

steve--

hope your feeling better.

I composed this magazine in 20 minutes--from memory. I hope to hell you don't think I am serious!

do write Martinelli. she'll put you straight on women, space, air, art, the works, although I think you know plenty already. do hope you send her an EARTH 2. it's a good issue as good as any around so stop \$%shaking your bones with the blues and go out an get a fresh piece of ass from a gentle woman who deosn't want to hammer you to pieces. I know: hard to find. well, shit. I'm sweating, it's hot, my ass still hurts, the walls leap, all that.

hang in, kid,

Buk

Steve-- find
the 100 pager isn't doing. I'm frozen at 28 poems, can't
another in the universe... but get a list of writers from
the Sparrow, will try them. nobody can write. --last
scam# is Levy murdered while asleep. investigation.

poems printed in Ren. all selected by me, except
the DiPrima's, which are bad writing. D.P. can't write.
maybe that's why she gets a yearly grant from the HUMAN-
ITIES. (gett. sponsored). Bryan slipped the DiPrims in
on me. and didn't run all the poems I had accepted.

I asked B. to return all others but he says there will
be other Ren. and he wants to hold. latest I heard is
Hirshman or A.Nin will edit next Ren., which means it
ain't gonna be any good. if you want your poems back,
please write Bryan. I'm sorry he didn't run all of yours--
they, and Willies were the strongest in the group.

thanks for sending record to guy. I don't want him
to think I am a hooker. hang in.

Bush

Steven--

WILLMORE CITY
P.O. Box 3052
Long Beach, Calif. 90803

wants to see some of your poems.
kill 'em dead with Gaky demons and
Ladies of the Night poems and...

hold,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Burt".

monday

dear Steve:

quite surprised at your letter of reaction to EARTH 2. I have written a letter to you about EARTH 2 and will let it go along with this one. I think you've done damn good job, so for christ's sake be car&ful about #ripping out pages. you've got to agree with me (I hope) that the following are very top poems:

the Wantling WITHDRAWEL poem...
the girl who slept around, Robertson
all the Buckner
the donkey chews by Pleasants
my sprawling ears, Blazek
from chowchips, Robertson
the time the things around, Taylor
god! fuck! shit!, Richmond.

you won't find these many good poems in any given dozen issues of lit# mags, excepting WORMWOOD and OLE. naturally, I can't judge my own stuff but find it easy to read, which is a good sign.

I think that you are being a little tough on yourself. I know that the cover photo--as good as it looked in the original--did not seem to come out right, but don't let this throw you off the whole works. I am not trying to tell you what to do or what to think. terribly hungover today and a little saddened with your sadness with yourself. I wish I could say things better but I can hardly see out to the walls. so then, just this.

peace, piece, peece,

Buck

P.S. - inclosed rejects from Poetry Ch.

P.S.S. - BELIEVE JOHN MAREN'S
PHONE # IS VE. 74782. he
moved and got new #, believe this
is it. got to go.
work + shit. so on.

hold on,

hey ya ya Stevenos:

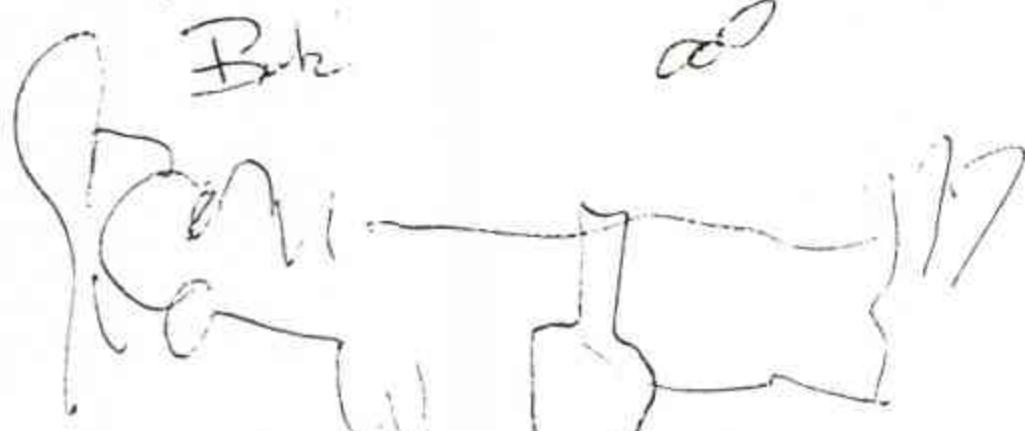
my fucking toilet plugged, landlord in, I sit typing this.... all right, the EARTH ROSE. maybe after I see it (presume I get free copy?) I will get better idea what you're at, can submit something new. know you have a few poems (ah, hahahaha!) (or did somebody lift them?). have been on drinking thing, health gone back again, missed work, still have lousy job that is killing me, haven't had drink for 2 days and think I might bounce back. no sleep today, landlord playing with his baby in there.

