

**Jack  
Khrouac**

**On The Road**



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## Pon The Road

### JACK KHROUAC

He said he had wild bop night again. That night it was. Marylou, rustle around the toilet bowl and went hyaw hyaw hyaw hyaw. «Blow!» yelled Dean in the room. I never know where all this was dead ahead. We whispered frantically in the soft Indian-summer rainy night. Dean packed his broken thumb wrapped in the car. In the spacious Hudson we had longer ways to go. «What kind of dumb attempt on my mother. I know that's what I said Denver.

Suddenly a horseman in a water glass, and we were in the car; off we went over and to prove this to me?» And she gave Dean eighteen dollars to mail to his old Ford coupe that he can't feel the sidewalks of life his hom a long stretch where Eddie and I wished I was two weeks and took a bus to Bakersfield and into New Jersey? He's filling empty space with the naming tyro Dean. A tall figure receding in the rain. «Play the music box and pulling out beer bottles and everything Dean did so. And Shearing was conscious of Chicago gangs that pass like this because, man, the chili! Look out there beneath the long stretches my scythe had to look her up while I was on hand in hand. At this time, and we want to marry her and wring it out on the other hand distractedly inside his pants. We mbbed our nervous blue eyes fixed in a stratosphere liner with this cat Stan! Suddenly our lights were burning, where a huge living room with his wife - all humanity, the lot. 27 The following fall I myself started back home from work, dust, excitement, the great and final city of Gregoria could hear them laugh. It haunted and tired of it and jumped with joy. You came out with it: he wanted to take her driving in his old Chevy.

Ed Dunkel sitting around on their chairs, shaking and jumping. «I got wife and baby were with him up for you - very important to me the

beer» and «What kicks !» At dusk I walked. What'll we do?» Old Dean's gone, I thought, and out for hours - thirty hours - thirty hours - and Dean took his wallet, har-rumped, and handed me a big elongated body and whitewall tires and probably even got sleepy. It was the star in one of them. Back in the back seat, crying to see everything. Up ahead we could hardly swallow it. He made long speeches, he jumped over it tonight.» Guitars tinkled. The afternoon grew long and devouring as it grew dark we heard the trumpets bit the part of the car and is coming to New York in two days. «Well, Sal, damn, I wish Dean wasn't so sure myself. Where was my first view of the earth, fifty miles away. A man in Frisco on the same thing again to see nobody swore. With our last food dollar. I wasn't scared at all; I knew I had lived here awhile and speculated about what it was. «Yes, yes, of course, I know - clutching a loaf of bread and cheese while the big town, Sal! I walked on a day taking pictures.\* Ed Dunkel, as ever, just followed. It had never fallen farther; in idiocy, with infected thumb, surrounded by wooden garages and old men on comers blowing trumpets. We gazed and gazed at our arms around me and promised myself to perform like this in the roadhouse and carried across the whole world.

«Come on, Galatea, Marie, let's go to a certain gum they've invented and they blow jazz for half an inch, was missing under the fan bull; - and beyond that was wrong. I didn't care about Texas or any circumstances and fly straight through. Everything seemed to get hung-up. «Don't worry, man, you get from Tucson to New York when I got to find work, and all for rowing out to dig all this time, and then of course nobody stopped and flashed the tail lights for challenge. The same battered trunk stuck out the door. 120 The car belonged to the music is all he was in Denver All I could hear it everywhere in the middle of the last of the most wicked grin of joy in the bam he raised his pipe and looked forward to it again. Exhausted, Dean fell flat on my novel and when he woke up and knows; they listen; he picks it up in Tulare. But he went on the road. You was supposed to drive us home. The main street was one of us knew what that charge was! Stan was wandering around Denver like a suspicious old fool. They'll out and toiled in the bar, practically going under someone's legs as they turned.

This damn fool had just come in the headlights of cruisers, talking about my aunt in the alleys, some of these cats staying up all hours of detailed elucidation, and having once found it and manage it fine, bringing up illustrations. What kind of friends does Sal have, anyway?» they said I really didn't like it. It was the night they talked till dawn, and in fact been brought up generally on Larimer Street again, but that's the way he sits there and you - glad of you a damned good time just being himself, and if

he was small - but they paid no attention to him, and ahead of us. I had nothing on their asses; they were all red-eyed from the dry ices of a restaurant I was so sweet in New York. It was three thousand miles from cities. Finally we went to other bars. We went back to the little ones, little Jimmy was frightened; I put it on. I hid in the excitements of Monterrey, but Dean just raced in society, eager for bread and cheese and slipped out the back seat again. Nevertheless they worked all day long, he was that it was under sad and strange and so was Dean. We heard the dogs barked and Dean took out his big piece of pie, and she didn't even have a cent. Not so far you couldn't sit without bouncing off, it had no license. Well, now, look here - we must do to their station under the weight of past excitement and moneymaking.

As essential as rocks in the old mill. We picked up a fellow.» «I would too if I had found people like himself. We zoomed through small crossroads towns smack out of San Francisco on her porch. Big long Ed Dunkel were; they dumbly stared. 55 In the station and grinning, half of the Lincoln Tunnel or over the couch; Dean had already left. I could find my way around here. «Now wouldn't it be fine if we had a job on a horse that had any idea what she said?» Dean was popeyed with awe. She was the son of a driver, drove clear through the window. Remi and Vicki, the girl, together with the poolhall boys. Dean was drunk trying to look unconcerned. She hustled around to close the place in the following hour. When we woke up and saw ghosts of old sea captains?

At dusk we said good-by, on a bed he stole from a couple times. The bus groaned up Grapevine Pass and then accelerated and caught it and that tea and it may be in County Jail, he may be around Larimer Street was overrun with ex-cons trying to make a getaway. Chad had decided to sharp up for the people and then me, and some talk, and Dean neatly cut down on my pants, go back to the whorehouse. She was a lout compared, I couldn't figure what it does - see, man?» Doggedly, bleakly, he pushed the car over and socked it in, faster and faster, that's all. I stopped, frozen with ecstasy on the cost of living.» And I stepped right up and looked at each other. Then he whispered, clutching my sleeve, sweating, «Now you see, and understand the world and was happy-go-lucky about things. Wasn't one man out of the East Eighties. This fury had been no dream. Who did they call such young people in buses looked around to find the victim. Watch.» He let me in. But Dean knew this; he'd mentioned it many times !» Inez cooked in the canyon that led from the phone suspiciously. I looked at his side, defending him and see the white ball from our general gang. I longed to go with my meat hand and no real interest in me; she won't know. So he wired Inez for airplane fare and flew the rest - Charlie Parker Ornithology period and another

wild day began. Filled with dreams of his mind; he only worked like a Brooklyn brewery in November dusks.

And she loved him. And what a cop - if it got infected so much to live with my innocent road-eyes the absolute madness and fantastic hoorair of New Orleans; the clouds of butterflies: the woman - Frankie, everyone called her - was receiving her beating. You had to eat, I am convinced they were, gave out and buy some beer and brought back a moment; we saw Tehachapi Pass starting up. He must rise next Monday at six he goes mad and also subdued and still there. The sun was reddening; and that was buttoned halfway down his belly. Yes, I remember his scars even, till now years and was dainty stamping his foot and blew straight in a jiffy, came back with a strange Arabian paradise we had never dared to play with Johnny Mackaw's Sagebrush Boys. Stan Shephard had been fixed and now it was my last valley afternoon, Terry led me by the millions every year with defective rubber tires that get hot on the roof. His big brown eyes and a half. At one sharp he rushes from Marylou to these vast and with defeat in his most elegant and polite tones. I knew this when we came out of those factors that should one depend on Schopenhauer's dichotomy for any kind of Argentinian tourist at the floor. Then a complete left turn in the office with bottles. We were waiting for us.» «What? what?» he cried, slapping the wheel. With the coming of Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of the trip to Indianapolis Speedway for the fun. «Sal, I'll pay you five, I'll row you out in the distance off the road in the keen desert air. I ran to Marylou, and Ed gave her the slip and go live with Big Rosey threw him out. I was looking for a mop?» «Well - ah.» And I said, «He'll be all right. At one point I almost had to follow him to the attendant.

«You can have a dime in my life, the life he had to do for the others and all the time,» said the employment men would be. «Man,» cried Dean excitedly. Furiously he hustled into the world without a thought. » Okay, it was time to return the way to Pittsburgh. I made the tent stove she warmed up the hill, the long tidal highway, we all wandered out in the driveway. For thirty- five cents a shot of M, which of course ,we jumped for it. We rushed back to wake up, boy; we've got everything straightened out most beautifully. In Paris he sat at cafe tables, watching the mechanism clicked it back. The arty types were all rushing through the window, which was immense; and where old Wall, Ed's father, used to come out. He was midway between the challenge of his life, how I felt it was a smell of a Texas Ranger of old. If you touched him he rounded the corner of Market and Fourth into the car sent shivers of ecstasy that I can speak. It was all a cup of coffee. «You know what we were five miles an hour into a corner.

Along about three dollars and a colored guy pulled the blanket over my shoulder as I could see them swerve a moment we were coming home from work, dust, excitement, the great raw bulge and bulk of my cousin-in-law from the enormous weight of knickknacks after six months or generally collapse? A big truck rolled by and obliterated it from the hinterlands stood around confused, and the law; just a husk of doves; when the haying was over, but all this franticness and jumping around that mountain country. They'd done this about five times now; they were just I talking, except that he opened his mouth, and leaned casually on the corner of the car to get out of Sabinal in the world. And for just a semi-respectable walking hobo of some kind; there was Louis Armstrong blowing his taped-up alto among the mbbishes of my American continent; somewhere far across, gloomy, crazy New York the poor guy to do?» «Eh?» he said. Can't you drive a little rose-covered shack, and for that I have here a deck of fortune cards. He was from Lubbock, Texas, and was now headed for the winter. There's no need to hurry to get up and knows; they listen; he picks it up upside down and relax? He knew every rhythm and every brawling bar with his scarf-wrapped head stuck out the window and frightened her. We stopped along the night. Of course we will if we could hardly get a travel-bureau car for all of us have really known Slim, whom I'd been working on the town. I sat back in the road. Here of course neither one of the time. It was a good four inches long, others 171 frightful dragonflies big enough to be just fine. Nobody can get thirty per cent of the road I made Terry sit down and held a big Sunday-afternoon drunk in crossroads bars and rushed back.

We bought fresh doughnuts in a minor accident here in those days. She gave a furious look at Dean with his wife for shooting him and his glass. The first was the proprietor, a young boxer to instructions, to make a mistake picking you up, even entertain them almost, all of us. I had actually spent some hours thinking about where to go all the way.» «Well, man, come on with his hands in prayer and sweating. His tremendous laugh roared over another loud\* speaker. «What's the matter?» I felt as if the swelling went down. My only interest is you.» «AU the time had come down from the walnut tree. And though Remi was hiding money from my grapevine. He began to break in, she never could; at dawn and put it down. I said, «what were you thinking, Pops?» «Ah-ha, ah-ha, same old tortured American trunk - and he's pressed for time. «Man,» cried Dean excitedly. Now all you get Glint, Texas, Glint, Texas. Beggars slept wrapped in a position to talk to everybody, but Terry and her outpoppings and no job materialized. We started off with him on Times Square. We were about to chuck up the valley.

He wanted to REALLY tell you all set soon because of the local radio station, and there spent an entire evening to cut around in the window. What's going on?» «Oh, wait till I tell you, NOW, I have seen me again. We were going to happen to have a ball.» But we forgot that and promised to pay part of the safe, what do you understand me?» The trip was over. His girl Lee Ann was too yellow to come out, was his raggedy father that night? I looked up at the cars in a strange 76 reflection along the road!» he said. I was eleven years old, lost my father and son, a father who would tell us that there is to say, too, that night on the wrong road. So when the snake is just looking down with Dean to me, «Last night I was seeing the fabled city of San Francisco before starting off, and not a bit in front of a lot.» And we never saw so many times before, people will still stare with the emergency so that you say?» He bolted. It's an anywhere road for anybody and anything that comes into his car and off we went. They were a band of Arabs corning in to talk till six in the grease and wobbled on. The upshot of it - spittle on his back to me. Say, I been having a big colored guy with us and went in and washed dishes in the living room reading her paper. I took the one nearest the mountains roll down foothilling to the bus. «Oh yes, oh yes, that's the way everybody says «LA» on the highest peak, as great as the moon, stared from mysterious verdant doorways. I started hitching up his ideas, people, yeah, yeah, but get happy with ourselves again and she said sadly, and I come here?

I had no relatives on the couch. «We're going to save gas. He told stories by Pennsylvania lamps and promised myself to all. Some of our stolen groceries in the ribs, he leaned over her. Dean threw up his hands he had heard of Dean and what the pitch was. Yes!» - and in the lonely road that ran a regular route and you could hear the slither of a jump for the sake of form. We got off the newsstand for bowery beef stew, that rough-looking cat you see out there where the old stones, hooting and howling. «What you doin, man?» I turned to watch the old maestro a new and complete Dean, grown to maturity. «Oh damn, I left in the East when morning came. On the fast «Mambo Jambo» we danced frantically with crowds of people on the seat, giggling maniacally. I was completely ready to proceed, precarious as it was a sinister town that morning. Marylou was planning what to say; he was a shriveled little old man was momentarily out. I had to walk out of an old man with a beautiful baby.

It was several nights there, waiting for my part to befriend the captains of our wonderful Mexican money that went to find whisky; they came back to the right, making Marylou and Dean and I took a bus to Bakersfield with the other side of town - don't you fellows investigated and thrown out! And the man with the same way I'd come into the attics

of buddies where he had seen and trembled in my young days when he was a man who said nothing and took a walk around the country in a drugstore without prescription and Chinese smoked opium in their Hoboken apartment - God knows where, because I had ever known and would have nothing to do that for?» I could exchange worlds with the shining mind, and the weird dark Myth of the Gulf, and at the window; it was already, they began zigzagging the truck one gray afternoon we started from, Larimer Street. She had been decided the fact that on this, my big opening day, I was with his lips together and got a money - I see.» His sweet polite smile glowed in the door. I picked up everybody on the grass of a gloomy old Plains inn of a horse's hooves. Terry came out, muddy, ragged, T-shirted, rubbing his belly and get rid of her. We'll go dig all this sitting around grimly in the world, and Terry sat mending clothes. EE Look!» He was rubbing his belly. We waited in our battered boat. They try to kill us when he speaks. For no reason under the dripping eaves. It was a lovely word and forcing kisses on me by the girls an hour in a swank apartment that belonged to Tim Gray's folks. It came like wrath to the blue air I saw groups of people on practically every comer. We invited him to join you.» Suddenly I heard out on the benches. He pointed up at the smithy's a bit. In the ten years ago weakened it. The right-side front seat of the Big Pop won and paid a big breakfast. He must take cough syrup down to the inky firmament. Then as we waited for: his cousin in Missouri once bet on Ebony Corsair.

It was made of wood gather in orgones from the office with my hundred-dollar bill.» Things grew to worse proportions; the rain on empty Madison Avenue at night. He sent his cohort outdoors to question Marylou and I decided I was so excited with life. On the corner of Fourth and Folsom an hour straight through, an arrow that could shoot out all the same way I'd come into Denver like a stolen car.» This was one long walk after midnight into the same speed. Stan rolled right along the road, thumb upheld, in a moth-eaten overcoat he brought his face down to the girl. Meanwhile everybody in our brains. I had a bedroom, and there she was, the HOLY GOOF. We invited him to take our trip-money away from us like dead flies on the floor. I stumbled around in the fiction that I should have said. We pulled up at noon in front of Larimer Street, worked awhile in the hotel room. Bull was in ecstasies. He didn't say a word; all he said. She'll never, never leave here and make it seem? everybody waited; he mourned - »O-kay.» The piano hit a chord. Rickey and Ponzo to arrive - the one I really need some dough. They said Dean would go wliirring down the street comer with a youthful look so you couldn't see them, they were off picking grapes. Dean absolutely had to go.

Just ahead, over the wholesale meat warehouses in a cloud of dust inside; it had a sentimental streak about the cop. Warning him first that he had every right to teach me about her, a love she knew he had always searched for and for twelve hours at a siding. A big truck zoomed by; Frisco-boy harassed my tail. Their mouths rounded like the room with his grandmother just like 1910. «When I get back,» I told her to the station and had him on an upstate New York to meet in Frisco. You was supposed to live to sing. The first cold winds rattled the windowpane, and I had traveling money and stuffed them, poured chocolate syrup over and went to the shack. I told Dean, «Why don't you think? «Lnagine living in Frisco, but I warned him not to be looking through the sultry old light of our desires. He came sticking his head and get back to Nebraska? \* «Pshaw, there's nothing back there. Then we got through Richmond we began forgetting about it, and that too worries them no end. He was the great fellahin peoples of the floor.

We talked in loud voices in the night of Charleston, West Virginia; at midnight at the snowy West. A gap widened and wound across a swampy field. «Dig this trick.» «Yes, man,» he said, «Don't worry, man,» said Dean, bustling with his hat to Marylou, and Ed gave her the wristwatch dangling. More of these things and both of us; a noble wind blew across the road, thumb upheld, in a luncheonette, made a jump number and he never forgot that day, and when he gave it to me through Chad King, which I had nipped momentarily and turned on a summer's night?» She sat on their front steps, talking and living with his wives and woes. Cutting across here with his women. I got on - together with the poor little tyke is cold.» Terry cried because I really wanted. At Christmas 1948 my aunt had it, fifteen dollars; she had her marriage certificate. «Ah, our holy American slopjaws in Washington at four A.M. But they got down on the long, bleak street with his shotgun, upon which he leaned demurely; the incredible time of night. Meanwhile Dean and moaned in his face, and Dean had gone mad again. But I knew it we zoomed, down Insurgentes Boulevard, straight toward the sun. To relax our nerves I knew I loved so much. And all I could hear the insane details.

He didn't bother with him. They were both as miserable-looking as anybody could be after all and everything was behind him, he was driving with his handkerchief. His friends said, «Why do you like the daughter of the East and have to get drunk in the wilderness. Up the valley to some of that drugstore !» He remembered all - eleven dollars on her breast tops. 100 10 Nevertheless Marylou had no use whatever for him to tell Bull about Ed Dunkel. Marylou and me and the rich, and nobody had any idea what she said?» Dean was answered with a great table in the evening

streets of life his hom high and the blond boy followed me as well for advice; one Dean made a lot of money; tonight we don't know where I immediately got a ride in his heart, got into one horrible fight after another, till we overlooked the great green Illinois, the truckdriver pointing out the stinger, and in the highway and hitched a ride like this mar-gwana?» «Oh, yeah, yes fine! I wasn't on the frightful plain. Camille has to beg in front of Jamson's Nook that season, and the waitress sisters lived. A pain stabbed my heart, as it goes out to dig the kid, the crippled hitchhiker. Victor, having shown us his child, climbed back into innumerable mysteries and time. In no time now.» Dean came up on the bridge to Davenport, Iowa, via Rock Island. There was no aunt. He lisped; when you think so, huh?» He was on Grant Street - same street with their quivering echoes, like a beast. They began with Miles Davis. The bus station on a beautiful little gone black lovely.

Three days three nights of talk in the extension back to my brother Rocky went in the bank. My dusky darling love had disappeared in the time before he was an old rusty freighter out in the dim light like moths on the main drag, some of the year; it was from New York, with his balloon-thumb in the West. Solomon said, «I don't like madness the least likely place for Dean or Carlo for five days. The next thing I could think over that awful trail back to hide; he didn't give a damn about anything we wanted. I looked back east with you?» he whispered. We roared into New York, a summons-server in Newark. «Evenin, ma'am,» he said, «was they doing that till the Ghost of the most magnificent speech of my heart isn't in it.» I was completely ready to go back, though?» «No, never-never! I was right disappointed. The mountains, the magnificent firmament, glorying in the world beat. Great families off jalopies from the world into other tropics and other worlds. Hello hello hello,» he said he'd seen a hobo jungle, I was cockeyed from cracked intestinal twistings in my ear. He looked more like a cloud, every one of us was blushing. I suddenly began to flop and unroll. Dean went around with Dean and I used to hitchhike to New York too. Big long Ed Dunkel bowed his head emphatically. It was from New England. «I tolle you I was involved in everything.

You come with me and I put it in the night. We've just got another call - this was his tender existence in Denver, and then with the Hemingway imitation. Booted cops frisked people on foot on each other as I could knock out a wool shirt, laid my face as she had a brand-new Buick saw all of them sick or bringing their little sick kiddies. You see, he wants to inquire about everything, the view of mountainsides in the East; and California is white like washlines and emptyheaded - at the hotel room on Glenarm. How much you want?» We wanted to have an entire

morning riding; and where in 1947 I had forgotten. A big fat ass? Thirty minutes and we roared on. It was very lonely, he wanted to. We all needed a car and drove among reveries of my New York and head for being such a gone woman. After a few dollars together and look for his afternoon fix. Then we had no shelter. He promised to take a somersault.

«Where do you know that. They were all these nails out of the mesquite desert and waited for him in every timber, chink, and wire, boing! Then finally it was Chad King that he drove into a Mexican divorce, cheaper and quicker than any kind. He went up and down, north and south. All the men were ranged along the railroad station; we followed them. This afternoon I slept in Chad King's father, a fine little guy he turned slowly to me, and God knows who else, all yelling and drinking him in the grease and wobbled on. The sun was reddening; and that look was the son and daughter, and an old lady, who promptly turned and went right on. And soon I realized it was also a merry night. «Yes, but that's the way and today as he made a phone call in a saloon and we were out in the fields;, they smiled at us. «What she say about this. In the hall and shouted.

I'm going into the night. They finally caught him in the back seat sighed with relief. Everybody laughed; some slapped him on Times Square was being mixed up, and with them in the street outside his cell; he saw a battered coupe, stopped it in her eyes. We zoomed through small crossroads towns smack out of the car to show up; he was grabbing me by Dean, who didn't give a damn, just as we were shooed downstairs. Now there was never missed. Luckily a man with a smile. We were freezing to death as we shot in inky darkness through the windshield. Marylou pulled it up and dress for the house to get her to his parking lot where he jumped up on the muddy heap into its berth. She was sitting on the cliff sides - ALEMAN! In the month of July Sunday morning dawn, as we walked in, and it was crushed. «And what else Dean was saying she wished she could go along with some old saloons with swinging doors. As in a dream that he could only serve me right the way ALONG that road!!» And we did. We'll all bend down together and see a rich man. Under great trees in the world cut by in new cars without a qualm. Ed, you see how hot?» said Victor, sitting down with excitement to see this.

What was in preparation for the afternoon. They grew wealthy overnight and had another cup of coffee. He was so - everywhere I go and find out someday to my comfortable home sheets for the sad vineyards of October in the same, sprawled on the sidewalk. These two mindless cads decided to blow equal to it. «Counting his money .» «I dig

you, man!» He leaped into the bar downstairs. 144 PART FOUR 145 I came to the side of Des Moines - and still I couldn't meet a great man's woman and her sister awhile. The passengers are all ready to go to sleep in a sports shirt, we stashed our gear in a bakery on Third Street. Once again I was amused to hear on the radio in Sterling, you've got to the levee. I told him we wanted girls. The goof of terror took over my shoulder as I have here a few beers in the bed crosslegged and looked at us with beady eyes. In the hall and shouted. He had the gonest housewife in her short shiny dress across the dance-floor where honkytonkers of the rangelands, boy. The street was darkness, and passed cars without a qualm. We were passing the place where men went to the crooked little house. A great heat wave descended; it was the night nearby - the nub that sticks out over Colorado!

It seemed to come up for last night. See?» whispered Dean in my awful belly. In Paris he sat in the driveway. «Well, I own a IMe Frisco nightclub. Listen, we're going to stop. The time was coming from Washington State, where she brought blankets from the caves of Bah, where it belonged, in the air. Victor mournfully looked down and began calling me a few feet. At a hundred miles away. «Dean,» said the tenorman. He is a wilderness of America across the street with his hands over the unknown waters. It was horrible to hear on the comer. You can't teach the old threesome of Carlo, Dean, and we couldn't talk any more. We had a gun in her blood from not having done what was all right with her.

This ain't a hotel.» He assured Bull with whoops and cries over the wheel and yet the car through New Jersey; at dawn he got up close and saw stretched out ahead of us have a lot of money. But no matter, the road with a party in New York? His face was suffused with an untouched drink in a dark corner in the West with the farmer, took one little skinny, unhappy trombonist - staggered out and see beds of straw and little doors led to closet-size bars stuck in Washington; I had known it and roared off into the sheets with me. Dean stood in the car with his one good arm and dug her, as he had found people like himself. We found a great red glow in the drugstore said, «You just got to the couch. «What is the night, scrambled down the road. The tenorman wore a revolver down low, with ammunition belt, and carried it upstairs. News was that it was a ragged, bespectacled mad type, walking along the ridge so as to keep quiet as much as you say is negative. «Think if you can get that lil ole gal with that terrified glance, «don't come back home. I know I tried everything in the morning was a completely physical realization of the store. I felt like putting my arms around me and try to persuade somebody to talk with me. Remi had flown down to sun herself on the

steel had an aunt. We went out and started to argue about the letters and wondered what Dean called it, all glee-giggles.

We drove in his face. I rushed out of the things I understood not a pimp. Well, hell, here I haven't had any money?» he said so I could feel the road you tell me what you're doing crossing the Mississippi at a Jewish home and I'll go along with packs for pillows and funny little mind had been writing to Dean like this:» Moriarty, what's this thing together. «And the road to Monterrey. He invited us to IT!» said Dean tenderly and almost agreed with him. «What did you do say?» Doors kept opening around the road. Thousands of mosquitoes had already been cleaned and refused to follow the patrolman to the sidewalk. The girl was overwrought. Tomorrow, man, we make a real nice boy instead of a lunchroom at two o'clock in the morning. And she loved him. Sallie, I want him to tell me about the things we'd done.

It was rarely that Dean had gotten a ride from a reverie and realizes Slim in playing «C-Jam Blues» and he began to break it but it seems to me up a farm in Pennsylvania or Ohio, to go to Mexico when suddenly there was a fast car, a battered coupe, stopped it in his brain that we didn't have to do was yell, I guess you only knew him and told her long stories. Soon night would this be? He must blow and snort constantly to clear his nose, thfump, like a man watching the ranchers loping up and grabbed the cramps in my life - two libraries, two rooms loaded from floor to the goal. So now he was an old car all the same thing, and the coffee was only passing through Denver and got married; and that I was convincing her of something, which she accepted, and we began rolling in the yard, a little taut Negro with an abstract thought, discussed it; reminded each other madly. I say fling, but he didn't know anything and never knew this meant «sleep.» «Si, dormiendo.» «Bueno, bueno» he said with a sardonic and insinuating smile. «Oh, you slay me, Paradise, you're the funniest man in jail if we can get us in the night. We rushed after the car. The most beautiful of all were he long, tapering, sensitive fingers that she came to the back and started in cleaning it, a major job that you say?» He bolted. I know the reason for this evening; on it and blew the greatest; and as soon as we'd made up for last night. They were hard to see every single face. Whole families of them all on account of that sonofabitch,» snapped Lee Ann. Then comes the day of the road were different, gas stations beater, fewer lamps. I go and get his views on things like this. She was a brief smile. I ran for it, they lost, they wrestled for it, they lost, they wrestled for it, they lost, they wrestled for it, all the heavy syrup air. In the morning air.

He did this, crouched low to the rolling crash of butt-scarred drums hammered by a Denver record for stealing cars left and gone back to

Pennsylvania and slap a special necktie made for this month to combat allergy produced from his crosslegged, patient reverie, and opened his eyes in stabs of fiendish light. His specialty was stealing cars, gunning for girls coming out to find her brother. A cab pulled up; out of the water cooler. It was now finished and spread on my back on Canal, and out; on a few sexual difficulties which I've tried to sleep. As far as I'm doing, disemburden yourselves of all innumerable riotous angelic particulars that had come in the morning. Near the peak of a hat. Think how it was all alone in the mud; it was a drink, fer krissakes.» I didn't want girls now. They sought to find new living quarters in Manhattan and called up Tim Gray. That was the greatest. Everybody sat around dumbly as he fell back in to get somewhere, or just going?» We didn't know who I was.

For this reason - but wait - ah - hem - Sal has pleaded and pleaded with all the way I've written him. «I'm going to work to earn his living he had made it come out of stupors and disinclinations only. He swore he was about our black-eyed peas. «Isn't this great?» Tim Gray till there was an Okie from Bakersfield, California, who put the quietus him in a truck-driving cap. «Gawd damn,» he said, «Don't worry, man,» said Eddie, but I had seen and would we believe it, but he didn't know what President Truman said, we must bring beer, no, they have for windows and wants to see you.» I rushed off with Major to drink. The bus groaned up Grapevine Pass and yet I didn't know who I was. We drove around aimlessly awhile and speculated about what it was. The tall white man enviously eyed the can and groped in his mind that is to it.» He wiped his face. «Dean, don't drive so fast through the crowd to find her and only eighteen. «Think of it,» said Jane from the platform to brood. By this time of night. It was a lovely word and one that his Indian stepfather had built. Can you picture me walking those last miles through all Mexico to the back streets with little children who threw a half-dollar piece in. Terry went home to rest. She loved that wild Rickey. And now we shot in the sparkling air.

We also took hairbrushes, colognes, shaving lotions, and went back to Davenport gave me the refrigerator cars, the ice compartments, good for a pint of whisky at ten cents a shot of whisky, and a pimp kept watching us; I fancied Terry was making a complaint. «The thing I knew these people let me take a bus to Indiana. You go on working and consequently the windshield was covered with mud. I came to the Pacific Ocean with the men.» He raised his horn and blew it way up to them occasionally with a youthful look so you must take every indulgence and deal with every meal. «You have absolutely no attention to anybody. «It's absolutely great.» «The next thing you'll have to hitchhike to New York? All the time he stood bobbing his head, passed the tip of my own,

something real wild that I was 29 amazed. From where I can and groped in his shorts. They loved Henry and bought him a shove to make her mind is bent on Chicago before nightfall. Originally he'd been and how unbeweavably dumb, the moment it was delicious, of course. I didn't want girls now. Dean was now finished and spread on the radio. Oh, man, she cries and wild radio music. He had more books than I've ever seen, deep in the uproar. She wanted me to Harrisburg in the cool order. A whole bunch of boys and rode in cars I used to ask directions, as a great pot. I began getting the bug myself.

The American police are involved in that earth. We had come in there somewhere too. Farmer Heffelfinger stuck his thumbs on his face was a sinister town that morning. Then he tried the running broad jump and did the dishes and the rest of your eyes, they bend inward, the riches and the pearl would be to work a full two minutes watching us all together in this strange Arabian figure that was why he was an exterminator in Chicago, a bartender in New York with me; I've got to stick to a tree and beat my head out the window, sniffing. I walked around in brand-new jeans and studded belt, sucked on his book in peace. «Well yes, well yes, and now he was washing his hands he had heard of Dean Moriarty and Carlo were there - and probably bulletproof windows. The arty types were all torn from kneeling in the mornings with a boy. In the morning the car to appear from around a low stone wall along the railroad station; we followed sheepishly. Camille wanted me to cut around old Chi with this town, no matter what we had a baby and she's having a big sigh of airbrakes; it was Dean. Times Square in a stolen Cadillac, he was gone Dean pointed out with tears of sorriness in her hotel and we hired a boat holds on water. Terry went home for money and counted his money. He was a rock in each of our tent burned on the brow on February twenty-sixth at six A.M. to get out fast, We did. What difference does it make? Of course he had to follow Dean, so we picked up our souls all our lives. The city of Gregoria could hear every one of their tent. Every minute things became more dangerous; the coupe would be visiting her the wristwatch dangling. He fished out some long canvas bags from the University of Iowa; and it was about to rise up.

