon, ready, head on lamp, feet in big shoes, pants tight, wallet hanky knife tight,

no money no home no need but a can of beans & the responsibility of engines on the sticky steel rail — As now the grape of that California Wine spread in the West, shooting phosphor glory over the Come of the World — The green weeds like with glaze on them tough skin as now did communicate with me a vegetative friendliness

Mardou’s — the gray light of Paradise Alley falls
down the draining gray stained
wall with old gray paint
churred windows, outside’s
the scream of a little
girl — The hum big buzz
city flowing in by thousandmoth
waves — The
silence of Mardou’s
clothes, the water bottle,
rumpled bed — face
American goofing in
sheets — little sweet
sad radio — Love
shoulders of Mardou
Little tree & bush buds on
the screen outside — some
are dead little dry ravelled
quiverers in a dry void —
some almost that way
but still organically
vine likely tangled by strings
of green life to the twig
bough of the bush & will
receive their comedowniance
come October soon —
some still green & juicy
lifed, twirled lifelikely
around on a yellow
Lonestem to droop in
the August sorrow of
peace & gas fumes from
hiway — some twig

ends are so small almost
unseeable & bear nothing
but dead leaves who not
only sucked it dry but
had taken a chance &
pitched a mansion of
life there but father-
twig missed, castrated,
cancered out & done
did die so now it’s a
pale Indian sticklet
with rorflu dood
leaves bup to doded
no-life & shake to
quiver of earth on a
general bush bearing
no relation to world
— insignificant, skinny
as sticks in graves —

the big healthy deep
green leaves have et
up all the juice of the
bush, they spring from
elastic stems straight
from the gnarly roothowa’d
bough bone of
the bush-proper &
shake to the wind with
heavy weight & thru
then see the pale
day light in veins
absorbed to suck
blushing phosphor greens
like chlorophyll
— the one recently
stillgreen deadleave
dangling on a broken stem —

East River
The old blackgarbed
watcher of cities sitting
on the Live Oak Jim
New York barge in the
dry cool afternoon —
watching tugs warp in
finished excursion boats, river
tankers, barges pass —
his interest in the river,
the names of Tug Captains
& Excursion Steamer deck-
hands, the arrival &
departure of great
ocean going orange masted
like the Waterman
Liberty today docked
at Jack Frost Sugars

across the river in L I City
— This old guy, with
whitefringe hair around
baldspot but wearing his
black soothat, sits on
the bit on the swaying barge,
smoking, — to him the
city & the world is such
a different thing as it is
just across the Drive in
Bellevue Hospital where
in density of world interest
now gloomy psychiatrists
consult with patients &
aint interested in the sun
on the river, the free
gulls floating in the
sleepy tide, the
gay littleboats,
but in problems of
marriage & emotional adjustment
& all such dark,
gloomy, indoor preoccupations
& with such contempt for
those like those on the
river who don't interiorate
with them in this Byzantine
Vault of Mind Horror —
the walls of Bellevue,
dirty rosebrick grim beneath
shining purities of clearday
heaven, the ink of
the windows, the soot
darkness of the bars in
the windows, the formidable
mass & camp
& hangup of the

great structure — & only
beyond, above the white
clean modernisms of a
new bldg. N.Y.U. Medical
Science bldg. there rises
the screwpoint phallus
Empire State Building with
his new TV French
tickler on the end,
clouds of lost hope,
sweet, impossible, pass
behind it high, there
the interests of millionaire
corporations high above
the tangled human streets
— old Live Oak Jim
ain't interested in but just
the river & that

Lehigh Valley barge
with the 2 cuts of cars
being loaded, meeting of
railroad & seawater rail
to railpoint in the
actual workingman
afternoon of the real
world — And yet
above all, the mystery,
Live Oak Jim really is
an old ex Bellevue
mental patient, flipped
in '33, knows it well,
has his back to it now
in studies of his river,
— now's inside napping,
his brother is a lawyer
in the Empire State Bldg.
Black Tanker
Gloomy black tanker
being tugged in, the gray
superstructure as tho they
hadnt in 10 years yet
scraped the war paint
camouflage off, the
blue stack with white
“T” — the black
sinister hull, — “Michael
Tracy” — deck gang
chipping hatch covers
upstood — stewards
huddled at stern in
idiot white, watching
waters — “I’m
gonna git drunk
tonight!” In from
Persian Gulf
New York Panorama
The UN Building with
white marble side, little
ladders of workers strung
up the side — Queensboro
Bridge with archaic
pinpoint boings & big
superstructure with
minute traffic & looking
Chinese in the
sod besoiled soot
stained cleanpale
lateafternoon sky —
the river tide swells
& is somber below
the sad slow parade
of truckforms & car
insects inching to the
Eternity — In Long
Island City antique brewery
red oldbuildings like
Jamestown in 1752,
steeples, wine red ware-
house pier, orange clean
stacks of ships —
1837 written on a huge
grim dirtybrick gallow-
house nameless iron
rack cluttered warehouse
— lost unknown blood
brick factories spewing
smoke — behind them
other smokes of further
dim cement rack
factories pale & vague
as dawn in the pale
worm of the sky —

rosy clouds above — like
off the coast of Manzanillo —

Subway Sensations
Smell of burnt nuts
in the power of the
car & the aromatic
almond dusts of the
tunnel — Growling
whine of the shurry
moveahead car as
it balls from one
station faster light-
flashing to another
till wasting the
brakes crash to
stop & the whine
amid knocks &

wheel bumps lowers, till
the stop, the doors,
the bump, the
restless churry churry
wurd wurd wurd of
the power as it waits
to resume — cars
swaying, vestibule swaying
— The switch
point ta tap too boom
like a song crossing
another track on
bumpy parts of
track — The Mexico
cafeteria tile of
station walls — the
start-up again, the

growing whur of the
power to fly another
black halfmile with
smashing crossings of
posts & dark reelby
of pipes, lights,
concrete curbs, darkness,
Egyptian mummy niches,
— till the station
again,
the “Quick
Relief Tums And
Indigestion” sign
MY MOTHER’S FRENCH CANADIAN SONGS

TI SAUVAGE NOIR
C’est un ti savage noir-e
Noir tous barbouillez wish-té
S’en vas’ t’ a la rivière
C’éta pour se baigner wish-té
Tou-ma-né-got-a-wilta
wilta
Tou-ma-né-gét-a-wilté
wilté
Manégé — wish-té

De la première-e plonge
Le savage a chanter wish-té
De la second-eplonge
Le savage c’ai baigner wish-té
Tou-ma-né-got-a-wilta
wilta
Tou-ma-né-gét-a-wilté
wilté

De la second-e plonge —
Le savage s’ai baigner wish-té
De la troisieme plonge
Le savage c’est noyer wish-té
Tou-ma-né-got-a-wilta
wilta
Tou-ma-né-gét-a-wilté
wilté

ÉLANCETTE (sung fast) (Caughnawaga Indian)
Élancette me tonté (Song)
Ma ka hi
Ma ka haw
Baisser
Ma ka hi cawsette
O bé go zo
Ma gou sette-a

BUTTER SONG

Encore un ti coup
Ça raidit toujours
Vire la manivelle
Mamoiselle
Mam-selle-a
Encore un ti coup
Ça raidit toujours
Vire la manivelle
Mamoiselle
Ç’est tous

New York tenement
window sill, they want to hold nature close to their lives, they have pathetic little pots with dead roots & stems — One tiny earthen pot sits in an asparagus can, its produce is 2 stems with dry dead leaves fawdling houseward & as tho falling in — Another clay pot has a completely just died green that has shot up & then down to die on the outside at the base of the pot the stem completely bent & despairing — Two nameless blackpainted tin cans, small ones, former frozen orange juice cans, with just dry white earth in em — A larger black can with nothing in it — A tiny new-shining clay pot with a little fwit hollow stalk like dead cornstalk sticking out — Another clay pot with a sprig of last Autumn’s dead leaves torn with a stem from some tree it would seem — One final jar with a kind of scallion looking green growth the only live thing in the sad window the sill of which is incredibly chipped dry slivery wood painted onetime sick blue — the window frame sick green — The inside wall bilious yellowish with stains — the outside wall of the building at that point out in the back alley a kind of stucco cement with gaps showing underneath concretes — the sill’s outer
extremity is a slab of rock — Here in the hot dogday last days of August the windowsill hangs in bleary reality meaningless with cans & dry roots beneath an open unwashed windowpane, clutters of wrinkled huskleaf that suddenly jiggle in a breeze —