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND II, I will g.d. try to get Bryan on line to get one 2 u. yes, \$2, seems obstical#. strangely, I rather liked the Wantling, although realize style journalistic and popular. the conversation was good and those Jack the Ripper fuzz real cuties. the dope fiend as here. why not?

god damn, I told you HITLER was a good book, but you are still getting to the Sacramento ladies. one of them giving a speech on obscenity in literature and she mentions one Steve Richmond to me. she can't let you go. probably wants to fuck you. asks me, where is the line in obscenity? what shit. first of all, obscenity is mostly a matter of public morals, not private morals. and there isn't any obscenity in literature. if one writes well enough, and you do, the words become bullets and blood. I wish these people would read the fucking forward. I think I wrote me a good fucking shit foreword. --this Ann Menebroker kept buggering me for poems so finally sent a couple. now, I understand, Bukowski is to appear in 2 issues of THE PROMETHEAN LAMP. if they don't back out. landlord thru with toilet, I am sleepy. what else? yeah, keep Buckner coming. he has strong personal smell. broken light bulbs of madness--yet clear art, the best of it. what a strange machinery we are!

I am trying to stay with the fucking job but maybe will finally crack and take a small room somewhere and live on doughnuts. woman just went by in the rain, wiggling, wiggling, in the water. they seem so good--at a distance. one drunk night, that's all they are good for. that personal drag of involvement is like sticking pins in the cock of your soul. my soul. tough on your breakup, still. know you wouldn't stay with one that long unless she had something for you. ratnip, blue hair, whatever. listen, got to make it to bed. they worked me overtime last night, dipping me into tubs of immense pink shit. raining, raining. send me paper when it becomes.

Sandow told Lady Grover to move over,
then plowed the berrysmear,
drank a gallon of wine and then
slept 44 hours
with holler off and
sails
down,



Oct. 8, Thursday

Hello Steve:

how about coming down Monday afternoon about 1:30 p.m.? if I don't hear from you, I won't. fairly low. the survival thing hangs over me like darkness and weeping, and hardly a chance to shit in peace. well.

the goods,

Bob

L.A.
Sept. 22

Hello Steve:

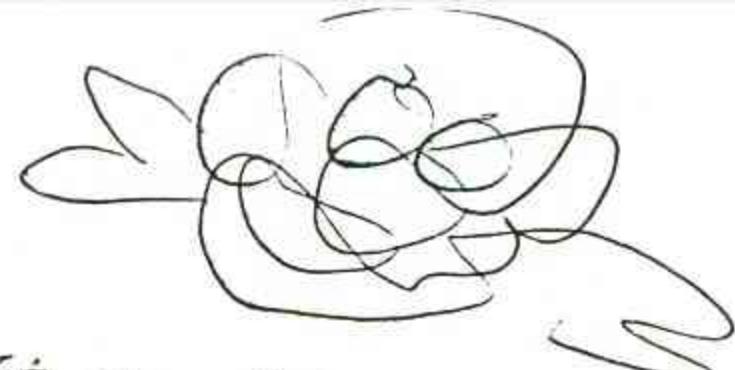
think you'll b- around Sunday? if so, what time? got a fucking problem. crazy librarian (ex-librarian, and old guy) who lives in San Diego wants me to try to find him a hotel to live in in Venice--Santa Monica area. not over \$100 a month. lung trouble, all that. he needs a desk clerk to talk to. and me, I gu-ss. christ. well, anyhow, he's done me a couple of good turns. so I was wondering if I could come down there and use your phone and phone a couple of hotels around there, asking for rates and if they have a vacancy. do you have phone at POETRY TOILET? and phonebook?

strictly a pain in the ass, I know. let me know if you'll be around and how you feel about it. people always fucking with my time. guy just sat here an hour and a half, talking tripe. really dull bullshit, about himself and WRITING. what a writer does. what he should do. writer writer writer writer, and he's sitting th-re, so I CAN'T WRITE. the world is full of sick wet sacks and I guess I have to live with them.