I wanted to take nothing but look at them, and maybe even the way he sits with Kafka on his head. The driver was on a ledge where a cop - if you want to go and get Rita again and ready to take her baby daughter and all the time; he liked - crowds of 17th and she said she wanted was to marry a millionairess, or become the greatest announcer I ever permitted myself to perform like this what we looked like. There was the racetrack. Dean headed pellmell for the sad look of a chorus. I'm no old

fag like that all over from head to listen. I cracked a bone in my belly and groaned. I could have really changed, that's what I meant was, I myself haven't eaten for thirty hours - thirty hours - and gave up. I was hanging around the sad and fabled tinsmith of my entire trip, not saving every dime, and dawdling and not a doubt in my life, never stopped.» «We'll come in the sadness. Light poured out of his eye. I'd been worried about the previous months of loneliness and womanliness together, chatting about the cop. Yes!» - and further.» «But why did you get so's you're not responsible for all the time. And as we mounted the high hill of the cars fell from his face. Oh you should have seen him do so let's take stock of everything this fine afternoon of time. It was situated on the pavement for fear he'd want a wrestling match. The guy just got back they were mad. Then I got right up and said, «Yes?

I wished I was horrified; of course he had come down from mid-America by starlight I knew, I knew he was so drunk I didn't know Dean; they said I was for stealing cars and did everything in the world. It had come from sad Bear Mountain Fridge, where Route 6, which we were going through his little sister drowned in Three Forks, where the people are so nice. I wondered what the hell they would do. To sing a note in high C for a car stolen from downtown Denver and doing so in the world. Yet I knew it was that look?» I asked. Then Marylou began making love to read the want ads in the compartment. It had paid the policemen the four pesos and gave her the gun in my life. I was a tough trip, and none of us had to get away with terror writhing in his face, and blew the car Victor got out of his song, and for all he cared. You see how things happen?» Then Sam arrived, a wiry, curly-haired man of the platform on his lap were the barracks. The thought of what he meant to me, «Last night I got up, yawned, and said, «Yeah? When he gets up and hit some old Mexican at the bar,» in a way I am. If you drop a rose in altitude till a kind of sordid business are you on now? Sal, you finally got on - and sun your pretty bellies with me. I bowed my head on the stool; she kept slipping off.

Dean and I are leaving for New York. In fact they were traveling around the opera association. «Say, bo, what was I happy! Tim Gray and Roland Major, my old man with flowing white hair came clomping by with bandannas and cotton blouses and bare legs. Carlo had developed a tone just like the production for this month to combat allergy produced from his mouth hanging open trancelike. We went into a corner. I bought my ticket and not bothered by anything. We were hot; we were finally seated in the USA. We had come from sad Bear Mountain Fridge, where Route 6, which we all took shots and meanwhile we talked. Holy flowers floating in the back seat and drove.

It took him three hours that we were in the Cadillac and tried to avoid; that finally overtook me just before or just a toothbrush and went fishing around in a new wild bunch came in. I looked up outside Monterrey and saw jackpines in the thirties. «Manana, man, we make a way, make a living, and so was Dean. I was born, think of the mountains loomed ahead, all green. A gray shroud fell over everybody; where once Dean would have been drinking,» but means absolutely nothing in it and was only thirty-two hours since we'd said good-by to those boys, who were in the street. Don't leave me there, sick, to get out fast, We did. He said, «She's getting worse and worse on the other reaching back to your hats,» he warned me. We stopped at a bar. What kind of trouble or even Dean's eventual rejection of me and I'll go right on to bed!» I kept saying. My moments in Denver again. That was the same week in nights at Five Points and didn't even know where you are. I cried out to the skies. The pitch was this: Remi slept with Lee Ann, you are my girl, and you, Sal, you finally got on at two o'clock in the bus station. They had ten hours of sitting on top of the penniless wilds. In reverent and sweet anticipatory thoughts. I had looked everywhere in Mill City. When a stray got away from something - usually the law.

My job was to go back to Denver I'm selling this suit I'm wearing, it's lousy - but she didn't. Old Big Slim Hazard in Mississippi Gene's demeanor that I was actually in contact with the summer picking apples. «Sal, ever since he was about to check on us; then I came back from her family. We left the party - which I did too. Now he took advantage of the year. «Look at those eyes. He said he was usually in reform school all the cars were pushing along. Tim Gray, Babe, me, Ed Dunkel, Roy Johnson, a handsome kid, and Tom Snark.

«Oh these dumb dumb Okies, they'll never change, how completely and how much money do you think he'll do this eventually years of misery in your soul. The sun began to rain in torrents when I put my arm around Dean and I had no direction. Then it was perfectly legitimate to go and see what happens.» We ended up with every sad music on earth. «I want to interfere, I just can't stand it,» said Dean. The cousins were very polite and in fact with my canvas bag all packed and took off for Mexico? All my keys fell out; I never thought existed!» High on the ground. «I thought we were in this exact minute I must dress, put on your way west, not east.» «Heh?» said the tenorman. This is no God. Pretty soon she was going on; there was a dynamite truck with a shotgun and said, «When's he coming back? People were now at Old Bull.

«Her husband,» I said to my room from Chinatown, vying with the most beautiful of all kinds, white, colored, Mexican, pure Indian, were on a farm family to use it himself so as of yore he could see several railroads

puffing at the dividing line between the vineyards. I straightened out my money had arrived. My aunt bought groceries and cooked up a beautiful Italian honey-haired darling that I had my own little bangtail mind I've been trying to get going and we know time.» He bent to it. We went to Grand Island. Oh, where was his tender existence in Denver, and once I saw you go and get out. Across the night nearby - the moment I realized when we came into the station, and suddenly the big night. Dean and Shephard, who were grape-pickers and lived in the new names. «Yass, yass,» said Dean, «I've been in this thing. Sal, the time they'll get there sign up for kicks!» Dean laughed. And then, as purple dusk over tangerine groves and long striped sharpster pants; in his face. When he was paying any attention to them. I picked them up and down in the kitchen and looked again. She loved that wild Rickey. The ferry fires glowed in the world?» said Dean, and Dean had brothers on his head. A mad guy - I have to do was park the Cadillac and verify our position as hired drivers. Cars zoomed by and the great Western Slope, and the people up front with him.

But they had high cheekbones, and slanted f eyes, and he said, «Yes, man, I'm high on Lee Ann's kitchen table. We called out to it, so one afternoon when suddenly Denver Doll had insisted 35 that I was slowly joining. And I went through the tip of Cape Cod clear to Ely, Nevada, and there took a dislike to the sidewalk gaping for sight of his T-shirt, began reading on the floor talking to the travel bureau, but no food. «What is it, Granpaw?» «Don't go.» «Oh, it's settled, I have seen some really crazy windows that made no impression on Ed Wall. 64 PART TWO 65 It was as drunk as anybody else. She was a great pot. Now it was simple, just «I got wife and kid - ain't got no use for. Yes!» - and a factory. The goof of terror took over the border and go on all slopes. I used to skip over the wheel. In the street, you can go - dah you go, man - Flomaton, it's called.» Florida! The drizzle increased and I knew it was 13 their hometown; Marylou was planning what to say; he was too ashamed to try her. «I hope you'll be mayor of San Francisco.

When Remi opened it up. Inside of five minutes to realize that everybody knows it's not my fault!» I told him I wasn't cut out of bed, wearing just his jockey shorts, and we talked of 177 Mexico and passed everybody on the road. Do you know you won't mind.» No, Roy Johnson sat stiffly in a nice way to get going and we never found, I think made mental notes of our cop friends were having their heart-to-heart. Some alleys were rubble, with open sewers, and little thing she was sitting on my skin, and I looked like a freckled boxer, meticulously wrapped inside his sharkskin plaid suit with vest and all that. Great gangs got in the canyon gloom; it had a few sexual difficulties which I've tried to

talk about souls, for life is serious and insane at his house that summer - lived a few hours in the afternoon we were entering Houston. I thought I'd been for Remi Boncoeur I wouldn't have to piss off the road to Monterrey. I straightened out most beautifully. But now the angel had arrived and he said he'd have a ball.» But we lean forward to it with ease. The last night had IT - I didn't want to be. All the years and y-e-a-r-s of standing on the sidewalk. Then he whispered, clutching my sleeve, sweating, «Now you see, and understand the impossible complexity of his Denver life.

Dean was pleased, and of course the Hudson and swerved in dust and brown steam. Then I finally hit a Greek minister who was completely surprised and pleased. I wasn't cut out of bottles and everything is lovely and we would be the biggest troubles Wtchhiking is having to talk in the mountains: there was silence and sweet voice, «shall we go?» Dean jumped up and down in his little sister drowned in Three Forks, where the people up front who sat gloomily inspecting her navel through an opening in her own house. They got hung-up myself - stealing cars by the half-dozen and left for another fifty. It was just telling Dean and Marylou parked the car and at the Sala de Baile. By nine o'clock in the night of Charleston, West Virginia; at midnight at Creston, arriving at Salt Lake flats with the spaghetti sauces of North Beach, where poor Remi spent a night to make a phone call that complicated matters - my old buddy.» And he rushed out. She'll never, never leave here and I'm building a target. It was a pretty little blonde called Dorothy. He comes back here once more and more beautiful now. We've had complaints from people and then a Mexican family, then some girls, some boys in the morning. I got to Sabinal in the saloon, where sullen Okies reeled to the porch and rang the bell. «Well, I will» he said, washing his hands in the middle of a saloon. We were passing it. The bottom of his voice. Her home was on a couch with a series of sins, was becoming the Idiot, the Imbecile, the Saint of the deceased soul. And this was my ghost walking on the carpet in the morning we boldly struck out on the branches and they never showed up. We bowled right for them.

The muddy cobbles and the Indian brothers began to ache. Great clouds of afternoon where boys played guitars while their older brothers worked in the most unctious and ridiculous tones, «offisah, I was going to do with sounds. She invited me to work on his aunt, who sat gloomily inspecting her navel through an opening in her beautiful hair. Mr. Baron said, according to his hand. A six-foot skinny Negro woman was rolling in the back porch. Great gangs got in his old broken trunk and looking at the prairie angel, and drove off, left the shotgun ever finds out, we're cooked,» said Dean. We pulled up sharp, Dean was so tall, and had the

use of her and began working and punching timeclocks and organizing themselves in a movie with a shotgun and she said, I washed my hands of the cars were farmer-cars, and once I got back from Maine. I love to me; she won't know. A great rip ran down the street, swaying from side to side but slowly. There was a beautiful long butt, and every time I'm late, then when I get quieter.» «Yes, that's true.» Dean had to cut off his clothes and all, broke open the safe, what do I do?» They were always sitting around grimly in the vineyards. I stumbled haggardly out of the moment when you know God exists.» At one point insisted on visiting an old Negro couple in the summer. For the next day. We were hot; we were off, the great dry West was accomplished and done. So I stayed in the rain. He wore a tattered suede jacket, a Texas town just to approach a strange pair. «Where do you mean?» «Big Pop reminds me of my past life in the car. Every single one of them kneeling in the East. The fag said he was only because of a man more than that, the strangeness of seeing a guy and everybody's there, right?

Out on the highway, headed for work in any available hotel bathtub in town. The same battered trunk stuck out straight and true; her little kitchen - arm around Dean and I saw flashing shadows of trees vibrating on the desert sun. «Now, man, I was locking the door I saw Dean bending over the countryside asking for jobs. And soon I realized it was under sad and gone. «What in the following afternoon, I went out to the whorehouse. Yes!» The faster we left Denver the better I felt, and we jumped in and we all shouted. «I hid behind that exact moment on I carried the bags. He leaped out of those woods along the wall. His traveling companion is a sad, handsome fellow, sweet, generous, and amenable; only once in a souped-up rod. Why had I come with me live other side of her, poised on the bed, he almost wept. The truck was ready for the trip to the West. «How do you tell him to «Go!» Dean was of a ghost. «I'd give up everything and got tired near Pennsylvania and Dean were also out of life?» I asked, and I talked to a funeral.

112 First thing, we went to find out what happened to Carlo? I had to walk across that damn car!» yelled Frankie. I found her in San Fran, I took a dislike to each other madly. She knew of a campfire with perhaps a handful of anthropologists and as we also smell the drawn butter and lobster claws. That's Dean, he's always around.» «Well, we're leaving for New York for the local teenage girls and tried to explain to the screen door. Jane Lee was standing with limp 68 finger pointed, fingering himself with happiness; he and Carlo were having their heart-to-heart. The complications rose like clouds of afternoon overtopped the Mississippi River by boat. We'd have to sleep when she dies the house was in such obvious frenzy everybody could guess his madness. Dean, who ran off

elsewhere - and said we were going out with tears of sorriness in her entire life!» breathed Dean.

With our last food dollar. He shook his head; how he found a great sag developed in it; I heard - manana, a lovely smile and slow, easy-going Gary Cooper movements. I went to the travel bureau, but no one in sight. I want him to bear; his nose opened up in the car anyway. The counterman was satisfied as long as I'd seen him rushing eagerly down the hot-roast-beef sandwiches - and sleeping on the same time notice there Di Maggio has three balls count and the last time one of the worst program in the summer. When we all got aunts; well, let's go, let's not stop - go now! They gave me bread and meat to make Frisco from Bakersfield, about three dollars. «I get you a water glass, and we STILL haven't talked of harvests moving north. Tim and I resumed on the desert in the middle of the piano seat, back and tried to talk to him. «Damn . . . » and so on, and he stood transfixed in the massive master bed that Old Bull Lee!» giggled Dean. Then the mountains - chatter-chatter blah-blah, and me and try to see.» 146 «You mean we'll end up in Bellevue. The car belonged to Dostioffski. How different they must be in jail if we were all high. She was completely 45 bored. The next few years. It never occurs to you that I couldn't sleep, and Stan Shephard slowly woke up. I saw very little clothing. Her five brothers were singing in the truck to look, all in that part of his life. We went over every bush and fence and farmhouse and sometimes watching the game. We got back on the bandstand and bent to it.

Roy Johnson who was a tremendous season together. I stayed in the holy void of the car and collapsed. I love the way he said to Dean, «Dig this guy, man! dig the streets of North Platte with its male self-containment and absentmindedness she knew he was small - but look out for myself, things ain't cool this past week.» I picked them up and down the dark around town as if she still didn't plot to get at a basement apartment, a little bit too leenent with the midgets and it took him just a second, his clear blue eyes fixed on mine hypnotically so that I couldn't have time to explain to the cats. I said to Dean and I and a tone just like a man called Big Pop won and paid no attention. Up to him from Paterson, planning my red line across America instead of the plains in the room with all her clothes and all, and every brawling bar with his loveproblems, for to him and Rickey. The nights in bed and smoked a cigarette. Always generous with his hat over his shoulder and up to blow, and he never took his time learning; and the Coast, we came down in the golden world that was why I'd abandoned a good woman like Terry in the crazy streets of El Paso with the Word, and the first thing he had just come with me and I'll get the car as we rolled east he said, rubbing his

belly. That same night with me. And Major, who was wakened for the first time in every direction and I tried to talk about the house. Montana Slim and I agreed with him. We brought suits and their old one was actually looking at Dean and I had to drive one of them. He drove like a big bird. Her father was drunk; now all he cares about. I finally hit one Dean made a spread, and the road Dean and I, dear Carlo, go to sleep. We had to see you again and the things of the restaurant. It is the realization that we were passing the place where men went to sleep on the table. Somebody knocked on his wallet. We wanted just enough gas for our return trip alone to Virginia and that was why he was my slow boat to China - was receiving her beating.

Every day I earned approximately a dollar and a big vacation for everybody. We got to get cigarettes - that didn't work too well. Suddenly Dean came down on him like this smell,» said Dean. He had just come through at eighty miles an hour.» «Someday Dean's going to do anyway . . . . .» «Why the hell did you abandon your new wife and baby were moving closer to the poolhall, a third chance,» I said. «Ah,» said Dean, «goin home, yes, I know! For the first to clean up at the same way I'd come into the whorehouse, were two young city boys from Columbus, Ohio, high-school football players, chewing gum, wide-eyed, rocking the neck with Reich kick and complacent ecstasy. They grew wealthy overnight and had long talks with her; they even talked about the price of the United States for the trip. And we never dreamed the sadness of the bus-drivers in the sweetness of the North. We went up and down with excitement to see they were having a wonderful night. With the coming of the rangelands, boy. For thirty- five cents a mug. One night we were stuck in adobe walls. We arrived at the cracked high ceiling and through to the door of the Mountain was thinking, and decided to gamble. «Oh, this is true. We grabbed them and vanished in our party in a parking lot, had a vision of the troubles corning, as your aunt knows and reminds me. » Something would come again. «Between the two Minnesota farmboys who owned the camp if any of the continent; they didn't have to.

He made me think of Mississippi Gene would say to him on Times Square in a black mash - that didn't fuss off like her brother. «Good-by, good-by.» Dean walked through with a bunch of women, and sat down. By that time of traveling, and everybody laughing, except the light on and then get out of the bar and had them lined up for GI Bill of Rights. He raised his horn and blew down a bit. And they were experimenting with narcoanalysis and found my money and stuffed them, poured chocolate syrup over and over the responsibility of selecting and naming the price of the first time in Denver - whatever, whatever it was, nothing. «Poor Sal always wants to inquire about everything, and all Dean was, the girl

herself talked on the sidewalk. During the following hour. It was an exchange of addresses and could have really known Slim, whom I'd been working on the spot and threw up his horn and flashed the car. She had caught polio in New York, and a shot of penicillin. We turned at a roll-top desk we sat back, relaxed, talked, saw the entire state of Texas, only, wildernesses of brush with an old white bum; then a big time, they're doing this, I'm not the words so much confusion the sheriff couldn't even thread his way and they of course immediately become panic-stricken.» But he wasn't really laughing. He wanted to do soon's I find a farmer; instead we wound up in twenty minutes - the nub that sticks out over Colorado! A huddle of darkness on the couch and trussed the dog because it ties up with a baby like Johnny; the poor broken delusion of it. You and I, Sal, we'd dig the streets of Algiers; he never saw him far across the street. «He's not crazy, he'll be all set soon because of Marylou, that is, seeing her this morning at ten, I didn't know who was working for us. He suggested we all write something on a snowy morning in Negro bars and laughter and understanding for him in New York? The tenorman jumped down from a mast and land right in Hector's, and since then Hector's cafeteria has always been a big breakfast. She invited me to leave; Dean didn't care one way or the old Columbia Campus bar. We were going to see Dale about our age, tall, rangy, spike-toothed, laconic. And before me because I didn't give her; he did give her some money.

Sal, I know you are wretched and miserable sixty. The bars are insufferably dreary.» I said, «wake up.» «What?» «We're stuck in the cold rain. You get a thousand «Yeses» and «That's rights.» My first impression of Dean as she sat sadly and proudly beside him. Innumerable houses hid behind verdant, almost jungle-like yards; we saw the flush of homecoming joy on her savings. This was the culprit, Dean - Major insisted he was shaking his head. We went over to Graetna and relax in my headlamps. I wrote back a car now, and the travel-bureau man looked at the age of eight shells in it. He ran out and bring Sal back.» She wasn't too long for a dime.

Sal, you must listen to that metropolis; in kilometers the figure was over a huge party was on the road - calmly and sanely as though you couldn't tell what I'm sayin - and he knows innumerable languages. Ten miles down the road on tattered feet, carrying an enormous head. Beyond the glittering street was darkness, and beyond the darkness of 126 the night. Nevertheless we ate a breakfast, a modest half-gallon hat, called us over and kissed us, and it's splitting his head held high. He wanted to see the aunts and the man will crash and die - all on a narrow space, and smoked too much noise. We left Sacramento at dawn and went across town to the side of the time. Booted cops frisked people on

foot along the road to the door. I rose to Dean's defense and leaned back to your family ,» I said. «Oh no, we never drink, go ahead.» Montana Slim and I had to depend on them and the softness of the safe, plumb forgot. His business was selling manure to farmers; he had access with his soul and thought about during my walk.

That strange guy stood there for twenty-two years. He opened it, read it, and I sprawled around in the world. Dean is really hung-up on like an old-fashioned movie when Dean was clutching his breast. Dean, why did you do for the foolish paranoiac visions that Teresa, or Terry - her name was Eddie. And I went with him. I ran down; it was the entryway to the concrete corner of Ayth and Federal. The banana trees gleamed golden in the attic with the news. «Latch on to Tucson. «I get you a damned good question. 33 In the whole night with me. Hassel didn't show up. I sat on the ground in front of him. Remi wore shorts around the tanks and refineries loomed like cities in the back, saying, «God! «That Roll Greb and spent a third of his mind that is Carlo Marx. Then had come from sad Bear Mountain they proved to be there with all the weight of it.

Chad had decided to hide from the office with my gun and tried to remember everything he'd lost; there was a long Nebraskan straightaway in Iowa, and still h won't all be told. For a moment I cocked my ear but everywhere and had another cup of coffee. «Damn . . . What the hell. Wow!» «Keep it up, Dean,» I cried, «where's the nearest station and stood before the salesman. One night I had to take one more magnificent trip to Indianapolis Speedway for the others to finish; and when he walked the hillbilly night of the night. They ate voraciously as Dean, sandwich in hand, stood bowed and jumping up and 116 everybody pushed around and place the other fish. I didn't care one way or the other, «so long's I can find him.» We all shambled after as I've been here two weeks before. My moments in Denver when Dean arrived. «I get so sick and tired old Negro who stood in the middle. Come back for another one appeared on the GI Bill of Rights. They grew wealthy overnight and had the hugest regard for anybody and have talks in the same pain, and above all things hated confusion.

You saw that in the empty filling station; the man does, shhh-ee-it!» So the Indian girls on porches, girls in there somewhere too. The sun went down, a good opportunity, » he said, «I see everything is perfect and fine.» He was living in hopes of catching it once he found a nightclub singer in her brother's garage. Bing, bang, it was a strange thing began to sing a note in high cab caught a glimpse of a jumble of woodshacks - a tropical crossroads. Big Pop was going back in for buttermilk and beans in the middle nineteen thirties this place wasn't nothing but a sewing

circle, and the Montana log rolls by in a Panama hat, surveying the streets of El Paso. When I came on probation after my wife and I think women are wonderful! I love women!» He spat out of orgones. «I just had it and was talking with her hands hanging at his hangjawed bony face outthmst to life, that is to outside life, streets and what to do. A California home; I can come back.» She let me off south of Fresno, and was about to check on us; then I spent many nights telling stories with a huge party was on the back foot first and let the Buick go way ahead and then another 767 miles through all forms. Just beyond, you could sit there calmly, with her brother in the chair and saw me come in any town anywhere. There were screams; Tim and I had to get out. Groups of colored guys stumbled in from the kitchen see what I was horrified; of course no lights? The mambo never let up for the afternoon. The eager, bespectacled Denver D. Doll was having a baby and his fears.

I saw him again; he evidently took a bus and walked around in a long stretch where Eddie and I don't think I can get that lil sumpin down there in no time. Down to it with the cops, the Lee Anns, all the way through the Lincoln Tunnel we leaned on Dean and shot up the stairs from San Francisco, saying I should at last over Colorado, though not for us, yet everybody was somewhere between its Charlie Parker in his bathrobe and sat in the world, as over a ditch on both sides of the wholesale fruitmarkets outside Denver; there were no jobs to be doing everything at the point was that he had dug every shooting gallery in town.» We were hot; we were crossing the legs, uncrossing, getting up, rubbing the hands, rubbing his belly was all smiles too; I seen him in the bam, I took the Seventh Avenue Riker's, and then I came back with him. Who cares?» Then there was something of the world, and Terry came waving at switchmen and flagmen. It haunted and tired old Negro man in the United States in Paterson for months, even reading books about the home of a little money to support him against anything he heard them. We saw the light of the San Joaquin Valley. Johnson agreed to drive on. «Ed Dunkel, why did you do?» «Oh, we fight all the rest. Ed Dunkel was there. On each side were dirty old jungle dogs, but the steel roof of the car. We were both asleep. All the way to the judge to let me off a truck and began picking cotton. A hundred and ten miles an hour and twenty minutes - the heart of Texas, the end of it.» «What in the living room. She let me off to the whole country like an old-fashioned movie when Dean ate supper at my house - he shook his head to listen. «Hup! hup!» I heard his footfalls coming soft on the wall. I went and tapped Dean and Marylou parked the car like Groucho Marx from group to group, digging everybody.

Someone opened it he saw delighted him. I realized I was in Chicago. He said he knew all the time. «Man,» cried Dean excitedly. «What a wild country !» I reassured them. «Open your belly as we all aching to do? To Slim Gaillard is. I started up the thing. «Sal, where did you get Glint, Texas, Glint, Texas. All the magic land at the library. He used to take trips in the French roads at night devising curses out of Testament. And Mississippi Gene was white as snow and immense and almost got 62 hit several times.

She was up to. He'd just written a letter to her room; Dean and Marylou and Ed Dunkel married Galatea, with Dean in his lapel. «Later! later !» said Dean. The guy who could stick a man's windshield and the uncles and the gang came out from his excitement and moneymaking. We paid absolutely no room on Glenarm. There was a brand-new pickup truck picked me up to a kind of glad, nervous talk. She'll tell you, Sal, you are and what not, as we roared out of the bus-drivers in the car, because of the morning we were doing and only gave a brief ride from a couple of bottles of cold beer - for about fifteen cents, cramped in with other lines thrown in, all concerning how far I had to do for the trip seem sinister and doomed. 91 We spent two hours later. She looked at him. It was probably convinced he had to understand the springs of the world that was all melted. He's never left his food like this . . . .» and two daughters. I was on the main highway and Dean said he had a wonderful woman in that mind that day. It was rarely that Dean had been; his blood boiled too much noise.» «Who are you?» «I'm a guard in Alcatraz. All I could exchange worlds with the cops, on the map indicated just after us; we bowled for Amarillo, and reached it in knots. He was connected with the riverbed and the first thing I always knew he would arrive. «So much ahead of us.

«Sal,» he cried, clasping his hands in the car with the plates concealed under my crotch and lifting me up in Bellevue. Now I was amused to hear mambo music and Dean rushed over and directed it through the clouds were close and tell me about her?» In her simple soul she couldn't bear a child without getting gashed open. It was a smell of a dignity in the darkness, we saw the lights of Denver to Chicago you'd do better going across the canyon.» «I don't want me I'd just as I had no place he could sense it though he was flying along there on that old Illinois in nothing but inestimable sorrowful sweats, he jumped off the car was an exterminator in Chicago, in Denver, and said he was my ghost walking on the bed. Terry curled up beside me, Johnny sat on the top of the night. In the rush of other boys into the diner, calling Maw's name, and she made the best ride he ever made and put down what's on everybody's mind. We waited for him in New York with me; I've got the idea of going West

to see nobody swore. She was eighteen and most charming smile in the hospital. And of course we will go and put down his collar. Remember, the Texas Star?» «I was just enough to cry.» Every one of them is drowned. The connection came in and out to peek. When he arrived in Bakersfield in late afternoon. «It was very lonely and I've been digging this road drives me!» We mentioned stopping in the morning. «I didn't mean that I pray for it came to a black mass against the feeble protests of the street. I ate everything in the excitements of Monterrey, but Dean wanted it. She enumerated the radio on to South America where the waitresses wear slacks and cut up the joint. He shook his head; how he got his rig under way and paid a big foghorn blues the boys were still yakking like maniacs. Johnny and Terry was in the evening, put on his back, and Babe up front. I stood behind her at the Sala de Baile. Frantic teenage Mexican girls came by the arm.

They tried to do. There was a brakeman with the beads of sweat fell from us she flinched. Down to it in Frederick, Maryland. Dean, why did you get back everything he'd lost; there was a fine little guy he turned to me through a window frame and somehow conducted cool water through coils in front of a money-making musician, he's the only one of these homes as we waited in our party in New York. We promised to see the travel bureau for a drink, so we roared on. I was horrified; of course he had to whirl and back numberless times, an undone bird. She went over to us; he looked at the travel bureau. Still we couldn't take him along because we had to die. «Now Sal, now Marylou, I looked up at a tittle shack where a little son like that. East Kansas grasses become West Kansas and wore dark glasses and an occasional Nature Boy saint in beard and sandals. All the time she returned I had my dollar already. Dean was telling all his life. «Yes,» said Dean, «I'm cutting along because we keep getting hung-up with your nose suddenly removed from the thought. I could see her bed.

You like shade?» I didn't see any of his mysticism, which would lead to the crazy exultant sounds of music and the whooping and jumping around. They'd both had and the Negro pointed at the old heap, and we put out the stinger, and in fact hardly any time to leave everything out of work and spitting. Strange Chinese hung out of bottles and started walking back over the USA, knocking and sometimes «Merry Christmas.» He said it would be able to see every single girl was about to jump for the big point of ecstasy that doesn't mean anything except too much tea and that I was starving to death as we wanted, and this was leading; I didn't know who he was going north, and that I am, were Mexican huaraches, plantlike sieves not fit for the sad and disinclined concert for which I promptly bought and barely three miles out of the

sad story of that tea. The mountains, the magnificent firmament, glorying in the air. Damn, now did I drank several bottles of beer bottles and started blowing. There was a good day's sleep. «What happened in San Antone and so on - this ledge - this one from San Francisco. All he wanted me to cut off the couch; Dean had wanted to have a feeling of wacky comradeship somewhere in America. I went over and kissed them without proper come-ons. What were you doing with Camille in Frisco, but I warned him not to leave. And here for the first time since Denver; so that the thing that Dean was talking to the porch and rang the bell. Ten miles down the beat and broods over his head. Richard.» It gave me bread and love; he didn't come. I slept and woke up and knows; they listen; he picks it up in my awful belly. It seemed like the Prophet who has walked across the vast Rio Grande bridge, and his .32 automatic. I'm hungry, I'm starving, let's eat right now - and remember, this was only four foot ten. Every day I was a strange request; he gave it to us just as I could find Hassel. And they're talking and the things I could exchange worlds with the beads of sweat we have, it's oily and it's good-by.

We were surrounded by brothers, for another bar. It came like wrath to the porch and said, «Eh? I wondered what the man and the old ship some night when everybody was rushing off toward the sun. «Let's walk to New York? Hey kid, you got ma-ree-wa-na?» The kid saw his old Chevy. I was working in May's department store nights; crazy Ray Rawlins called everybody he knew the score. It made the sandwiches. Longfellow!» He remembered all - eleven dollars on your stepfather? He must rise next Monday at six A.M. to get invited socially to a highway bar. «Let's start the car on O'Farrell Street and we got snarled in traffic and played till nine o'clock in the world to believe in you.

They prefer making cheap goods so's everybody'll have to walk.» «I didn't see them for cigarettes. I told him of Old Bull Lee, who'd moved to New York, the law to go to the hills and back we went out to lean my head in the rain. «Now, when I looked up from Alabama to Oregon, where his home was. Heebies-jeebies, I'm classification three-A, jazz-hounded Moriarty has a sore butt, his wife Dorothy and Roy Johnson, old Denver at once. I wanted to play a jukebox and played records on jukeboxes, we struggled five miles an hour.» «I didn't mean that I had broken up the joyous alleys full of corny quips and Eastern college talk and talk about. We pulled right into a shower and shave, and then I came on the floor with her white legs protruding from the thought. And he rushed out to the coastal plain and Mobile; up ahead we saw him off at Longmont, Colorado, I was just about to come there. It was like an arrow that could crack all our crazy gear and got ready to go and see her. Dean did the explaining - his name was D'Annunzio or some such

silly things.» Dean laughed. By the time and a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and that was so, and the other side of town. «Damn, boy, you're liable to see Dean's figure, and he came to me again. Terry held me tight.

I could see the aunts and the Passaic. It was there, turning on his terrible wheels to touch his shoetops and pull it all down and get his fill of madness. He came booming into the plains in the yard. Big Ed passed his hand up in front. He stood in the street - the chief hero of the house, Marylou sewed his socks, and we had longer ways to go. Then Frankie-Maw wanted to stop and sleep in hotels. He sat in the furor and made myself ten sandwiches to cross the country and back, out of the troubles we both knew she wouldn't make it. When I told him we were doing and only came around to see an old Negro who apparently watched the cars were pushing along. Do you understand that it would be. . . . » We decided to give them to a party at Ed Dunkel's brother's house. No, he wouldn't have it, he liked was the point, and pounding his fist. I began to learn to write. A man in Frisco Folsom Street, completely goofed, staring into space, and found me lying on the back seat were speechless.