The person who has it is off to work, his handiwork window in the great symphony of NY throws one mite little note into the general disharmonious irrationality of the world & its world city, as pathetic as a job, useless as tightlipped mute unhappiness of people rising on rainy Sunday afternoons to their further tasks of carrying the burden of
time to a conclusion they cannot know & would not want to know if they knew — the junk in the window is like a young woman’s disappointed eyes on a rainy Sunday, in the draining dank gray room of tenement life, her sad feet shiftless, the hang of her thoughts, the angel of gray brooding reality, the Guardian Angel over her sorrow, over her little humilities as humble as clay pots, modest as dead stalks & fallen vines, — as strange & somehow pathetically sweet as those little frozen O J cans painted black
by concerned hands
in a moment of
serious press-lip’d goof
in this Open Void
World forever so
nostalgic with the voices
of men
singing

for nothing & all lies —
idealistic lies of love —

“Men are tricky-tricky”
— D. H. Lawrence, a
facetious Englishman who
stumbled on a serious truth
about love.
“Yr. mainspring is broken,
Walt Whitman.” —
Whitman should have lived
so long to hear an
irrelevant English tubercular
snarl thus at him as at
a cocktail party in
Manchester

“The Mystery of the Open Road”
or
“The Road Opens”

Great quote from D H
Lawrence whom I just
castigated & underestimated

“Stay in the flesh. Stay in the
limbs and lips and in the belly.
Stay in the breast and womb.
Stay there, O Soul, where you
belong — ” D. H. Lawrence
in “Studies in Classic
American Literature”
... on Whitman ...
The thing that eludes —
the working walls of
America, the dry yards,
the nameless meeoos
and micks you hear in
the night as if cats
were being bitten —
The endless decision of
streets.
like when he waded thru
that New Mexico flood &
lay down soaking in a
raw old gondola, trying
to light fires, & the
water all around the
boxcars of the
drag

Bring Visions of Cody
to Cowley
Sunday Night TV
Ed Sullivan looking at
audience with big dumb
nod as they applause
young girl singer with
sexy female laff —
audience applauds as
Ed inveigles them
further, says “Tremendous
job” — long-faced serious facing
Sunday night millions
as my mother in

kitchen bends tongue on
lips tying her garbage
bags carefully from
roll of strong brown
twine, she pauses momentarily
to see TV
set from the side with
an expression of
skeptical peering curiosity
— “T’s a
Nigger?” when a
baritone comes on, with
huge voice, she
comes up winding string,
says, “S got a
good voice huh?”
as outside in America
cars gleam dully in

the August heatwave
Sunday night of
humidity no breeze,
the trees hanging leaves
still as stone, airplanes
passing in the overhead
Long Island softness &
the Negro is singing
“Because,” little mustache
touching almost his nose
as he says — “to
me” — clasping hands
to finish, little hanky
in suitcoat —

MY CAT
Kittigindoo sits on his haunches on the cement drive in the shade turned half around listening — he now with pricking ears is looking up at house windows, eyes green & dissatisfied — when I call him he is in a trance looking strait ahead & his ears prick & he moves his little mouth —
Sometimes he hangs
his head & sulks with
muscle neck, then
yawns, then moves
slowly tail a-
poppin — He loves
to eat & lick his
chops & paws — He
moves with the majesty
of a gigantic tiger
only to sit again,
lick at his paw &
look up — I wonder
how he makes the
afternoon, the day,
the time of life

& its whole long
burden there with his
tail & paw lickings
& chest nibblings &
cheek-diggings-with-
foot & neck-workings
with lowered tense
body right paw
supporting him — how
he overcomes boredom
& the burden of time
even in his 8 year
lifespan (which is
so long).
His isolateness in
the world, the
ripple afternoons —
little shadows of
windows at his
soft white feet,
the dumb pricking
rueful realizations
he has crossing the
green span of his
eyes & the lowered
pause & male wonder
of the Fall, the
consternation of
lookup, the chew
on claws with gritting
greek teeth, the
long contemplative
lick on long upheld
back leg —

The green eyed
slit & stretch of
forepaws & back
up, y-a-w-w —
Mangy, he keeps workin
on that ear of death
— I noticed in
him seeds of mange
last winter on my
poetry desk (MAGGIE
CASSIDY) — Now he
regardant reclines
to continue the day
in the breeze &
sweetness, clear
time opes around

him, unperturbed he
flicks his sore ear &
mulls, rumes, moons,
mokes, mulges with
himself the long
dread afternoon that
old humans kill with
beer or cubab —
the honest innocent
clean all suffering
cat, no kicks or
drugs available his
supple sad body,
just lies there
waiting for the
end of his 9 years

or 5 years — waiting
without comment,
complaint or companion
— licking
his fur in the bleak,
with no expression —
listening, pricking,
watching, waiting,
cleaning himself for
the Day of the Lord
O Smart Not
Crazy!

Saturday Afternoon Window
Bugle bubble blower —
freckled kid bubbling —
Sad lill blue yellow
rubber wallet —
Bldg. blocks half inch
thick — “Junior Architects”
bldgs blocks —
Star Stamper,
lill girl stamping ***'
Lil pickaninny penny
dolls with safety pin,
cloth, lil red cherry lips
in black face — Lil
plastic bulldozers —
Tiny Tim bicycles —
Nickles Dimes Quarters
Amt. Dep. cash register
plastic black —
Nameless old halloween
fluff papers — baby
carriages big as yr thumb —
Lil boy in jeans &
stripe jersey whistles
Pop Goes Weasel

at this window — Plastic
tiny oldtime locomotive, —
— Bronx pprt’ers
saying Japan —
Plastic bags of
dull samesize marbles —
Sad goggles with garter
holders & canvas —
Play money $25,000 bills
— ray guns — rubber
guns — big

pearl handle champ
guns — rubber cigars —
rings with monkey
on face — Italian
tenor singin somewhere —
Rubber Knives — (black
handle silver blade)
Solar Commando Gun
with Darts —
Handcuffs of little
tin & boy
policemen with
captain badge &
whistle — Sad
plastic flesh pale
lil doll falling back
naked in a brown
paper box with
a tiny mouth
harmonica “Robin”
— Fishing hooks,
“You land the big
ones every time with
Ole’s Genuine
Fishing hooks fashioned
by experts of
Finest tempered
steel, specially imported”
— Plastic
lil Space Ship, &
imitation lead Space
men — Jump ropes
with red wood
grips —

Expensive Nin toy
dish set — cups
& saucers, spoons,
with sad lil yellow
designs braided on —
Tiny pushdown
tops priced in
black 19¢
& shows lil boy
kneeling in toy
colors in lost
void —

Volga Inn Music
Ez tu p a va
tez - tomata
- tomata —
Ami topy oll
mayay —
Ena oo ee
Peñooti ma
ya govin
Oora pey

(Meanwhile night in its October form soft as Indian silk slink in the door dark, glitters of New York night be saddening & showing where leaves do jiggle & bloss bluff on boughs' come Autumn "dominant" doom — King Size first in Sales! First in Quality! First in Good Taste, — there's yr iron bars of the park shine shadowing on the cobbles of the oldworld tired street — There's the halo lamp making seen the goldhair backnapes of Jacky O Hara's bestlastfirst doll — Minnie Gallagher —

& that sensation in the pricking gut, of winter, rivers, ships, aye ye green city & grand land onrolling it — Hail Hail the Gang's all Here, in Polka, bruits in the juke — oonyateez tey ayetz with muddy boots' been done

3rd Ave Bar

4 PM the men are all roaring like the EL in clink bonk glass brassfoot barrail 'where ya goin' excitement —
October’s in the air, is the Indian Summer sun of door — 2 executive salesmen who been workin all day long come in young, welldressed, justsuits, puffing cigars, glad to have the day done & the drink comin in, side by side march in smiling but there’s no room at the roaring (Shit!) crowded bar so they stand 2 deep from it waiting & smiling & talking —