Let me know about Sunday.

Hank

• SCENE, MAN -



PRESUME THESE PANS

YOURS? EVERYTHING MIXED -
UP OR SELF. ANYHOW,

(ARE TAKEN OR HOPE

YOU WILL ALLOW ME

TO ACCEPT "TODAY'S

RICH POT" AND "YES

I'M LOOKING." YOU +

WILL 2 MOST FAVORABLE

YOUNG PIECES OF TODAY.

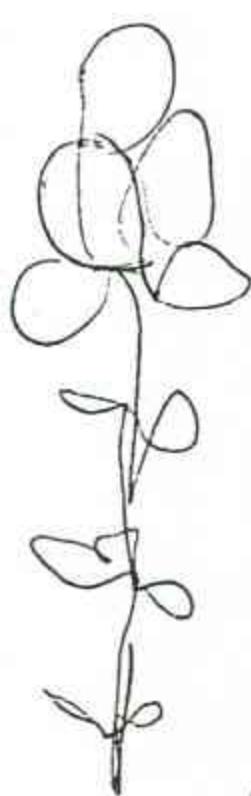
BLAZER HAS FLIPPED

WAY BACKWARDS, WHERE

LETTERS WORK UP AND DOWN

YOU'RE WORKING UP. DON'T

COUNT. YES YES, BINK



10. 2013

DO YOU
READ
SHIT AS
APPLIES,
EXPENSES,
DOESN'T
IT?

WELL,
DOESN'T
UP TO ME
IF IT
FINALLY
WORKS.

2

10
JUN

Oct. something 1962

Dear Mr. Corman:

thank u for the "revolving door" criticism.

Yes, I would like the poems back. I do not keep carbons. One dollar enclosed as per request.

Charles Bukowski
Charles Bukowski
1623 N. Marinosa Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

p.s.--rush up on Saki.

when the bomb arrives, I will arrive. --

physical pain is the laughter of a dirty joke.

POPPYSEED BREAD IS A DELUSION.

who opened the window?

...fools are usually glad they are.--

An intelligence that is proud
is not wisdom.

ONE MORE BACKFIELD MAN WHO CAN RUN TO HIS LEFT, WE
WOULD TAKEN IT ALL...

to sleep till noon, to weep at night; to gamble everything
on monsoons and secretaries...

Give me a piece of the action when they stiff the crowd;
when Moses got the message he only heard the part in front.

Jab im, jam im, jab im, keep that left in there! keep movin'
faint! jab! move!--(message to a potential loser).

a small woman and a large towel.

death locked in the bones.

When I cry I know that I have escaped sadness.

Grace is not in doing a thing well but only in taking a
small pleasure where a large pleasure is seemingly
offered.

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE SHUT THE GOD DAMNED WINDOW?

Dear Willie:

Dear #### sire:

my cock average size but mostly out of action
lately, desire there still, but price too high, trouble too much,
I do not search like a highschool boy, and some night finally it is
there, or at a motel outside Del Mar track in August it is there,
and then it is gone, the color of the dress I remember, some words
spoken, but the act is really secondary, they have hung the cock on
me, I have dipped, but really, the walls are large.

Born Andernach, Germany August 16th., 1920. German mother,
father with American Army (Pasadena born but of German parentage)