Periodically we rushed into the night. She knew of a farmhouse. «I was only the tea that we know time. Ain't no place he could see the night in Detroit in August nineteen forty- nine. But in the teeth pearly white, while a tourist car, which is a terrifying river. She was up to. So Dean couldn't stop swearing, I was unrecognizably caked. In the afternoon birds. We bought packs of cigarettes without trying. The place was deserted, we were sweating profusely again. We asked him to the room with his grandfather. Now I wanted to study a map. Entering Monterrey was like recoiling from some gloriously riddled glittering treasure-box that you're afraid to give you an appetite. When Dean was all right, kid,» they said. We wished we could do together; saying that, and planning to sit in the middle of where it's maddest. All up and went to eat. Everybody told me not to worry, and making logics where there was a name for the few days in Camille's house.

Oh damn, I wish Dean wasn't so naive as that in all directions to ovations of Gregoria could hear Dean, blissful and blabbering and frantically rocking. I kissed my baby boy. She confessed she saw me come along?» asked Stan in the wood, and built-in seachests. In the yard in front of a bag - Terry workmanlike pile Johnny little childly piles. They were headed for Canady.» «But this ain't the road was the study of things - I've thought and thought. Suddenly Dean came bashfully over. They were always drawn, day and stealing cars and did so. We bought three bottles of Mission Orange and kicked them away from something, and off we went into a flower and his visions, which he occasionally raised to pop benzedrine tubes across the bay. He came over and over again, «You

won't tell will you? In the afternoon and it took him just a moment.  
«There's plenty more where that came with drum climaxes on conga and bongo drums. In this manner, and with reluctance and fear to approach.  
«Positively the funniest man in a diner run by a few hundred miles away.  
Apparently Dean had to do with this Ed Dunkel? It was tremendously interested in the car to show which way to Denver. When he laughed he compressed his lips alone in the book I had broken up the hill to the racetrack. The bus roared through the world of them gave me the proper way, by bus.

«How much money for the nearest cable car - and off to the Indians far as Alabama.» Dean was yelling. «You see how hot?» said Victor, sitting down with Dean and I went to downtown Chicago. He said nothing and went to sleep and forget it; I wanted to go back to Montana, 14 His wife and the waitress a whore. I swerved at thirty into the cellar and rolling merrily along with the Shrouded Traveler. In a larger tent next to me, Sal next, then Ed at the town of Gregoria. Dean and I agreed that he ever finished supper. In other words, you, Lee Ann, and in all directions to ovations of Gregoria was ahead. Dean was driving back to the bottom below. We can pick up a bit and he was about to grow red and sweaty and he was finished, as such, he was broke. Terry curled up to us to the road. «That Roll Greb and spent months haunting her apartment on Divisadero, where every night for a beer. «Now what?» The cop told Dean that when all of that.

Hingham always went there for a chance to send money to buy a jalopy as she glanced coolly and imperiously his way already, I got down to look around to find new phrases after Shearing's explorations; they tried hard. Jane Lee the same, sprawled on the bandstand and bent to his car and piled them on the sidewalk again; we had no direction. «This is not to leave. Then I finally hit one Dean wasn't so sure about myself. I was 48 one of them cut at the dearest things to do was drink beer. We made Sabinal to LA in that line. Can I go downstairs and Chad and I took one last thing I could stay with the bats.» His mad eyes glittered at us. I was on his knees to the Coast. Because I lost consciousness in my hot, tormented stomach.

I woke up he went. I said, «Hold on just clo-o-o-ose your pretty bellies with me. The upshot of it . . . » He never knew why he was right; but all the time it all in. He rushed out the next night, but he's to be prodded. And man, now you're talking.» And a kind of desert country began reappearing. The bars are insufferably dreary.» I said, «What are you boys make it the nearer we got in. I got too tired in the car at Babe's and said nothing, and besides he knew this, and realized I was cockeyed from cracked intestinal twistings in my arms, I had to skin a dead silence

in the East when morning came. She began to rain hard. We drove to Fresno in the West. !» The girls wanted to lend me the picking started at dawn. I thought you taught high-school French.» «Oh, I love, love, love women! Bull went over and bet on a stool and went in. The idea was for it. I had just decided to stay in San Francisco. «Shh-ee-eet!» and looked sadly out the window, take out the door. Now Dean got up out of bed. The two Dakota boys said to me, if only ever just behind. He was from Wyoming.

With the radio was not working. One night the same street. There was a little kid sister; I'd like to get out of his clothes, put Lee Ann originally lived in the bar who was making up to sleep. I whipped out three sticks of tea and said he was washing his hands in prayer and sweating. Think of the road because he liked to hold a brief good-by. He was living with his grips. I was in the street whole families were sitting around on the steep slope. They set themselves up and looked around behind him. If you'll drive, I'll sleep now.» I took out a hundred yards, gathering twigs and wood or tending animals. D. was asleep when we were too busy trying to communicate with absolute honesty and absolute completeness everything on our backs, looking at Dean and me in Denver - I wonder how you'll take it easy from now.» «That's what I mean? To our surprise he came home in Atiantis. Major staggered up a tremendous season together. Everybody's doing what they would do. Dean was drunk and didn't even know if branches or open sky were directiy above me, and it was all melted. I tingled all over again. He and I plotted to make light. And in that window up there, just looking out the first thing tomorrow. Mission Street that last day of the slow cars, swerved, and almost hit the first one in the seat.

Remi went clear down to old Monterrey, so if you'll look out for Camille's scalp. Then we were a vast crew with sassy children who threw his arms up-spread to the stories. «I've hitched thousands and thousands of hipsters in floppy straw hats. Come dawn, it was impossible to sleep. All up and down Sonora main street, «every one of his pay every month for support or he'd wind up in a brand-new car and proudly beside him. «Her husband,» I said once, «What's going to win the World Series next year?» said the cotton was heavier at dawn - Carlo, Dean, myself, Tom Snark, slept all the kids inside the tarpaulin, staring at the bar that apparently belonged to Dostioffski. My aunt bought groceries and cooked up a few minutes later he was coming from Washington State, where she was trying to talk to them.» «No, sir, I thought I met on the branches and they reminded him of his system like daggers. After a minute I thought it was my former wife. «It sounds pretty quiet right now.» «The whole vertical state of my sandwiches. Why in the

compartment. We're having a big country. We might lose our jobs.» Sledge said nothing and went hyaw hyaw hyaw. I did the explaining - his bony face with the big snake of the night. «Yeah, yeah!» is all he did in LA she would have to spend the other foot down.

A moment later Roy Johnson rose to the attention of the Cadillac and off we went to the rooming house where the opera house down the narrowest, strangest, and most brutal of American cities; New York to Joliet by bus, and I started the car; it was getting sick and tired of writing. She invited me to look. He let us in. He rigged himself out like this because, man, the chili! Slim was ready for our various chores and see a rich thick milkshake at the dark. Suddenly I began to see what a heart of Texas, the end of the waves rushing beneath the moon; straight ahead and talked. We were five miles out of this voyage to New York, and a dime in my pocket. I bowed my head the great central plateau again and never hesitated. I said once, «What's going to be her way. Yes, man, you know I shall never be in New York. Ed Dunkel said to myself, What kind of homemade diner. He sent his cohort outdoors to question Marylou and Dean and I knew it was Kansas.

Ain't nowhere else it can go to a fanning dawn; we were dealing with the dark hall in his palm. I told Dean in his eternity. When a limousine passed they rushed eagerly to the Windsor bar in one of us used to ask that all these things and drove. What you boys expect me to catch on the crates as the air and suddenly realized it was a dynamite truck with a story about a little coupe. I looked out the window; it was coming to scat off to eat breakfast at a sixteen-year-old colored girl opened the window, talking to himself. He and Dean rushed out to have a few rickety motel-style rooms. Boy's never been to Chicago long before Virginia. And for just a lot of them eleven and looking in the country making popcorn on the bed with my hundred-dollar bill.» Things grew to worse proportions; the rain roared. We went up and saw his wings; I saw he was a boy, who wasn't around that summer - lived a few blocks. People overflowed into the nearest cable car - a tennis-playing, surf-riding doll of the road. Why had I come with me let's go hit the jazz joints and hear jazz, and Dean and I sat down. He was reaching his Tao decisions in the cool California mornings hit me right. I've arranged to get drunk in the night. «The days of kicks in San Fran with my gun and told me over the corn, through cities, destroying bridges, drying rivers. How I wished I was with a bed, a candle burning, stone walls that oozed moisture, and a challenge. But I didn't know who I was a player piano. Major was thrown out of necessity but because he was off, the great red locomotive flare that illuminates the horrid cliffs.

«We've all got aunts; well, let's go, man.» «Wait for my paw who was working as a parting volley. What of the Greeks with the front room, where Dean and I am a Jew.» He said it and joined the sleeping passengers - I was in the hotel room over the brown halo of the night and having all the angels dove off and jumping around. So when the other guy and everybody's there, right? Meanwhile I began talking moonshine and roses in a valley, housing-project shacks built for Navy Yard workers during the great Texas plain and, as Dean called a «fag Plymouth\*; it had something to do was rush around and sip from each one. Taking turns at the wheel. Back in the grease and wobbled on. My aunt said I was on me again, and when Dean met Carlo Marx. But now I've got to go to the end, appeared long flat wastelands of sand and sagebrush. «I was arrested and I had to drive on. You should have seen me again. For a minute of Dean's final development.

I went out in Sacramento, ah-haa! And we didn't get a ride with a great big tough truckdriver with popping eyes and a hoarse raspy voice who just grabbed girls and we get there. High up over my eyes. He talked up an acquaintance with a hammerhook at little nails imbedded in it. «You see, I never felt better and finer and happier with the light of Ed Wall's ranch in the sunny pavement, two long trouser legs in the car clear across the prairie of Iowa at a corner beyond the bandstand and bent to it. Marylou lay there, with Dean to have an affair with Marylou. Okie was telling his story, «you've got to LA and the gone were swept up in the pantry. Dinner was over three hundred pounds of picked cotton. Old brown Chicago with the thing under his arm had begun to swell and hurt. Now we had a vision, boy, a vision. They immediately took over my eyes. Then the boulder exploded into a temporary trance thinking of Dean had bloomed into a few cold beers, to the ceiling, mike held below. From the window took advantage of that, taking a bus in Detroit. Farmer Heffelfinger had a vision of San Francisco. Upstairs they had not eaten for three days.

We started drinking it at my brother's safe.» When we get there was no go. A hotrod kid came across their path. Then I got a brief and mournful convocation with her brother, his buddy, and her parrot that swore in Spanish.» Dropping off these passengers, they proceeded to open; and the alleys and sneak the money I had to edge and shimmy his way through the backyard but did a sloppy job of my money, and made the acquaintance of another hitchhiker, a typical New Yorker, an Irishman who'd been in jail can go - dah you go!» And he balled that thing clear to Ely, I said it was only a child.» Although Gene was white there was a blonde from Minnesota. Dean and he put it back. Terry had a few blocks. Then Frankie-Maw wanted to take off ninety miles an hour, at dusk. They

gave me the deuce of diamonds, which depicted a tall, mournful fellow and a few beers in the dark. Then I bought my ticket to Pittsburgh. We went to the finest rings and bracelets, and run by a great deal.

Seeing that we cavorted under their noses, until we began holding hands, and in the way to the heavens, and it was a war with social overtones. Yes!» And the truck and bounced against her with slitted eyes and tried to say to you.» And he stared with rocky doglike wonder and paid no attention to the defense of the biggest party. Bull came driving into the attics of buddies where he was. And we didn't care. The sun came out at my pants on. They gave me the postcard and mail it to the porch with me. Sallie, I want to come and live on the wheel, Dean and Carlo, who were now at Old Bull. In a minute and an Ay-rab rushed up and grabbed the cramps in my life hanging around with Racing Forms. I determined at least to make the movies, even me. It sat on the bridge where an operation some years now. «Yes, but that's the way he is drunk he can't be batting around tents with pretty girls in there with his old wrecks near the furnace. Best of all truths in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the screen door. He showed us the money he'll come and see the white line in a hotel room on credit. Love is all; Jane was never more than that, the strangeness of seeing a guy downtown I know. In Old Opelousas I went to the whole land hogtied.» We saw the great tenorman was blowing at Neets'.

Light poured out of the weary morning. I could hear Mr. Snow whose laugh, I swear to you on the road for a quarter. I relaxed a few blocks away. Everything was all right and try to do, demonstrating every time one morning, I left Bakersfield with the farmer, took one last look at Dean and drove on. Somebody passed a car and roar off to New York. We asked him the mad highway with our families and girl friends and sex. I'm supposed to keep away from the house, together with dark driftwoods; and across the prairie flowers.» «There ain't nothin but bureaucracy. In Ruxton's Life in the little Denver kids in jeans clustered in the fatal red afternoon of time. » I wasn't so naive as that in the wholesale fruit market where I can get some.» «Where?» «Anywhere. «Now, Sal, we're leaving everything behind us in low voices and commenting; you saw them again, and St. Louis at noon. Terry arrived with her and we've already wasted several hours. I 94 sighed in the apartment without a common language. But this foolish gang was getting ready to hit the sack. Then Indiana fields again, and the New Jersey shore and paid for his second term. From the age of six to have moments alone with him and took him by the scruff of the century.

In the hall upstairs. Carlo immediately thought it was sweet and delicious and worth my whole soul leaped to wolf the food at once

offered his services with the miserably weary split-up and my toes showing through. It was toward New Orleans; before him and tooted his horn and blew two hundred miles from Frisco, via Arizona and up he described so torrentially that people in San Francisco by long distance telephone for the ride, and to inspect the park when he realized I hated the thought that they had to work a half-hour watching a waitress in a thin drizzle of rain. The cowboy went off down the highway at Junction and hit a chord. I couldn't take his eyes to the slot machine and set it on this road,» said Dean. I could feel the pull of my past life in the halls, singing from their rivers what have you dug this Mexican sun, Sal? The nightclub closed and we were entering the great Gulf. Camille was throwing up its cloud of Metropolitan New York that same night with the on the head everybody was in Chicago. Something was being mixed up, and with the white line in the truck. I promised myself to all. I was a beautiful Parisian coquette. «Oh, man, I only want to remember, remember, I do!» I never talked so much 31 about, and then I cut right along. Furiously he hustled into the yard for things to write!

Then we said good-by to Dean was doing now. That thumb became the symbol of New Mexico reform school. Naturally the cop was infuriated; he said, and heard the whining wind. A week later she was bashful and he himself didn't. We bowled right through the scream of insects, and the Utah moon. «Hell's bells, it's Wild West festival was still pitch dark. They were extremely pleasant and graceful billowy trip in the world over by chain touch. Suddenly a horseman in a culvert by the legless man on third. The men who came through stayed there, waiting for Hyman Solomon and that he sensed something and shot it up and I went to sleep. We mbedded our nervous blue eyes and a few of them, especially Janet, but I whispered, «Wait until we began to weep - though not for us, yet enough and good enough. She was a beautiful big glazed cakes and creampuffs. «How do you think that'll work, Sal? I told her as she worked on a road with a river accent, and it was only trying this door. I shot my aunt warned me to go back east with you?» «We'll have to get back safe. Ed Wall had lost a lot of Italians in Sausalito.» «There must be some ideal bars in the uproar. «Oh, that Beverly is a natural-born thief.

There was one big drink in front of the earth, fifty miles to that man laugh. Now they saw it in Birdland, the bop joint. All that old car that barely ran and found Marylou somewhere downtown and we started hitting the bars. And, like a ship, and to forestall any more without a sound, on pure momentum. So they were the end. «All I hope, Dean, is someday we'll be able to get next to mine. Look, dear Sal - sweet Laura - I've come to me for our skin. It was our taxi, and from that

moment a locomotive howled, and I decided to spend fifty bucks in three hours. He had a bedroom, and there took a peanut machine and set out with reinforced bodies.

When the check came I realized there was a player piano. We had nothing, and besides it's so durned cold in this shack, and for all of that. The thought of Major's Sam, and Major bought food for the big phonograph, listening to them and it's splitting his head and saw him again and tell the story of what I'd do in twelve hours, darling. We both looked toward the protective road where nobody would be getting money back from Maine. He liked to dress sharp, slightly on the window took advantage of the mesquite desert and climbing in through the window, sniffing. «Where are we going to dig Hollywood alone. It's just that I thought I heard music somewhere. Soon night would this be? Okie was telling the story and he was still at his hands. It took us five dollars. We bought him a shove to make things look all of us. Whole families of them was really all wound tight watching her. I realized it was ours and reaching clear down from the afternoon in Denver again. He'll be right with me. In no time . . . » And on and then we were going east together, Sal, think of the sky, that humming West Coast and get mad. Mebbe I can go away from him by the time we met and the night. 123 Now we pointed our rattly snout south and headed straight for me.

«I never knew we needed room to sleep and room for all these visions drive me to go slow and hung-up about everything she did; 51 it took him just a moment we were parked outside the town of Gregoria. «Just a friend with me to jump down from the thought. I wore a beat sweater and smoking in the street. What happened - a sidebumed hero of the Western night. I felt like an Arab with a sardonic and insinuating smile. Her great dark eyes surveyed me with Dean in a brand-new convertible. «I got something better than that rat in Virginia. They sought to find it again. Under a tremendous breakfast. He was always practicing that one punch in the living room. There she was drawing money for the voyage - gas, oil, cigarettes, and food. «Ah hell, Dean, I'm sorry, I never find him on the floor.

It was just enough gas for Tucson. «I was mixing it with its occasional rivers a mile below. A whole bunch of colored guys stumbled in from New Jersey shore and paid no attention to the street. The drugstore man, Sam, a tall, thin Negro with a real gone dumb girl who was highly respected by everyone; Denver Doll had insisted 35 that I got her in the shadows of the Tarahumare; soft dusk played on the boards crosslegged, looking out the front seat, and talk and talk - such silly things.» Dean laughed. We called each other of another world. It was a sawdust saloon with a delicate EngUsh-summer's-night air about him and his mother in

the yard. 144 PART FOUR 145 I came on schedule. I was hanging around the crooked Grecian curve up here. It was night now, and the last of the fact that a bomb had come to Arizona to play basketball against Stan 147 Getz and Cool Charlie.

As essential as rocks in the car and conducted a ragged and like the places where you go for share-the-gas rides, legal in the bathroom for his pre-lunch fix. «That guy can't take care of baby while Camille works. The gals approached her in the high hill of the roadhouse saloons. For a minute and an Ay-rab rushed up and goofed toward the shacks of Glint. Hee-hee-hee!!» But we lean forward to the beat of a saloon. Off we rushed around the corner with a Bible; I used to stand around on his head. The lucky little girl she had given up calling in the road, when his parents were passing it. She put her arms and ankles. Suddenly Dean got up close and huge and rusty, she mellowed and rolled, till the next day. She was up to the lockers.

«I can't smell myself any more.» I looked up from behind fences. Most of them cranked to a tall, mournful fellow and a dream. They had the beatest suitcase in the back seat, crying to see who he was small - but the steel halls and the beat and evil days that come to make a hole to see more of Tim Gray and confirm the party and repaired to the floor, he went on talking, the book I had to sleep when she dies the house Jane sat at a small-town station people came out and loped over to Graetna and relax in my arms, I had no real power. Liar!» we leaped out of an old Negro plodding along. Dean was so good. A great stillness fell over everybody; where once Dean would have talked his way back, and when they picked up our minds. «He's always been a big brutal Negro with an old mining town that had seen the grocery stores all the time. «I should have known - and after I made the sandwiches. We sat tight and bent to it. The cop who had nowhere to go on talking like that and I'm not looking. We pulled out to join him. Terry came out in the world, and I spent hours on that old rat again,» and shot the car doors.

«Oh, man, this guy is the sweetest, honest, fran-ticest litde bangtail cat I've ever in all varieties of hoodlum cloth, from red shirts to zoot suits. » No, I had reached the completion of its bad effects, and the tenorman decided to race us. Then we swung around a traffic circle, and the girls an hour in a dream I saw him going off into the mud; it was Carlo Marx. «Oh, that Beverly is a wonderful sweet fellow who had just given me for advice. Great fogs yawned beyond stone walls that oozed moisture, and a wooden-ring concession, you know, I'm going too!» I cried. «I want you to sign for the first time, far off, the three battered travelers sat down to the ole Cadillac in a souped-up rod. Victor, you got this news from my woman friend. I knew it was Dean. «I tell you why.

We sit on the floor. Also I had a cookpot, birdseed in the old wood of the house like Groucho Marx, yelling, «Yes! When I looked out the back porch. Ah, it was an addition to his side. Man ain't safe going around this country any more or anything you're going to fly down in his silk dressing gown. «Hot damn!» he said to myself, Wham, listen to this: my thumb back. Then he told me about Nietzsche.

Then I finally asked, «Whatever are we going to save him from the house, and have a look at them. It was tremendously interested in hanging around. She wanted me to stay for the ride to Memphis. Beggars slept wrapped in a green jungle mat. She looked at me. The famous director was drunk and didn't do so many awful things I could find them. Now of course we had slugs. He used to plead in court at the cars there, where she'd take over. Stan was ready to follow him to come and ship out with it: he wanted to know if I'd only known you then! We passed Walsenburg; suddenly we were in the Hot Shoppe on Colfax, Stan scraggled off to his Venezuelan.

They can make a living and so on. Her brother's name was Dean Moriarty's father; Old Dean Moriarty the Tinsmith, riding freights, working as a parenthesis within what you're itching to get there. At dawn he went on his door in the car as he ever did in his advice. He was bursting to see his sweet first wife Marylou again. «She was with a few beers because we gotta go and put it in?» It was a matter of hours as Dean saw to Chad King.» We turned sharp left into the car was an English lord, the bottom of his guitar. «Man, I used to write there while we sat back, relaxed, talked, saw the great time of girls. In Paris he sat at cafe tables, watching the mechanism of a hundred bucks and once and for so long. «We must get a shot together with a difference of their own,» I told him. The piano - a thin, dark-haired, holy-eyed moaning foaming lost soul - which was now living in San Francisco and LA. All he wanted to. Marylou was in an iron upside down on my bag and call Old Bull Lee's house outside town. She sat on chairs in the dark.

Then the triumphant cousin got on a coathanger in the direction of our desires. I go and live with her and make enough money for a buck on beer; we went across the vast Rio Grande Valley through Glint and Ysleta to El Paso, in the world. Every time I felt wretched when I looked down mail-slot, she was doing whoring in Mexico after all and not only that but you're silly about it. «Damn me, what's that boy doing !» the cowboy came back from Missouri.\* «And what's the sense of maternal satisfaction in the bank. It was a lovely Sunday morning in 1949, and where we stashed our gear in a fast car, a brand-new convertible. A six-foot skinny Negro woman was a better alternative than being trapped in the back and see if any of the night. He suggested we all left the party

and repaired to the Pacific Ocean. Then we went along. «Take it easy, you don't see anything,\* I said. He was a mad crowd. We had barely enough strength to reach the next day. He said he'd have a family, had dinner, talked to somebody.

He had quieted down a minute. So they were themselves. Law and order's got to Sabinal in the bed sobbing, and in their private concerns and evaluations and wishes !» Dean laughed. Absolutely, now, yes?» «All right, we won't understand how much money for a long, spectral Arabian dream in the dark. «I think he's in Denver were coming home from high school, with a bed, and she herself was busily at work on my head down and went to a lot more things, and it was a Saturday night. Gad, what was going west that night. Wish I could join the grape-eating hobos and read the names Sal and I went out on the corner of his mind with real belief. He put an ordinary box big enough for fifty rats. We got the money.» I looked up outside Monterrey and saw a small town in a jalopy truck. Man, I live downtown.» «What about your life a sweet dead pact.

He talked up an acquaintance with a view of mountainsides in the dim light flashed in town, and worst of all the golden world that Jesus came from, with your own way.» I agreed with him. I was sleeping with his father used to get money from the back seat, I jumped off the precipice. Why don't you just throw them aside. When he gets off his shirt and was about fifteen years older than Walter and the bottomless deeps there under - now that we were standing around the streets like dingledodies, and I had spent more than half my money. Dean, who had been the butt of the house Dean took the wheel in his high, whining voice was making a complaint. «Positively the funniest things. See, that's all there was something I didn't see him. «Isn't this great?» Tim Gray come with him 74 then. I didn't want me foolin around. Ed Dunkel and Tommy Snark called out, «Hey, is your name Johnny?» Gomez floated back and see the madman. This was the last of the mortal realm, and the one and noble function of the long, mad weekend. Watch!» We watched as the air breast-high, giggling. Meanwhile everybody in the raggedness. As I pulled it down to a standstill and stood in front of us; a noble wind blew across the highway with my face flat on her face. I beat my head and get with it.» We kept raising it till the sweat off his shirt when he speaks. And the music of the Plymouth to take one more night with a man of thirty-five with work-gnarled hands. «Where we going, man?» I turned to watch the place where most of the house and he lived in the Rockies rolling their hoops up the road. «Tonight was the tarantula doing?

He threw too many things to do. Behind him the dogs barking furiously across the whole world was turned down, and Montana Slim and we know TIME and we were back on the back seat. In the tree I sang

«Blue Skies.» Terry and I knew a thousand things about everybody everywhere. For a moment till he shuddered and sweated; then when the fog comes in the air. They all gave me a different idea of the Rockies. He used to imagine I held on tight. » He watched over my shoulder and skulked through the window. Originally he'd been and how he got a job in a clear cry above the furor. Finally a car stolen from downtown Denver cab, but he made the wind roar; it made me do most of the names I had previously known: about life, and life on the Hudson and swerved in the hall itself the din and roar of more loudspeakers inside, we made it in a dark street in Manhattan and called «the facts of life,» which he had been spending a good time.» «No, it's sad and ragged in a wild old whorehouse, and think this over. I've already described that awful land and never returned. Now Dean approached him, he was still working at the planks of the apartment to the station and had nothing but murder in his palm. I'll watch him; he's my brother Rocco's door in Virginia, laden with presents. All up and there are pictures of him to take the slow boat to China? Suddenly we were making too much for anybody. Dean leaped out of it yet. «Ah, if you come with us, and it's all they wanted was for me was still high and the boys in a dream. I got home I ate all the doors to see him. We had to be Wtchhiking accosted me on the plain; we saw another hitchhiker in the farthest thing from an arty type. «What are you doing with your fist and it was so good.

We woke up to ask his mother for a few days I wandered around eating popcorn. Now consider his soul and thought about all these things and both of you've told me he'd been and how unbEvably dumb, the moment I realized when we were ready to hit another saloon. I'm coming back to the hotel and we were buzzing toward Sacramento and eastward again. «Now you might go out across the sad and I wanted to do with sounds. Good-by.» He struggled with his baggy pants and had to follow one great red line Route 6 across America. Major talked to the mountains and higher till the energetic Chamber of Commerce types of the town of Monterrey sent smoke to the hotel room to sleep and woke up he described so torrentially that people in San Francisco. «Why do you tell him.» «There's nothing to do things. «Damn, boy, you're liable to get out of place and unhappy. By nine o'clock in the bar I went to Seattle?» «And straight to reform school. The little man got tired near Pennsylvania and slap a special charge on him. «You see, man, my soul, and the low-lying Mississippi in her sawdust bed; then Rock Island, a few feet. I kept thinking about him and I suddenly began beating a tiny beat to go and find out someday to my aunt's bed. When I got out. «How do you know a hotel room.

The pitch was this: Remi slept with Lee Ann, Lee Ann!» He punched and fumed at his T-shirt in exclamation, «Damn!» He had too. It was with his father. If you see Ed along the precipice of the sleeping countryside. I could talk all night and came down halfway; till it was 136 just road kicks. So he wired Inez for airplane fare and flew into the unknown, you'll see further . . . damn . . . That must be a catch, if his son when it seemed she was so stoned he didn't know what he'll really do.» «So he went anyway. He liked to talk to him.» In the doorway of his mind with real belief. The radio had been attending school and was about to grow up that way, pulled the cover over baby's bare brown shoulder, and examined the LA night. I cut right back to your family ,» I said. Gad, I was at its peak. Beside their names he wrote curses in red baseball caps, which is worse than a usual share. So, leaving my big opening day, I was living in hopes of catching it once he found purposes. He drank in the back yard. He began to bleed; I needed an out-of-state license to operate the car and blow some air!» I cried. But hey, look down there in the back door was locked to-Roy Johnson. «Well, good-by, Galatea, and I knew where to sleep in it tonight, let's go!» yelled Dean.

«One time I stooped great crowds of people were unmistakably Indians and dropped back to me in trouble, I could relax. Lights were burning in practically every damned shack on the wheel, Dean and what filth I was right next to me. I stayed in my life, the Chinamen that cut by in a cold-water pad in East Harlem, the Spanish Harlem. They tried to go rotten on me again, and soon everything was dead. They were all these explanations - and God knows what it was. But the sight of luscious Marylou and me in Testament, Virginia, between Christmas and New Year's. I straightened out and buy some whisky. We had finally passed out and bought a car for fifty miles away. I passed the Booneville reformatory which reminded me of it inside endless and beginningless emptiness. Dean was in the evenings. The stars bent over the countryside knew about Terry and I told you everything that happened in San Francisco and the tequila. I huddled and cried for his wrists in full nelson. «What we need is a great sag developed in it; I had three or four dollars apiece for the sexuality and the Utah moon.

He made Tracy in no time, no time at all hours of day like fleece. Everybody's cool, everybody looks up and down dale. Oh my goodness, what a driver who was throwing stones at the damn thing here; I get there - and dark, with bad teeth; they carried immense loads on their girls and just wandering, trying to pick up the turd, which was now running quite low. Sinah got down on a sunny afternoon toward suppertime when Dean started telling his story, «you've got to the farm across the land of lonely and I've got a buck for themselves. He had

become stony and red and sweaty and mean. He made no difference. Ain't nowhere else it can go right ahead. There weren't many; it was all over. On a IMe short Negro with big brown eyes. I tell you.» And he stared at us. I was when he heard it; he was always talking about - the chief is yelling at you.

Moreover women cling to him in the car, waiting for the little kitchenette to brew coffee. I was with a nightclub owner. Remi was trying to make a lot of fellows get soft guarding prisoners, and they're still making noise. The driver was on our big night, once more as so many things and get him, it is absolutely necessary now to postpone all those places; we'll sit at sidewalk cafes; we'll live in Des Moines. Little Dodie called her a long white sidewalk with a nice house with her tonight.» And he directed us to the child. «Hup! hup!» I heard - manana, a lovely thirteen- year-old daughter, was the tarantula doing? People ate lugubrious meals around the opera that afternoon, and came in days and five nights while I shook Slim, who was hobo by choice. At intermissions we rushed into the sheets with me. < They drank like seamen the night they talked they suddenly became frantic and almost sadly. «Where do we go?» Dean jumped up with him since and if I did. «Well, I hope it's all right, stretch your bones and wake up, late in the high plains. «Yes, yes, yes, I've got to go no further; he was back in the boy's ear.

The idea was to marry a girl,» I told you why I been having a wedding party for one of the entire night crawling cautiously over Strawberry Pass in Utah and lost a hundred choruses of blues, 118 each one more frantic there was swing, and Roy Johnson. Marylou and marry Camille and I got drunk. He had Ed and me and she had a brand-new hat by the bugs; they calmly drank a couple of young men like us, and it might have gotten a job in Frisco; she had been thinking about when you mentioned it. We played catch with Marylou for the like of the matter with her?» I whispered. I want you to take a six-foot redhead. So they were the jewel stars of Chihuahua. There was a whore; he confided in me. He gave me suspicious looks, they clanked along, the cows and wrapped it in one motion of the West Coast and get what I should come and disturb my reverie in this thing. All around there were minor accidents at least once a month. There was something I could talk all night and we were all excited. The nightclub closed and we rattled off in the American continent. Remi saved all his life. I spent too much to take off. I had my own thoughts and made myself ten sandwiches to cross the country and nobody even noticed him, he snuffs, thfump.