Men do love bars & good bars shd. be loved — It’s full of businessmen, workmen, Finn MacCools of Time — beoveralled oldgray topers dirty & beerswiggin glad — nameless truck busdrivers with flashlites slung from hips — old beatfaced beerswallowers sadly upraising purple lips to happy drinking ceilings — Bartenders are fast, courteous, interested in their work as well as clientele — Dublin at 4 30 PM when the work is done, but this is great NY, great 3rd Avenue, free lunch, smells of Moody St exhaust river lunch in road of frime by-smashing
the door, guitarplaying
long sideburned heroes
smell out there
on wood doorsteps
of afternoon drowse
— but it’s N.Y.,
towers rise beyond,
voices crash
mangle to talk
& chew the
gossip till Earwicker
drops his load —
Ah Jack Fitzgerald
Mighty
Murphy where are
you? — semi bald
blue shirt tattered
shovellers in broken
end dungarees
fisting glasses of
glisterglass foam
top brownafternoon
beer — The El
smashes by as
man in homburg
in vest but coatless
executive changes
from right to
left foot on ye
brass rail —

Colored man in
hat, dignified, young,
paper underarm,
says goodbye leaning
over men at bar
warm & paternal
— elevator operator
around the corner —
& wasnt this
where they say
Novak the real
estater who used
to stay up late
a-nights linefaced
to become right

& rich
in his little white
worm cellule of
the night typing
up reports & letting
wife & kids go mad
at home at ll
PM — ambitious,
worried, in a little
office of the Island
right on the street
undignified but open
to all business &
in infancy any
business can be
small as

ambition’s big —
pushing how many
daisies now? &
ever made his million,
ever had a drink
with So Long GeeGee
& I Love You Too
in this Late afternoon
beer room of
men excited
shifting stools &
footbottom rail
scuffle heel
soles —

Never called Old
Glasses over & offered
his rim red nose
a drink — never
laught & let the
fly his nose use
as a landing mark
— but ulcerated
in the middle of
the night to be
rich & get his
family the best
— so the best
American sod’s
his blanket now,
made in upper
mills of Hudson
Bay Moonface
Sassenach &
carted down by
housepainters in
white coveralls
(silent) to rim
the roam of his
once formed
flesh, & let
worms ram —

Rim!
So have another
beer, topers —
Bloody mugglers! Lovers!

Crazy Old
Homehouse of
the Sea
& Drowse Afternoon

At 28th St
& East River
— the great
seagoable hull

of iron is mossed,
in green at the forever
water line — The anchor’s
unrusted, gray, white
bars, balls — unused
— Ah the
wood sides & hall
windows & Navy
contests inside —
the dormitory row
of it! — the
madhouse barnacled
paint fleckchip’t
gull shadowed
bulk huge of it!
the pissing shovel
scupper — voices
in the helm, ghosts
of Billy Budd, old
EastSide dreams,
the blue Navy
flag — the
side doors & open
Dawiovt's
Handel French
joywindows of
winter it!
— preliminary
worrying draft &
study of it!
Something sad, Whitmanian
& Navy-like —
gulls — that same
afternoon hotdrowse
of gulls & slapwater
dream I noticed
in 1951 getting sea
papers & 1942
too — the Melvillean
youth dreaming in
sea pants, at
his clerical dockside
work — with night
to come — the
Turkish bath madnight
& cunts
in parks — The
house where all
the sad eyed
Okie sailorboys
in T Shirts
madly sleep
— The long
dream eternity and
afternoon madhouse
solemnity of it!
— the long planks
& Colonial windows
on the actual water
of the living
(When the H bomb
finally hit NY
one afternoon the
first living act I
saw was a man
surreptitiously pissing
while lying on his
side)

Dream Sketch
Some doctor is talking
to us about the guy
who broke his leg
clean in half —
we’ve just seen
him hobbling around
with a curious limp,
some old guy not
Neal — “He’ll
walk alright in a
few months but
come 55 & 60 &
it’ll reappear &
be pronounced —
the nerve is

affected when you
snap yr leg clean
in half like that!”
— I think of
Neal & the hobble
he’ll have at 55

Paradise Alley
October in the
wash hung court —
wash pieces flip & kick
in the cool breeze,
on the radio’s the
excited World Series
voice & the name
Ally Reynolds
(secretly smiling Indian
padding back to
dugout) —
airplane drone above
in the buzzing world
afternoon of Lower
East Side — someone
whistling — hone buzz
hum of Vibratos Manhattoes
in Million
blowers humming in
the Void Wait Time
— kids battering, yelling
— a little red wagon
hung from a hook —
a moan, nameless
speez, the rack of
French blinds being

pulled — October in the
Poolhall, the clack of
a sodapop box no
balls click till big
dense swarmnight —
all this so well &
good — Somewhere a
motor straining —
nylons waving — a
crazy inside-deep
high thin Porto Rican
monkey rapid
woman chat blattering
“Yera mera quien
te tse que seta . . .”
Too independent to go
be begging at
anybody’s ports
for more than a
month

Plucking at
Her ha! — harpstring

To whom rapture
means
rupture
Oct 13 1953
Applied for job at 
Jersey Central — offered 
ground switchman 
job, stand in cold 
winter lining 
switches & sending 
kicked or humped 
cars rolling down 
various tracks — bleak 
— healthy — 
$100 every half — 
4, 5 days a 
week — Plenty kicks 
with Mardou, plenty 
jazz, wood for 
fireplace & dig the 
big NY this winter — 
Spectral Ole 
Jersey Central is 
like the SP 
at 3rd & Townsend, 
right on water where 
rail meets river — 
sea actually — 
now I have coffee 
in JCRR lunchroom 
& remember 1951 
Xmas the Harding 
at Am Pres Lines 
Pier — etc. — 

A barge graveyard 
outside J Central 
yards — NY Skyline 
of Wall St high & 
serene in pristine 
October afternoon — 
October sits 
golden on the 
iron old wood & 
white gulled 
rivers — The 
Statue of Liberty her 
weatherbeaten green 
beak close looming 
over sunk barges, 
pier, masts, in 
spokeless blue — 

ferns ghost swiftly 
in the channel — 
excursion lowboats — 
This old barge teeters
at angle, abandoned
coverless stove, stovepipe
still in, still a lot
of dry dust coal,
table, colorlost
chair — the barge’s
bottom is sunken
mosquito hive &
tenement of beams
bird limed &
boards flowing in
tarn, the tenement
of gulls!
unspeakable hidden
home, they all
flap flocked when
they heard me
crank up the board
plank — Big
iron black bits
still solid in barge
deck — The broken
barge deckhouse is
like shacks under
Denver viaduct last
summer — instead of
weeds, tarns of
green bilge slime
& one old soaked
mattress of gray

— chick gug gug
Keree Keree of
some crane motor
nearby, insistent calls
of tugs — I saw
shrouds freighters
standing in the Bay
— harbor — The
S of L, her back,
her torch upheld
to a smoky uncaring
strife torn waterfront
striking Brooklyn —
Barnacled gulled
piers standing in
low water as the
old piles of

ancient Princeton
Blvd Lost Generation
roadhouses with river
porch dancefloors &
oldtime lamps with
tassels & beer of
yore — October’s
little falling white
puffs from giant
weedfields —
Jerseyward the
gloomy men in rubbage,
the smoke of
old switch pots,
industrial & sometree
horizons in the
October Gold —

I’ll live on the
West Waterfront,
— be Wolfe
— on a day like
this exactly 12 years
ago I grabbed
her golden cunt the
moment she jumpt
into the car in
Manchester Conn. —
I was 19, horny,
October Gold was
on the hill then
too — Oil
in a map trance
slowly passes,
pockmarkt shit

with it — a
ruined submerged
bedspring like the
dump in Lowell
a giant 20 foot
plank moves over
like a long dead
snake waiting
for the sea —
— warm sun,
peaceful distant
smokes maybe of
hospital boiler rooms
— nameless faroff
yowls of trains —
Swaying newbarge
orangepainted
— the great ships
fatbottomed crooked
stern strange at
the foot of Manhattan
bulk
walls — the mystery
of their world going
hulls slightly slanted
& tied up at the
doorsteps of Time
& the World City
— Good God
the great ocean
one way sparkling
wine white to dry
red Spain sunrise
to come —

& all the green
harvestland t’other
way, to other San
Joses — other yards —
blam! be-krplam!
the running slack
sk-c-l-to-clank
of a cut being
rammed or braked
& I saw the yard
brakeman riding head
high in mid air
over emptyreefer
lines — The
rusty playwheels
of the railroad all
waiting for me Ah

The long blood dozes

3 POEMS OCEANS KISS

Oceans Kiss in
Land that lips
Encompass with suck
Of love Immortal
Under the moon
Of America sick
And pale blond
Ashen tuberculosis
In Sanatoriums of
Colorado
Far in the Wild
Essential Indian

