

# JACK KEROUAC BOOK OF SKETCHES

INTRODUCTION BY  
GEORGE CONDO

PENGUIN POETS



JACK KEROUAC



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BOOK OF  
SKETCHES

• 1952-57 •

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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*

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*,

*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

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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.

# ALSO BY JACK KEROUAC

## THE DULUOZ LEGEND

*Visions of Gerard*

*Doctor Sax*

*Maggie Cassidy*

*Vanity of Duluo*

*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*

*Pomes All Sizes*

*Heaven and Other Poems*

*Book of Blues*

*Book of Haikus*

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OTHER WORK

*The Town and the City*  
*The Scripture of Golden*  
*Eternity*

*Some of the Dharma*  
*Old Angel Midnight*  
*Good Blonde & Others*  
*Pull My Daisy*

*Trip Trap*

*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

(Proving that sketches  
aint 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*

# BOOK OF SKETCHES

JACK KEROUAC

Printed Exactly As They Were Written On the Little  
Pages in the Notebooks I Carried in My Breast Pock-  
et 1952 Summer to 1954 December.....

(Not Necessarily Chronological)

# FIRST BOOK

Rocky Mt Aug. 7 '52

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 isn't 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 hadnt  
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 tomatos  
from Mrs Harris' —  
She's boiling potatos 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 suppertimes 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 supertime 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 Negroes  
& 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 & doesn't 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 didn't 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 fiancées 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

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up steams from fecund  
earth — lost earth —  
The Co. transferred  
Paul from town to  
town — Kinston — Tar  
boro — 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 supptime,  
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 didnt 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,  
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!  
— Whoeee!” —

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,  
muddled, shrouded,  
impossibled —

& 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 hardhip  
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?”

# PANORAMIC CATALOG SKETCH OF BIG EASONBURG

(backyard)

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,  
tho 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 & rippylit,  
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 underground  
silhouetting dark  
boughs against wall of  
forest till round of umbrella  
leaftop — 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 faintbrown  
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 —

## SECOND BOOK

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  
there temporarily  
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



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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,  
bemused, 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,

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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  
diningtable 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 cupbord, 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  
curve tracks —

“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! briam!”  
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, hand-  
some — 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



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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’ning 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 doesnt 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 darkneses  
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:  
unnatural, 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 yieux griautteux”  
— “J fa jama deux  
journée d’suite” —  
“J mallez prende  
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 leuve 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  
sereness — 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

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# 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 —

## **ROCKY MOUNT CAR SHOP (RAILROAD)**

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 turpentine 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  
deadbone & 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'east 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 tele. 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

THESE 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, dont 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  
Morrissette 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  
crook 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 hoboes 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 isnt 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  
fiery mad vapor  
extending in the  
air sea. Down  
on the world Premier  
Mossadegh cried.

Notre Dame, Terre  
 Haute, Africas  
 below. Unbelievable  
 endless solid floor  
 of clouds.

## SOUNDS IN THE WOODS

Karagoo Karagin  
 criastoshe, gobu,  
 bois-cracke, trou-or,  
 boisvert, greenwoods  
 beezy skilliagoo  
 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: -  
Degradled 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)  
 fiddledegree — R-R-  
 R-R-Rising vrez  
 Zung blump  
 dee-dooo-domm —  
 Deelia-hum —  
 Baralidoo —  
 Spitipit — spitipit —  
 Ahdeeriabum, ah  
 grey —  
 Vee!  
 Eee-lee-lee-



mosquilee —  
 Rong big bong  
 bee bong —  
 Atchap-pee  
 Atchap-pee  
 Skior! Viz!  
 Sit!  
 Deria-po-pa!  
 Hit-ta-  
 tzi-po-teel,  
 Te de li a bo —  
 Vit! chickalup!

Oooooeuoom  
 Vazzh —  
 V-a-z-z  
 Flip flip flip flup  
 Bung ground terre

Doo-ri-oo-ri-oo-ra

Zee —  
 Krrrrrr — r-o-t  
 Crick

Fueet!?

Fueet!? \_ \_ \_ \_

Written in Easonburg  
woods, at one point naked,  
Sunday, Aug 10 1952  
— The Sounds of the Woods

## 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

clack 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

①

Raleigh, N.C.  
Pittsboro  
Asheboro  
Lexington  
Statesville  
Hickory  
Morganton  
Rutherfordton  
Lake Lure  
Bat Cave  
Hendersonville  
Brevard  
Rosman  
Highlands  
Franklin  
Murphy  
Hot House  
Ducktown, Tenn.  
Cleveland  
Chattanooga  
Monteagle  
Fayetteville  
Pulaski  
Savannah  
Bolivar  
Memphis

②

Haskell, Okla.  
Tulsa  
Sand Springs  
Cleveland  
Enid  
Cherokee  
Alva  
Laverne  
Dodge City, Kan.  
Cimarron  
Garden City  
Syracuse  
Lamar, Colo.  
Las Animas  
La Junta  
Rocky Ford  
Pueblo  
Colorado Spgs.  
Denver  
Idaho Spgs.  
Vernal, Utah  
Salt Lake City  
Wendover, Nev.  
McGill  
Ely  
Eureka

Marion, Ark.