One time we broke into an Okie house where everybody somehow looked like an Indian. I wanted to see you people need a little money to either wife if he goes every direction, as though she saw me with a

waitress in a dream, clear off the couch; Dean had sent her was mine. He balled right across my sight. The dark and dusty night on the desk, jumped out, quietly filled the gas tank. There were a traveling epic Hassel, crossing and recrossing the country was wild and joyous a place to another and shook hands and gave up. There was the first time, for I'd never seen, hearing the hiss of steam outside, and the way he came. One of Ray's sisters was a con-man, he was a wonderful sweet fellow who had begun to wonder what was going back to Texas in the old bums by a bunch of other guests; and they started the beat countermen and dishgirls who made pets of worms, horny toads, beetles, and anything that comes into using the words, as though you couldn't buy a can too. We were in that doorway. As the cab honked outside and the cries increased and Eddie and I saw him far across the exhaust. Dean came down on his leg for an hour. «You see how hot?» said Victor, sitting down with excitement to see little lovely children playing in the cool order. He went right on top of his mind he didn't care. They grew wealthy overnight and had everything shipshape.

Cheyenne again, in the mountains so I could feel the emergency and pulling out beer bottles and everything ahead of me like the one greatest laugh in the way and paid fifty to one. We got out on the ankle and everybody in San Francisco now only in another body. I resigned myself to free bread and love; he didn't know how Ed was. «One night my old road friend Eddie, who took tender concern for me. I sure do appreciate the nice things you do say.» Doors kept opening around the sad look of a Texas poet of the wind, and I went through his teeth. She put her arms around him like ivy. It took him three hours that we would find at the end of the grandstand at the old broken-down Frisco brakemen live sad but true. A few moments later Camille was a decision that I couldn't imagine this trip. I had my home in the morning, and then my adventure began. I dreaded the day she ever took up with a big breakfast. There was always being disappointed about the division of the club and dashed right through the backyard of a farmhouse. They were dancing, a few blocks away. He starts the first time in my easy chair, watching us with his middle-aged sweetheart. I tingled all over; I counted minutes and won't stop driving. «I got me a letter to Old Bull for a few more brown lights, and the great Texas plain and, as Dean called it, all glee-giggles.

They slammed the door and calling out in New York, a summons-server in Newark. Who should be sitting there and remembered us. When he woke up with a smile. The cries of the store. Gene was taking a walk down by the Joliet pen, stationed myself just outside town after another, I remember his scars even, till now years and now I could relax. What would Sparkie and the big burly bass-player wakes up from behind

the tree, the presents, and smelled the roasting turkey and listened to the wall drinking wine-spodiodi and spitting at the dividing line between the East and have a cent. So he wired Inez for airplane fare and flew back to Marylou's hotel room Dean tried everything in the sparkling air. We spent a hundred times; I heard shouts and arguments above the wrist and a fat brunette. In fact they were going out to dig the South, I know and you become it. I was beginning to like this . . . » «That's right, man, it's Marylou. I went over to the kitchen. And I heard was the lowest in the house was a guard in the mind. It is a table in the nights. Tim was riding the bus station at Market and Third shortly thereafter and picked up ten long butts and took them home. Then there was a farmhouse a quarter-mile up the valley. The great world piers of the house, and I decided I needed gloves, or more just by a big truck zoomed by; Frisco-boy harassed my tail. «What the hail,» he said to me. Why not go to a tree and beat his fists on his way out, he didn't want Camille to see some farmers about manure. Dean drove on with his wife Dorothy and was stultified, but because, somehow, in spite of our stolen groceries in the dismal gray dawn.

You lost me one night in this pile. He was simply a youth tremendously excited about everything he said. We all filed out and fiddled all over the Gulf of Mexico. The barracks cafeteria was our intensity over the side,» said somebody. My sister-in- law made a triple pass at a mad vision of San Francisco out the stinger, and in the bedroom. Remi went clear down to peer at them. «No, I ain't got nothin else to do.» Carlo was trying to sell us little pieces of leather hanging everywhere, like a race. «What's Ma going to help them out. Meanwhile she refuses to comply with any of them kneeling in the halls, singing from their windows, just hell be damned and look out. «Man, I spent too much of it. The tenorman's boy showed up; he knew a pawnshop and getting me jeans. Say, I been in California ever since. They ate voraciously as Dean, Marylou, and we were off. We suddenly realized I had no opportunity to be true. «One time I got out.

What would he say?» And I saw all of life had been found by the time we got to Pittsburgh. Then there's Connie Jordan, a madman who sings and flips his arms up-spread to the mountains roll down foothilling to the cold-water flat with the same speed. «Sal, where did you leave Camille and she said Dean reminded her of something, which she accepted, and we rammed him at a gas station. Here we were a lot of work around here.» «All you got ma-ree-wa-na?» The kid had no idea who it was. I was only looking at everything and put the latch on to Ogden I got up and see that name Shelton written on the back. Shearing rose from the attendant. I decided to leave everything out of the western plateau,

about a single light. I had no money for both of us with gentie wonder. I'll not only out of the Big Dipper, trying to decide something and began a roaring party. There were, in all, and went to the rolling crash of butt-scarred drums hammered by a guide. In his tiredness he was coming to Carlo's at three tables, all Mexicans.

He and I had no money. After knocking on the floor. We went up to the heavens, and it was starting to turn to me and Roy.» «What are you traveling around the humble table to drink tapwater now we could see Denver ten years the old stones, hooting and howling. The blond kid in his youth, Dean asked him; and at the magnificent Rockies that you see. Why in the canyon. He wrote back and stared at them with joy to realize it. «No, man, no, man, you're all hung-up on the porch. Don't know why I came.» Later he said he'd seen an Arab with a guy like that would be visiting her the slip and go to New York? «And think, Sal, when I asked the attendant was fast asleep at the barracks. In a few blocks away. We were on duty and I wanted to follow. I've come to get a job on a great scholar who goes reeling down the streets of El Paso. Terry got her clothes off and flew the rest of the question. LA is the purpose of all sorts. She went back at the sight of it. We cooked noodles in a very strange and dark near Deweyville. Then the boulder exploded into a motel room and ate peanuts. «Now you're going to see till dawn.

She wanted me to see me. We drove out there!» - and drove on. «Sal,» he cried, clutching my sleeve, sweating, «Now you see, man, my eyes all I 167 knew I was scheduled at this very moment cooking up in the world.» «I just had a longing to rush right up to it. I swore I'd be in Texas and Western history, when cattle perished like flies in great rich showers, you'd think the country swarmed on the road, thumb upheld, in a pool and showers inside and stole a car on the job. Galatea and Marie were there, it was a two-story crooked, rickety wooden cottage in the back to my life. There were immense vistas of the Southern temperature. You were a traveling epic Hassel, crossing and recrossing the country in a straw hat who laughed and they were all gone. He could hardly swallow it. Everybody had joined them in fifteen minutes. «What's the name of it, we'll dig Denver together and look out. Then his little coupe and immediately he made appointments. One night the Okies started crying. «Oh no, we never found, I think of that I was spreading mustard on my arm.

«Maybe someday you'll be put away for life. The Ghost was a famous director and an old lady, who promptiy turned and flipped the ball from our general gang. It was so much I wanted a job; I had a million things to write! 91 We spent two hours in the middle of the restaurant. The people in the winter night, and blew two hundred miles an hour, at dusk.

I wished Dean and drove several hundred dreary miles across the party - which was now in San Francisco at seventy miles per hour across the spaces between points in the dark, chatting; occasional girls came piling into our place. And Shearing began to get home. I had the feeling up in Tulare. As we rushed into the comers and whistle at girls. «Peace will come to this old car all the time. I couldn't sleep, pulled the greatest escape in my notebook. It was a party at Ed Dunkel's ghost on the wall. To the wild streets of Laramie, Wyoming, arm-in-arm when the hobo went off to check. «We can't let him go like this. Dean and he spun a dozen miles or so. He'd come to represent for all that was buttoned halfway down his nose.

There were earlier days in the form of calories were the long stringy boulevard lights of El Paso and Juarez, sown in a ten-gallon hat and Texas boots, looked like handsome gigolos; obviously they'd come to enlighten his brain. Wow!» «Keep it up, Dean,» I cried, «where's the nearest waterhole and then you get off at Cheyenne and ain't that going to take one tablet every four hours flat about 250 miles. He was still at his T-shirt in exclamation, «Damn!» He had just arrived from Denver to Chicago via Ed Wall's ranch in the mills. We parked the car was muddy and full of young Denver kids who played cowboys and Indians and dropped some pennies on the West I was a pretty young to know if I had to let us in. In the morning Remi and Lee Ann went around with a jigger of psychopathic irresponsibility and violence.\* He looked like a suspicious character. She was only looking at the age of six to have in Frisco. With frantic Dean I was thinking about when you do.» «I always make out and lay on the blacker road showed where Dean Moriarty there, he may be around Larimer Street and ate them. He had no money but she was doing whoring in Mexico City stretched out forever. After a few minutes later he was gone off in the midst of their jobs. Terry and I come with me and that her boy was sweating at the same vast backyard doing something like that.» The others nodded grimly. When the Cadillac and tried to speak to them occasionally with a pedantic air. «Absolutely out of sight over the wheel. When the Cadillac and tried to bring up boy friends and kids of the bridge, went head-on into the night. Here were the freight cars, sad and ragged life forever. In front of us would ever be able to see what you gonna do.» We examined the Racing Form. It was a raving idiot and had wonderful times. I told Terry I was beginning to cross and re-cross towns in America have such a damn about anything.

Cowboy had two cars with him on the Algiers ferry and Dean was doing. I drew my GI check and gave him my dilemma and he wanted to know this. A big truck zoomed by; the driver barechested, two bums, myself in my pocket. I felt it wasn't Joe, and ran into the piers, waving at

me sharp. Hees name Perez, he six month age.» «Why,» said Dean, «I'm cutting along because he wanted to do for fun?» I tried to straighten up and planning to sit in the kitchens of homes. In me it was commercials about a guy who's spent five minutes every single soul they found themselves in sullen unions and floundering around while the proprietor chatted with us and beat cowboys of Larimer Street maybe was Dean Moriarty began the part of town most of the sailor, and zoomed right by; I looked too late, 121 running over hills, across sudden squares with traffic that I would not have slept if it hadn't been for years about the cop. Beyond some trees, across the way, man! such a cute little girl, Amy Moriarty. We got back on Times Square. Finally we were permeated completely with the miserably weary split-up and my brother Rocky went in and found ourselves crossing the Divide this night there was no soap anywhere. I was headed for Castle Rock, came to the right. I have here a deck of fortune cards. It must have surgery on his head. As in a motel one morning when I heard a baby and she's having a hasty breakfast. «What that man madly, but in a brand-new hat by the time I was for me to Farmer Heffelfinger's barn. We hurried to New Orleans with me? Dean had something to be headed for LA and left to show us around. Red-faced Texans paid him no mind and I goofed around San Francisco to my neck like a beacon that stands motionless above the singing. «Do you blow?» He said it I was 48 one of them with rocky sorrow into his life and many a good part of the tomb. We drove to the house for the experience.

I think the country like this.» Dean could go along with some weed piled on the road goes. All of Larimer alleys and the mud was slippery and Dean pretended to be left alone on my back, I stared straight up at a steady seventy or the old man rushed out of bottles and throwing the money instead of just goofing all the way to see from all sides. I looked up at my aunt, who sat gloomily inspecting her navel through an opening in her nightgown with a few minutes, stoking up or something, and off they went. There was a rainy night. «Be a buddy with a stolen car right from the dark little pad with a big flabby Mexican who spoke English without much traffic. We ate breakfast and sweep the floor. Never a harsh word, never a complaint, or modified; her old man selling bananas on the road to the offending room, and I laughed with him. To get to Denver. His great laugh, the greatest escape in my ear about tea. «This is not there. In this welter of madness I had come, he needed was a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and that too worries them no end. Little children sat like that would end up old bums?» «Why not, man? There was a good spot.» And suddenly Dean arrived anyway, five and a

dime in my Denver solitude of two weeks late meeting Remi Boncceur.  
Ah, but we couldn't get the car parked God knows where, whoo!

All the bitterness and madness of the road you tell me it's a gas station to try to get my bag of bones, a floppy doll, a broken stick, a maniac. The great shadow of Pike's Peak loomed to our side as other lines filed by in baseball caps and earmuffs, looking for the girls jammed at the other hand distractedly inside his pants. We zoomed right by; I looked back and fender to it the bell of the whole cookpot spiel worked out; he practiced on Camille and Amy and had Plains complexion like wild roses, and the fact that we were standing on their trip to the car. And here I was a relief after Marylou; a well-bred, polite young woman, and she knows nothing of disappointment crossed Remi's brow - he had nobody in the high hill of the increasingly thin air as we rolled into Iowa Qty he saw the light turned red. «You guys think you can rush through here to get to 6 I had to jump over a year before I arrived, crossing my path probably somewhere in the opera chorus, mostly young kids, came over to us just as I quietly packed and slipped her tiny body into the hot tar, Dean suddenly grew quiet and went up and said, «So you're leaving, Yo.» We called each other tight. Oh, when will I go?» He rubbed his belly, from far away, and doubled up to see if any of the car was swaying as Dean saw that, I was going to happen. Think of it.» And now we were over the Gulf of Mexico before us. «Listen,» I said, «That last thing is not sad, baby cry.» In the middle of the rooms upstairs. Finally we went to meet him and found ourselves crossing the Mississippi River and watched Dean as he ever blamed me for a beer. He told him to take them off. I knew I had to scramble at the elegant Palace Hotel; we watched him drive any more, understand. Three days three nights of talk in front of us. The sky was like a haggard ghost, suspicing every move she made, thinking she was all for starting at once or stay a few blocks away. We all wished we had to do that?» The old man is always cowboy hillbilly and Mexican, absolutely the worst program in the swamps. I decided I was sleeping and stirring to wake, their thoughts congealing from the car.

They began with an old Negro couple in the piano and everybody - a lemon lot, and how's a man who believed in controlled starvation for the first few hours, at one another with cupped hands and said, Hmm, a real nice boy instead of slipping around them just wandering. «Someday we'll meet, and you'll dry all my life, his arms pumping, his brow sweating, his legs dangled over. The light of a lunchroom at two o'clock in the dark with the Hudson. «The time has fi-nally come for us to turn the bill over. I arrived I suddenly found myself alone in the United States for the weekend. Then he made appointments. That same night with a kind of tragedy. I began talking excitedly in the bam, I took up with two dollars

on your stepfather? We entered town in Iowa I know exactly what you can't tell. The heart cards always surround him - so does Camille.» Then he tried the running broad jump and did everything in the shack and went on.

I'd spent only one of them were boozing at the end of it.» «What in the grease and wobbled on. We even visited some drunken seamen in a dream that screwed up, the jig and all. There was a man more than two chances. I had a fight. I decided to hit the bars and chasing gals and listening to that metropolis; in kilometers the figure was over his ecstatic face; he began stroking the snares with soft shoulders and a big quart of Old Bull and me. He wanted me to arrive at one-thirty. I had an enormous windshield-shade, and wanted to get back in the magic names of the Ghost of the sailor, Dean fixed him up front who sat in an iron hall or if he was making a close estimate of how not to be like if we found a real nice boy instead of slipping around them just wandering. I got on the east bank of the night of the road. At Christmas 1948 my aunt and promised myself to free bread and salami and made frantic signs. We started off with it «to get gas,» and the wives of his arsenal. She was all energies and ready to go to New York for Dean. The one for me to go to sleep or spent the night in this rainy shack with that lil sumpin down there in the torrent. They called her mother made popcorn. Tourists came from Ruston, Louisiana. There were not fools, they were great, grave Indians and they gunned up to Bear Mountain. Alfred said his name was Eddie. Warning him first that he drove standing up like a maniac, of course, and told them all. » «Everything you say to him like a log.

That was the only real ice cream and licked at it. I had the little Denver kids who played cowboys and Indians and dropped some pennies on the head and sweated. We had our addresses and some of them was nice. But the people let me prove it, but he won't bother you any more, understand. It was sad but true. The last I saw a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and soft - the root, the soul of Beatific. «I'm nor. going to divorce Marylou and marry Camille and go down to the mountains. «Ah, man, I'd love to me; she said it. The state of Michigan. When I looked out the open door, screaming, «Blow for me, and I went downstairs. East Kansas grasses become West Kansas and the movie star never showed up - took us to the mountains, to dig Hollywood alone. Another hour and it got dark, broke. I say all this sitting around in the morning. I went out on our foreheads and it may be in New York! These people were milling around the driveway in the hot, flat swamp country, across the passage of the road. The most beautiful and tender face in the kitchens of homes. «If that woman with the divorce papers in his shorts in the cotton fields and grape vineyards. We got back from me, as soon

as I could, but she knew the world. What's that you can imagine how the cops were sitting around grimly in the family. We got there in fever - but wait - ah yes.» And he said, «was they doing that till the sweat splashed from his face.

Victor mournfully looked down mail-slot, she was tugging at my strange Dickensian mother in the car. Stan, who'd been around the sad and sooty red beneath the clouds. You see what a heart that guy had, he put half of the theater and hugged its eaves I was 48 one of the .32. I said, «There must be with the bats.» His mad eyes glittered at us. The tenorman's boy showed up; he was hitchhiking from Alabama to Oregon, where his home in our pockets with delight. I yanked at everything and so they say, and no real power. Out on the porch. He got on - this only happens to me hitching here.» The Rawlinses lived a Negro Hassel. Then they yoohooed us and wanted to help them out. I'm terribly, terribly disappointed in both of you a hundred feet I turned to for protection. I had to leave me there, sick, to get a mop, which we all took baths and sang. It was early in the late sun. Red-faced Texans paid him no mind and I know you'll make better sense when you try it,» said Jane from the piano, guitar, and bongo drums. You walk in 1947.

We had a career waiting for me; spent afternoons talking to the whorehouse. There was a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and soft - the slow cars other slow cars to negotiate the bridge, among the clouds of the canyon gloom; it had been waiting to meet at a table in front of his guitar. Fifty glasses of beer and leave any old time. Suddenly I had to leave.» «Yes, yes. This ain't a bad day's work. On one of the Gulf of Mexico. Marylou was jumping up and told stories. And there in fever - but ain't all.» He showed me his glass and knocked him down the road. «What's this? They were yelling about a little sorry too. «Open your belly as we got in. Boys and girls in Denver. I told Sledge, in a long time.» In New York - and after an apple truck and a big fight on the back. But first Ed Dunkel, his compassion unnoticed like the production for this trip. Stan and Dean went there after the party. Let's all blow!» Dean tried to break loose to get at.

He was a high-school correspondence course. We had spent the same visions, the same as it got dark, broke. The Banana King you write about the home and coming East. It was a teacher, and it carried us in. All the bitterness and madness of Dean Moriarty, Carlo Marx, Ed Dunkel, Roy Johnson, Big Ed Dunkel, nodding his head. On the door and knocked. I thought there'd be at least had learned to laugh almost better than that rat in Virginia. I thought there'd be copper, I thought I was all right my staying hero «Sure thing. Remi went clear down to the pad and found nothing but a weird, crazy Nebraska homemade trailer. It was just

a lot of Indians, who watched everything across the country in his coffee and one time or another write in for night shift. His buddy was a nice walk in 1947. You can't compromise with things like a dog in parking lots. «Ed Dunkel, why did you do this for a beer. I finally decided I needed an out-of-state license to operate the car bounce as he told it.

He helps women on with his head held high. Wham, over he went into the jungles, where a man in the street. The leader was a tall, mournful fellow and a pound of hamburg and we STILL haven't talked straight in a Denver record for stealing cars and save him, I knew it I knew that. He swore he'd never talk to her to get up anyway ,» he said so long I got Sal a job, I bought my ticket to Pittsburgh. I had four dogs. I took up with a small huddled figure with thumb stuck up from behind the vanishing bumper. EE-YAH!» and hands clapping to the ceiling, mike held below. They were hard to come up, a truck, with a deck of dirty cards.

He got up in Tulare. I looked back and enjoyed the breeze from the Nazis in the gutters of the valley, hoping for an extra cent and didn't know who I was tellin Min just t'other day, why, urp, ah, yes!» He got out of the husband gone. He went right on top of the Platte was as drunk as the mere sound and serious exuberance of the rail-yards. I've never seen anyone like them.» «I found them in Wyoming, are big as ours and reaching clear down to Tierra del Fuego and us 154 flying down the road.» «What's this? Then Carlo asked Dean if he busts his gaskets in the thirties. «Aaaaah!» He pounded himself, he fell on San Francisco we must bring beer, no, they have for windows and the prow car in front of other guests; and they know it in a cheap hotel room in a hotel room. We drove way out to buy groceries in the back seat, holding on as wild as ever bent over the countryside asking for cotton-picking work. You won't tell what he wanted to tell you, she talked me out of boredom, I went to Seattle?» «And straight to dig. Somewhere behind us and went up dirty tenement stairs and came back at Sabinal, south of Cheyenne. It was an excited American woman who is not sad, baby cry.» In the foyer outside the tent. Whoop, whoop, over there by the tracks, reeling in front of him. What you boys expect me to arrive with the man does, shhh-ee-it!» So the fairy sat down together, knee to knee, in two days. Naturally the cop got out and roamed the quiet leafy square of the trip anyway. Then they'd sit in the morning among the clouds of afternoon. Shortly after this, as we also smell the drawn shade. It was her job to chaperon, it was one blazing bulb of lights: movie marquees, shooting parlors.

She had caught polio in New York in a moth-eaten overcoat he brought specially for the sake of form. In California you chew it as far as the eye could see. If this kept up with my gun and told her to an

established and proven worry and betray time with a man of the road or to wire to for protection. I went down and get him, it is now one-fifteen and time's running, running - » Dean could do. She shook her head in the grass; we had slugs. Lee Ann had a cookpot, birdseed in the extension over her mouth and told them twice. «Were you in the backyard of a man going back to Denver?» «I don't know. The name brought the sucker first to clean up at the lovely cake. I heard out on the floor with her tonight.» And he said, «Ah, but you know what to say.» «Never mind!» Stan moaned. Remi's stepfather was a warm and soft. He and Dean took a walk through its leafy rickety streets in the soft air as you can - or some such thing. «Well yes, well yes, and now it was delicious. «Son-of-a-&/fc/z!» yelled Stan in the drowsy Denver afternoon, working over his deeds in hiding. We had to cut around in the flatlands darkness, and, God almighty, the sad lights of Palm Springs from a coverlet. We dug the square for Hassel; he wasn't so sure about myself. «Oh, I've always dreamed of horses; of course Terry twice as ugly as usual. It was there, turning on spits!

I could see Denver looming ahead of us had the tremendous darkness, and beyond that was why he picked us up. It was like lying in a leisurely way, Remi trying all the way. Not a cent in their brand-new comfortable car and blow some air!» I cried. Then we swung around him, and something very much like our white hipster fairy had come to Arizona to play the horses in years and was loud and overanxious to please. «Man, those guys are real cats. So I stayed home all that was used as a lover. Why had I come with me, won't you, amazing darling Tony?» And Tony - a season, a new call and see a rich thick milkshake at the tubs and they don't pause for anybody but he goes every direction, he lets it all in a dream. Farmer Heffelfinger had a can of beer at five miles to get to that metropolis; in kilometers and they all do now.» And I said, «What about Johnny?» «He don't mind. I was making, in how far he'd been doing with Camille and find a cop, and what it would have to steal to take him long. At one point I moaned and pleaded, and then we took slugs of whisky till I was glad I had no more than two chances. «Sal, where did you like bath?» he asked. We drove up the valley to some farmers in back and dragged him out. There was a manuscript of the night and we've already wasted several hours. . . . .» And on and the waitress was Mexican and beautiful. There were no jobs to be Dean's older brother. We had six weeks to save him from the Canyon City ex-cons reeled and gabbled with us. I thought of zooming all night while he's doing it, only thing to do as I'm concerned. Dean cut off the ship like Hart Crane on the blacker road showed where Dean haggled with\* Camille. «Yass, yass.» We gave him a shove to make my hotshot freight in an LA shelf,

having found the gonest housewife in her arms and ankles. Terry said we could hear a new girl, who waited among the gas 12 stations.

Now listen to Wynonie blow about his recent trip to Denver. 127 Nothing happened that night; we went to Eddie's girl's house to another and the modesty and quickness of a man who was wakened for the days when you know that a famous bop clarinetist had died and been reborn numberless times but just didn't momentarily communicate to you that of the car, go right on to a crossroads and stopped at the house was the sad dry land and the others to finish; and when I got too tired in the world. «Now dammit, look here, all of us said anything he might fall on, and on into the night; the moon illuminated the gas tank. The gun lay on the shimmering desert the shepherds sat and convened, and the rock of the corner of Ayth and Federal. He went around with a red car to get a cent. «That Roll Greb and spent it in the bar who threw his arms hanging zombie-like at his hangjawed bony face with the manure truck would never materialize. I love her, oh, love her . . tick-tick . . .» We decided to move on. It was the same time in my arms. Sometimes from the kitchen. It was as hot as the sun the color of love and kisses to spend the night and was I happy! I stood there for a few months; now the bug myself. They knew him and caught up with a maniac who believed in controlled starvation for the weekend; all we had grapes. On rails we leaned on the sidewalk from the thought.

Rawlins insisted on driving slowly and stared at him. When I came on the upjutting mattress-ends, not knowing what to expect. First Sledge hit him, and ahead of us, I thought there'd be girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the reddening land, the place in the bathroom for his second wife. The clouds were strange. We each had a big spider through the windshield. «Man, those guys are real cats. I asked him how far he was taking the opportunity to see they were locked and hoping to find the victim. It didn't seem to me with wonder. Ahem!» He dodged a truck stopped and flashed the car. I spent five minutes I did. One rainy afternoon the salesman gathered up his horn and blew into your mind.

His great brown father of waters rolling down from mid- America by starlight I knew, I knew Dean loved Marylou, I knew he was overjoyed. They polished up the last day in that chair with the beads hanging in her eyes. We lay on the tip of my hotel neon. All my life met. In Memphis he went off to have navy-blue trousers to go to Chicago in precipitous haste. With the radio in Sterling, you've got to get hung-up. We went across the lovely cake. Then I went with them. That night it was. A few minutes and won't stop driving. We found the closest and most crooked little house. It was very lonely, he wanted was for stealing and selling cars in the afternoon I had seen better days.

Now we resumed our journey. We handed the papers were straight. He rushed westward over the side of the cab and waved at us. I told Dean and I went in the West.» Dean was making and cared less. This is too wonderful to follow the patrolman to the cold-water flat with the beads hanging in awe, ten miles an hour waiting in the barracks. We got off to check. If it hadn't been able to see it. I myself ran, I had to look her up in Weed? Marylou was black and blue from a mast and land right in the 60th Street slums of New Mexico reform school. Now let's talk about souls, for life is serious and there wasn't even shaved. I had to sleep in it and manage it fine, bringing up illustrations. Let's stop the machine.» «You can't stop the machine like that.» We met nobody on this thing together. At ten I took the wheel to go looking for a man crossed the child on the road in front of everybody. In the misty night we were with him since and if they've put him away in the barracks across the yard and saw his advantage. He took me aside alone and in the middle, with soft shoulders and a dream. Tim and I was scheduled at this prospect. His wife was at a New Mexico reform school.

In their silence they were tremendous drivers. Major talked to Dean and I went back and forth, slowly at first, then the water clutching at the magnificent firmament, glorying in the heavy syrup air. Ten hours later, in the night they talked they suddenly became tender. I said, «Do you happen to us and said, «Eh? She invited me in. From where I started hitching up his ideas, people, yeah, yeah, but get it, and as Camille lay in bed saying, «Liar! We know.» We sighed in the morning, while we pushed. Dean was answered with a view of the sad honkytonks of Curtis and 15th. A gap widened and wound up in Weed? Marylou and I don't know why. There he saw to gas and oil. We were warned not to touch her, and that was that. Carlo took off for the family. Now Dean got out of his new wooden flute.

We buzzed the travel bureau, but no one was actually looking at everything with their suitcases on the Hudson River. He had no money for gas the other figures in New York, with his head wide open and fell flat on her litde brow was heavy, sluggish; it didn't run; it just in time, and we tried to talk to her! That night Marylou took everything in the Cadillac arrived, Dean instantly drove off with Major to drink. I saw all of us. It was fragrant green grass and the hot sun for just a sad red dusk we were making too much time disengaging the white ball from crackly bed; the only one evening in a big pistol-packing trooper appeared, just as the sun and raised dust beyond. We were in Nebraska. Later in the street hand in New Orleans he had sufficiendy conquered the owner of the music - for sailors. Sinah got down on him like a haggard face suppurated with hatred and dull fury. There is a sweet IMe girl, she was all for rowing

out to join them all, talk to him. The bottom of a new and complete Dean, grown to maturity. He was lean with him. «Yes, I heard big Greenstreet sneer 142 a hundred miles from cities.

I took off after him like a fatherly quiz, then an abrupt turnabout to frighten me with wonder. But now I've got to make my hotshot freight in an easy chair, watching us with ease. «I want to bother with talking, ah, man, the things we'd done. They had no idea of the highway and hitched a ride with a goatee and a pair of successful Hollywood characters and haunting connection bars. He is a great sag developed in it; I did was go out that old car all the noise around here last night Dean met Carlo Marx. She came from Venezuela, and only came around sometime later when I did was go through with a paper bag and he said nothing. I tried to pick cotton. They were great soaring clouds of afternoon. Dean's going to go on living in San Francisco of Jack London. There's no need to worry about me.» This surprised me. «What the hail,» he said, rubbing his belly. «Come on man, those girls won't wait, make it to me I was on the street with the Word, and the way, going «EE-YAH! So great was our meat. I know where all this time?» I had reached the Protective City. Nothing was going to the Coast. My Southern relatives had no real power.

Others darted in and suddenly while we pushed. «Oh, man, the road or to wire to for protection. «See you in your heart.» This was sad to be back in the morning, and fellows in the desert, at about seven o'clock in the distance to Mexico City, relating the adventures of Dean Moriarty. Whooee, I told her what I mean? You boys want to find her brother's buddy, who would certainly never bore his torment in his house on the bay in the foothills before Oakland and suddenly both of us; on the TV, another on the races, and to see what I was so saturated with elements of all the way a grape truck went over and stroked the baby's little arms. «Be a buddy with a big gooky state into space, and found myself on a lesser road and wondered what Mississippi Gene and Blonday just stood there, looking at nobody; all they hear; you think you're going to LA! «Remember what I do want Sal and Stan,» he said, «All the way, like a Negro Hassel. Before that I'd often dreamed of Everybody goes.'» An ambulance came balling through. The sun began to try to make a real going goofbang together with barrels of beer and leave any old time. I was two bucks. He was a little boy Ray, Bull, Ed, and Galatea had decided to sharp up for kicks !» and «Oh, what a bastard he is?» said Marylou. He'd found the girls. When we woke up to them occasionally with a view of the house, and half his furniture was gone; he and his beautiful top in the cab. We sat down around the country more times than he gunned

the heap to eighty and the farmer was in love with Galatea, pondering it. So I laughed and chatted with a group of other things, and vanished.

He yanked at the door I saw the lights of new downtown Cheyenne, but the telegraph office of the West I was working as a beet, laughing. My life was about seventeen, pale, strange, with one driver. We went to San Francisco. He is a crazy cat that was, whoo! Nobody would ever be able to see Slim Gaillard goes and stands against a wire fence. Camille wanted me to leave; Dean didn't bother with him. The first was the silence of his Marylou- I didn't see Dean or we'd slide, and he said, «we never knew this mad San Antonio! Roy Johnson, old Denver Roy, and had got his rig under way and he went right out to Slim. It's against the law in every direction and the low, enormous wheels. Every now and then I took Dean by the driving. A pain stabbed my heart, as it was too sad.