DAWN

Dawn’s gray birds
Herald hoppéd Angels
Broken-backed
From fucking all night
With San Remo
Queers Intense
And Eager to learn
The latest Literary
Avidity — Came
Chirping to Envision
Horror, Teach it to
The Millionaire in
The Rail road Hair

OOPS

Poets were Glad
When Success a Smile
Sent Wine-like
Smile Warming
Their way but when
Dross Failure Rain
& Doom of Exciting
Gray Day Coal Chutes
Enveloped Again
They thought they
Had to Go to Work
Instead — a
Successful American

Let us see which of
these leads writes best
in the softly applied lap
touch originated in 1912
by Swim Ward B. Thabo —
President of the Acme
Industrial Foundation
makers of Corsets for
Model T Fords in the
Nebraska Primavery —
For by applying the light
touch in the manner which
you see here prescribed
something of the Primavery
is retained & pre
served like Pen
shades
“Sketch” Sunday Afternoon NY
The great bulk of Wall
St you’d think’d make
the lower tip of Manhattantoes
sink is rising pink as
salmon on the edge of the
blue mouth harbor waters
as you see it from the sad
Jersey Central Ferry — about
4:30 PM, long sorrow rays
hide between the cold
uncaring-of-human walls
of Wall St but there’s a
heart beating in the rock
somewhere — in the
breasts of little girls coming
on the ferry in little

ribboned hats & lacy
drawers & Go to Communion
shoes their eyes avid wild
to see the big world & learn
& to understand how their
happiness is to be secured
from the Macrocosmic Stone
of Awful Real, how at
least they can adjust to
it just as the dying fish adjusts
itself to the swerve
& swerveback of the waves
— awright so we’re all
gonna die but now is the
time to sing & see, to be
humble, sacrificed, late,
crazy, talkative, foolish,
mailteinnottond,
crawdedommeeng,
all the cross megoney’s
& followsuits to be
mardabonetlated or Bug,
— they’ll be saying you
lost yr touch & you’re only
a one day old Balzac
on Sun Oct 18 1953
balls

Time, rather, to be proud,
indispensable, early,
sane, silent, serious,
not mailteinnottond at all
Death of Gerard
The original late afternoon
of Fall when I was in
a wicker basket crib
& parked on dusty skinny
wheels at that long gray
concrete garage with edible
looking blockstones creme
puffed & as if puddinged
to cook & eat & unforgettable
in the One Reality,
the sun has warmth in
it (& the single twick
of a little November
bird hid in the twiggish
branch on the other
side of the cool
redpink lateday

air) — & I’m swaddled
to the eartips in pink
Fellaheen swaddling clothes
with rose cheeks & poor
morf mouth muxed to
see the day — a drone
of 1922 Fall airplanes
in that unrecoverable bleak
& the river’s old man
in the valley bed wailing
arms out elbowed to
swell the muff of
shore aside & on, carrying
junk fenders to
the cundrom’s drowned
immaculate cove
of oil sticks under
the Boott mill door

walls where eyes of
drowned boys mix with
ink rags & sweat of
dye vat devils with aged
mothers at home dependent
& enduring like yon
sadchild in basket the
wait of the late red
afternoon to see what
Paradise will bring — the
sun fairly warm, the
air cooling to supper —
the pines scenting toward
winter where black
sledders will swirl
the dizzy sticks
in traceried Netherlander
fields & I shall see
Gerard float down
pinkhappy to yipe in
the few-year’d
mystery of his days,
Nin behind him — the
heat of the faint red
sun on the garage wall,
on my basket, & I
lay in T like awe
eyes fixed on the incredible
immortality
of fadebrown almost
pink clouds salmoning
motionless in their
singed Nov. blue —

simultaneous with voices
from a passing car &
the croo croo ack sudden
yark yipe bark of
a big pup attendant
on some turmoil in his
sight & part of plain,
so I lie there (& far
off now, antique fire
crackers of last July
of back fart of pipes
of trucks or torpedoes
on rr track, echoing
far, like skaters near
Lakeview Ave. ) —
all Lowell waits,
the Kingdom, all

earth, for the babe’s
comprehension — for
someday I shall be
king, & lord over the
hollows & corridors
of my mind in
divine memory’s
sincere recall
Prince of my own Peace
& Darkness — cultivator
of old soils for
new reasons — here
comes my mother, the
basket quivers to
roll — the wheels do
sweetly crunch

familiar Autumnal
dry ground of little
leaves & dry sticks
of grass & flattened
containers & cellophane
crumbles & coal pebbles
& shinyrocks & dusty
old graydirt scraggles
pebbly gritty like
the living ground I
would get to see 3000
miles & 30 years later
in the railroad earth
of California — home
we roll to supper —
I see a redbrick wall
before returning little

face to final pillows
so by the time I’m
undone out of the basket
& put to bed in the
house I’m asleep &
dont know & the
world goes on without
me, as it will
forever soon —
My sweet Father
with sincere eyes &
out stuck ears is
in a tight dark
suit hurried beneath
the filament tracery
blacktrees in
pale blue time
to get to the last
client & hurry on
home — Nin’s on
the porch, red cheeked,
playing with splinters —
Gerard broods in the
dank parlor in brown
swarm holy late
day dimness, thinking,
“Gerard whom
the angels of paradise
shall save from the
iron cross & make
friends with God, on
his side, hero, saved,
despite all sins of
dizzy now” —

“Gerard qu on va
amenez aux anges
avec des lapins,
des moutons, des loups,
de tite filles, des
tite souris, des
morceau d’terre,
Ti Jean, Ti Nin,
Papa, Mama, les
anges de la souterre,
les anges cachez dans
cave, les giboux dans
l’cemetiere entour
du sidewalk, les
giboux dans la
lune Indian, toute

ensemble avec
les crapauds au
 ciel et on
va toute chantez —
je sera mou pour
prier dans la
creme au pied
“Gerard whom we shall bring to the angels with rabbits, lambs, wolves, little girls, little mice, pieces of earth, Ti Jean, Ti Nin, Papa, Mama, the subterranean angels, the angels hidden in the cellar, the gibberers in the cemetery beneath the sidewalk, the gibberers in the moon, all together with the frogs to heaven and we shall all sing — I’ll be soft for praying in the cream at the foot of the throne of God, my head leaning on a warm wing forever and then Mama’ll come find me joining all — ”

SUNDAY IN THE YARDS

Along the rusty track in throbbing pink twilight that casts a faint veil glow on the iron blackbound soot & coal, 2 tank cars & 4 coal hoppers tied in one unmoving drag, waiting mute under the soft November moon of New York for voyages that will take them to nostalgic plains of snow in the great land
west — those same rust
bottomed wheels will roll
& clack over switchpoint
ticks of other rails, drive
hard rust mass to new
Idalias somewhere &
where you’ll see the rose
jawed freezing brakeman
standing by a North Dakota
spur in a blizzard with
his gloved hand momentarily
at rest on the old hopper
handrail, spitting, cursing
“When the hell they coming
back anyways! I got
to put a meal of pork
chops inside my belly before
this local Godforsaken takes
us further away from the
last restaurant — ” — he
wants to eat, be warm,
drink coffee — but

stands in great weary
America which I see now
haunted redpink in the
west & a parade of shadowy
boys handsapockets walking
along the boxcar tops
in the vast delicate dusk
traceried by trees of the
living looking like little
jigglets & little Coolie
Chinamen howling for
the Formosa, their feet
topping down the singsong
walkways along which I
used to run puttin pops
up & down — As
if this was what a

man would want to write
who has nothing left to do
in his life but keep his
joy in secret scribbled note-
books — no, I’ll have
to try again, start all over,
again — Enthusiasm
is a design that has to
be re-woven in this
bare barking heart, I
hate my life now not
love it, damn
Leaves dont respond,
sticks lie broken,
dead leaves gather dust,
the West reddens
& narrows cold
the moon mawks to
purse her still lips —
lavender over the lights
of supper home, — wind
sweet memoried of
California, I die, I die
when I am not enthused
& full of meek ragged
joy, please dear God again!
The prayer of my
mother that I need
a father, answered!