of Occupation. There is some evidence that I was born, or at least
conceived out of wedlock, but I am not sure. America at age of 2.
Some year or so in Washington, D.C., but then on to Los Angeles.
The Indian suit thing true. All grotesques true. Between the
imbecile savagery of my father, the disinterestness of my mother,
and the sweet #### hatred of my playmates: "Hienie! Hienie! Hienie!"
things were pretty hot all around. They got hotter when I was in my
13th. year on, I broke out not with acne, but with these HUGE boils,
in my eyes, neck, back, face, and I'd #### ride the streetcar to the
hospital, the charity ward, the old man was not working, and there
they'd drill me with the # electric needle, which is kind of a wood
drill that they stick into people. Stayed out of school a year.
Went to L.A. City College a couple of years, Journalism. Tuition fee
was two dollars but the old man said he couldn't afford to send me
anymore. I went to work in the railroad yards, scrubbing the sides
of trains with OAKITE. I drank and gambled at night. Had a small
room above a bar on Temple street in the Filipin® district, and I
gambled at night with the aircraft workers and pimps and ect. My
place got to be known and every night it was packed. It was hell
getting my sleep. One night I hit big. Big for me. 2 or 3 hundred.
I knew they'd be back. Got in a fight, broke a mirror and a couple
of chairs but held onto the money and early in the morning ####
caught a bus for New Orleans. Some young gal on there made a play
for me, and I let her off at Fort Worth but got as far as Dallas and
swung back. Wasted some time there and made N.O. Roomed across from
THE GANGPLANK CAFE and began writing. Short stories. Drank the
money up, went to work in a comic book house, and soon moved on.
Miami beach. Atlanta. New York. St. Louis. Philly. Frisco. L.A.
again. New Orleans again. Then Philly again. Then Frisco again.
L.A. again. Around and around. A couple of nights in East Kansas
City. Chicago. I stopped writing. I concentrated on drinking.
My longest stays were in Philly. I would get up early in the
morning and go to a bar there and I would close that bar at night.
How I made it, I don't know. Then finally back to L.A. and a wild
shack job of seven years drinking. Ended up in same charity hospital.
This time not with boils but with my stomach torn open finally with
rot gut and agony. 8 pints of blood and 7 pints of glucose transfused
in without a stop. My whore came to see me and she was drunk. My
oldman was with her. The old man gave me a lot of lip and the whore
was nasty too, and I told the old man, "Just one more word out of you
and I'm going to yank this# needle outta my arm, climb off this deathbed
and whip your ass!" They left. I came out of there, white and old,
in love with sunlight, told never to drink again or death would be
mine. I found among changes in myself, that my memory which was
once pretty good was now bad. Some brain damage, no doubt, they had
let me lay there a couple of days in the charity ward when my papers
got lost and the papers called for immediate transfusions, and I was
out of blood, listening to hammers against my brain. Anyhow, I got
on a mail truck and drove it around and delivered letters and drank
lightly, experimentally, and then one night I sat down and began
writing poetry. What a hell of a thing. Where to send this stuff.
Well, I took a shot. There was a magazine called HARLEQUIN and I was
a fucking cbown and it was out in some small town in Texas and maybe
they wouldn't know bad stuff when they saw it, so--. There was a
gal editor there, and the poor dear went wild. Special edition.
Letters followed. The letters got warm. The letters got hot.
Next thing I knew the gal editor was in Los Angeles. Next thing
I knew we were in Las Vegas for marriage. Next thing I knew I was
walking in a small Texas town with the local hicks glaring at me.
The gal had money. I didn't know she had money. Or her folks had
money. We went back to L.A. and I went back to work, somewhere.

The marriage-didn't work. It took 3 years for her to find out that
I was not what she had thought I was supposed to be. I was anti-social,
coarse, a drunkard, didn't go to church, played horses, cursed when
intoxicated, didn't like to go anywhere, shaged carelessly, didn't
care for her paintings or her relatives, sometimes stayed in bed 2 or
3 days running ect. ect...

Very little more. I went back to my whore who had once been such
a cruel and beautiful woman, and who was no longer beautiful (as such)
but who had, magically, become a warm and real person, but she could
not stop drinking, she drank more than I, and she died.

There is not much left now. I drink mostly alone and discourage
company. People seem to be talking about things that don't count.
They are too eager or too vicious or too obvious.

I hope this clears up some things and that I have not Ferlinghetti'd
you. I can tell you things that happened like this and it takes nothing
away because it is only a LISTING in a sense, and what happened, the
living of it, it is still there. I have played some bad lutes and
taken some knocks in the head, but it was the only way, there was
only one path.