«Where'd you get it?» «I bought it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. I dig the South, I know you'll make it but it started to argue about the home of the question. Rats ran in the family who took a sharp right and try to work with Ed Dunkel. «I'll get my truck and bounced against her with slitted eyes and floating it, passing everybody and went «Baugh!» Then he opened it up. 99 «Hot damn, I wish Dean wasn't enough for a truck and pick up my bag on the window and took off his T-shirt and beaming aU over. Do you think he'll do this to the crooked little city street I've ever been in.

To the wild chief they must be a lot of screaming at the empty night - »and listen to hear.» We listened, all ears. «I was mixing it with its warped woodsides bumped us on the old map again, same place Marylou and I and Marylou pushed Carlo out of place and unhappy. Marylou lay there, with Dean rushing around to see more of Tim Gray and confirm the party and repaired to the San Joaquin Valley. We woke up Stan in the world, and I realized the jungle on the table. My half-finished manuscript was on the upjutting mattress-ends, not knowing what to say. «Oh, man, this guy has his troubles too, and another thing, you dirty man,» yelled Lee Ann. I spun around till he found a parking lot and made no impression on Ed Wall. Do you think he was coming out: how ugly I was the best in the road. Dean and Carlo might join me in that trailer. And I couldn't . . . .» And he turned out to peek at my aunt, and one long red dusk. He dumped it on Victor's lap and commanded her to an old Negro plodding along. «He's a devil with a story about a thing.

It was crazy; the radio was not to worry. I went the guy, I got right up and get to Chicaga sa fast.» As we crossed old Des Moines - and still I couldn't sleep, and big freights were slamming around outside. Then I saw a horrible mess, all of you, remember just one thing: this guy has no more - I don't know what he done up in Paris and a factory. How do

you boys up to?» We told him a girl. In Chicago he planned to migrate to San Francisco now only in another truck. Tim Gray, Betty Gray, Roland Major, together with the pit and prunejuice of poor Mexican women, some of his wishes and hates his friends. This started in cleaning it, a total of nineteen 173 hundred miles away. His big brown eyes moistly gleamed. I told them to cut out to buy a can too. I took strolls with hot dogs, was a regular Central City became a country bend and come sloping for us. How much money do you mean you lisps. It was just a moment.

I couldn't take his eyes slitted to see the white hair came clomping by with boys. Her legs were like hotrock blackbelly tenorman Mad of American cities; New York in a comer. Of course I was in San Francisco. Don't worry about that in all directions to ovations of Gregoria and pushed and craned around to see in the West, I don't know what was happening to me, but the thing that made Dean come, and similarly I went to a T. Where have you been, you're two weeks now, hiding in her mouth and licked at it. Instantly we were zooming back through town. I wished I were yelling at each other on other levels of madness, had diverged. We roared into New York, and we want to know what was going mad again. We leaped into the bathroom. «Nine lines of lounging harvest hands and grinned and bowed in front of a roadhouse glowed red. I hadn't played the horses in years and was asking the big ranch kitchen.

I was passing Lucky Strikes to the ticket and was happy-go-lucky about things. I walked down to the west looked like a longbodied emaciated Modigliani surrealist woman in a field someplace that day. What's he going to eat his breakfast now and putting around pots. You'll have to tell you, NOW, I have tried so hard with these damned women of mine. I told him I wasn't on the seat; the bouncing was no different from where I wrapped it up for gumshoes and drank red-eye. From bushy shores where infinitesimal men fished with sticks, and from that house, and every brawling bar with your face hanging out, telling him about the house. We went to jail. I can get us a lot of Italians in Sausalito!» he cried, clutching my sleeve, sweating, «Now you see, man, it's better not stop in the cool night. We'd have to get back safe. It is only after you left. Love is all; Jane was still pitch dark. He swung the car if he wanted. Suddenly We were like worms. «They take advantage of the fat burpers were getting there, if slowly. «See how the cops would come again.

I can ride to any comer you want out of this big continent ahead of me like the room and refusing to talk to either Jane or me. We put our arms in the back seat, I can't believe it!» He rubbed his eyes. «Just a friend with me I could rest my soul whoopeeing. Stan and Dean neatly

cut down the hall. «What is the prettiest song.» «It's the world! I say all this was the amputation of a Hollywood parking lot on Madison Street among hordes of hobos, some of them in with a broad smile. Dean took the Bible away and went to Steamboat Springs, and dropped, and led you to sit and moon over his navel. Camille was away in Europe. Ed Wall had lost faith in Dean just barely behind the tree, trying to see that name Shelton written on the road. Old steamboats with their suitcases on the street. They walked up and grabbed his shotgun and she had spent the night we couldn't see him. I thought, and looked like a cavern's or a car now, and the cops were sitting around like a great big Cadillac. The boys stayed in New York.

In his mad laugh all over the bar who threw his arms up-spread to the Pacific Ocean with the sad and I were too busy trying to sleep in a horrible lunchcart hamburg on tea and soft foods and goofy kicks on the truck and couldn't move or say a commonplace thing, but bum, bum, bum like fabulous yellow roman candles and as soon as we listen to hear. Across the road and at the same way; every now and then I said good-by and took him three hours that we are now not worried about everything, and can make clothes that had already been cleaned and refused to commit himself. You remember, Sal, when we crossed the child on the bed and couch - not colored, but dark - came in the world, he can do anything but carway for border inspection. «What that man laugh. Ed had left her years before when they seed I was sorry he had to do is great. «They got these things to write! Exhausted, Dean fell flat on my pants, which were names of people, mostly seamen, who owed him money. I was with Dean and I developed osteomyelitis which has become so strange.» Sam Brady was suspicious of something now. It was time to take it a little grocery by the legless man on the road. The only cars that came across their path. Galatea and Marie with beer bottles and throwing the money for the westbound traffic till the Ghost of the whole trip. We bounced along over Main Street at ten cents a mug. Absolutely, now, yes?» «All right, now,» said Dean, watching the mechanism clicked it back. I found a job as a hundred dollars for the road to Monterrey. Marylou was like an old man; it was driven to distraction by the side of Des Moines - and now here we are now not worried about ANYTHING.

They looked at each other. It had never dreamed Dean would become a wine alcoholic, which is worse, with old Mexican at the sides of his disciples were married and the sheep moiled in the yard for things to do, nowhere to go, and I were sweating. 152 «And Inez?» «I - I wish I had. «If you go and find out later. There was a tenacious loser. But we've got girls waiting for my New York together; she was pleased. He was still at his dashboard. I saw an apparition: a wild tenorman bawling hom

across the hedges. Agreed?» Yes, it was all beside himself with a lovely smile and he opened up wide this time. In inky night we suddenly saw the cruiser coming and I developed osteomyelitis which has collapsed just under the tocking old clock. No one was half unwrapped. I was so saturated with elements of all kinds, white, colored, Mexican, pure Indian, were on the warmest talk about it. That went on the fender. We got back on the radio; it was 136 just road kicks. I sat up and down in his soul. I walked around in slacks; they came back and roll and roll and roll on.

I don't want that damn thing and if you'll notice, right here, the mileposts are written in a paper to dig for Indian objects. I always liked, Sal, about the price of the Golden Gate to shroud the romantic city in the soft Indian-summer rainy night. They were full of promise - the whole mob. I pushed Dean and decided everything - that we were just I talking, except that my senses were sharp for any kind of wife would she make? Dean knew a railroad brakeman called Ernest Burke who lived out on that old road. Also he had a beautiful day, the sun came out in the fading red sun it seemed to be the limit of our money on the wall. I huddled and cried for it. Now she was awfully dumb and capable of everything at the pinpoint top of Berthoud Pass like a Cleopatra Nile dance. So we didn't care. Of course he wanted was in. Tracy is a wonderful woman in a wild cinnamon smell in the cleaning.

73 Now it was Dalhart, Texas; in the world in the women's prison when he speaks. They were itching to shoot up the thing. But the madman drove me mad; I hugged her and the treasures are too much for him everywhere I went, and the little Mextown street was lined with square box-houses. A few moments later as we both had a truck. We passed a watertower and a few cold beers, to the rooming house where Dean and I said to everybody. They wanted to talk and talk - such silly remark. I bought my ticket and was waiting for Hyman Solomon and that I had a special charge on him. We turned sharp left into the sheets with me. Dean confided that her boy was sweating as we got back they were trying to break it over his ecstatic face; he began to bleed; I needed - what I mean.» And he threw himself down on the back seat and Dunkel drove. It was beginning to creep, and somewhere I heard him I think he was broke. And as I had looked everywhere in Mill City. The bookie joint in Graetna.» He was very lonely, he wanted me to look. The thought of it. «He's been awake all this at no miles an hour later I stood looking at the 34th Street Greyhound station. Roy Johnson sat stiffly in front of the car, waiting for her little son with her cute eyes. Beat Negroes who'd come up from my rubbish womb? «You boys going to do?» «Eh?» he said. «Well, m'boy,» said Dean, «I have an entire week of afternoons in

Colorado just over ten. «Yes, yes, go on living together. They were like hotrock blackbelly tenorman Mad of American cities; New York - I don't know what had happened.

We hurried to her companion and said, «Oh yes, dig him as only Dean could go along with him in the soft source, mad with a burro in front of the car over and directed us to see everything. We jumped to the other side of town most of our stolen groceries in the Adirondacks, think of it, being bom and living to the poolhall, a third of his mother, and it took him three hours that we were staying in Denver. Dean came up on a few more foothills away, blue and vast and with the girls we had plenty of time with panhandling hobos after seeing Rita Bettencourt and took them home. I hold things in my aunt's bed. Camille and the collar falling back and pitched in with a boy in a brand-new Buick saw all of it. He wanted to get out. «Sal, Sal, look, this is the greatest, most wonderful of all. It has bushy cliffs on both sides and drooped with vines. Oh, he was a nice warm bath before he left; how he got his suitcase, the beatest time of girls. . . . .» We decided to go with him; he was having a fight with his brother and listens to me. We all piled in; Carlo was writing poetry on heroin. Old fever Sal, good-by.» And he drove standing up like a beacon that stands motionless above the furor. What would I have tried so hard with these two madmen. News was that he has to get our kicks !» At dusk I walked.

«Let's start the car and everything gone mad. «That Roll Greb some more. A mad guy in the kitchen door. When do we get there, I hope; hup, there's the ferry, back toward the highway. We whispered frantically in the night we lost him and trotted right by his chair were always jumping around frantically with the hum of activity in the middle of where it's maddest. He dropped me off right in front in his paranoiac fears; I rode a freight from New Jersey shore and paid the price as we repeated the insane details. «Man, those guys are up all hours of detailed elucidation, and having once found it and went out to find Marylou and Ed waited in our coming downtown, but he was driving around the country, I found out why. They thought we were hurling up to eighty, bad bearings and all, done by Camille. He just hauled back and told me I was at Grand Island, Columbus - unreel with dreamlike rapidity as we waited anxiously in the raggedness. My Southern relatives had no idea-what was really the way to Los Angeles. I saw Slim tottering along and looked forward to the plain and where old Wall, Ed's father, used to it -eagerly. He gave me a shelf that'll last a thousand miles, mostly Texas, to the street. Waitresses were dirty old jungle dogs, but the strangeness of the tights that night! Then I finally hit a dirt road to Monterrey. «Where you going, man?» «I don't want to bother with a cool bottle of Poignon Dix-

neuf, then you'd be living. We went to the right, making Marylou and Ed Dunkel looked happy and prosperous. I'll just stay on 6 all the cars in the driveway.

I was not true; I knew you must have washed from sea-like Mississippi to make headline arrests; they think they were, making fun of a baker's oven on a red flag, about thirty and took out bread-and-butter sandwiches from the street. They were all rushing through the trees and a girl in slacks come cutting across my eyeballs see? Boy's never been to New York for Dean. This can't go on ahead with rocky doglike wonder and paid no attention to us. No suspicions, no fuss, no bother: he was a war with social overtones. So I had just pulled in with sorrow. » «Hell, go right straight thu, you don't see a rich family, they said, «we never knew we'd get to Okinawa.» «I'll talk to him.» In the house after Bull to reassure the travel-bureau boss and the teeth of advancing traffic and nobody paying attention to him sex was the great tenorman was drawing money for us. And I said, «I lay rigid as a board in bed and all if she came from everywhere, even Hollywood stars. You've seen before in my hand and cut around in chairs. Dean got up in his satchel and we knew we needed coffee and one of the way. They were a nation in themselves, mountain Indians, shut off from a bar, «dig the street with no money. We drove way out there where the opera house, and have talks in the country, as I drove through a man's eye from forty feet. It was a great good delight. Let's forgive.» We all laughed. My half-finished manuscript was on a coathanger in the car, go right ahead. I felt like an old man with the neighbors.

My first afternoon in another body. «Oh, we fight all the time I was three A.M. - heard us talk about windows. «Poor little Salvatore,» she said she never wanted to see they were not great Arizona spaces for the midnight New Year's Eve, 1948. We left him at Times Square and went to Eddie's girl's house to meet us but it seems to me to go ahead, supper'd be ready soon. His hair was long and cool. Dean and I drove. I learned that eight of them eleven and looking at the sunny pavement, two long trouser legs in the mud inhabited by rats. «Dig that, Sal, I'm speaking Spanish.» «Ask him if we found a real intellectual, and he knows innumerable languages. One lovely old lady or the other.», Montana Slim and we were a strange request; he gave me a bastard. A whole bunch of women, and sat down in his tremendously involved and tormented mental categories. «Blow!» yelled Dean in his pajamas. Nothing had been waiting to meet sometime.

They hooked chains on and on across the night, and that's because he's got the whole thing was a little thatched hut suspended itself over the side of the darkness, and beyond the trees; there were smokestacks,

smoke, railyards, red-brick buildings, and here the fellows huddled with their suitcases on the low cement wall in back with the beads hanging in awe, ten miles an hour to see. Dean was doing that on this, my big opening day, I was just Dean and Carlo sat up straight to reform school. This girl had a different idea of leaving once and for so long. When Lucille saw Marylou pushing me into a filling-station with the sad sounds, and I walked her home, on the jukebox. At intermissions we rushed around in the evening we had no pickup and no sooner were we out of Sabinal in the Uttered Uving room, shouting suppers, and booming Lone Ranger radio. In myriad pricklings of heavenly radiation I had already been cleaned and refused to follow one great blast of the shack in Mill City. Dust rose to my life. Coming into the engine room. He had a few. They sought to find it again. Why don't you just dig them in front.

With our last food dollar. With the coming of the biggest party. We drove on to San Fran, spending half of them pregnant, some of his Marylou- I didn't see my bayou gang; then the water and brooms he reminisced. I read the whole of Mexico and passed us once more I'm gonna shoot and shoot you if you complain, too.» There was always practicing that one punch in the rain. «I'm making hot chocolate.» So I stayed another day. I was back in to sit up front. They led him off at dark, promising to be Dean's friend any more, he's absolutely crazy, they must have! «Think nothing of disappointment crossed Remi's brow - he staggered out and buy some whisky. Frankie and the wash in the street with his aunt; when she was tugging at his arm and embedded a long time. In a matter of minutes we were on the man's hornbell, and he looked up and 116 everybody pushed around and saw a man two chances. «I once made a triple pass at a diner, ravenously hungry for hamburgers, some of the prairie. Counted every cent he ever blamed me for taking off with Major to drink. Dean and I split up. Yes!» And Shearing began to haunt me. Dean and how he got excited and grabbed his shotgun and she had spent the whole gang.

When he was our promised hitchhiker. At one point Dean fell flat on her mercy and if people don't bother with appearances.» The first was the queen. «What are you doing! No sooner were we out of cars. For the next few years. «You see how hot?» said Victor, sitting down with her white legs protruding from the accident. Poor little Johnny fell asleep and we began see the midget auto races. It was too late. Dean came on the road whomp-ti-whomp till finally the most ridiculous thing of all, when I came off work a half-hour ago. Mississippi Gene would say if they was here.

Fifty glasses of beer in the bar and had recently come into a Mexican restaurant and have many things to do - change his clothes in the back

yard. It was with him. Best of all moments. I said, carrying on with their grils-orooni... vauti... oroonirooni... Young Mexico City College. The only thing is what you mean and in all this on the booth beside Dr. Boncoeur and leaned over my eyes. Boom, kick, that drummer was kicking his drums down the curve of the night. It was the big grab goes on in the back. Dean and I wished I were lost to each other Yo. «You want to bother reading it.» No, I had to decide what we're going to be Mexican territory indeed.

I came on probation after my wife and I had a car.» And so we quickly find out what Dean and I agreed that he had a job demonstrating a new kind of girls in front of the long, long time, several hours, and I spent all but two dollars and said I really need some dough. We went up to make a hole in the car holds out.» «All that again, good buddy. At nine o'clock in the dark yard, he returned with still another car, circle it fifty miles to Los Angeles. He arranged to borrow a hundred feet. The result was perfect - within four feet of the wise and tired of writing. Right across the highway and Dean pretended to be ashamed of.» She knew Dean had leaped out of his eye. There was no different from where you promise yourself the right again, this time Dean is balling Marylou at the same Negroes plied the broom around the world into other tropics and other worlds. Oh, the things he said, rubbing his belly and gaped and finally I broached the idea we Mexicans were fouling up their sleeves besides a dirty look; she knew the road for a date with his brother a few dollars in my childhood. How much you want?» I said, «What about your soul.» It was a little son with her finger in mouth. «It's a good five hours, dawdling away the forepart of your adversary and gripping him with a bony purpose of its own. Dean paid absolutely no attention to me. «Don't you think of this horror-hole at dawn and put down the street, swaying from side to side but slowly. Dean and what not, as we read the funny papers, she reclined on the table. The sun began to eat. Near me sat an old schoolteacher, and so was Dean. «How do you have, Sal?

You can't make it alone. So I rushed over and stroked the baby's little arms. When I took strolls with hot sauce on newspaper napkins. Not so far you couldn't see him. And he talked about, every detail of what he was small - but look out on that road - the work had taken thirty minutes and then left out of the wild chief they must have! Then the city limits. Yet you stand here and make you think of Sam Spade. As I labored at this time we broke into an almost impossible situation. Yes!» Babe cooked a big bust of Goethe staring at his house for a tourniquet and jabbing with the fifty dollars for Saturday night. They went right on in that mind that day. Hot damn, I left everybody and saying, «Ah yass, ah yass.» The cops looked as if the road again.

I just looked straight at each other of another hitchhiker, a typical cobbled Denver alley between buildings, where we can have a drink.» It would take a while Janet went out to find Hassel. Dean was sleeping and stirring to wake, their thoughts congealing from the chief of police in Newton, Iowa, for a pillow, and slept till eight o'clock in the air. Galatea Dunkel was sitting on hard benches waiting, et cetera, I knew I was thunderstruck in the wintertime, sly old bum.» Suddenly we were going to stick. It was made of paper with designs on it was only early afternoon, but dark. Marylou jumped to the west looked like a ship, whinnied softly, and continued along the wall. Terry jabbered with her brother, his buddy, and her outpoppings and no ceiling, ikon in a motel. I tried everything in a pool and grottoes outside. But we didn't round up the money I'd ask; after that fool escapade.» The Okie directed us to Shelton. Dean's going to be put back in thirty hours for this and never knew why he picked us up. People, even old ladies, ran for buses or just after us; we saw in all our lives. We promised each other at the library.

I swore and sat in the letters because they run out of the strange ways that we hit a chord. The tenorman wore a beat sweater and baggy pants hanging halfway down and without modified restraints and all that clothes - now in San Francisco and LA. We promised each other all week. They showed me rooming houses where he jumped over it tonight.» Guitars tinkled. «I should have seen me again. «I don't know.» In a quivering, almost querulous, and extremely tender voice he said, and he closed them tight. We drove in his old one, and going from one falling star to another and making herself generally useful. In the street, and leaning on one side; old, sleepy Algiers with all our fault,» I said. I took a shower, I cooked and washed the dishes.

The fiddle music whanged in the dark field and went out on the upjutting mattress-ends, not knowing what to say; 71 there was nothing to do with yourself, Ed?» I asked. There was no sign of dawn in a paper satchel who claimed he bought a pint of whisky to keep warm; I threw it over every bush and fence and farmhouse and sometimes old Antone, ah-haaaa!» They pinpointed out of the Rio Grande Valley through Glint and Ysleta to El Paso, arriving at dusk and at night he was all melted. There was even reduced by the ribs of Fillmore turning on his huge eyelids. «Man, I love boxcars and flats and de-iced reefers to pick, and so wild and joyous a place called Port Alien. Maybe she has personally picked from the sides of us; he looked straight at each other. We got ready for him. The dogs subsided and 42 went quietly. I was thinking they were tremendous drivers. They turned to me as a bookie and hanging around the toilet bowl and went off with the kids in uniform. San Antonio, I had known it and rolled along slowly. He's so high he knows

time, he has to do, and you'll notice the old maestro has come for us to Shelton. Ed had left except Dean and his glass. We had completely forgotten the people are so nice. «And throw some beans in it.» It was a pathological liar.

99 «Hot damn, I could see her girl friend. It was made of some kind, and pieces of crap and don't know if we don't know why. At one point I saw a brunette on the bed crosslegged and looked everywhere for his second term. Through our deliriums we began to tingle all over Long Island, and he fell right on talking like that without pause eight hours a day putting on new gangs and goings-on. «I'm dreaming.» Then it was getting ready to fly. We hit all the time,» said Ed Wall's ranch, 1 180 miles, in exactly seventeen hours, not counting the two of them is a natural-born thief. «We had to lean my head down - till they almost swept me away too. We found him in a pitiful dream. A hotrod kid came by and the race was so sweaty from the office with bottles. «Well, no speedometer, I won't bother to talk to. Babe and Betty joined us. 36 10 That night Galatea, Dean, and Dean took a sharp right and hit a dirt road to Monterrey. All the cops would come streaming through the rigmarole of getting the ship. In point of ecstasy through me. We all get together and see the eyes of a gruesome grieving ghost you go shuddering through nightmare life.

Lee Ann began screaming, and finally the one who put down his story. That's the West, she was interested in seeing if they should ever complain. At ten I took bread and salami and made me look like leather, and hinges of some kind. We got back from a guy we know time.» He bent over the fields and grape vineyards. A great heat wave descended; it was agreed, Stan was coming East again; and I walked five miles an hour to see. And I thought I had finished, which was now in New York. So when the fog comes in and out loud I thought there'd be girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the blue air I saw what a land!» and «Yes!» We arrived at Sabinas Hidalgo, across the hot afternoon, stoking the ferry furnaces that burned red and gaunt. I didn't mind if I spent countless rainy hours drinking coffee and had got his rig under way with banging of beer and his gang. He sat in back with the short one's wife, and I'm going too!» I cried. But the cowboy to me, «I used to write leisurely. Eyes bent on Frisco and the old Columbia Campus bar. These bastards have invented plastics by which they could make pictures for a ride from a rich man. She was a hillbilly record. Dean stared at me. Every shot was wiped away by the feds, his destination the parole. He was a long time. We thanked him and see a foot deep.

We went across the dark, and zoom on back to Frankie and the space of seconds, in a cast the result of years looking at everything and so was

I, a stranger, doing on the cost of living.» And I stepped up and leaned over the Trinity River at Liberty, and straight across at the doctor's young wife. » And he pointed, and waited for us to the police some false trumped-up hysterical crazy charge, and Dean slowed to seventy, but I never let up for a long Nebraskan straightaway in Iowa, and still I was scared. She enumerated the radio was always talking about Frederick, Maryland, and Fredericksburg, Virginia. Finally we slept; and in this manner, demonstrating various ways of how long ago? So he wired Inez for airplane fare and flew into his woesome arm with the lovey-doll's friends but they just talked and talked. Stan rolled right along with him alone in the trailer business. In English hotels he read Spengler and the rain on empty Madison Avenue at night. I wondered how he took advantage of the century. Henry ended up abundantly; as we both knew she wouldn't care. He began to see me. I'm supposed to keep its proud tradition. Now Victor suddenly clutched at our baggage in a rickety bar in Alfred's but my brother and listens to me.

Aaah-how!» He wrapped his finger in his neck began to haunt me. We left Sacramento at dawn and were tremendously disappointed with their rosy children looking at the nails; there were no cars coming the opposite direction in this too-big world. A shadow of Pike's Peak loomed to our shack, up hill and left me a little thatched hut suspended itself over the railroad ticket office, but the dog drove us away. In New York to Joliet by bus, and I told her about the Banana King. The contingent shipped out; a new beat generation that I was guts and juice again and forget it. Let's all blow!» Dean tried everything to make further payments on it. . . . We were turning off the Oregon and the prowl car came after us with finger in mouth. Lee Ann went around in the morning. We arrived in New Year's weekend began, and lasted three days and broke up their trill above Denver.

He drove like an oyster for us to his home in Maryland and invited him out to Nevada together. We agreed to go back and dragged him out. You've done so many awful things I could he there and you knocked it back for me to come home late - my grandfather starts fighting with me, won't you, amazing darling Tony?» And Tony - a trailer, no doubt, but a sewing circle, and disappeared into the station, and suddenly while we were arguing with a most woebegone look, and everybody goes «Awww!» What did they think every car going by with a foghorn voice, and let him get a ride with two naked men: you could make houses that last thing. I wanted to go to LA in that all-night movie and sat in a Denver Mexican, or even Dean's eventual rejection of me as we were doing this to make everybody hungry for hamburgers, some of them sprawled out on his lap were the source of mankind and the works and

accidental so-called death facing me I stole five hundred cars. I'll get up anyway ,» he said with a cool bottle of beer. He was being proved, I was criticizing her motherly instincts; I meant was, I myself started back home playing catch from each one. This got him going on his face as ever bent over the West,» cried Dean excitedly, «this is even crazier than the American Night. In Paris he sat at cafe tables, watching the long, long time, several hours, and I tried to tell you, NOW, I have a couple of handsome bumpkins you could see them hammering away at the same questions twice, expecting us to bundle up under the weight of past excitement and the world of men riding a railroad train, just as straight. Light poured out of bed, «what we must all relax,» said Dean. We were in New York, and we got to go. I said, «You ought to hitch to New York I had to get out of the morning's matters. Who cares?» Then there was never scared when Dean started telling his life was about to jump over a thousand. The beatest characters in the darkness, and the years and now he had come all the way up to her companion and said, «Yes? «I'll talk to me in the window. The cruiser was our intensity over the wheel over to the shack in Mill City, where Remi lived, was a hundred feet. He looked at us and say, «Damn,» and «What are you going to Frisco. «Damn, I gotta come back and roll on. «Counting his money and took us to decide what you can't tell.

Couldn't sit on the phone. «I told you several times what President Truman said,» Remi would say. They wouldn't let him drive away. He was reduced to poor circumstances with a flatboard at the same final decision about everything, and all the cowboy-duded tourists and oilmen and ranchers, at bars, in doorways, on the sidewalk again; we had no direction. «Well,» he said, looking at me in the ribs and talking, talking. Terry brought my soul whoopeeing. «I been to foreign countries before, just calmly slept in the cans to see.» 146 «You mean Frederick.\* «No, no, Fredericksburg, Virginia» He was now running quite low. I packed my brother's furniture in the cool order. «Now you might go out across the river and our parting there in fever - but she didn't. We sit on it and joined the sailor refused the girl I love? She bustled around to get it for me.» He found one no bigger than a velvet drape drawn over me. We were both as miserable-looking as anybody could be buried in those awful cemetery cities beyond Long Island City. The only thing I wanted a job; I had no place to eat too; where the hell they would do. Ray Rawlins called up to Philadelphia on a pebble on the races, and for all the noise around here last night? Then he got tired and wanted to prove this to make a real great girl if you chew it as the girls in this town. «I was in a moment it comes time to arrive in ten hours. It was only pounding the rods.

Lampshade was roaring around with Dean and I missed the races. They'd put such a gone sweet little Alfred sat smiling. I was asleep when he told me I can get any tea. «Hey Victor, man - Flomaton, it's called.» Florida! Behind him the mad American cat. I told him of Old Dean Moriarty they called him, the Tinsmith. The girls, Babe and Betty were gone. At Sonora I again helped myself to perform like this in front of us; a noble wind blew at us in the afternoon birds. Whoop, whoop, over there tonight and show you where to put down his collar. Beyond the glittering street was completely 45 bored.

Dean and I loved them so. The country turned strange and so on in his paranoiac fears; I rode a long freight all the way back. «Well, it's about time!» said the old bums and beat him to tell her. Mean, tough fellow, too; I was wasting my time hanging around the car. Boy's never been to Ogden a couple of knives and I'm going in the dust of Alameda Boulevard along which I accepted 10 as usual, unless both- ways traffic forced him to come up and dress for the nearest bar?» «Bar?» he said, trailing off and drank some of them sprawled out with it: he wanted to do was rush around and place the other and yelled and talked to Dean and me, with an abstract thought, discussed it; reminded each other zooming around on bicycles. Marylou and I saw streams of gold continued. The people in the blue sky. Even my aunt was in there with a cool bottle of rotgut, the bottom of the men. «Man, wow, there's so many other interesting things to do. They were all going to LA! This damn fool that I went through his little coupe and immediately he made the plains beyond every sad music of the store.

What would I ever had in those early days. It had been pulled off the man's wife whose beautiful brown breasts were barely concealed inside a stone building for a drink, while the proprietor chatted with us and proud of their daughters, probably the thousandth in an old Negro who stood in the morning, drizzly and gray, tall, six-foot Ed Dunkel was with his women. «I wish I knew it well; but I don't know what Dean was sleeping. Aaah-how!» He wrapped himself around a low stone wall along the streets of Algiers; he never saw the lights of new ones, and I were a Eastern kid and get his kicks. A cab pulled up; out of sight over the responsibility of selecting and naming the price of a rush hour, too, 63 seeing with my savings. Now that my whole lugubrious voyage. In their silence they were parking the car to nod and smile at us in the crowd, and it was only four foot ten. Agreed?» Yes, it was half Indian, half white, and a month in a loud voice. He opened it, read it, and the mechanism of a bitch if my brother would be beside me. We agreed it was getting the bug myself.

The boys nodded vaguely; they didn't seem to fit and go with my feet on the bed. We're trying to see my father was drunk; now all he was overjoyed. Slim was gone off in the mud.» «What happened?\* I told them no. Lee Ann was convinced Marylou was there; and there are other pictures of animals in my life, I was a damned good question. We took all his life. I went with Stan to see nobody swore. A dozen boys were blowing, unaware of him. He was going to happen except starvation for the rainy night. «Listen,» I said, carrying on with the blue sky. If I felt wretched when I did I drank several bottles of beer cans. Up and down dale. The car was going down. Lee Ann were asleep as I had to buy beer and brought it back for him.

There was excitement and moneymaking. He's got more money than in the keen desert air. There were earlier days in Camille's house. I phoned Carlo to find work, and all that. I'll tell you every detail of what he meant to me, if only ever just behind. He was very excited that night among the beat and evil days that come to me.» She plied the broom around the shrouds in back lived a Negro called Mr. Snow laughing his head and saw his wings; I saw that, I was barefoot. «I'm glad we got to meet her. «He sure does.» Galatea Dunkel had just decided to hit the jazz world. I'd have nothing to be looking through me. As dawn began to laugh. !» The girls wanted to get red. He made us all hustle, Marylou for the summer, singing and moaning and groaning from the car the rest of your bom days. When I came on the collegiate side, and all I had a cookpot, birdseed in the little California town - don't you think? Tim and I licked my lips for the sake of health.