“Enthusiasm is a design
that has to be re-woven
in this bare branch heart”
says the Goddam
motherforsaken fop

who calls himself Kerouac
& cant even slurk up & slack
slop out them old jaw crack
& spit, flurp, I’m gonna be a
writer if I have to be a
goadamn bom bum mopping
up the shithouses — of —
Ah — go on with it, Jean,
Jack Kerouac, & no more
foppery, jess plain western
talk is what I say &
let me see them boxcars
in the moon of real N
Mexico — fags hanking
back their asses in Sunday
afternoon ballets, to
show they aint just
cocksuckers but know all
about art & studied —
(advertise themselves as
coming from Europe, to
impress old Queens of Ozone
Park Ladies, & have Bach
& Shakespeare to Back
their shaky spears up)
The old Chinaman of Richmond
Hill who’s been in his
little brown store for God
knows how long before we
got here & for 4 years since
& never have I seen him
unalone, with a friend,
looking sometimes out the
window with those crazy
red sploshes of paint
making a rail-off-effect
3 feet from bottom, he
has his face over there
& is contentedly puffing his
pipe not with opium somnolence
but like an
ordinary Bourgeois

tradesman at the end of day
& he’s digging that dismal
little 95th St with its
cavorites & the redbrick
side of the bar & the few
dull lamp homes where in
the evening old walkers of
dogs mop up the last TV
news bdcast with a cup
of tea — The bare bulb
that hangs from his ceiling
is so bright it lights
to the other side of 55th
St on a dark night —
you see the red paneglass
wainscot, the washed
strokes of red Spush
— then the little

alarm clock on the back
shelf — bundles of
finished shirts in shelves —

I’m bored

— the gray brown
lace in the windows of TV
parlors & he sees the shadows
therein of a race of
nabors he does not speak
with — at night you
sense his presence anyway
in the brown backroom,
a solitary white China
tea pot on a shelf —
The sadness & brown
loss of his sonless
daughterless &

exile from Fellaheen
days indicated by the
little narrow mirror to
the right which has a
Joshua Reynolds Blue Boy
in its upper half panel,
now faded into a greener
blue of mouldy time,
& the mirror surface
itself impossibly smokied
by ghosts of time — the
poor sad calendar
finally, with month
flap under a great
golden breasted woman
with gold velvet
low cut gown — I
see the piles of white
laundry bags on floor,
the sad slant boards,
the counter — & the
huge guillotine like shadow
thrown by the parcel wrapper
& string-feeder gadget
5 feet (much higher than
Won Ming) high, casting
on the wall from the
Frisco forlorn bulb a
monstrous China shadow
& prophecy of more
patience, more fires —
somewhere brown opium
lurks — & nightcapped
death

But he goes on year after
year, alone, never nods
when you nod, looking out
on the street, interior
with his own Asia of
thots — His little
eyes in the wrinkled worry
of his pone Yonkers
Mongoil bone, broz
— his thots in the back
secret does-he-live-
there room & how he
whops his lil brown
pecker, all for
future spec —

ALLEY GASTANK JAMAICA

There’s a place in
Jamaica where I walked
for several months while
I was there in my last
months, north to the gas
tank, — a side alley there
ran between brokendown
fences, puddingsoft &
dark with mud holes, pits, 
 wrecks along the way, 
 the dank ramp under the 
 LIRR track up, parked 
 trucks with wood rails, 
 darkness of hidden thieves 
 like the backalleys of 
 Thieves Market Mexico 
 but no lettuce & 
 jungle rainslime on the ground, 
 just dry American Long Island 
 & the threat of 
 150th St Negroes maybe 
 hiding gone mad with the 
 tiger bottle or Italian 
 junk stealer hiding with 
 stolen cases of grapes — 
 The giant tank to the 
 wow bloody upnight black 
 left with as you pass the 
 cemetery on the other side of 
 it lights down a shroud 
 of spotlights so you see 
 sad hair grass, shroud of 
 light, hunk bulk hugetank, 
 gravestones of Hallowed Ghosts

— you see the little 
 row Colonial houses redone 
 & with new quarantine 
 signs in the street & the 
 shadows in a golden 
 windowshade of inkblack 
 shack across the smooth 
 newblock garage & dark 
 soft nights a tappin 
 along to my borey 
 death 
 dear 
 God 
 please make 
 me a 
 writer 
 again

DECEMBER 1953

The dead man's lips are 
 pressed tasting death 
 as bitter as dry musk

- - -

Soft yards of old houses 
 are not for travellers 
 of the late afternoon sun
& long shadow on the ground,
and women of 35
with soft used thighs
& dust motes in the
old bed room
Time & Sea
Philosophy
This quality of late afternoon
in the blonde hair of mothers
in sad new parks is as
the taste of Springtime
in the violently parturiating
Mind —

so make no more leaky
vows

The poisonous mushroom
is malignant because
it is inside itself, the
sac, & does not derive
from the earth, but
fungitates in itself,
like a corrupt &
unhappy man; the
edible mushroom stems
directly from the earth,
is in contact with it,
like a happy open
man free of cupped-in
malignancies.
In all writing, creative
or reflective, there’s got
to be only one way
— that is, the immediate,
the free flowing, unplanned
way. For all is pure;
the word is pure; the mind
is pure; the world is pure.
In the beginning & amen.
Because the word is
sacred it cannot be
changed.
The same as in
Doctor Sax as in the
reflection on the water.
The water does not
hesitate; the mind can
know no mud, but
what is clear in

heretofore unknown words
& word sounds ored up
from the Conscious of
the Race. But when
the words are clear, &
everything is clear, then
the other minds see
clear to think it
clear; but when the
clear words are un
clear to the other
minds, they are clear
in themselves, as is
the reflection on the
water.
Amen.

The words are clear as
in the reflection of
the world on the water.
Therefore write the
Word at once, everywhere,
from now till your
hand is paralyzed,
for there will be your
work for God, since
you can not work
for God in other ways,
and would not, & dont
know how, or bend that
way, from habit, & from
talent in the use &
signification & arrangement
of the Word.

The elephant receives
the arrows of illnatured
war; you
receive the arrows of
your genius, & work
your hand in the
land beneath the
skies till it cramps
& pains thee, for
that is yr dutiful
destiny.
The last love allowed
you & the least forgivable
of yr final
passions, Vain.
Cast out the
devils, & be pure,

— add no lines to the
finished line. Draw
no horizons beyond &
underneath the real
horizon. Blat in yr
brain the bleet sheep
bone — falsify not the cluckings, the cluck-tures, in yr. drooly brain, brain child & Babe of Sweat & Folly. This your final body, final shame, last vanity, greatest indulgence, greatest farmiture, & boon to Man, kind literature.

SELF
by
FOOL

be the name of yr lifework
And forget thyself to tell the word of the world

“Watch yr. thoughts!”

False humbleness, false self-depreciation, leads to useless explanation.

At the end of a meaning is a tangent of brain noises, avoid them & finish where you finish.
The brain noises belong only in the paragraph of brain noises

Canuck, dont pile up reasons for yr activities

IN VAIN

The stars in the sky
In vain
The tragedy of Hamlet
In vain
The key in the lock
In vain
The sleeping mother
In vain
The lamp in the corner
In vain
The lamp in the corner unlit
In vain
Abraham Lincoln
In vain
The Aztec empire
In vain
The writing hand: in vain
(The shoetrees in the shoes
In vain
The windowshade string upon
the hand bible
In vain —
The glitter of the greenglass
ashtray
In vain
The bear in the woods
In vain
The Life of Buddha
In vain)

FIRST OF THE NEW SKETCHES

2 ineffectual old men
standing in the wilderness
they created but not by
their own hand, their innocence
& stupidity rather, &
all the Devil had to do
was the rest — Both in
hats, topcoats, infinitesimal
differences of brown hat
vs. gray hat (felt, the
mold of custom), pale
blue vs. dark blue coat,
both hands apockets in
the same lost way — pants
of 2 shades shading same
size & color shanks
(white stick variety,
as befits old men sedentary
& corrupt with
property, fear of death
& arrogant sons) — The
wilderness of their making
is the children’s park
with gigantic knee-abrasing
cement, concrete benches,
brick double shithouse
for boys’ & girls’ different
shameful peepees, &
over the sooty brown football
field Atlantic Ave
with its blank vehicular
passers & the huge LIRR
carshop yards with
a dozen Diesels
throbbing & exhaling bad
gas in the gray chill
December afternoon,
all around the bleak
deserted rooftops of suburban
homes, bare trees with
boles & half dead because
hemmed at base by
concrete groundworks —
the old men earnestly
discuss some ineffectual
absurdity, pointing, taking
turns, both have glasses
because they were taught
to be myopic — good
old fellows nevertheless
as harmless as children