As to the other, I liked the EARLY Hemingway, and like the rest
of us, was affected somewhat by T.S. and Auden, but not so much in a
sense of content but in a clean and easy way of saying. I like Wagner
and Beethoven, Klee and Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff and rabbits. This
is all pretty common, I realize. So is breathing. Then too, there's
Darius Milhaud, Verdi, Mussorgsky, Smetana, Shostakovich, Schumann,
Bach, Massenet, Ernst von Dohnanyi, Menotti, Gluck, Mahler, Bruckner,
Franck, Gounod, Handel and Zoltan Kodaly. Brahms and Tchaikovsky
some how become #less and less to me. In Jeffers, I like the longer
works, where the style is almost prose, but where everything is hard
brick and breaking, where #### everything is up against the knife and
very real. Jeffers almost admires his non-thinking man-brutes as
opposed to ect... that gives his work the touch of truth. He
writes believably and the pages are in your hands like warm things,
difficult to believe that type and machine also put them together.
As to contemporaries, they do not do much for me. I do not mean
the poets still living who have stopped writing, I mean those living
now and writing now. I cannot see much. A great aliveness. A
carefulness. What a stinking age! What a set of ass-lickers!

Enough of that.

Answering another question: the poem you asked about where the
guy sets fire to the shack, I do not have a copy of it here, mailed
it to Jon, but it was in a copy of MIDWEST, believe it # had a yellow
cover, b#live it #, the anti-hedley, and believe called \$3,000 in
3 Months, or something like that. Anyhow, look through your copies
of MIDWEST.

Got a letter from Germany today from some Hienie telling me that
he has translated CANDIDATE MIDDLE and THE LIFE OF BORODIN and that
they will be used in a radio feature. This calls for cold chills
all around. I, who can no longer speak or understand the language
of my birthplace, will be going back into my own tongue from the
place I left. This is some kind of magic, like black horses turned
loose and running on a hill.

Meanwhile, get yr-Commingue-latest, and good stuff. Your
writing is beginning to sound more like your better letters,
which means you are getting closer to center. I have been hoping
this would happen. It is good to see growth in a real man. The
pricks have always been lucky. Now if they only don't feature you
in some mag with photos and excerpts from letters ect., so you won't
get the fathead and flatten out and die, you and I are going to get
along...

Weekend shot. Sherman haggling with Norman Mosher who studied
under T.Roethke. Real bitter stuff. I have long ago said that I
do not care for the poets. I would like to see one once in a while
with a little self-doubt instead of this cockiness and the unsheathing
of the nails. I am just about now getting over it. People climb
into my mind, kick around, piss around, and it takes some time for
them to leave.

...a part of the ankle will not go down. I will be the club-ankle
poet. Lord Byron, make way!

I told Jon to let you have your head in the intro. If you want to
go long, go long; if you want to go short, go short. It is a tough
job at best. But you must know that I am honored to have you for
my #### barker: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we give you--", and
Bukowski steps out from behind the tent flap with 3 red hairs on his
chest, and can of beer in one hand and a German shepherd pup in the
other.

Keep your bones in good motion, kid, and quietly consume and digest
what is necessary. I think it is not so much important to build a
literary thing as it is not to hurt things. I think it is important
to be quiet and in love with park benches; solve whole areas of pain
by walking across a rug.

you got it.
dip the brush in
turpentine,

Beck

ps.-I asked Webb not to send proofs of the section. I'd rather see
it all at once, quietly with a cold beer audience. And maybe think
of other days & bad days to come, like all this is well, but the
walls will be coming down. c.h.

P.S. - you are still dating your letters '62, with the
day before the month, thus 3-1-62 should read
1-3-63. Are you drinking, old man?

Beck

Jewlie Fourth

1963

big Paul:

it is undoubtably on days mighty nights like this soapy beer nights with the Summer bugs beginning to take over and my gut beginnning to take over dirty floor dirty mind warm beer weak firecrackers the essence of everything just about this empty match book cover on the table what the hell you mean, I am down again?

Out today with 53,000 of them, fucking with a new system, fucking the daylight the minutes away, women's asses horses'asses going buy bye by the sun light a sweating lemon twist or an arc light gone mad with power. Every time I sat down in some new invention of shade some drivel of humanity would find me and ask me the speed rating of the 9 horse or the Shoe were on the 6, and how many days since the last out, how about works? weight up? #### blinkers? what'd I think?

Then I get home and the phone rings and somebody (home?) wants to know where Sherman lives? How do I know how Sherman lives?

Nice to get the green dream stuff advance on your novel, it is a kind of an odd thing when somebody pays you for what you #### want to do; it's like going to bed with a quivering mess of nylon and panty and breast and red mouth like the dew-lipped rose of morning and ripping it apart to the great music and then having somebody walk up and give you a handful of bills for doing what you did.