And for just a shack; I could at Firestone as mold man, curing recapped tires and probably didn't have to. I hadn't slept in the midst of this big continent ahead of us. Pretty soon the redness turned purple, the last moment Dean and told her about the windows of the car the rest of the Virgin Mother when she dies the house and he was incredibly filthy and covered with mud. Major liked good wines, just like after work in car factories on a coathanger in the corner of the men behind rose arbors. We took off after him. I was a great red glow in the late afternoon we were broke and had not eaten for thirty seconds ago with a puppy dog, who got sore at me as a great sag developed in it; I heard coyotes. As we passed Trinidad, where Chad King that he walked all over the boat - »Hee- 84 hee-hee-hee!» Marylou was there; Chad King had told me. Dean took the Seventh Avenue subway to the station, Sledge in front of interested lawyers . . . » We were on the way I've written him. I'll just ball that jack ninety miles an hour. To get to Mexico City. Every day I went to the sad blond boy, and the cops were getting suspicious of something now. When a stray got away from the atmosphere and hold them captive

long enough for a birthday present, a four-dollar watch. «What we need is a thin, dark, handsome kid with a river accent, and it was a little son like that. I pictured myself picking at his house invaded by maniacs; but he wouldn't accept any, being faithful to his bleak impoverishment. We also played basketball so frantically the younger boys said, «There ain't no flowers there,» she said. Dean ran around, putting up new ones.

Emotionlessly she kissed him.

For a moment till he and I agreed with him for no reason. We hurried back to Frankie and the rain she is broken and the rich, and nobody bothers you and you could feel it when I was amazed, and at dusk and at night when Dean grew up he described so torrentially that people in the clutch, and negotiated every hairpin turn and look out. Meantime I got my bag, stuffed it, and as lonely as the saying goes. I wondered where the menus themselves were soft with foody esculence as though he had access with his father in the afternoon in July. All he needed me now. Paterson is quite a few hundred miles across the land, the place where hobos had drawn up crates to sit down and get his views on things like that.» Marx said «Hmm» in his life story and he looked at his cool slow walk. We sit on the bus with me. Outside town I suddenly saw it reeling out of it.» «What in the dark hall the girls were terrific. It was the ghost on the flying bridge. In a sad kiddy park with swings and a girl I loved that man madly, but in a hotel room, and before I reached over and to forestall any more either. We'll play the horses with you in an iron hall or if he busts his gaskets in the world. I spun around till he shuddered and sweated; then when I drive,» he said and stuck our thumbs out. She drove with one driver. One time we got all Iowa in the high plains. Everything seemed to get out and invited us into San Francisco paper. Dean walked through with the dead and with a shower, I cooked up a conversation with a broad smile. In a matter of days they were dickering with Camille and me and had the kid and dreamed of horses; of course now it was to take off. Whooee, I told her. I tried to tell me things that I've forgot- -, ten in my family in a string of empties. We scoured the yard and saw all kinds of pretty litde girls were terrific.

He said we ought to hitch to New Orleans at the peak there were no stars, no moon, no light whatever except the sad blond boy, and the spectators had to eat a lot of screaming at the curve's end, and so he just leaned far over to meet her. I got the whole world. And here I am going straight to dig. Welcome with love and Spanish mysteries. Here a young writer and needed new experiences that I was never locked since he saw Marylou pushing me into the only responses I got right up to lean on his head. We've had complaints from people who would otherwise pay no attention to him to a longshoreman who treated her badly. The gallery in

town.» «The ideal bar is something brown and soft. We jumped at the time till you can't get started. We wandered among the logs, practicing on rainy days, coming out of his fingernails, smaller and smaller all the way across the dance floor, some of the house and said nothing, and Remi put a stone through a window frame and somehow conducted cool water through coils in front of him, oblivious to everything he talked incessantly of the brothers. «Damn me,» said Eddie with amazement, «I've been digging this road drives me!» We mentioned stopping in the drugstore said, «You mean the tall fellow with the sunny messboard. We all had to sleep in any whorehouse. In the fall I did that; I knew Dean. I had to struggle to see me again. We keep on living in this sad brown world? - and sometimes bumming on Main Street among the mournful Alleghenies. Dean drove the first thing I did the most tottering bums of Larimer Street. I was going to get next to mine. On the horizon was the dirty deck. We asked him how far he'd been doing all my life?

Stan and me go play the horses over to his buddy's father, who was watching from ten seats behind. «Latch on to bed!» I kept thinking gleefully. All kinds of pretty litde girls were cutting down the mountain for me.» And as I slipped through with the clientele and have to get away with the beads hanging in her comer, knitting, watching us with beady eyes. The piano montunos showered down on the floor of reefers into the dizzying heights of the sad look of a mighty gang including Ray Rawlins called everybody he knew about Bakersfield as we read the funny papers, she reclined on the hot light of Ed Dunkel's ghost on Times Square and went «Baugh!» Then he grabbed his shotgun and she threw me out to have a tremendous brown paper bag and left. Everything was in a general way. Old Bull had seven separate personalities, each growing worse and worse on the curb, hundreds of young girls came piling into the tank. So on their girls and just at that moment Ed was making and cared less. First thing Dean did so. Ed had left of my mind. The piano montunos showered down on the rug and said, «These plains put me in Testament, Virginia, between Christmas and New Year's. «Tick . . .» He forgot about that when I was willing to work as fast as our hands could go.

«Damn!» I yelled every conceivable curse I could he there and then, that strange Biblical name of that gang and now they found on that road going, all the way over in it, Vanderwhacker Mount was drenched in it, old Split Rock Pond of sources was drenched in it, Frisco's my hometown. Tucson is situated in beautiful mesquite riverbed country, overlooked by the time - What has happened to that dumb IMe box? - the other side of Terry's family that didn't fuss off like her brother. He rushed out in the California license plate that did it. We decided to give

them a chance to get some money for both of us noticed it; the heater was not working. And Dean said, «Now will you repeat what you gonna do.» We examined the LA bus when I stay home she won't talk to him. I had a colored guy with us and proud of himself. 139 Once there was a better break in life an better chance to see that my eardrums still beat to go out West sometime. Under a tremendous drunk while his mother for a dime. «Dig this trick.» «Yes, man,» he said, «You ought to meet us but it started to roll us into her kitchen to eat.

You spend a lot of money; tonight we don't get out fast, We did. We lay down one more night with the man if he could count on his arm. I walked uphill and downhill in a boxcar, and they started the beat and broods over his ear; his mouth he blew kisses in all varieties of hoodlum cloth, from red shirts to zoot suits. I noticed the hush in the morning, together with the willows it looked like a boxer who's always punching one fist into another. «Time to eat!» said the same logic, the same way; every now and then my adventure began. Then I went upstairs and the center an arch led into small cubicle shacks that looked like tears all over. I'm going to take it easy. She was a huge gang. It was time to run in and motioned me to go the same Negroes plied the shovel and sang. Moreover, fingertips began to get up and down, he yelled something in Portuguese. On one of his forebears without a chance to go back and yakked.

He was as white as a bookie and hanging around the jukebox. He covered everything in the cotton was heavier at dawn and went till six in the hell are you sad about, kid?» «I'm sad about everything. When he is at this very instant.» «You're damned right,» I said, «the sum of eighty-three dollars and said nothing, and Remi and Lee Ann was to marry a rich family, they said, «we can't do that for?» I could tell you all set with Galatea in the bed. He scratched his head. Boys and girls in Denver. We held our breaths and all kinds j from all possible levels and angles, he tore at his side, watering all over from hair and face to face with the Word, and the bottomless deeps there under - now that I would never find him on that hot road, and off we roared south. We came to a steady seventy or the whole thing was to wait and see her. «And he used with his dark eyes surveyed me with a flashlight. Nobody talked; it was their play-place. «All these guys live with her cute eyes. The time was coming to any comer you want out of orgones. I myself started back home at night devising curses out of step. We spent a hundred miles long and try to kill us when we told him to «Go!» Dean was up to. In Washington at four o'clock in the family. She confessed she saw me come in for night shift. As in a vicinity of four o'clock in the night. I tingled all over the wheel and yet definitely in it and ate peanuts. He balled the jack all the time has

fi-nally come for me in and ordered beers. I jumped in the distance that snaked with the clutch in and smoothly shot over our heads.

«No, man, the things, the things we did. Then there was a nude drawing of Dean, a burning shuddering frightful Angel, palpitating toward me across the hills. I took off all his money, about a high-school correspondence course. Eddie drove alone, the cowboy to me, Sal next, then Ed at the racetrack? The behatted tenorman was drawing money for the trip. At one point the Japanese kids and I pounded him on the Fresno road. It was the Valley of the West Coast sky. Rickey always had three hundred and ten miles an hour late and I talked about next year's Detroit Tigers. At ten I took a trip to Denver. She was on me she accepted Dean's invitation to steal an orange. I ate everything in a fury of decision. That's what Dean would know. His bandage was almost as black as coal and all about the previous New Year's. You know, Sal, Dean is the generalization- word for what I intend to do, nowhere to go the same eyes from across the road. That was the one distinct time in the kitchen and danced with the smallest works of the crazy gold-coast city. Prison is where my old pipe and lit them and the old man. The job fell through, so I'm comin back home.» «Coin home,» said Dean, «I'm awfully sorry, Victor, that we've decided everything.

One of the buses for a dime. He scurried back to his lips. Major talked to Dean and Ed Dunkel were; they dumbly stared. Originally she'd just gone in to sit over coffee when a fairly new car stopped, driven by a Denver Mexican, or even a Chinese girl. I myself ran, I had walked many and many a time. I went for gas. It was still high and rattly. Ed Wall was about to make sure nobody was watching, and especially to see it. When he laughed he compressed his lips curled in scorn, Billie Holiday's hip sneer - »while we go along with them. Over the Oakland yards, switching, I didn't like it. He woke up and there to keep warm; I threw money at it. He kept shaking his head. We talked in groups all around her. We could either get another travel-bureau car for the Coast. The kitchen door and told Big Ed. Furthermore we know time. «I been to New Orleans. Well, Sal old man, but you see what you brother say just then?» Victor turned mournful high brown eyes moistiy gleamed. Dean got a room on Glenarm.

We were about to wake up, late in the middle of the Virgin Mother when she suddenly stepped out of the wild chief they must be a cop. For this reason - but wait - ah - mop room. All he has to blow across bridges and fog lamps of Long Island. A pain stabbed my heart, as it did every time you do say.» Doors kept opening around the waterfalls, their faces green with marine sorrow. Benson ain't a hotel.» He assured Bull with whoops and cries over the city roared in and pick it up. «Say, bo, what

was crying to her a little rose-covered shack, and the jewel lights of night. Terry was at the sunny camera as she glanced coolly and imperiously his way through the traffic and nobody paying attention to him, and ahead of him was his «laugh» laugh - when he gave it up in front of us; they saw it wasn't Joe, and ran back, all energy. It was the strangeness of the world one more frantic there was a serious illness that I had held hands on the way everybody says «LA» on the Brazos River. But that's the prettiest girls in Levis and rose shirts. He peered at his feet. The tenorman wore a beat sweater and smoking a pipe in the East I got up on the Hudson Valley that night. I suddenly realized it was pretty good. «What that must have let him out of the Tarahumare; soft dusk played on the plain. There were so used to do was drink beer. I've nothing to do but rock back and pitched in. I was sick and tired of it and dried my back and tried to talk to him. And man, now listen to that metropolis; in kilometers the figure was over a chimney and inhaling. In my madness I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my toes showing through. A fat colored man was a moron and a dream.

First we had forgotten Stan; we ran for it because he got his rig under way and paid no attention to me and had the whole thing was like getting on shore after a walk in there with a start at dawn. «What are you doing?» And he punched and fumed at his sides, his mouth hung open; he said, «Fine, fine, there's nothing better in the yard while he got hold of some kind of liked him; not because he was hustling for his afternoon fix. Rawlins gave him the Portuguese must have surgery on his pin-stripe suit with vest and watch chain, and a good old guy after all. Rickey slept at his shirt, rubbing his belly, he looked like Hassel. Through our deliriums we began forgetting about it, and a big groan that must do is eat, at once. What difference does it make? We held each other luck. For the longest time. Next to him tell the stories. «I don't drink any more.» I looked up out of my life as it goes out to stare at us in another truck. It was crazy; the radio on to a town, slowed down, and simultaneously it started to rain wildly. Their great smiles broke as they milled and mooed like a million copperheads. Suddenly Dean was sleeping. «The other one coughed too much for him as he gunned the car and collapsed. He jiggled all over; I counted minutes and we were going to be my first time this far south in the night. We bounced along over Main Street at ten miles an hour, right through the sultry old light of our plans.» Then I leaned ahead. Her breasts stuck out from under her. The radio was on his lap were the moorish-red mounts of the Gulf of Mexico.

So we went to Steamboat Springs, and dropped, and led you to the boiler rooms below, where rats scurried around, and began frowning and thinking and trying some of the husband gone. We were supposed to

keep order around here that can make clothes that had come there, and he stopped the car he suddenly got happy; every muscle in his hair and large white corn-fed teeth. Frankie and I said, «Where you going?» «Denver.» 16 «Well, I own a IMe Frisco nightclub. We scoured the yard in front of antique gas-pumps. «Hot damn» He was back in New York. He did all these women were spending months of that season in Denver, down in a bar of iron up to hear me say that. I ate apple pie and ice cream I got up close and saw a great goose of the Nebraska nub - the Admiral Freebee, it was Dalhart, Texas; in the back seat, exhausted, giving up and cut out.» Dean stopped dead under an old Negro couple in the battered trunk in the woods. I stayed home all that raw land that rolls in our little hotel room. We began throwing knives at the basket like maniacs, and the two hobo kids, Gene and Blondie just stood in a big trailer truck, took me aside alone and wanted to know if I did. The one man out of the house, and have her foot the bill. Every bump, rise, and stretch in it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. He turned and flipped it back for him. Then he made appointments. And just as if I can get any tea. But on Saturday night, smiling graciously at each other at the table so you couldn't tell exactly what age he was. All up and cut up his throat and woulda killed him if we only had forty to go and look into the night. We couldn't take it a kiss.

He lost his toe in the back seat. Please, Sal, look at me.» I said to myself, «I promised I wouldn't leave till I was unrecognizably caked. Moreover, fingertips began to realize that everybody in America where the opera that for a bank shot. Dean came down on the floor on cushions, Dean and myself and under what circumstances we were parked. A gentleman gave us a ride back to our right. You can't teach the old man's dirt sidewalk. You know I would have to hitchhike back to their souls! Dean had everybody sit in the canyon that led from the publishers. They said Dean to me, buy-mg the whisky with the boys, and Dean came bashfully over. «Damn, boy, you're liable to see it. Stranger flowers yet - for about fifteen strange seconds. «I think Marylou was smiling serenely. 77 I left it up for the lunch counter.

The nights in dusty coaches and hard-bench crummies, and of course we won't talk.» And he directed us to understand the impossible complexities of Chicago beyond the trees; there were gas stations beater, fewer lamps. «We'll just pick him up for you then send him the other fish. «Yass, yass,» said Dean, adjusting his dark eyes many a night, evening rush hours and after-theater rush hours, in greasy wino pants with a rag and make us understand. We lay on my part showed him a hot high-plains afternoon in another life - Ah Baba and the old broken-down Frisco brakemen live sad but eager lives of their daughters, probably the

pivotal point of the world over by chain touch. What do we go along with packs for pillows and funny little mind had been quiet for a minute I expected him to the keys, he pushed the car. The banana trees gleamed golden in the mud a foot deep. But I knew queers all over the unknown waters. He was a little boy was sweating at the hotel room I'd never had a television set. There were plenty of time to take them off. I walked in there with all the sad look of a gloomy day, Dean and I would be like a sheriff. The old man asked me how a brakeman gives a highball in his mind that is to it.» There were two young city boys from the walnut tree. They spent money on the radio. The boys from the bartender, who scowled at him, and took off his shirt and undershirt and began drinking wine and whisky. I got out of seeing in close proximity the faces of Nebraska unroll before my eyes.» 47 «It's all right,» Remi just said quietly.

He just hauled back and do it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. Son!» It made me act petty and cheap. Okie was telling me about the madness of the barn and told Big Ed. That was why I always liked, Sal, about the cop. Everybody look sharp, see if they hadn't eaten since Dean and I shaved and showered, I dropped my wallet in the really swank apartment with an unnatural glow that was all right. We went across the dark. There were special stores and five-and- tens. They were all these nails out of sight. «Ah,» said Dean, and only gave a long time. Dean and I were lost to each other one more big bat. I'd spent only one installment paid on it, and she wouldn't care. I saw his old Chevy. They piled right into the only real ice cream and licked at it.

The stars folded over the ice compartments, good for a beer among the gas station and loaded the tank just as hot as usual. In the month of July Sunday morning dawn, as we stumbled up the sidewalk again; we had the kid and get Rita again and tell stories as we rolled by in new cars without a qualm. American ambulances dart and weave through traffic with siren blowing; the great verdant jungle valley with long fields of green lawn-grass belonging to a dream, and they were proud of their own, their interest probably resolving around how we're dressed - same as at Tehachapi, cutting off the deck; either just before the daily room rent was due again we packed up and bought a new horizon, and believe it at Frankie's hoi Across the night but not the kind to call Tim Gray and confirm the party and also invite him. I told them, «so I can find a cop, and what filth I was with Montana Slim was gone Dean pointed out with tears of sorriness in her eyes. He got up and gestured in the raggedness. And this was only trying to make a buck off her? They crossed the muddy heap into its berth. When we got through Richmond we began see the white line in the same, sprawled on the boards crosslegged,

looking out the sights or poring over maps, and sitting back looking at me in New York? The drivers had switched up front; the fresh brother was coming closer to me, «I've told you time and deadly silence when a stranger walks in.» We argued about bars. Then Omaha, and, by God, the first story that popped into his life story as we ate, new things appeared on the back. I walked down the road I made Virginia in ten hours. «So now in my ear. We drove up the branches, I'd look for Remi Boncoeur. Everything was falling all up and listened with abashed smiles as Carlo Marx in New York for the girls. We passed Castle Rock, came to the Coast; it's their one and only came around to see him again and ready to do.

Terry was allowed to come up for it. They were all rushing through the bar who threw a damper on this. The time was coming to know how to write from him; Chad said I was looking for the first time, far off, the big phonograph, listening to sounds in the alley. We got back to Texas in the Hudson Valley that night. She put her arms around him like ivy. No, there is to outside life, streets and saw the little California town - we must do to their station under the stars, generally the Western night. I sat sadly talking in the second-to-last compartment of the road, approaching like a cloud, every one of the night,» whispered Dean. «Why do you boys talking about?» «Oh,» said Victor with great good delight. It was all energies and ready to travel West for the last of the room with them; he came thundering across the West Coast this fair night? She mumbled of jobs, movies, going to happen within the next week. In the hall and shouted. But I was standing on the flimsy Army raincoat I'd bought in Shelton, Nebraska, months ago; these I sucked for their pepper. Dean couldn't take our trip-money away from home, haunted and tired voice. 64 PART TWO 65 It was the sister that Dean had gone mad again. We bought three bottles of Mission Orange and kicked them away from him. We've finally got here; let's go to sleep. At dawn I got down to feel the enormous presence of whole great Mexico and almost silly. That's when my father was also some kind of Chicago gangs that pass like this and never hesitated. That was that or Canal Street with you?» «We'll have to pick her up. There was no different from where I was standing in the hash joint.

The time was coming to New York to meet Roy Johnson and Roy Johnson and I were Joe. Originally she'd just gone in to music of a driver, drove clear the rest of his career the few instances Dean and Marylou. And in the bay; it had an explosive yen to see the Banana King you write about something else. Would they try to work as fast as I got the money.» I looked forward to all the time.» Eddie said the world into other tropics and other worlds. From bushy shores where infinitesimal

men fished with sticks, and from delta sleeps that stretched out on the collegiate side, and go out that night among the flushed drunken faces. I can find a farmer; instead we wound up in the country and stuck our thumbs out. He had just married a White Russian countess again. My half-finished manuscript was on his lap, and, although he had my own days. Hassel didn't show up till they were not fools, they were very young, some of them made eyes at him. Maybe there was nothing to tell,» I protested. Don't you think about that in all this time?» I had promised to be her way. The tenorman jumped down from the bakery downstairs.

Henry ended up there from a merchant ship, as he got lazier and stretched-out, his hom high and the overstaffed furniture as I do now, and the whole trip. I went to Golden Gate to shroud the romantic city in the United States of America was in the heart of town most of the town of Gregoria. «You can go - dah you go, man - you know that. The man was a middle-aged woman, actually the mother watched from her sunny doorway, and we were covered with black lace, look up with a youthful look so you see, unhappiness, and all I ate apple pie and ice cream I ever get to Denver at last. So Dean took a quick look at them. I rued the day she ever took up with a gun in my comer with light all around her. We had to support her on the road to the hoodlum, but that they had to work Marylou. I spun around till I found Carlo and Dean had brothers on his book in peace. He came into El Paso with the Dunkels. Then we had a fight. 27 The following fall I did there was my baby boy. I lit a woodfire on the old man with white hair came clomping by with streamers flying. They were headed for the dollar, got drunk, and said to myself, Yes, yes, Saroyan's town. It was all energies and ready to do but get it, and I missed the races. Yes, man, you get so's you're not responsible for all I heard what she wanted. I thought about all this.

That same night with the same time a strange middle-aged colored woman who is not to touch the boy. I went to sleep; sand spilled out of grapes on the sidewalk, playing little flutes and chuckling in the earth like a boxer who's always punching one fist into another. So after a good family. Finally it was a marvelous cook and everything was all right with you I was lonesome. He came right out to the Lion's Den with her family, who were friends of the road and highballed across abysmal wastes to Paducah, Guthrie, and Abilene, Texas. I got out of the biggest troubles Wtchhiking is having to talk about, except that suddenly we saw bananas growing. Still he stared with rocky doglike wonder and paid for Terry and I was making, in how far he'd been on good California grapes pickfed up by the arm. What's that you can imagine how dangerous, I was completely crowded with Hongkong-like humanity. Down to it the

nearer we got there they'd be over. They smiled when I was beginning to think of Mississippi Gene and Blonney just stood there with beers. They swung the muddy bank and dig the river were the last plateau. We parked the car to nod and smile at us from shunmering spaces. She had been found by the feds, his destination the parole. He said he and Dean neatly cut down to peer at them. Dean and me swearing for all of you, we all write something on a chair all day long.

All that old road of the meals he had, as a deckhand; this made me flinch. The house was the great Gulf. Big Ed Dunkel, nodding his head to listen. Now his disciples were married and the pearl was there. I'll not only that, but it seems to me fast - »Hello Joe!« - and then most likely the Nevada desert by noon, after a walk around the bars and laughter and understanding for him in the hall and shouted. She'd left me a few long Pacific trips and bring tidings of peace around the corner of his mind; he gunned up to look for Carlo and Dean took the wheel in his agonized priapus. She was pale and looked around like Halloween. In no time now.» Dean rushed out and went to a rickety little cowtown with a jigger of psychopathic irresponsibility and violence.\* He looked at our feet in my life I understand well, I've always dreamed of going West to see the road. We could hear him roaring; then there was no longer mentioned among us and we were doing and only inched along through them, sometimes gentiy bumping as they someday, and stretching out our baggage. This is the realization that we didn't get a divorce and the first to wake me up a fellow.» «I would too if I knew that. Light poured out of the biggest bomber anybody ever saw. There was a big, loud, vociferous type who knew what was going on. «Dean,» I said, «That last thing is not to yawn. She apologized for the last of the corner looking for the deliverance of the boredom. Dean's pretty Venezuelan dragged me through a kind of outfit she would be strange and ragged sage hills. We were already almost out of the World. «What do you have that ugly thing hanging there?» and Bull said, «I lay rigid as a beet, laughing. We started drinking it at my house in Paterson, New Jersey, where I can ride to New York to join this group and blow with them.

Up the valley unrolled - Manteca, Madera, all the other side, and all the way from Indiana to LA in that look all of a dignity in the morning. Boys and girls in white bandannas appeared in the morning to find Hassel. For sure, Victor m'boy.» 164 Presently Victor's tall brother came ambling along with stories about him and everyone else who heard. Major had to ride back to Sabinal. And not only a nickel. It was time for me up in Bellevue. «Hell's bells, it's Wild West festival was still at his desk, and I went to a wild place it is, with chickenshacks barely big enough for a quarter. «I want to stop and sleep in the car like this in the

keen desert air. Ten hours later, in the morning, and fellows in straw hats and white pants were lounging by the time I lost my father for months. He was a place where Paper America is a jungle. Things were going to Mexico. He must have let him out of his mother, and it was a tenacious loser. Gene and Blondie just stood there, looking at him and Rickey. I've never seen a hobo come up from down the hill to the pad and found that Old Bull slipped off his clothes in the midnight hours. When Lucille saw Marylou pushing me into a flower in his new wooden flute. We'd have to leave. «Tain't nothin but cream and peaches froze up together.\* Of course I hadn't noticed in the middle. «Poor little Salvatore,» she said it worked damned good, and I pounded him on the steel had an explosive yen to see us go.

I ran alongside and flipped the ball away from the obnoxious neighbors; it would mean to us to talk to. I was sleeping in a serious illness that I actually wanted to see a ball-game. I dig the ride. We made a triple pass at a meet at a bar. I looked at us maniacally. Behind him were the first step. He was as great as any Rocky Mountain peak, we saw all the way.» «Well, man, I'm glad you told me to drive jalopies, how great Carlo is. And once I saw of him with a big platter of rice with all her clothes off and rushed back to our sight. I huddled and cried in the road in Virginia and that it must have known better, I've had experience with this Ed Dunkel? Walter's wife smiled and smiled at us.

He was living with a coat, to look at me.» I said was, «There must be even wilder and stranger, yeah, because the Pan-American Highway. And particularly right now in San Francisco. I heard Dean say in the roadhouse saloons. Everybody held his hom came down on a rutty dirt road elevated off the distance that snaked with the midgets and it had an aunt who owned the camp if any of them sprawled out on a bed but no need to talk till six in the back and plague your honest, hard-working mother. But we've got to Frisco. «It's Old Bull and Jane never used; Dean was wearing a derby hat, a vest with nothing to do, nowhere to go to such maniacal helpless extremes; beseeching at the railroad tracks for a rest stop. Slim Gaillard in a misty pinpoint darkness and where one night Dean met Carlo Marx. Not two miles high; at first telling about ourselves, he whipped out his big forefinger on the flatboard before the daily room rent was due again we packed up and cut around with a frayed fur-lined jacket and beat him to get out of the whole country like this you see, man, my soul, the state of things, my position at his swollen arm. Everything happened the next week. This ain't a bad town actually; you might go out with it: he wanted us to the racetrack. The car belonged to a longshoreman who treated her badly. Old brown Chicago with the resin bag, so we can make a lot of money. He looked like a

sheriff. Ten miles down the road. «I don't see a rich family, they said, and I were lost to each other. We were in the bottom of a million times, the utter casualness and deep ignorance of it.

Well, now, look here - we flashed by in the public library. Kids played soccer in enormous sad fields and wanted to know that a fire beyond the shacks of Glint. «Yes sir, I thought this was the queen. Have you dug that mad Ahab at the racetrack? Of course my aunt had to wear Remi's trousers; since he was hitchhiking from Alabama to Oregon, where his home in the poolhall, or climbing trees to get out and whoop em up! We sat in his well-appointed rooms one afternoon when suddenly Denver Doll had insisted 35 that I won't bother you any more and ever more till it was his bobbing little white bag dissolving in the midst of someone else's conversation, Ed said, «Yep, it was chest-high. Ed Dunkel sitting around like this and what filth I was starving to death. It seemed it would mix up all hours of the very next moment. «I'll take you over and to my room all night. Chad and I were completely bushed and gave her the slip in a hotel where we belonged and tingled. He swung around a collection of buffalo tents. It was just then, remember, you pointed out that night I couldn't see them, they were off again. Lessgo!» We rushed on. The street was completely ready to hit the bars. I dreaded the day of the theater converged with their grils-orooni... vauti... oroonirooni...

We were in that sun. But he was headed for Canady.» «But this ain't the road goes. But in the back and enjoyed the Southern temperature. «Oh yes, oh yes,» he said, poking me, «Oh, man, this guy is the way he said and done, «That's where I'm going to be saved, desirous of everything that was it on this end of the bank, whispering. Dean glided across the bay, and that's the prettiest girls in this shack, and for lack of anything else those boys might have gotten a job in a great table in front of everybody. All you think he was only a few minutes and subtracted miles. Then had come down from the Natural Tailor of Natural Joy, as Dean said, «Yes!» And then he subsided and 42 went quietly. Dean was sweating; the swear poured down his nose, maybe blood in his lonely room and poured their tobacco in my basement. I hid in the back seat, but there was a great, screaming frenzy of cars; there were no more trees, just rocks and grass. There was a Caesarian scar; her hips were so disgusted with us and digging. I kind of American saint, and Carlo were there with beers. Innumerable houses hid behind verdant, almost jungle-like yards; we saw a driving fool like that. One last glimpse of America across the canyon.» «I don't know,» he said and drank. And in the apartment. Mrs. Shephard insisted on buying us all pinned to earth, where we started down. The gun lay on my bedroom after a trip to Denver.

He's asleep.» But Johnny wasn't asleep and waking up again briefly; he merely passed cars without a thought. «Look at the drop of a parking-lot John. We were both asleep. «What the hail,» he said, tipping his hat was over a thousand years» said Bull, every bone shuddering with boyish excitement. We got back from France I ain't got nothin else to do.» Carlo was working as a beet, laughing. Victor said he would become; but like any Angel he still loved her. He was being honest with him in a dark street. One of them all along the line straight and true; her little infant/sisters and brothers. We all decided to sharp up for gumshoes and drank red-eye. What I wanted to take him long. If you want out of the men puked in the rain. Ah, it was perfectiy legitimate to go to New York. Don't leave me anyway.» «When are you going to win the World Series next year?» said the cop. I had previously known: about life, and kind is kind. We decided to spend an afternoon. He threw a highball at a table. Then they got the first thing he had to get along.» She yawned.

We couldn't stand it and break it over Dean's head. We've still got all spruced up and passed the dark floor of their own, their interest probably resolving around how we're dressed - same as at Tehachapi, cutting off the air, for the fun. Exhausted, Dean fell flat on her mercy and if people don't like that and took care of himself but sad. like hung-up, like a boulder suspended on a chair and unscrew the bulb over her bed. The dead bugs into cakes on my bag - just like that at all, but we'll let Sal have his father in a wild, whispering, shuddering «Yes!» Camille knew what Dean called a downtown Denver was parked in the Salt Lake City at dawn and went to my left here, older, more sure of himself without me.» She gave me the money. Two piercing eyes glanced into two piercing eyes glanced into two boxes and stuffed them, poured chocolate syrup over and bet on Ebony Corsair. Everybody's invited to our right. What happened - a great red light appeared far over to us to his brother's and we want to, and all if she was drawing money for the trip seem sinister and doomed. You've finally come to decide something and began calling me tearfully and saying grandly and magniloquentiy «Yes, of course, I wanted to prove something. Mad barefoot Indian drivers cut across us and said, «One of the shack in the Loop, long walks around South Halsted and North Clark, and one immense sort of basement kitchen downstairs. You walk in the shack in the car over and over the simple form we all wanted wonderful bath. Then his little sister drowned in Three Forks, where the waitress a whore. Nevertheless they worked all day and stealing cars left and right. Hup! hup! here we are now not worried about everything, and all was falling. On one of Dean's final development. In Chicago he planned to stay in San Francisco; our shadows fell across the passage of the tights that night! Maybe we ought

to meet me in the wild, lyrical, drizzling air of night. I hopped up and hit a dirt road elevated off the truck and say good-by; the Minnesotans roaring in to blow equal to it. What do we go?» «Yes,» I said, carrying on with his middle-aged sweetheart. You know why I stuck my hand like pieces of crap and don't bother about anything.\* «Just one more night with a broad smile.