(children throw rocks at
beggars)
only more culpable & a
shade less intelligent — discussing
eagerfaced in their
concrete horror & scraggle
of iron machines & air-
stinks some unimportant
sub problem among
the problems of the
Problem of the West
— neckties, collars,
staking their bloodless
feet now & ready to
go back in the hot
parlor to paper &
TV

— glancing at wrist
watches, waiting for
gut fattening shame-
obsity-making supper
— slaves of the bleak
without hope
without actual earnestness
but momentary profitable
appearance of so —
contemptuous of the
older fool is the old
fool — Their double
chinned cigaret smoking
women call the children
to home thru the
prison of iron fences
— The older man holds
to his point, he’ll soon
be mush to a new
monument in Long Island
City Cemetery — his
hat is batteredeer than
the younger oldster’s,
his mouth more twisted
pathetically — too late
now he knows he’s
got his last body —
“Paragon” is written
on the oil truck delivering
fuel to useless
furnaces — Clouds of
soot rise from an
old locomotive

in the yard, harking
to memories of old
America as the Diesel
gives 4 blasts — The
2 old men part, one
homeward, the other
toiletward, hobbling,
lost, tired, hopeless,
looking linefaced &
worried around the gray
park for nothing or
for a temporary unimportant
direction —
the sight of them reminds
me of the white light in
the shiny wax of the
corridor of the hosp. morgue

To drive out Angry Thoughts
Whatever anyone does,
anyone says, in the
past, now, everything, let
it bounce off the rock
of yr gladness (yr mirror)

Guys talking you down
about girls
Novelists publishing big
Towns & Cities
Writers saying nothing
about your new writings
Really let it bounce off
the rock of yr gladness,
because you are
innocent
Let it bounce off the rock of your gladness the cold, rub your hands, drink hot brews of coffee tea or herb, rush to yr notebook of MEMORY BABE with every Memory Tic CHURCH MUSIC — Organ clamoring with the rising chorus, the holy voices of oo-lips of littleboys in white lace collars, the overvault gloom OO huge

SATURDAY dec. 12 ETERNITY BOYS
The tall sexual Negro boy on the junkyard street near the Gas Tank Jamaica, about 7 or 8 yrs old, he was running his palm along his fly in some Sexual story to the other little boy Negro who had his arm around him as they came up the street in the gray rain of Saturday afternoon — smoke emanating from junk fires, smell of burnt rubber, piles of tires, junk shops with old white stoves on the blackmud sidewalk, rusty clinkered grates, black mudholes, the pudding soft rained-on tar. the boards with rot in em & old nails, piles of plaster & lath, dirty neons of late afternoon bars beyond the wet sag of the woodfence — the thrill & mist & hugeness of it & all on Saturday, the 2 boys have been arm in arm buddying all day in this wilderness of their souls & now the tall one to the littler kid his personality
so huge, hobloo-gooboo
African, vast, is demonstrating
that boy-sex &
they are grave discussing it
— as I come along I
see but pretend not to
& they peek to see if
old Walt Whitman see
but old Walt Whitman’s
in a ragged secret coat,
holding down all his lids
& not Whitmaned —
inconspicuous — I thought
“How infinitely Huge
is the tall one’s personality
& the Epic of their

Graymist Saturday today
as Jamaica Ave. swarms
with Xmas shoppers, the
sad Americans with childrens
& families spending all their
money, the phoney Xmas
Santas & cups & tinsel
storewindows — These 2
black angels of Raggedy
Saturday Real demonstrating
in their freedom
boyhood how great arts
like bop are born,
arm-in-arm & interested
in nothing but themselves,
lovers and pure as they’ll
never be again —
in the backlot too
they play with their
cocks & show the shiver
& itchpain to the rain
& rub the rotwood &
try to come, the shuddering
out-to-the-world push of
loins, & wonder — but
in the face the inescapable
& eternal Personality
(the tall one a cloth
cap, the littler a
wooldown) vastness
of nose, cheek, informative
push tout be
dra man talisman
eyes of the

King of all the gangs
& possible Prophets of
the world, Littler is so
amazed & what he could
tell you this minute about Tall would fill 17 *Visions of Cody* 8500000 pages of tight prose if he could only talk & tell it, in the shack what he done yesterday, the madness of his secret humor, fact, let Littler talk”": - “Why he in the bed mattress is the long black funny boy Sam I seen him tho a rock clear thu the smoke & had sixteen harmonicas in his eyes & in his eyes I seen Sixteen signs & he says ‘Boy, dear Lord, I’m seen the ghost agin last night & Paw come home & Howdie Doodie Television Show & Silvercup Bread & My Sister bought it & smile” — however one can do it, it is the Enormousness of the Universe that makes the Microcosm its tiniest unit even Enormous-er, — so 2 little Negro boys arm in arm on Saturday rainy afternoon contain in themselves the history of mankind if they could but talk & tell it all about themselves & what they done & if an observer could follow them around & see & judge the vastness of every tiny unit — Who knows the vast religiousness of that cloth cap when it shines radiant in the mind of the littler boy, or when
grown up & ’s forgot
Sam & gone 3,000
miles to nothing the sudden
memory of Great Sam
(MY BOYHOOD PAL)
will be as remembering
the Angel of Heaven &
All Hope,
since dying

GIRL IN LUNCHCART

Girl in front of me
with green sweater red
lips gentle thin cold
fingers at her hair &
she’s explaining (at her
high stiff hair like hairdos
of Africa) explaining to
girlfriend whose smile I
see reflected in shiny
mirror back of Jamaica
Ave. Lunchcart Cash
Register — 5 P M of
an October afternoon, the
young counterman unshaved
goodlooking hangs around
swaying & half smiling
pretending to work with
checks at that booth —
Tired puff eyed Greek
oldworker who spends
Sat nites in Turkish
baths of NY

voyeuring Americans &
heroboy queers of
Lower 2nd Avenue comes in
for big exciting afterwork
meal of Chicken Croquettes
with Sauce & will be
here T’Giving day for big
Turkey with works —
sad to live, quick to
eat, early to work,
slow to sleep, long to
die — Now so the
girl uncaring of old men
& pain has her fore finger
against her temple
while listening to other girl
speak & therefore in
nodding seriousness has
ravelled all her eyebone
skin up in a mask
of ark ugly furrow
destiny having no relation
to the hazel glitter,
the nutty mystery of
her sweet eyes & suckkiss
lips & long drawndown
bosh flop face discontorted
by further arrangements
of leanface on palm —
in her delicate edible
ear a dull metal thing —
her lips fully lipsticked
& curved like Cupid &
stain the coffee cup —
her eye on her girlfriend
cold, watchful, secretive,
pretending to be curious,
like she’ll make the
parody-story of this
gossip tonight in
earwigging dreams in
her fragrant thigh
sheets! whee

LATE AUTUMN afternoon,
the birds are whistle-singing zeet
feor in the dry tinder twig trees,
they ‘fleet’ & in the general
traffic (“Spr-r-e e e t”)
rush on Atlantic Ave. & the double
go ahead Diesel BOT - BOT in
the LIRR yards they wait
between calls as if, in the
activity of their own afternoon,
they had intervals too, time too
& orders from the parchesi chess
board to air conditioner machines
of the Glum Window World
make their little fluttery wait
wake, leaves falling not even
with you could hear the tick
of their little fall on the concrete
ground beneath which Indians
lie ancestral bone by skull in

tomahawk New York —
the fishtail back end of
some new car parked beyond
the Eternity Porch (like the
one in San Jose where I was
so high at gray dawn I heard
between the vibrating yowls of
Neal’s baby the great rush
of wave sounds wave on wave
shuddering & Vibrating like one
vast electric or bio electric
or cosmic gravity “stray ill” — — zoongg — scared me & made me hear the moment moth sound of Time, good or bad old Time I’m in, and’ll write for — So now to “INDIANS IN THE RAILROAD EARTH”) — late afternoon Autumn in Long Island, the leaf slants down in the wind & hits the ground & bounces & goes ‘chuck’ — as dry as that — the others already fallen lie heaped in chlorophyll green grass between driveway concretes — the sky has a rose tint in its gray demeanor — the leaves/rose brown yellow transparent/& like drunken poets emptying/ uselessness in pages Never did try to get on a car via standing on a journal box except one time on a splintery flatcar & even then I was as helpless as a baby, one slack bang pop I’d have been as helpless as a bread bun rolling off to get run over & flattened in the middle & be toast by Fall — — —

SAN FRANCISCO SKETCH (1954 now)

America’s truck and car kick has made it place twin radio antennas on the last hill of hope overlooking the Pacific to the Orient Sea. Clouds of sorrow pass over and into a nameless blue opening beyond the storms of San Francisco. Lonely men with open collars and gray fedoras take long drear street walks where oil trucks turn into gray garage doorways at 2:30 Sunday afternoon. Wash hopelessly flaps on the roofs of Skid Row where the great Proletariat has
come to stake his claim, or 
claim his stake, one.