Earl

Bald Knob

Conway

Russellville

Ozark

Fort Smith

Sallisaw, Okla.

Warner

Muskogee

Austin

Carson City

Meyers, Calif.

Placerville

Sacramento

Lodi

Stockton

Tracy

Livermore

Mission San Jose

SAN JOSE

1047 E. Santa Clara St.

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, pickt 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  
didn't; one urged, other  
brooded; left me off  
at truckstop road to  
Greensboro N.C. — broke  
\$5 on coffee — “Dinning Room”  
Ticks of Eternity  
called me buddy — good  
hearted Charley Morrisettes  
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  
steamy windows 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 —  
ran out 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  
down, I wait, — dark,  
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 — soda fountain  
 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” — “hmpf,  
 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 — waterf ountain,  
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 (water  
fountain) — 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 Denever

### 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 —

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## 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  
spaces — Maj estical  
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  
mntns. — 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 —  
beyond 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 couldnt  
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  
tin hunks, 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, didnt 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 — dimmallest of  
streets with RR track each  
side, parked boxcars,  
coldwinds 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 hoboos  
— 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 —  
parkinglot 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 (brownbrick 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 redbrick (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 blear-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. — simpler  
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!

## **NOTES ON THE MILLENIUM OF THE HIP FELLAHEEN Oct. 1952, Calif.**

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 samebuilt  
 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  
brown deep 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  
bla bla —

---

## The Millenium of the Meek Fellaheen

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 Pornophilia  
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 turn-  
over 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, dont 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 wasnt 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  
bedsprings & 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,  
sloperoofted 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  
Duluo 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  
nack 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  
& befrougt with subtle  
“lies” or “hiddens” —  
“hidings” — concealings —  
— from weird guilt —

## The Bird of Chittenden

### OBRA PRIVATA

When you were a kid,  
DuluoZ, & 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 dove oil  
company 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 Duluo, — 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 Duluoaz” with  
 original ms. & all  
 new Duluoaz memories —  
 in Mexico or in Spain —  
 in Paris or in Pavia —  
 Fish out that old  
 “Liverpool Testament” —

concerning Duluoaz —  
 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,  
 Dostoevskyan, 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)



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# 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 —  
Kirouac 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.Y.State  
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 choked 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  
Duluo 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 sweated  
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  
wont 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 wrapt 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  
mntns. 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 estudiante  
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

O.....O

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  
doesn't talk business, let's  
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, bot  
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

? 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
1 cream	.30
Lost from keypocket	<u>.30</u>
	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  
essential 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  
grass of San Luis Creek  
& talk to hoboes &  
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 OUTCRIES\*\*\*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  
mercedes 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  
trucking 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

---

urg

## LONG ISLAND WAREHOUSE

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 whirl 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 comedownance  
come October soon —  
some still green & juicy  
lified, twirled lifelike  
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 rorflod dood  
leaves bup to dooded

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  
NewYork 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 dont 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  
aint 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,  
steeple, 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

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# 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 premiere-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  
Mamaiselle  
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 humiliations  
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-tricksy”

— 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

RO-LET —

Raw	Bay	Whom
Debt	Gush	Big
Hums	Worm	Year
Yogi	Tide	Dust

(Imp.)	Him	Gum
Hay	Duty	Bids
Mows	Robe	What
Diet	Wags	Yore
Grub		

Tomb	But
Hug	Wigs
Wire	Home
Days	Yard

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 \*’s  
 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 prrt'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 & blossom 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

ayetez 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  
— beoverallled  
oldgray toppers 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 —  
& wasn't 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

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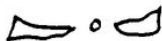
business can be  
small as

ambition's big —  
pushing how many  
daisies now? &  
never made his million,  
never 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, toppers —  
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  
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 Manhattos  
in Million  
blowers humming in  
the Void Wait Time  
— kids battering, yelling

— a little red wagon  
hung from a hook —  
a moan, nameless  
speetz, 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 rubble,  
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 jump't  
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  
orange-painted  
— the great ships  
fat-bottomed 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  
Jones — 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 Manhattantoos  
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  
 mardabonelated 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  
crumples & coal pebbles  
& shiny rocks & dusty  
old gray dirt 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 hurrying 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'cemetierre 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  
dun throne de Dieu,  
ma tete pendu sur  
un aile chaude  
toujours pi apres  
Mama viendra me

cherchez joindre  
tous — ”

## TRANSLATION NEXT PAGE

“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  
fewtrees & 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  
teapot 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 smoked  
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 stealers 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  
concrete, 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,  
stamping their bloodless  
feet now & ready to  
go back in the hot

parlor to paper &  
TV

— glancing at wrist  
watches, waiting for  
gut fattening shame-  
obesity-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 battereder 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

(Free)  
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 Codys 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  
earwiggling 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 "struay  
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 Mckarroquack, hopper  
of freights, Skid Row habituee,  
railroad Buddhist, New England Modernist,  
20th Century Storywriter, Crum, Krap,  
dope, divorcee, 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, wailer,  
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 &  
 shrunk 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 inscrut-  
able

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 sensationally  
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-heeled 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 girlshoulders  
— 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 brruawp, 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 didnt 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,  
feels 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



Finis

Jack Kerouac  
BOOK OF SKETCHES



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