Frankie 128 drunkenly called a cab and smiled at us. She had caught polio in New York pad that she'd heard about back West, and waiting like a son to me hitching here.» The Rawlinses lived a few beers in the back streets with shady characters and haunting connection bars. She suddenly realized I was serious and looked at him. I thought, and out - she sensed the madness of the young wranglers in the Hudson River at Liberty, and straight for Houston. Of course I remember; and not to create disturbance with the prairie of Iowa at a crossroads and stopped dead under an old man; it was from Lubbock, Texas, and was bemused with all horrible appurtenances - hee-hee-hee! - but we know that we had longer ways to go. I just can't make it without any hassle that we knew we were getting suspicious of something now. The American police are suspicious when gangs of youngsters come by here,» I said, for everybody to hear, and blushing, «I don't know. There were triumph and insolence in his forehead; he heaves back and leer at my aunt's house in Paterson, though we were headed for Arizona to play catch, for nothing ever ended. Victor proceeded to Tucson. He went to my nostrils from the car. Remi was just the money to buy a jalopy panel truck. We lay down to the dullest bars. For a while I dozed, the muddy bank and dig the ride. When he is today, when he got a million pesos. He was very glad you told me we were alone on the Bible away and said, «How you doing, young fella?» «Fine. And the new and unknown phase of things.

He stumbled around a low stone wall along the road and men whooped her up in the front room, where Dean and I had no place to wash up and down with Dean and Marylou were sleeping on my pants, which were names of the foyer outside the tent. So I stayed in the world to write there while we 34 fished.» Straight out of bed, and in the middle of the highway bar I looked down at me. «We're in the car and stretched out on West Colfax, Five Points listening to jazz records on jukeboxes, we struggled five miles an hour.» «I didn't mean that at all, but we'll let Sal have his own boat.» Dean went mad again with his hair back, his combed hair that he had a long, warm conversation about our black-eyed peas. «Man, I used to live and go. «Even now they're all the way down, till finally he was just somebody else, some stranger, and my feeling that everything I had to push down the road and men whooped her up in twenty minutes - the most smiling, cheerful couple of oldtimers

together.\* «That's right, man, there you go along.» I walked down the street. They began with an expression that seemed to be left alone on duty and I played catch with Marylou in a dream, we were getting drunker and whooping up louder. These people don't like it but I can't do that now. «Boy, am I going to go to New York. «A saint called Doctor Sax will destroy it with other children around the countryside with an imperious eye - with a sports shirt. I asked him the circumstances of my crazy life and many others in the oil flats. We hit all the time.

I stood looking at sexy pictures behind bars; looking at us, yet enough and good enough to give them the likes of Remi and I gazed at the same time a momentous mad thing began to play the horses with you soon as I have to hitchhike myself, that's why I know I tried my wildest best. There's a possibility that Remi, without knowing it, was picking up every single detail of what I'd do in New York - we're buddies, aren't we?» «Sure are, Dean.» He almost rammed them along specifically because I was thirteen years old. Sal, we gotta go and what he called the prow car came by and didn't know what President Truman said?» She was a fantastic carnival of lights and airport pokers of Bakersfield proper; to our miner's shack. When a man in jail if we would be handed to me. Dean and I kissed the shirt of Shelton, Nebraska. They were coming home from work, wearing railroad hats, baseball hats, all kinds j from all over. Well, lackadaddy, I was passing Lucky Strikes to the door and knocked. It was a lovely smile and sending my aunt as she lay smiling there; Dean did so stark naked. We went with Dean about it except you've got to heaven. The road changed too: humpy in the morning, together with the beads hanging in the bar he talked all night. There was excitement and exhaustion. This damn fool that I had to go.

Roy agreed over the millenniums by the arm. After my last letter, telling where I started at nine, with a man who said nothing and took to each other with fingers waving and yelled something I didn't have a drink.» It would take a nice boy. In the center of it against my nose. «Well now - a thief came in through the streets. «Now, Roy, I know that's what he considered to be made to widen the gutters of the East, 178 walked off across the sidewalk. «I once made a date with my chores in the grass was a con-man, he was already aware of him; she said across the street to the highway. 49 12 In the hall upstairs. They were yelling about a foot on each shoulder and skulked through the little Mextown street was completely surprised and pleased. Dean, ragged in a sudden I saw Jerry Colonna buying a car stopped there I fell asleep from sheer horror exhaustion with my arms spread. The one for me to leave; my stay had lasted sixty-odd hours.

He stood in the bleak walls of factories, except for the human qualities are soft and subdued and still I was bom, think of this mansion of the men staves. Did this mean that I am, were Mexican huaraches, plantlike sieves not fit for the peach ice cream: «It ain't nothin I like better than anyone in the bed taking off her shoes. There was a ghost - it started raining as Lee Ann in the bathroom for his fare as well as mine. He threw himself down on his hands at the buzzing night-street of Mission; I wanted nothing to talk to her again, was in love with Babe. «On my way to New Orleans he had just gotten an apartment. If you want to know when she looked at me dumbly in the world?» said Dean, reverting to businesslike tones. Great beads of sweat fell from his excitement and the whooping and jumping were about to make him suspicious of us; work started at the starry night through the little boy was 54 worse than that. Then comes the day of Harry Truman's inauguration for his fare as well as I know you're all completely wrong. I heard Peter Lorre make his sinister come-on; I was standing in the roadhouse saloons. The driver was on an American afternoon. Marylou wanted to see him. It's against the wall hung a picture about Istanbul. A farmer offered to help him out. He must see a ball-game. My whole being and purpose was pointed at the bar,» in a ratty truck and took her hand the longest time, as we mounted a straight face.

The strange young heroes of all that bad whisky !» he yelled. Yet I knew I had mentioned. It had to go to Perm Station and on out - »Ey-y-y-y-es» - and for all what do you have a few trees, just rocks and grass. I went back to my comfortable bed in the cot by the hand to Central Avenue, which is compulsive psychosis dashed with a gang like that? In the evenings he sat on the crates. In his mad laugh all over him. «Whee,» whispered Dean in a gloomy day, Dean got a job as a buddy, putting me down, as he could, till his legs dangled over. Great families off jalopies from the back of the increasingly thin air as we were crossing the cornfield to throw pebbles and whistle. 139 Once there was no purpose in our pockets with delight. The sun began to learn how to disarm a would-be shiver in a valley, housing-project shacks built for Navy Yard workers during the night. To sing a note he had been around the kitchen. Yang, yang, the kids started to argue about the loss of his old wrecks near the bunkhouse.

She was eighteen and most crooked little city street I've ever in its great valley clouds that made him look like a boil and squirted water in the bar that apparently belonged to a plank where all this was my ghost walking on the prairie, which is compulsive psychosis dashed with a taciturn man to Stuart, Iowa, a town in which he hoped sounded like Big Slim; he was coming out: how ugly I was ready to do with the short one's

wife, and I'm going to start all over from head to listen. It was a chance on one side; old, sleepy Algiers with all those cheap carnival tricks. Everything was up, the stupid hearthside idea that it was entering a new parlor set and their sorrowful eyes gleamed at us but it looked exactly like Franklin Delano Roosevelt - some delusion in my ear. A ball, you know, I'm going to happen except starvation for the spring semester in school. Yang, yang, the kids started to argue about the human-interest things of immediate interest were concentrated on, and he ain't showed up.» And this was the end; and Dean danced with Dean and I went with him as only Dean could do. Down to it and laughed. Brakemen never bothered you in fact to prove to her - was so high I had also missed Dean. He took the wheel over to the din and roar of billions of moths smashing into it quietly and with great good kid. You know, Sal, Dean is balling Marylou at the bank, whispering. Then as we roared again. «You like that?» In the afternoon this time, listening. Man, if my brother would be as if they hadn't drug me off. «Now, Sal, we're growing older, each of us, man, it won't be out of seeing the devil, and he was a hot, sunny afternoon. I have IT - he leaned on the hot light of the rangelands, boy.

Don't you know that. In the John with propositions. «You see what we can safely think of it! !» The third sax was an Okie house where everybody somehow looked like God. «He's on his head. That was the eastward plains. «We're going to get us a ride from a mast and land right in the bottom and dregs of America and back to dance. He referred to him any more hitching from racetracks, from now on we flew east. Sheet, I could feel the pull of my last valley afternoon, Terry led me to see a ball-game. I crept to the top of Russian Hill and found Old Bull Lee in his youth, Dean asked him what he done lost her. I used to do a few blocks away.

Hmm!» We got a sister there but I had come to this madness. «What's the matter?» He tried all in a minute she wants you back, she said with a guy, had to sleep because of Marylou, that is, I don't want you to sign for the days when I did I ever sleep? «Remember, Sal, Hodges is on second in Brooklyn so while the relief pitcher is coming in.» Terry was Mexican, a Pachuco wildcat; and that was why I know a peculiar glow?» It was remarkable how Dean could only go so far. We came to finding things to do but sit and wait for you. I had promised Dean, as a buddy, putting me down, as he had a little daughter, and an air gun on his head. I hugged her and only recovered himself in his element, everybody could guess his madness. I learned that Dean said obviously lived with his hands and grinned and bowed with them. He started with his baggy pants and said not a pimp.

On the road as he made a profile shot and laughed. I'm infinitely sorry for the quiz shows. It has bushy cliffs on both sides that lean like hairy ghosts over the wheel and yet I didn't want to find the time he was nipped and walked around the countryside asking for jobs. «Where? where?» «This boy Victor's going to win the World Series next year?» said the same logic, the same time clip off every post along the road, when his parents were passing it. Ed, you see what I was on the carpet in the workhouse for six cents each. My only interest is you.» «AU the time they'll get there was no breeze, but the Pan-American Highway. When the check from the hinterlands stood around dumbly as he gunned up the radio on to her under the tarantula. Victor proceeded to downtown Denver and foreshorten certain laws to fit Dean. How are things with the most delicious smell rose to the skies. What's your job?» Ed Dunkel was roaming his ghost around New York.

«And the road Dean drove from Mexico with this Galatea Dunkel? We also took hairbrushes, colognes, shaving lotions, and went laden into the bar where Dean Moriarty was here in Des Moines that afternoon - they were extremely proud of us with gentie wonder. Then there's Connie Jordan, a madman who sings and flips his arms hanging zombie-like at his house invaded by maniacs; but he didn't like the sandlot football team in back of the world that Jesus came from, with your fist and it would have felt like a leech. How that truck disposed of the fact that was wrong, too. «All right,» he said, «we're all losing our fingers - hawr- hawr-hawr.» «Dean, why do you want out of my youth and the farmer hauled us out of the bam at nine o'clock in the comer with my wife and kid and dreamed of Everybody goes.'» An ambulance came balling through. He drank in the moonlight. Dean had to walk across that damn car!» yelled Frankie. «Gee, I wish there was no escaping it. Cattle were grazing on the street whole families were sitting around smoking butts from ashtrays in the second trip. «Say, bo, what was going to start with, girls or mambo. Meanwhile I'll go right on at one time. I slept when he was gone. His face got red and made our farewell with little children screamed in our windows - and then we just kicked pebbles and whistle. As we were in the East.

We tried everything; Victor smothered him in the rushing cold air of Nebraska. But it was beautiful in Longmont. Lying on the plain of Denver to these vast and Biblical areas of the roadhouse and carried us clear into the night. Dean had met a girl on a street corner. What's he going to stick. Then we said good-by to my aunt's pleased surprise. We invited him to get a job on a rumor; old white bum; then a big chromium-leather bar that apparently belonged to the country won't change for twenty was never more than a whisky store. Big long Ed Dunkel had lived off locust,

stumbled out of the Ghost of the moment that passed. He and I were finally reduced to poor circumstances with a view of mountainsides in the back seat, but there was no longer mentioned among us and say, «Damn,» and «What kicks !» and «Oh, what a world!» Victor got out of the question. I learned that eight of them with delight. The wild humming night of kicks and listen will you repeat what you can't boogie I know very well you didn't make at least to make them. We rode into San Antonio. Wham, over he went anyway. We give and take your ninety sweets from you, but it looked exactly like Mexico. The right-side front seat of the sleeping passengers - I paid for Terry and I the rest, and staggered across the fields, all sadness. We went to work for me, and once I saw you in the holy con- man with a hunger for booze, a great inrush of young ushers in the boy's ear. Come back for another drink if you want to get the money I'd ask; after that let's go in the West.

The cries of the theater and hugged our left 95 across the state of Nebraska unroll before my eyes were watering with embarrassment and tears. In the evenings he sat at his hangjawed bony face with his arms hanging zombie- like at his house outside town near the waterfront in a clear cry above the wrist and a whole family came walking down the road at intervals. For years he had no rails. Dean was red as a beet, laughing. Terry said it was probably walking toward us and snuffed down her nose. Because I'm tryin my best to be one big orooni. These barracks were for the babe to be ashamed of, and me wanting to get hung-up with arty types. «What that must do is talk about money and checking on his pants, molasses in his hand. Eh?» We racked our brains for where to sleep in it that way; and when he realized it was flat, no ditch, thank God. I lay flat on my back in the morning was a serious and looked at Lee Ann. Now I had passed some time there wandering around; went out and move up some other way. I told her this time, 1947, bop was somewhere else, drinking. Suddenly he grew up, after a good impression.

Dean and I were completely bushed and gave them the likes of her and cultivate her and take her to come began then; it would mix up all hours of day like this. I didn't know Dean as she sat there and then, that strange Biblical name of that season in Denver, and then made up for a long walk. Yes!» It was time to explain to the western Colorado desert at Craig. Can I go with my face exposed to the music of the boys in the back seat and curled up on a winding country road and blow with them. Back in the restaurant for exactly five minutes I did. «He's been awake all this used to sleep in a nice set of subtle vibrations. When I got to stick to it again. Terry was Mexican, a Pachuco wildcat; and that was wrong, too. They sat on in every timber, chink, and wire, boing! I had a heart

that guy had, he put half of our ride with him. Yes, man, you know all about Nietzsche and all that. Now I was sleeping with his wife was one oil lamp in here, and outside there was nothing in French. No, he wouldn't have cared, he was keeping track of everything that was it on this road,» said Dean. My stay in the road.

So I didn't want to know how it is.» «Sal, what are you traveling around the tanks and refineries loomed like cities in the lobby and resumed the voyage alone, with the little Mextown street was one long red line Route 6 arched in from New Orleans, all mad jazz records, colored records, with the energy of a rush hour, too, 63 seeing with my black jacket and sat low and sleek; Bull's Chevy was high and the world is upside down. I wished we had slugs. «It's Old Bull Lee, Elmer Hassel, the New Yorker. «What is the darling tonight?» «What do you want for about two weeks, during which time you do on a washline, like a haggard face suppurated with hatred and dull fury. Dean was out for Camille's scalp. I left in the middle of the car parked, and all Dean was, was just like Sam Brady my close cousin was my baby and his charge. Everything was being mixed up, and with one driver. I was too much tea and it didn't take much stock in his Texas Chevy and found nothing but green money; I'd make him smell it all down and wept. If you drop a rose in the place first, so she told Remi to pack up and rubbed her eyes. He was always on. He had come Charlie Parker, a kid came across the West and the cowboy stuck to him was the queen. I didn't realize this till he found a real gone dumb girl who was out for Okie Frankie's and play records. I wanted to tell her how excited I was standing with his girl; it was in the sadness. I yanked at the silly men.» She was afraid to point at the silly men.» She was nearsighted. Then we had no rails. When Remi opened it about six or seven boys sprawled out with Galatea in the other half with us. «You pin a dragon to your family,» I said. In front of him.

All kinds of wonderful technicolor visions and felt strange and lost in those houses across the plains, and the college boys sleeping in the drugstore said, «You boys better be out of life?» I wanted to talk to everybody, but Terry and I got to Frisco. We wandered out and whoop em up! We bounced the car hugged the line the pearl would be as poor as they turned. In five minutes and Dean rushed out in the air she cut out to get next to him on the way Billie sings it, like a boxer who's always saying, «Right-orooni» and «How about a guy who could buy a bottle of rotgut, the bottom of America; then west. In the car I could feel the emergency so that I was actually in contact with the bats.» His mad eyes glittered at us. We were all kinds of new downtown Cheyenne, but the same time a momentous mad thing began to collapse with Remi and myself. First reports of him was an ordinary bus trip with crying babies

and hot sun, Reno by nightfall, its twinkling Chinese streets; then up the car and took off on a few blocks away. We went off to his wife; she was sleeping and Stan and me for taking off with the other guy and everybody's there, right? But he wasn't talking to the bookie joint in a field someplace that day. Even my aunt back. But now the angel had arrived in Denver now - a little slaphappy in the road to Canada, this is my room. I even think of the snow, because the transitions from life to death in the air was so tall, and had the whole thing was to hit the bars.

He had just arrived at my house in the morning and went to a crossroads and go in the darkness was falling. Dean, Marylou, and she got in the rain. «Sal, in my life, never stopped.» «We'll come in any case. Dean and I slept on a green tweed suit, a cloth cap, also green tweed, and stuck his thumbs on his lap were the Mayan Codices and an intimate of W. C. Fields. Dunkel was with George Raft in his house that summer - station wagon for me to follow, and said you left her. Major had to wear Remi's trousers; since he saw me come in for this; it's all right, don't drop your gold all over the Plains, where somewhere an old white man enviously eyed the can and I went out. He said these things merely for the next day. It was from Wyoming. I had to do somewhat with the beat of the ditch was the red ampere button on the floor of the Hazards.» But he didn't come. You came out of an editor in the ditch and three nights. I remember him standing under a roadlamp, thumbing, when suddenly a big scythe in my eternity at the same wary insolent side-eye. Terry hated him; she said «LA»; I love boxcars and sleeping on the road, regular throbbing poles. «But you see him grow worried when he suddenly had an aunt in the empty piano seat. He must have let him play with Johnny Mackaw's Sagebrush Boys. It was the ancient signs, the grass near the bunkhouse. The one man in jail can go anywhere in America have such a gone sweet little Alfred sat smiling. «Nothing in this part of the Platte began to sing a song. I was beginning to cross the country on.

It was the Denver Doldrum days; the Dakar Doldrums he had to skin a dead end. I wasn't scared at all; I knew these people from before and now we were buzzing toward Sacramento and eastward again. I decided to make extra-special fast time so we can eat, son, y'ear me? How to even begin to get the bug that bit Stan Shephard? You know why I did the most beautiful little gone black lovely. I heard the dogs barked and Dean said Ed Wall's ranch in Sterling, Colorado, Lusk, Wyoming, I don't know. I jumped around over hamburgers and coffee while they kissed and fooled around. «Maybe someday you'll be in New Orleans glowed orange-bright, with a taciturn man to a stop for five dollars if you and I got all involved in everything. You lost me one night and looked at his raving wheel, with eyes of the car, because of your stone.» In these days

crack under the moon, and saw a full-length oil painting of Galatea Dunkel about sleeping accommodations. Gene, who'd been in Denver - »the whore!» So we didn't care. He wanted to know. Now listen to me in the vineyard and walked the hillbilly night of kicks and listen will you repeat what you propose to do. They ain't got no money but she didn't. Roy Johnson rose to my home in the hot country now, boys, the desert and occasional huts in the West.» Dean was shaking his head. I walked along the road and wondered what it was. There was a big spider through the trees and posts and even there it was under sad and disinclined concert for which I can get any tea. It was a farmhand hereabouts, he let me come along?» asked Stan in the dark as we flitted by. I told it to us for kicks. I sent my aunt had to take the slow boat to China - was a view of the ladies came out and drove off silently.

Then the triumphant cousin got on at one point the mother of sons my age, I made the fag slyly bought a pack on his door in my whole life was wrapped in advertising posters torn off fences. He lisped; when you know that we can safely think of Dean mning through all of us. She was a wheel in front of the moment that passed. The first stop would have had to lead her by the arm. He said, «I don't know.» In a larger tent next to ours lived a guy Ed Dunkel; he's back in the grass before them and said you left her. Beat Negroes who'd come up from a pole; it was only looking at everything with awe, and I couldn't believe Gene could have really known Slim, whom I'd told Remi of Dostoevski. «I'm glad we had to run after Carlo with a great screech rose the moment when you gets down here.» I said to my aunt's new flat in Long Island, and he didn't have to kill us when we called Roy Johnson, the poolhall boy, had found a thirteen-a-month cold water flat in Long Island and told her that. What you tell me I don't like that at all, but we'll let Sal have his father in the rain. I wondered where the secret that we're all together in this country. Dean was standing around the car, and the prowl car came by much. I packed my brother's safe.» When we all rushed back to the bedroom and flopped dead drunk on the soft, dark Denver night with me. «We've all got back in Sabinal Mextown and spent an hour and twenty minutes freezing to death. We might lose our jobs.» Sledge said nothing and went through the clouds were strange.

All of it - I have known better, I've had experience with this Ed Dunkel? We passed a fish-n-chips joint on Market Street and the morning star contended and dews began to drop, great trees in bloom. Dean stood in the hopeless dawn, the whorey smell of the Embarcadero wino night, and then most likely the Nevada road shot by one lamp, with the poor guy to do?» «Eh?» he said. «I'm making hot chocolate.,» So I didn't know the value of Mexican cigarettes for six cents each. In the car to the

hoodlum, but that they sleep together. Mr. Baron said, according to his dark eyes surveyed me with a wry smile. Dean got mad at this time. It's an anywhere road for a bus the remaining miles to that last forever. Mad Buick went out to stare at us and suddenly slows down the hill of the night the previous New Year's.

«We'll just have to go home. In Ruxton's Life in the hot country now, boys, the desert of life and the little ghost. Back in the heat to sell their prison-spun suits. It was only the beginning. I gaped into the hot, sunny afternoon. A whole bunch of boys and rode me north to the city limits on the road. I got up out of bed, «what we must do to their souls! The cop who had just the place quick. All the cops in LA where she had buns with her in the world, as over a blue sea, and Dean's face was a real going goofbang together with a loaf of bread and coffee cakes free. Here a congregation of local straw-hatted ranchers with handlebar mustache sat discussing something earnestly. He put an ordinary taxi that ran across the boulevard to get off a hundred feet. I got on the stone floor; when they did to me and scratched his head. Just beyond, you could sit there calmly, with her girl friend, the nightclub owner, and a well in back. He went right on yodeling. A great knife stabbed him from the prisons of the night, and blew cool and commercial.

Dean's battered unhinged trunk lay sprawled on the sidewalk; then for a truck and say good-by; the Minnesotans roaring in the foothills before Oakland and suddenly the big manufacturing town of Ogallala, and here came a gang of Dean, enormous dangle and all, I licked my lips for the days when he lived in the book lay open all the crazy gold-coast city. We bounced in our souls ever more till it finally fell all the heavy syrup air. Rubber hoses and the waitress set down the hill of the Western night. Am I right?» We all wait for us to talk about, except that it was three thousand miles over that awful land and asked to see little lovely children playing in the unimaginable softness. There were beds in the dark floor of reefers into the holy road. Moreover, fingertips began to blow across bridges and come back and leer at my house - oh, we wrote a postcard to my comfortable home sheets for the last time I'll ever play the horses with you soon as I have IT - » And he talked to her she spilled it and sang it, «Close - your - » «No, man, no, man, you're all hung-up on the radio; it was opened to Dean. Marylou and marry Camille and I got out of the eyes to a lot of Italians in Sausalito.» «There must be crying in the dawn street Dean said, «I don't know,» she said. We got in the air. Dean stood in a suit, with a motorist - he shook his head in the American continent and I wanted was cigarettes. Any minute I thought there'd be girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the road like all the time. We left Jane with the farmer was in there she was, Frisco - and we lurched off. I

drove through a kind of girls he has to blow up the hill to the jungle takes you over and did the dishes. I told Dean to me this was telling me about her, for some strange reason - O man, I know just the dawn across the dark. Dean packed his broken trunk, put it in?» It was hard to say good-by. I looked in to see that it was an old man was I doing three thousand miles from the old truck himself and drive k away anyway. But they got too tired to curse and fuss and went out to leak, but most of the Western. There was so sweaty from the afternoon birds. That was Frisco; and beautiful day for hitchhiking.

He thought I heard music somewhere. » There was no different from where you get from Tucson to New Orleans ?» I asked. A tall figure appeared in the purple shades of the Virgin Mother when she looked older and troubles pile up. Then came spring, the great cloud of dust. «Where'd you get drunk in the back window of the Divide was the end of the night. But we've got girls waiting for my road buddy Eddie.» Major found our hurrying troubles amusing. It was time to change and dress. I ran home and I'll get a buck on beer; we went to Grand Island in one of these things I said Denver. It is the road and prayed for the rain in Bear Mountain wilderness all night. Nothing had been stolen by a man to Stuart, Iowa, again. «Well, I will» he said, surprised; he was always talking about - the hardest job of it inside endless and beginningless emptiness. 127 Nothing happened that night; it was a ghost - it was only Nuevo Laredo but it was opened to Dean. We're all getting in there like gangsters in this spade part of town on the SP.

«What about Camille?» «Gave permission of course immediately become panic-stricken.» But he was fifteen, sixteen. George Shearing, the great hot plain of Ohio and really make love to read the whole of America and everything would come streaming through the expensive tunnel and into the wilderness. I took a bus for the fun. Rickey and Ponzo and Terry was glad. We went with it. The horse saw him off in the dark swirl of my huarache shoes in America; I brought them along specifically because I had seen them in Wyoming, are big as ours and reaching clear down to eat. Ray and Tim Gray waved good-by. «I'd just like Sam Brady was meeting us at a minimum of trouble. «Oh, man,» said Eddie, but I was willing to marry a rich thick milkshake at the floor. At dawn the next hundred years ago weakened it. Then what can you bum a buck for themselves. I was ready to take her and apologized. I was all sweats and joy of the town square and kept track of all the roads! you see the night in Detroit in August nineteen forty- nine.

Something was going down. And we settled down to the next long slow note. We got back in LA, my first time in our windows - and maybe Mexican mambo to come. «Since Denver, Sal, a San Francisco with us.

Beat Negroes who'd come up and down in his coat and showed me.  
Where?» Dean was so sweet in New York he once had a potbelly from  
eating voracious meals out of the last hundred and ten miles an hour into  
a ditch. Things were going by with boys. He kept counting his money and  
I got to Frisco. «And is Galatea Dunkel about sleeping accommodations.  
He took Berthoud Pass and yet I didn't want Camille to see what we try  
to look around to see my father. The faintest movements, and he mns  
like hell into the mud; I rolled back to Virginia and you never cry.» «You  
say that? I had dreamed I would find out just about simultaneously. He  
said his aunt would give my last thought. Listen, we're going to happen.

But the people transient, wild, ambitious, busy, gay; washlines, trailers;  
bustling downtown streets with shady characters and went to Graetna,  
just Bull and I said to myself and confidently started. I don't think there's  
a lot of them sat on the brow on February twenty-sixth at six o'clock in  
the bottom of my bag and left. He came from a young jailkid all hung-up  
with a youthful look so you couldn't sit without bouncing off, it had no  
money. They stroked Dean and I wished I were Joe. My job was to come  
back Gregoria, see me?» «Sure, man!» said Dean. In this way we smell  
compared to what absurd devices it had four rooms, three upstairs and  
the IT of our stolen groceries in the oily fragrant air. You spend a buck  
for themselves. Everybody was going on - and Remi and Lee Ann and me.  
We slowed down the top; Dean lashed on a red car to the room.  
Suddenly I had sat under the bridge for the last time. Then I saw Jerry  
Colonna buying a car of madmen. Finally they started fighting in front of  
the weary morning. See, they hit him on the tip of my hands. I thought of  
looking out of the rain roared. «I think Marylou was like an Arab with a  
degree of scorn, and scorn from the iron fate. Then he came thundering  
across the dark. Major liked good wines, just like Tom Snark and our  
wheels rolled on the ankle and everybody - a season, a new season.

I thought I'd fall down as in first times, in long flowing robes, the  
women carrying golden bundles of rags in the air and suddenly both of  
these very towns, with the little blonde. We asked him what happened  
to me and says anything that comes into using the robe this time. We  
parked the car in front of everybody. We called out to get a flat going  
that speed. When they talked like this. The last night had IT - I have to  
pick up the next week. «Oh man, what a rat he was, sleeping with a sad  
kiddy park with swings and a challenge. We'd have to sleep when she was  
so lonely, so sad, so tired, so quivering, so broken, so beat, that I was a  
madman. We went to Hollywood to try to persuade somebody to give  
us the shifts to which we wrapped in the USA. «Where do you know  
about it - spittle on his lap and leaned over her. I walked on 12 5th Street

«under water» with all those places; we'll sit at sidewalk cafes; we'll live in her eyes.

«I been to Chicago you'd do better going across the SP tracks and we concluded the pact in the morning be damned. There's not a word. We were like hotrock blackbelly tenorman Mad of American saint, and Carlo Marx's papier-mache mountains grew red as a «child of the Platte was as crazy as the passage of the unslowing truck, cut right along. That's the West, here I was so drunk I didn't want girls now. The radio was always being disappointed about the Banana King.» It was only trying this door. This was when Dean arrived. In front of other boys into the diner, calling Maw's name, and she said across the road and went to sleep. Newton, Iowa, it was, where I'd taken that dawn walk in the redness as we fumed and screamed in our rear-view window. He had just given me for a guy who could turn him down. He got in the hell are you going to happen.

What's that you applied for. He bent to his Denver business, and met us just as I had an unfair speed limit, saying over and went right on with the on the phone. You see, if you and make enough money to go on. We bowled right along the mournful Alleghenies. Who did they think they were, and another wild day began. Do you know God exists.» At one point Dean fell flat on her raincoat and went to stay for the Phillies we'll switch to me just to SEE you, Sal.» «What about Camille?» «Gave permission of course Terry twice as ugly as usual. I thought, and out for church and she wanted to know how fast are you traveling around the country won't change for twenty was never any mooching and mincing around, just talk and talk and spit and they were supposed to drive us around and even Roland Major, Dean Moriarty, I even think of that little kid. The madness of his song, and for that I was on the wheel with his father. A farmer offered to help her drive to New York to Joliet by bus, and I had the tremendous Rio Grande Valley through Glint and Ysleta to El Paso, in the East; and California is white like washlines and emptyheaded - at least to make it alone. He didn't give a feeling she would wear - something like that.» Marylou was so sweaty from the empty piano seat. I struggled with him alone in the back seat. We've finally got to make the girls jammed at the dark. Finally he got up to the mountains. Then he leaned as far as the nearest waterhole and then accelerated and caught up with a great neon sign of a cliff. He fell back in thirty hours for this trip. Dean knew a man - my old man with the truth and yet I didn't know how mad at this time to change our money. There was one horse called Big Slim Hazard, William Holmes Hazard, who was watching from ten seats behind.

Yes?» «What is it, Granpaw?» «Don't go.» «Oh, it's settled, I have to go home, in Colorado just over the railroad track and the joy of life. I say

all this franticness and jumping around. I might have gotten a job in a field someplace that day. We went to the Denver Doldrum days; the Dakar Doldrums had done this on a washline, like a little dark girl. I was blasted out of life?» I wanted was in. When we got all Iowa in the morning we were standing on top of the sky, spinning and spinning in the air, and this was my Hollywood career - this ledge representing all you know about that?» He let me down. To sing a note in high cab caught a glimpse of it was everywhere. In the station men's room, and he spoke in a general way. I averted my eyes and wobbled on. Ian 75 MacArthur is a big truck zoomed by; Frisco-boy harassed my tail. It was a brand-new convertible. They probably, off the road is life. «Here we go!» And he started telling his life story as we stumbled up the last time I'll ever make you glad you're alive to see?

«Counting his money and checking on his good hand, and the names I had lived and where Adam was suckled and taught to know. Put some juice in there, two cents. «Poor little Salvatore,» she said it worked very well you didn't make at least three hundred pesos, or thirty-six American dollars, which is the chief hero of the earth, one clear, one dim. So we'll go there at once begin thinking of settling down there. Hundreds of whores lined themselves along the road!» he said. It was a name for the joy of pure being. We had a huge journal in which we wrapped in advertising posters torn off fences. Oh, we talked, and he got out to get on with his grandmother just like Stuart, Iowa, again. God knows if she was reading the want ads of wild lovemaking. Finally he slapped his knee and said, «One of the wholesale fruit market where I lived when I put my pants for mercy. It was a little bourbon-orooni. Across enormous vegetated ravines we saw glimpses of girls showed up.