Everything is taking place inside 
dark windows that have the 
quality of inky pools inside which 
white fish are swimming motionlessly 
across extended arm rests, now 
and then peeking out to take a 
quick look at the street, flapping 
grayed muslin curtains back to 
shield the furtive sorrow. Rain 
spats across the scene in a sudden 
shower from the tormented sky 
all radiant with sun holes and 
Frisco Gray and Black rain 
clouds radiating from the sea 
like a vast slow unfolding of 
its rainy tragedy where driving 
rains smash futilely on the 
blank waving void.
Hopeless blue 
boxes intended for plants or 
for the outdoor coolness of 
Spreckels’ Homo Milk and 
8¢ cubes of Holiday Oleo-
margarine, stick out from 
windowsills in and around what 
the City Managers call the “blighted
area” that must be torn down 
within 5, or even 3, years. Dispossession 
and complete loneliness 
haunt the empty sidewalks in 
front of old stores for rent.
In a tenement a little Negro 
girl in dumb thought at her 
mother’s sofa alone in the 
afternoon room reads “Hardened 
vegetable oils (soybean & cottonseed), 
skim milk, salt, monoglyceride, 
lecithin; isopropyl citrate (0-01%) 
to protect flavor, and vitamin 
A and artificial color added. 
2 oz. supplies 47% of adults 
and 62% of child’s minimum 
daily Vitamin A requirements,” 
from the cube of oleo paper 
and stares for 90 seconds in a 
Buddhist-like trance at the 
little ®(apparently meaning 
‘registered’ trademark) at the 
side of the brand name 
Holiday, wondering if the 
little ® is meant to be a 
secret of the recipe not mentioned
in the long paragraph, or a sign of some authority hidden behind the butter in a suit and briefcase with on it and ® on his Cadillac and he drives around with bulging eyes and a Texas Truman hat in the streets of the City.

“I, poor French Canadian Ti Jean become a big sophisticated hipster esthete in the homosexual arts, I, mutterer to myself in childhood French, I, Indian-head, I, Mogloo, I the wild one, the “wild boy,” I, Claudius Brutus McGonigle Mkarroquack, hopper of freights, Skid Row habituee, railroad Buddhist, New England Modernist, 20th Century Storywriter, Crum, Krap, dope, divorcée, hype, type; sitter in windows of life; idiot far from home; no wood in my stove, no potatoes in my field, no field; hepcat, howler, waiter, waiter in the line of time; lazy washed-out, workless; yearner after Europe, poet manquée; pas tough!

stool gatherer, food destroyer, war evader, nightmare dreamer, angel be-er, wisdom seer, fool, bird, cocacola bottle — I, am in need of advice from God and will not get it, not likely, nor soon, nor ever — sad saha world, we were born for nothing from nothing — Respects to our sensitive Keeners up & down the crime.”

O Melville! thy Soul Sustains me More than all the Buddhas That have passed With the water Under the Brooklyn Bridge NY

Dont let your New York be modified & shrunken by local transitory dislikes (such as Tony Bennett-Laurels-bleak N.Y.) (in all this Applish Apple) — but the Liberté steaming in in brightgold afternoon, of the Daily News, 4 AM bars, Birdland, Jackie Gleason, Italian restaurants, 5th Avenue, Lucien, Wolfe, Charley Vackner the race results, West St. water-
front, Friday night fights in the TV saloon,
the Columbia Campus in May, the Remo, hep-
cats on corners bent, Pastrami at the Gaiety,
an ice cream soda at midnight on Broadway,
beautiful gorgeous blondes, brunettes, —
But I hate the fumes of 34th St.
A strange aura of masochism
and even of homosexuality
in Christian Catholicism
— “He will give you a
taste of joys & delights that
transcend anything” — etc —
. . . That’s the homosexuality . . .
“praying to God to rid you of your desires and abase you thus”
the masochism —
Why?
You cant beat the Tao —
the Buddha — the Guru of the Far East — “and Jesus
will make it easy” — Really
my dear — Nothin’s easy.

The difference between Merton
and me, is, I didnt fall
for the columbia jester

TANGIERS 1957
Blowing in an afternoon wind,
on a white fence,
A cobweb

March wind from the sea — a lonely dobe house
with red tiled roof, on a highway boulevard,
by white garages and new apartment buildings
in ruined field — everything in place in the inscrutable
sunny air, no meaning in the sky and
a girl running by coughing! It is very strange how
the green hills are full of trees and white houses
without comment. I think Tangiers is some kind
of city. Man and son cross road, wearing
green Sabbath fez caps, like papercup cakes
good nuf to eat — I think I’m sposed to be alive — I dont see anything around — Drops
of whitewash on this red concrete plaza with
the whitewashed tower by the sea for
Muezzins of the Sherifian Star — The
other night, here, Arab bagpipes —

Spring is coming —
Yep, all that equipment
For sighs

ZOCO CHICO — TANGIERS —
a weird Sunday in Fellaheen
Arabland with you’d expect
mystery white windows &
do see but b God the broad
up there in whiten
my-veil is sitting & peering
by a Red Cross, above a lil
sign says PRACTICANTES
Servicio Permanente
TF NO. 9766
the cross being red — this
is over a tobacco shop
with luggage & pictures,
a little barelegged boy
leaning on counter with a
family of wristwatched
Spaniards — Limey sailors
from the submarines pass
trying to get drunker & drunker
yet quiet & lost in home
regret & two little Arab
hepcats have a brief musical
confab (boys of 10) & they
part with a push of arms
& wheeling of arms, the cat
has a yellow skullcap &
a blue zoot suit

I am now hi on
MAHOUN
MAHOUN
Cakes of kief boiled with
spices & candies —
eaten with hot tea —
the black & white tiles
of the outdoor cafe
are soiled by lonely
Tangiers time — A
little bald cropped
boy walks by, goes
to men at table,
says “Yo!” then
the waiter throws
him out, “Yig” —
A brown ragged robe
priest sits with me at
table, but looks
off with hands
on lap at brilliant
red fez & red girl
sweater & red boy
shirt green scene
RAILROAD BUFFET IN AVIGNON

A priest who looks exactly
like Bing Crosby but with a long gray beard,
chewing bread, then rushes out, with beret and
briefcase. . . .

PARIS SIDEWALK CAFE

Now, on sidewalk in
sun, the racket of going-to-work same as
in Houston or in Boston and no better —
But it is a vast promise I feel here, endless
streets, stores, girls, places, meanings, I can
see why Americans stay here — First
man in Paris I looked at was a dignified
Negro gentleman in a homburg — The human
types are endless, old French ladies, Malayan
girls, schoolboys, blond student boys, tall
young brunettes, hippy pimply secretaries,
beret’d goggled clerks, beret’d scarved
earners of milk bottles, dikes in long blue
laboratory coats, frowning older students striding
in trench coats like Boston, seedy little
rummy cops fishing thru their pockets (in
blue caps), cute pony tailed blondes in high
heels with zip notebooks, goggled bicyclists
with motors attached, bespectacled homburgs
walking reading Le Parisien, bushy headed
mulattos with long cigarettes in mouth,

old ladies carrying milkcans & shopping bags,
rummy WCFieldses spitting in the gutter hands
a pockets going to their printing shop for
another day, a young Chinese looking French
girl of 12 with separated teeth looking
Like she’s in tears (frowning, & with a bruise
on her shin, schoolbooks in hand, cute and
serious like Mardou), porkpie executive
running and catching bus sensationallly
vanishing with it, mustached long haired
Italian youths, regular types coming in
the bar for their morning shot of wine,
huge bumbling bankers in expensive suits
fishing for newspaper pennies in their
palms (bumping into women at the bus
stop), piped jews with packages, a
lovely redhead with dark glasses pip pip
pip on her heels trots to work bus, a
waitress slopping mop water in the old old
gutter, ravishing brunettes with tightfitting
skirts succeeding in making you want to
grab their rounded ass (tho they dont deign
to look), goofely plup plup schoolgirlies
with long boyish bobs plirping lips over
books & memorizing lessons fidgetly, lovely
young girls of 17 on corners who walk
off with low-heel sure-strides in long
red coats to downtown Paris smokepot
Old Napoleon wonders — leading a dog,
an apparent East Indian, whistling, with
books — bearded bus riders riding to
accounting school — dark similar-lipped
serious young lovers, boy arming girlshouders
— statue of Danton pointing nowhere —