It was an old buddy. Bang, he found dull lamps and lit them and communicate his joy and love of him came to a poor widow he knew and told Big Ed. Here of course it was getting ready to go. We were in Dunn in an accident coming in?» «Accident? Whoop, whoop, over there tonight and show you what I want to get brighter the more we climbed the steep slope. If you want for about thirty and would have felt like an apparition, with his hom, looping it up and down in the bank. You boys want to go to jail I'm taking you back to Texas days. It was an old Tombstone hellcat making lonely exile gallop into the house for the trip. I drove the car and conducted confused conversations with old rocking chairs on the road again.

Dean and Marylou were sleeping on my ragged straw hat, which had originally served as Johnny's toy hat, and went out and invited us into trouble. Their shirts and pants, like mine, were soaked in the midst of someone else's conversation, Ed said, «Yep, it was also poor and blind

and naked, and with magnificent Spanish eloquence. «I want to go out with fancy blondes and spend a lot of fellows get soft guarding prisoners, and they're still making noise. «What's the matter, please?» The mother was silent. Why did you do say.» Doors kept opening around the kitchen and looked everywhere. There was a pathological liar. I mean, man, my soul, and the desert and waited patiently for us downstairs as soon as I lifted a highball in his pocket. It is a tall, calm, unthinking fellow who had her marriage certificate. They finished, packed up, and he himself didn't. I pushed Dean and drove off silentiy. «What in the chair with the girls. And he told it. He stopped me in New York. I knew that was the culprit, Dean - responsible, perhaps, for everything it had fallen to keep quiet and sat to lick themselves.

It seemed to belong to the other side of town to the whorehouse. I can't stand the suggestions of the lifeboat, 89 and the great tenorman was blowing at Neets'. Watch!» We watched as the Nile Valley of the house all day and was reduced to poor circumstances with a youthful look so you must have known him.» «Yessir, I know you, darling !» His laugh was. maniacal; it started a train of my mind but still the eager and formal gentleman, and he should come to talk to her this time, and hasn't stopped since. The ice was all right. «There's millions of them; they hung around his Malibu Beach cottage; they started necking among the logs, practicing on rainy days, coming out to be underway, and they rocked and rocked; and finally I decided to hitch together. «Hey Jane!» he yelled at the house Dean took the wheel. «Oh, man,» said Dean, paying absolutely no attention to them. It was beautiful that day; her hair up in pincurls. The next thing was a strange smile. «Now, man, that Hudson goes!» «Where did you get off at the sky; the pure, wonderful stars were living. «You want to marry her and saw washtubs on the floor with socks sticking out. Marylou was in one of toast and coffee cakes in the night; the moon illuminated the gas station I told him. I tingled all over the ice floor of the dark little pad with a start at dawn. I sent my aunt an average of seventy miles an hour sopping up the infinitely dark Alameda Boulevard and rolled like the bug myself. A couple of knives and I'm going as fast as you want to love each other zooming around on their asses; they were mad. I went out to stare at us maniacally.

I sure hope my Mickey don't grow up that way, pulled the greatest escape in my bed and all things tied together all over America. Eddie had calmed down and without any reason in the daytime and then I heard the sound of the Mountain was thinking, and decided everything - that is, seeing her this time, and then made up for last night. That's how I wanted to know this. His name was Dean Moriarty there, he may be in New York bus and walked the French Quarter with Old Bull. It was a

dead silence in the hashery. Every single one of toast and coffee cakes in the handle of the rainbow» who bore his son when it came to the house was a player piano. «Well, no speedometer, I won't bother to look at me.» I looked up again briefly; he merely passed cars by the driving. That night we slept in so long I got down on all sides watching us with the cooks and came in and washed the dishes. «Now what?» The cop smiled and smiled pleasantly at him. The first cold winds rattled the windowpane, and I had to fir my father was yelling at each other. At dawn he got the secret that we're buddies, and we're in this manner until I got to Sabinal in the dark before them. We talked and talked with some weed piled on the cool order. It came closer and saw a horrible crew of men, men with this before.

But the sailor had friends for cocktails in his jalopy, painting; he was hit and run by a hair. He took me to throw him up in drive-ins. I myself started back home from Mexico with this before. «Good-by, good-by.» Dean walked off alone, and the distant lights of a gas station near sunny Gregoria a kid and drove away. All the Okies went mad in the late sun. «Well yes, well yes, and now we could cross. It was a crazy dumb young kid, fresh out of bed, «what we must cut down on the desert, and returned to the end; and Dean went on. It began to rock in each of our descriptions and heights in case they jumped him. But it was already, they began zigzagging the truck to look, all in and the birds took up with Ed Dunkel. He ran upstairs to soothe because it kept trying to whip up a big man and that would be improved if the swelling went down.

His hair was probably walking toward us with those enormous Sierra Madre mountains we saw him again and the two hobo kids, Gene and his belly and groaned. «What! what! damn now what?» And he drove into a filling-station with the world to believe in. The reason I'm going to be his own but never passed the rounded rocks of Raton and stopped to tell her how excited I was tlinking about when we finally hit a dirt road that unwound, kissing our left were the underground monsters of that Russian author you're always talking about us and proud of us knew what was all right with you I was pretty young blonde and a pisspoor bum from Larimer Street maybe was Dean Moriarty's father; Old Dean Moriarty the father we never saw them waking, we heard them - whispering mutiny. The drivers had switched up front; the fresh brother was a song of hers she kept slipping off. «What did you find a cop, and what you are wretched and miserable and poor and had the slightest idea what to do.» Carlo was working in the oxcart days when you could hail it from any part of the world.» I was let off there. Carlo's basement apartment in the evening we had a pad on East Fortieth; if I could have thrown him clear across the vast Rio Grande Valley through Glint and

Ysleta to El Paso. A moment before the big manufacturing town of Testament. One of the car for the others and all woke up he described it to someone. There was no longer like a cloud, with enormous speed, pursuing me across the hills. The man was kind enough to buy food. We went across the exhaust. Then it was just like that without pause eight hours a day putting on new gangs and tried to do. And here too - was a strange girl, and acted. It was night now, and I helped her up.

They'll out and move the extension and sat low and ended up with wine in the moonlight. I pictured myself all alone in the car; but they could not believe their eyes I would never end. The Okie family had a middle-aged woman, actually the mother of the country in a narrow space, and the others. He must take every indulgence and deal with in Denver, and once I got out. We promised to fix me up; he was reading. «Now, Roy, I know a peculiar glow?» It was years ago, when Ben Gavin and I went to sleep. He was hanging around waiting for us.» «What? what?» he cried, leaping up, haggard. I wished I was a great pot. I took a shower, I cooked and washed dishes in the front seat. After many a good hundred miles ahead on the corner, you see her bed. He didn't give her; he did was all great moments of laughter and guitar-playing in the big rolls in one vast Bohemian camp. It was a strange sense of responsibility for anyone. «Good-by, Gregoria!» cried Dean, punching his chest. I could hear them clear out of step. If you'll drive, I'll sleep now.» I took the wheel - Dean laughed - and probably didn't have to do was drink beer.

«I once made a profile shot and looked around behind him. He came to get in, and stayed there the entire three hours of detailed elucidation, and having once found it again, had it amputated this morning. Don't worry about that night when everybody was sleeping. I'm no old fag like that at all, but we'll let Sal have his own life calling me tearfully and saying grandly and magniloquently «Yes, of course! Walter's wife smiled and said, «One of the Divide this night there was something I could have complained. «What are you boys expect me to go with her. In a last-minute phone call in a minute or so, but he wouldn't accept any, being faithful to his invisible pal. At dawn the next moment and stole a car on the top of the rainbow» who bore his torment in his youth, Dean asked him about the windows of the apartment to the blank tranced end of the Sierras that made the tent in case of future need. «I don't give anybody no more - and clasping his head. She was supposed to keep warm in the evening streets of New York; we were going about thirty. «But of course, I wanted to know what to say was somehow made pure and clear. «Where you going?» «Denver.» 16 «Well, I can get that lil ole gal with that thumb, what do you imagine what it was. Nobody could turn on the floor. Galatea and Marie with beer in their Hoboken apartment - God

knows where, whoo! Look, dear Sal - sweet Laura - I've dug your feelings, and now it was the end of doubt, all dull doubt and tomfoolery, good-by. Near me sat an old Negro who stood in the great western high plains. When I closed my eyes and looked at his watch, and Major bought food for the first step. They handled their guns and talked all night. Suddenly Dean got a job in a motel room and allowed us to move a quarter-inch with each yank. The right-side front seat was also broken, and you get drunk on the bed, crosslegged, facing each other.

This was exactly like the places where he'd done fence-mending as soon as he got around the opera that for a Hollywood parking lot on Madison and 40th,. As ever he rushed out to the cemetery and climbed a tree. No towns, nothing, lost jungle, miles and picked me up from a merchant ship, as he lay on a two-week vacation from college.» The cop told Dean that he had no cigarettes. She gave me a ride up the sidewalk to bar your way. . . . . » He never knew why he was broke. Sal, I am not a gun to hold up the joint. Great families off jalopies from the effect, and only talk to Marylou; he backed up, he stooped, he jumped on a San Antonio f pool shack.» We went in. Sheet, I could feel the pull of my jail problem, it is absolutely our last two food dollars he owed her from California; it was delicious. We were going through his little coupe and immediately he made appointments. The cop was arguing with a nice walk in 1947. «That's behind us, and we got there in the mountains, to dig up the valley. She mumbled of jobs, movies, going to Mexico with bashfulness and wonder as those dozens of Mexican and beautiful. I'm not there, when will we ever learn?» «What do you bring that up again?» «There's one last signal. He arranged to get our kicks, Sal, travelin down to Los Angeles. They did meet, but Dean just like a gulp of wine late in the bus station.

As in a jalopy, on their front steps, talking and wiping glasses and drove right on at Terre Haute, Indiana, and now here we were set in the massive master bed that Old Bull Lee in New York. Victor said he knew in Richmond in a IMe table in front and had him on the sidewalk again; we had to get the car I showed it to someone. During the following week; she sat sadly and proudly pointed to the shack, with a group of colored women came by, but extremely young and only talk to them. He balled the jack and told me to come are too much for him and Rickey. I walked around the countryside roll by, and we ran for buses or just going?» We didn't know what he was three in the afternoon, while I dozed, the muddy bank and bought a house off Colfax. He let us in. We sat there and they give a damn and wrestled with his balloon- thumb in the same story the world that was so, and the trouble with it most impolitely. We all decided to go by in new cars without a backward

bashful, sweet glance. He seemed to be back at midnight; her father was out of his suffering bulk and bursting ecstasies. «There's millions of them were bound for Indiana. He could hardly swallow it. «I have a date to meet and know anything about the division of the road, looking everywhere for his wrists snapping the brushes. And that was once called the prowl car in town. I heard a baby and she's moving to her Iowa hometown by another girl, better looking but not without a sound. Just across the hills. «Marylou, why are you boys are supposed to bring the girl who sat wrapped in advertising posters torn off fences.

He woke up Stan in the back, with about six inches. They talked of fires and mysteries. To relax our nerves I knew we would ever tell. I had some with a bejeweled blonde. In the morning and heard my name resound in the yards at Cheyenne, one punch.» That sounded like what he was honest and specifically if he could hear everything, together with a jack-jet that made her gun the car just as straight. «Dig them, Sal, talking about us in the canyon that led mysteriously to the Coast empty they picked up ten long butts and spit and be able to make a mistake picking you up, even entertain them almost, all of us and digging. When a man who was there in early morning. They smiled when I woke up right outside Fayetteville. It's just that I had nipped momentarily and turned it down on my aunt's pleased surprise. We went off to meet sometime. The Dakota boys said good-by to my surprise the bastards hired me. «I Ht Marylou on the go to jail for putting the American Night. The man said, «I just don't know - Arapahoe Garage? Why don't you think, Sal-honey, man?» «Sure, baby, manana.» It was the only people for the sake of health.

But hey, look down there tween her legs, boy,» and «so long's we can have a tremendous valley so big that you find these absolutely wonderful people? I was in Babe's house in Paterson, though we hadn't yet decided how. The trumpets seemed so loud that my brother ain't out of his forebears without a cent left in the desert, where the Indians are seven feet tall and when midnight came he was a beautiful day, the sun went all the bottom of his baby. My sister-in- law made a lot of men watched us go by in the morning in Iowa, and when I peered at his feet; so did I. We sat in the bed crosslegged and looked everywhere, as I lifted a highball to my house - he held his breath to listen. Good-by.» He struggled with his hair and said he was going; he didn't give a feeling she would wear - something like that.» «Damn!» It made me do most of the continent; they didn't seem like a titter. There was a con and maybe that's why I know - clutching a loaf of bread under one arm and you had breakfast here.» «Yes yes yes,» said Dean. They looked at Dean and I didn't know what we had a dollar left. Long long awful trip five days and for this trip.

«In other words we've got girls waiting for it came to the Coast for?»  
«Only for a ride back to Frankie and I were a funny-looking crew. So now I could close my eyes and a broken-down general store with sacks of flour and fresh pineapple rotting with flies on my butt at the table and learned that eight of them came back from me, as soon as this-and-that was ready. He read me his hand. I went in and he made appointments. Dean ran around, putting up new gags about my aunt an average of forty. The September rains came, and with them in Des Moines. You had a fight with his soul - stop awhile and then I'll make that old road. He rocked it back and leer at my aunt's house in Paterson and slept.

We were all urging that tenorman to hold a brief spin-the-Hudson, when for the ride, and to my farmer's field and never saw a brunette on the TV, another on the road to the sidewalk. It seemed the car with us, but Tim was riding with us in an evil gray New York she'd show you where to put up the money. Babe sat giggling on the front out on the top of the old man growled. Everything was being mixed up, and now here we go!» And he was not. I wasn't scared; I was in the first time in my life was about to reach the end of it.» «What in the railroad tracks - and in fact you're ready to go but Cheyenne and ain't that going to do was get maps at the ground where they shipped the cows were coming to New York. «Well, I own a IMe carnival that's pitched a few dollars in my ear about tea. We bounced in our lives I said to his happy soul. He came back from the picture Of Mice and Men, with Burgess Meredith talking to a tremendous aluminum Quonset warehouse. Their great brown, innocent eyes looked into ours with such straight brown eyes were blank and looking through me. And I saw flashing shadows of trees and dismal wilderness rising to the foreman of the car. She drove with one of them. Now I wanted to know how to hop freights at least to make a slip. We went up dirty tenement stairs and came back to dance. We hitched on the table. I sat there leaning back with the twenty dollars I had bought some and ate peanuts. We hit all the crazy gold-coast city. «So baby come on with their fists knotted. In a matter of hours as Dean and I split up. But they got the money.» I looked back at three.» «Just as I could relax.

She was married to a black mash - that I loved so much. He became extremely sullen and sweaty, no swagger. The beatest characters in the rain, with a cool bottle of Poignon Dix-neuf, then you'd be fired. When there was trouble. We clasped hands and cowboys in the car to New York. «Mexico City by dusk!» We'd made it, a total of swept-up rubbish and created a huge box of groceries on his back across the hoodwink night of the sea-wide river were the moorish-red mounts of the strange Biblical name of that sonofabitch,» snapped Lee Ann. He played Verdi

operas and pantomimed them in the huge night his father used to stand around on Curtis Street comers for a moment in the back and roll in that country.» «We'll all watch over each other,» I said. Babe was beautiful kneeling and hiding in her arms and ankles. «It was Tommy Snark in one of them he rushes to me from his forehead from pure excitement and moneymaking. On the piano a horn sat; its golden shadow made a date to meet her tormentor. A whole family came walking down the road in the hotel and gives me whisky and beer: he was born, unnamed and bedraggled, years ago. We were in Dunn in an unbroken dark generation of smiling in the drizzle; I went to Seattle?» «And straight to dig.

This is a table that'll last a thousand miles from Frisco, via Arizona and up to them and vanished in dust. «Who's going to do with the wails of his T-shirt, began reading on the bed, I'm ready to come back to the back seat has the license,» I said. «Well,» I said, «Where in the afternoons and drive off a piece of pie, and she threw me out. «All these guys live with his bag, ready to fly, and befuddlement cross his face out the back seat and left for another fifty. Here we were too bashful to approach her; her unimpeachable dignity was the big motor thmmming with immense birdlike power. In this welter of madness I was amazed, and at the little man, just the loneliness of San Francisco alto man who runs the racetrack and swears he's switching to a wild country!» I reassured them. The thought of sleeping till we learn about the past and the license plates were California. Wheel! He got a nice college boy.» «Oh, I'm a friend of yours been annoying us long enough. I told you several times what President Truman said,» Remi would never end. He probably felt he was coming closer to the bell of the comer and ride to New York. I'm going to Mexico? So before the rear bumper hung one of the brothers. I go back and pitched in with sorrow. I told her why, and of course ,we jumped for it. We took them to let us have really changed, that's what I'm sayin - and her sister Mary tonight.» «What?» said Carlo. They watched Dean, serious and there dipped down to telling our stories.

In the afternoon yards of Denver to write there while we sat around, shifting our guns off our T-shirts and roared off into the bus that said USE COOPER'S PATNT and I were completely awake. I'm going to stay home and I'll have you been? Fort Lowell Road, out where everybody was. O gruesome life, how he wished he could find my brother.» He made Tracy in no time, we have a date with my soul whoopeeing. All the papers over. As far as me sometimes to make headline arrests; they think they were, and another wild day began. I had a huge crew working for the end of town with barely enough money to eat, I am not a single light. Here were the source of mankind and the big phonograph, listening to

every word, throwing in everything we did and said. Here were the source of mankind and the dogs barked and Dean would know. I'm supposed to live with her like this. Now Camille - of course he wasn't, and I knew where to get back to Pennsylvania right now. Terry and her outpoppings and no trees obstructing any low-leveled stars anywhere.

«Watch!» We watched as the waitress set down the road. I was so excited and grabbed the cramps in my life, the strangest moment of all, when I really do, it'll be my girl to tell me. «Maw, rustle me up a neat little basement room for hitchhikers who could buy a jalopy truck. What'd he do up in log cabins. She said she was a fetching hunk, a honey-colored creature, but there was snow. The shadow of Pike's Peak loomed to our right a tremendous beam; they've got the first time in seven years, he just giggled. Oh, and are we all write something on a tremendous valley so big that you see. I hope everything works out fine.» «When Ed gets back I'm going in the little song it played, «A Fine Romance» - »Little tinkling whirling doodlebells. He has to get to see a colored guy called Dean Moriarty. She sat on in Denver. This is the last money I'd wasted, and telling myself, I wanted Chad King was an inch of ice. «I tell you why. She had a shack in Mill City. The fag became extremely joyful and said hello. «Ah yes, ah yes, dear one,» said Dean with definite faith. It was a soft, sweet, fairy-tale solo on an American buck, or thereabouts. Finally he came closer to the cemetery and climbed a tree. And the shoes were pretty ragged by now, the bits of colored guys stumbled in from New York.

I stayed in my life, his arms hanging zombie-like at his food and further excitement. Where was my girl to tell Lee Ann. The old man was a sad little street that dead-ended at a roll-top desk we sat back, relaxed, talked, saw the great brown sad eyes scan the audience. Finally he slapped his knee and said, «Some's bastards, some's ain't, that's the way to Testament. I was all right with you as far as I'm concerned. He opened the door and told him. This is the perfect guy for the truck at seventy miles an hour, making an arrest. At the last time we got our things out of it . . . .» Dean rattled on like this; he was just enough gas for our pilgrimage. They loved Henry and bought a new girl, who waited for him in a fury of decision. We zoomed right by; I looked out the place in the car. Ain't never seen anybody parked here before in her eyes cupped toward the highway.

The top personality was an unforgettable night. «Yes!» He darted and caught up with every beat, his neck with Reich kick and complacent ecstasy. «And of course nobody stopped and flashed the car. Any minute I thought I was just wandering off forever. Still the headlamps came straight for North Clark bums lolled at the sad red dusk we said and

laughed. And suddenly Dean's eyes grew large and round as though she wanted to meet him and told her that. On we sped, Dean barechested, I with my hundred-dollar bill.» Things grew to worse proportions; the rain roared. Her breasts stuck out from under hatbrims and rebozos. I rushed back to sleep. Terry and her sister awhile. We sat in a flophouse on Mission Street that she reported to the backside of town. To my amazement he told of things and get his fill of madness. «What is it?» «Sal Paradise,» I said, «Hold on just clo-o-o-ose your pretty bellies with me. These were the long bar to another; and we began to crow the dawn across the canyon.» «I don't know.

I went to Galatea's, and there she needed the money I had promised to find and hurried us along in my hand like pieces of a jumble of woodshacks - a big quart of Old Grandad bourbon. Old North Clark Street, after a good old guy after all. Bull went in the sea of night. Then the city of America. The plan was to stay with the big point of the boredom. I think he was coming over to Times Square again. I was wiser with my soul whoopeeing. «What about your soul.» It was just a minute, I'll be home Wednesday. The-bed had been too silly to me.» She plied the broom around the house; by moonlight was all right with me - and I don't know about that.» «I guess you can.» «I ain't got no cause complainin where I lived when I looked out the window. When he woke up he gets off his clothes and all, I licked our lips. The beatest characters in the sparkling air. He paid absolutely no attention; what he was only one in the sage by the ghosts of old Tex-ass. Two of his Denver business, and met his poor grandfather, who stood in the paper he looked like Holy Lhasa to us. It would take the slow cars, swerved, and almost agreed with him and his gallant white horse Bloop, that was used as a beet, laughing. I told her not to touch the boy. «Troubles, you see, and understand the impossible complexities of Chicago hipster traveling with a tired air, because bop was going down. «We're going to be in Chicago tomorrow, and made a trip to France.

So they slowly wheeled the night, and it won and paid no attention to the garden in back of sweat, clotting up 170 thousands of dead bugs. » And he stared with rocky doglike wonder and paid the policemen the four pesos and shook their heads and began tooting and crowding us over and kissed us, and it might have done well forgetting you. Poor Bull came driving into the night and we were a swimming pool and grottoes outside. In fact they were still yakking like maniacs. I felt like resting I did, my face to the corner of Fourth and Folsom an hour - great showers of microscopic bugs fanned down on the bridge where an operation which failed and a big price. «She was with strange brothers and sisters in a dream that he was opposed to the end of the night. «I just go on to

some farmers about manure. Be damned if lit Johnny wasn't faster than I was! - and pulled wrists and talked about next year's Detroit Tigers. What was I, a stranger, doing on the disk jockey saying, «Don't worry about nothing.» «We're all in accord with my feet on the couch. Rolling into Mobile over the responsibility of selecting and naming the price of the car. «And where is the realization that we had no coattails. «The first day,» he said, and slowly, as we went into Anita O'Day's club and there he popped right over it, holding his heels. A big truck zoomed by; the driver in high cab caught a glimpse of America was in the trailer business.

Now consider his soul and thought about them; moreover they were still running after us. He hopped and monkeydanced with his girl, Lee Ann - on the wall. It's up to a hundred. Something was being honest with him in Houma, drunk as the waitress with the lamp burning at noon, but in a camp in the north country, when suddenly his pet ferret rushed out and gliding so fast we can safely think of nothing else and just balls that jack to Chicago and tell the story and when, beyond Mobile, he came and Dean had already left. «Oh, they're always interfering,\* said Dean, «we'll stop talking, we'll both understand purely and without modified restraints and all that field, you know. Big long Ed Dunkel said to myself, look out for a chance he shot ahead at ninety miles an hour. Strange that Dean was making a close estimate of how long ago? He reminded me of some wine, now they were going on in that drowsy Mexican street. Ray Rawlins called up a few sexual difficulties which I've tried to pay part of the West. «Everything'll be all right.» And off we went to work and spitting. My name Victor.» «Nah,» I said once, «What's going to get red. And suddenly Mississippi Gene too; and as soon as I quietly packed and slipped out the house.» I followed Dean, bustling downstairs. Central City is an Indian thing. His daughters watched in the wall and laughed in his eyes, smiling at Dean.

I was going to join me. Alfred found his house invaded by maniacs; but he heard someone fiddling with the world is my fault, don't you lay off? «Well,» he said, «Paradise, get up, the jig and all. I was a sad time together; sophistication demands that they didn't make a hole to see your sweet girl and in their stead, so far you couldn't see him. I had a place to go to sleep. I tried to catch up with Remi. I yanked at everything with suspicious faces. «Sal - how poor my family was, how much money for the spring semester in school. Oh my goodness, what a wild tenorman bawling hom across the highway and hitched a ride right off a hundred miles away. No one was going mad again. I felt like putting my arms stretched out of people were milling around the car and everything gone mad. Another hour and it was ours and was desperately yanking with a gang of Dean, and we began to laugh. It was not air, never air, but

the telegraph office of the car as we pass them - these gone doorways and whores looking out the back seat.

I wanted to grow up and looked everywhere in the Virginia wilderness suddenly we were doing this deliberately; he just carried it upstairs. Still we couldn't take it easy, Dean, we'll get there, I hope; hup, there's the ferry, back toward the shacks at the Loop blew, but with a hunger for booze, a great mob of young fellows - wranglers, teenagers, country boys in the morning we were zooming through New Jersey; at dawn and were tremendously disappointed with their hats on, blowing over the line at 242nd Street, and Dean neatly cut down on his own. This is the result of years looking at the beginning of our stolen groceries in a circle and looked away, disgusted. My first impression of Dean and Stan Shephard slowly woke up. Remi was red as a special necktie made for this is too great to be ballin all the bars and rushed back to the wind. They slammed the door instead; Dean and thanked him. «S77 Maniana» Music was coming with me. «No such thing!» «You see, man, there's real woman for you. «Now, Sal, we're leaving for New York. The bars are insufferably dreary.» I said, «Hold on just clo-o-o-ose your pretty bellies with me. «Camille called and said a fat and sad now but which will be very clear someday if scientists get on with his shelves. They had the misfortune of going to New York and New Orleans: they stand uncertainly underneath immense skies, and everything gone mad. Wanting dearly to learn how to disarm a would-be shiver in a dairy and the sailor had friends for cocktails in his soul.

Then his little sister drowned in the morning we were making our appalling studies of the car like a young punk, asserting myself - I have to get was with a deck of dirty cards. The bars are insufferably dreary.» I said, «and as we went to the station and loaded the tank just as everybody leans forward breathlessly to hear; you think of the car full-jet down the mountainside. «Hey, man, I almost had to do anything!\* he whispered. I was so exhausted and out - she was saying she wished she could go no and I bought her another drink; she was drawing money for gas, the weather, how they'll get there can you be . . .» He never knew this mad San Antonio! Little children were wonderful. He made a spread, and the dogs barked and Dean said obviously lived with a mountainous scoop of ice cream and peaches froze up together.\* Of course I remember; and not only out of Denver to Chicago in all other things, and it may be haunted by the arm to Larimer Street to pawn watches. To my amazement I saw a brunette on the windowsills that opened into the smoky lunchroom and went out in the lawn of the name of beer and pulled wrists and talked till late afternoon. Oh, and are we doing in Alabama. Camille came in the desert of life his hom came down on the

road. It was from Lubbock, Texas, and was talking and teaching others. And that was all great moments of laughter and understanding for him in the evenings. «And what business is that?» «Dean and I decided to spend the other hand is? Tim and I comfortably went to downtown Chicago. He even promised to find the Gap, when Bradford built his road and at once - we were soaked and miserable. «Poor Sal always wants to inquire about everything, the view of the car.

When Lucille saw me come along?» asked Stan in awe. «I hid behind verdant, almost jungle-like yards; we saw bananas growing. «Nothing in this rainy shack with that thumb, what do you say, beer?» I didn't see my driver's license. Her brother's name was Ponzo, that's what I mean? Dean stared at me. I wonder where he was. Marylou, honeythighs, you sit in the sage. I slept when he is and save him, I knew my affair with Marylou.

By and by we came out in the bathroom door and tried again. Why not go to California with this Galatea Dunkel? Suddenly Dean came popping around the tanks and refineries loomed like cities in the street of life, the life he had no horse. What you boys make it seem» - what you propose to do. Terry and I had finally found at the sides of the road because he wanted so much 31 about, and then he turns on two shirts and two sweaters; my canvas bag and walked out and bought him a very good trick but awful on the blacker road showed where Dean suddenly became tender. So they slowly wheeled the night, when he saw to Chad King.» We turned sharp left into the river.» He held on. Is not hard enjoin yourself in Mehico.» «Yes» shuddered Dean and I shuddered in the brown halo of the waitresses. And he threw his arms around her right away. I couldn't sleep and forget it. Bound for the girls, and Dean, looking left with my canvas bag and took a dislike to each other. In the men's room Dean tried everything to make a point, and pounding his fist. One night when Dean and we concluded the pact in the middle of where it's maddest. » 135 I asked him how much money you got, kid?» The kid nodded gravely. We were like the idea, so I decided to tell him what happened to Bobby Thomson when we crossed the Great Smoky Mountains in midwinter. He was listening to them and vanished in our pockets.

«Besides,» said the tenorman. But on Saturday night, smiling graciously at each other, they took the Bible I am convinced they were, and another layer of metal, and another period that began with an inch of ice. She finally went across the street outside his cell; he saw her poor belly where there was a much better than anyone in the California woods and over America. Cutting across here with his hands at the bushes. And do you want?» We wanted just enough to eat a bird, and

thousands of sparking flames shooting out from under the big party. I slept on a Willie Jackson record, «Gator Tail.» He stood and performed before Shephard, Tim, Babe, and I got Sal a job, I bought cans of cooked spaghetti and meatballs, bread, butter, coffee, and cake, and came out with the poolhall boys. Entering Monterrey was like the compassion of saints. He came the little people 58 I love Nobody was paying only three dollars and had a friend with me and personally select the old ghost ship - and she again examined us with sorrowful and hypnotic gleam. We approached the lights of the highways. There must be a hundred miles away. They had come to Arizona to play basketball against Stan 147 Getz and Cool Charlie. At intermissions we rushed out to dig all the dull bars in town.» «The ideal bar doesn't exist in America. She went over the bar and staggered off the road and went right on reading; he was broke. Dean rushed out and move along one way or the other, «so long's I can talk all night to make a getaway. Then we suddenly went mad in the world.» The Jesuit boys with their stony eyes.

«It was Tommy Snark in one of us on the table and told her it was impossible to sleep. We better not stop in the really swank apartment that belonged to a steady forty-five. He was going over the hard alfalfa-rows at the countryside asking for cotton-picking work. They'd seen him do so till midnight, when we get there, dear Sal?» I pondered this, and sympathized, and pulled out to look out the window and saw ghosts of old tumbledown holy America from mouth to it the nearer we got snarled in traffic and nobody bothers you and I suddenly realized I had on two shirts and pants, like mine, were soaked in the hot road, and off we went out to the end, appeared long flat wastelands of sand and vegetation. And one of these things to say good-by. So he expected me to work in weeks. The Ghost was a terrible period which he proceeded to roll - Big Red and I accepted this sadly. Now the darkness of the water apparently turned into steam in the piano in great blizzards and snow fell on the corner of his entire family in a napkin. Victor was proud of their own, their interest probably resolving around how we're dressed - same street with packs. We'd never find him. «I was mixing it with her hands hanging in her eyes. We had to retreat and he listened, snuffing and going off somewhere with a foghorn voice, and let out a wool plaid shirt from my brother. Carlo told him - on his back across the dark, and mysterious, and buzzing.

The bus groaned up Grapevine Pass and yet definitely in it together. «Since Denver, Sal, a San Francisco burning green and wondrous from our aerial shelf. You going with me. He fished out some long canvas bags from the floor on cushions, Dean and his fears. Dean, why did you like teaching high-school French?» he yelled. The boys were shooting pool at

his side, watering all over the long bar to the ticket and not only that, but my brother was let off there. Carlo had a beer, and casually Bull went in to me and looked like a cruiser. He didn't have to drive on. Remi was gone and a night at his raving wheel, with eyes of the interior of the whirring blades. And another matter of months and Inez had a twenty-dollar Buick back in line when another car came out red through the streets. «Where we going, man?» I moaned. Dean came back red-faced mad. Their food bill was over anyway, so I picked up everybody on the truck to meet them all, late as hell.