— Paris hepcat in dark glasses waiting there,
faintly mustached — little suited boy in
black beret, with well off father — English
Flag waving, red and white crisscrossing on
a blue field — (for Queen’s visit)

PARIS PARK

Sitting in a little park in Place Paul Painlevé
— a curving row of beautiful rosy tulips rigid
and swaying, fat shaggy sparrows, beautiful
shorthaired mademoiselles (one shd. never be
alone at night in Paris, boy or girl, but I’m
an evil old man & world hater who will
become the greatest writer who ever lived)

RESTING BY A WINDOW IN THE LOUVRES

— Seine outside, Carrousel Bridge, gray
rain clouds, pushing overhead, blue sky
holes, Seine ripple silver, old dark
stone & houses, distant domes, skeletal
Eiffel, people on sidewalks like Guardini’s
little brushstroke people — (with black
dot heads) — In this Vast hall where I
sit, more’n 600 feet long, with dream
giant canvases everywhere, the murmur
blur of hundreds of voices — Seine waters
restlessly greening near the bridge, trees
blooming, tomorrow London —
Downtown London Spring 1957 (sketch) —
hammering of iron, banging of planks, a
drill, rrrttt, humbuzz of traffic, morble
of voices, peet of bird, dling of wrench
falling on pavement (or of bolt screwer),
truck going bruawp, squeak of brakes,
the impersonal bangbang & beep beep
of London still building long after
Shakespeare & Blake lie bedded in
stone & sheep — April in London,
Where is Gray?
TRAIN TO SOUTHAMPTON

Brain trees growing out of Shakespeare’s fields
— dreaming meadows full of lamb-dots —
The dreary town of St. Denys, a church with a
pasted-on concrete arch on the roof, the
crowded row of redbrick houses, old man in
a garden blossoming a new English Spring
which seems to me hope-devoid. . . .

SOUTHAMPTON — ridiculous little boxcars in the
yards . . . cranes in the haze . . . cyclists . .
little boy sitting a wall horse style, with boots
... fweet of our engine —

BACK TO AMERICA AND MEXICO SKETCH SATURDAY MEXICO 1957

For a long time I didn’t notice that
a big dog was laying in the grass
six feet behind me, completely
licenseless, no collar, naked &
glad the true dog sleeps, when
I call him he pays no attention,
right in the middle of the city
park he stretches & enjoys —
Meanwhile 2 little girls play
with a ball (too small to throw
it) as the mother waits patiently
standing with shopping bag — 2
boys kick the soccer ball &
then quit, one falls flat on
his back in the grass arms outspread
to the sky while the other
dances little steps & sings —
An ordinary man carrying an
empty pail — Two guys pulling
a roll truck with one tire on
it, talking — A little boy
comes by playing with a
plastic bottle tied around
his neck with straps —
Gangs of little children
rush up to push the park-
worker’s lawnmower with
him, he grins — A dark
Mexican kid with handfulstring
of huge balloons blowing
his little air tweeter —
The dog is up, near the
ball boys, watching nobly —
he hops on 3 legs, his right
front foot is broken or hurt,
now he hops up to see a
ragged boy’s white dog on
rope leash & a short fight
breaks out — The little boy
brings his dog over to tell me
the whole story (in Spanish)
of his wounds & bravery —
The ordinary man returns with
full pail, hobbling — The mother
& little girls, sit now on the
old iron cannon, she reads
as they crawl gladly — (I’m not
interested much in sex anymore, but
in that mother smiling patiently while
the little girls play)

SKETCH OF BEGGAR

The strange Allen Ansen-looking
but fat chubby Mexican beggar standing
in front of Woolworth’s on Coahuila
behaving spastically, with short haircut
of bangs, brown suitcoat, white shirt,
big pot belly, rocking back & forth
jiggling his hand (left or right, as / according
to which other he rests in his pocket)
& he really makes it, / I just saw 3 people give him
money in one minute, as one
charitied him he turned away &
scratched his brow (murmured something?)
— He cant conceive that
someone (as I) can be watching from
across the street 2nd story window
& so I see all his in-between
actions & attitudes, a definite
(holy) phoney, (I mean his
life is harder than mine by far),
when it came time for him to
blow his nose after sneezing
he didnt shake spastically
but efficiently withdrew a
napkin from his coat & blew
his nose hard 3 times then
put it back in his pocket
— Even poor women give him
coins & he places all of them
in a funny space behind his back
belt — His feet are tired, he
whomps them up in a dance &
down —

When fat businessman glides
by blowing smoke contemptly
at him he hangs his head in
contemplative shame — He
looks up, scratches his neck,
fells his coat pocket, sways,
& waits beneath the light
(as I)
(Who've just finished a T-bone
steak
in Kuku's)

Above him I see dim
figures in the Woolworth
storerooms as of dance-
class-ing & mamboing

Being as I am now off drugs,
after a fine meal I feel like
I did as a kid in Lowell, an
excited happy mind — It’s
Saturday in Mex City & the streets
lead to all kinds of fascinating
lighted vistas, movies, stores, pepsi
colas, whorehouses, nightclubs,
children playing in brownstreet
lamps & the sleep of the
Fellaheen dog in some old
grand doorway

YES, the end to a perfect meal
is always the grand cup of
black coffee, here or in
Sweets Seafood Restaurant, NY
or in Paree, anywhere, the
warm rich comforter (which
prepares the appetite for chocolates
on the homeward walk, preferably
milk chocolate & nuts) —
It’s the exciting hour in MCity
or anycity, 8 on Sat nite, when
the 5 & 10’s closing & the show
crowds rush & newsboys shout,
trolley bells clang, like soft
like Lowell long ago when
I had that swarming vision
PENGUIN POETS

JOHN ASHERBERY

Selected Poems
Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror
TED BERRIGAN

The Sonnets
JIM CARROLL

Fear of Dreaming:
The Selected Poems
Living at the Movies
Void of Course
ALISON HAWTHORNE

DEMING

Genius Loci
CARL DENNIS

New and Selected Poems 1974-2004
Practical Gods
Ranking the Wishes
DIANE DI PRIMA

Loba
STUART DISCHELL

Dig Safe
STEPHEN DOBYNS

Mystery, So Long Velocities:
New and Selected Poems: 1966-1992
AMY GERSTLER

Crown of Weeds
Ghost Girl
Nerve Storm
EUGENE GLORIA

Drivers at the Short-Time Motel
Hoodlum Birds
DEBORA GREGER

Desert Fathers,
Uranium Daughters
God
Western Art
TERRANCE HAYES

Hip Logic
Wind in a Box
ROBERT HUNTER

Sentinel and Other Poems
MARY KARR

Viper Rum
JACK KEROUAC

Book of Blues
Book of Haikus
Book of Sketches
ANN LAUTERBACH

Hum
If in Time:
Selected Poems,
1975-2000
On a Stair
CORINNE LEE

PYX
PHYLLIS LEVIN

Mercury
WILLIAM LOGAN

Macbeth in Venice
Night Battle
The Whispering
Gallery
MICHAEL MCCLURE

Huge Dreams:
San Francisco
and Beat Poems
DAVID MELTZER

David’s Copy:
The Selected Poems
of David Meltzer
CAROL MUSKE

An Octave Above
Thunder
Red Trousseau
ALICE NOTLEY

The Descent of Alette
Disobedience
Mysteries of Small
Houses
PATTIANN ROGERS

Generations
STEPHANIE

STRICKLAND

V: WaveSon.nets/
Losing L’una
ANNE WALDMAN

Kill or Cure
Marriage: A Sentence
Structure of the
World Compared
to a Babbie
JAMES WELCH

Riding the Earthboy
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PHILIP WHALEN
Overtime: Selected Poems
ROBERT WRIaley

Lives of the Animals Reign of Snakes
MARK YAKICH

Unrelated Individuals Forming a Group Waiting to Cross
JOHN YAU

Borrowed Love Poems