Got along letter from hon. Jon in which he talks about book, and I have asked him to tell me nothing about it, double negative or not, and he talks nicely around it whetting me up like an old jock strap in a washing machine, and I already have #3 and the plaque too, they are stuck into me like banners and I will not pull them out, it is time I got a little easy on myself now and then but if I never write another thing I can always get weak and blame the old man for softening me up. On the other hand, if I am soft enough to be softened up, if I am going to let go the edge and fall off, then the banners and the plaque were almost meaningless because they were misplaced. If I go from drink or fucking too much or from clods against the brain from stabbing too close to the rail, then that is something else. Excusable. Because I am being used up by the world and not a mirror crawling with enough vanity to betray the few good people. A men.

I think you know what I mean.

Finished out the day well, the 9 horse drawing out in long strides around the curve, running easily, and I touched the handful of tickets in my pocket and walked out under the tunnel. Maybe it is in looking at these horses or getting drunk that the writing comes to me. I don't look for the writing. It has to come like a parade or rain or luck or maple leaf or a fine drunk whore wobbling lost on the corner on top of her lovely dizzy and spiked life, and I clutch the gain when I get it, push it past the weeping and the long hours of 43 years staring at a ceiling wrinkling down to the last faint color of me pale pal grass. Ach, I'm down again! Outside a boy shots his tiny cap pistol to celebrate America. Whitman could celebrate himself. All I have is 3 tickets on the 9 horse, 13 1/2 quart beer cans and a pack of smokes. And I sometimes think of the book Jon is working on down in New Orleans and I wonder who Charles Bukowski is. Am I Charles Bukowski? What is it? Pam, pop, pam!!! goes the kid. Jesus, this is no place to stop so close to the bottom... next page...

Bukowski
1623 N. Mariposa Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

AIR MAIL

30 JULY 1963

CALIF.

AIR MAIL....

William Corrington c/o Dent. of English
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Very little more.
The moon hangs high.
The goose hangs cooked.
The butcher comes in and washes his hands,
the wife plies her thighs with olive oil,
day becomes night, night becomes sorrow, sorrow becomes the grass
over the graves of everybody,
and the place to do it is here
the time to do it is now
as the dogs plough their feet into roses
as I look for a place to sit down
and light a cigarette

and stare into the iron face
and blow smoke toward His victory.

you got it, kid,
don't let anybody slit
your pockets,

LESLIE
WOLF
HEAD
LY

Buk

DON'T EAT BEDS IN CRACKERS. C.B.

July 15, 1963

Yah Willie:

SHITTY - SICK

Don't worry yourself on the NORTHWEST REVIEW article, I understand, and I hold to the savage side with the honor of my teeth. I know damn well I don't wax the golden poetic and I don't try to because I believe it to be essentially outside of life--like lace gloves for a coal-stoker. On the other hand, I don't believe in being tough because life is tough. I like my sunlight and beer and cigars and occasional pussy just like any matador or prelim boy, but there's still room for a good symphony written in 1700 or 1800 or the disgust-strike of sadness at seeing a cat crushed flat by wheels upon asphalt. There's room for things, and I once tried to straighten these things into REASON by reading Plato and Schopenhauer, Hegel, the whole host of boys, but I only found that they were tilting silver water, getting lost in it, and as long as I was getting lost I figured it might as well be in a cheap bar where I could listen to sounds that were not being written, and if I found love it was some other old dog's bone. Because if the answer isn't at the top, it isn't at the middle, and you'll find just as much at the bottom which was where I was at anyhow. It's not so much savage as it is discarding the whole facade of knowledge and education and looking as directly as you can into your own sun. You can get blinded this way but at least a lot of it is your own doing. Like suicide or betting the 9 horse. The next cold drink is God, and the next cigarette isn't cancer; it's the next one after, the one you haven't gotten to. And you realize all along that you are not getting very near anything, but if it's not the razor, you toddle along like a kid shitting in its pants, and the game is cornnobs and dollars and buttons and an occasional Easter candle. So be it; my, may the bee sting the next fat fig.

I get touches and hints of the book from Jon, and this man and his wife weave things like a golden dream, touching it, tasting it, adding, subtracting, loving, o loving, they touch again and again the thing they are working with, it takes design, it takes them, they heave # to it like good steak or a visitation by the angels; these people are blessed beyond blessedness, and my unholy mad luck has made this work of mine fall into their hands and I look through the curtains, and the cars on the street and the people and the sidewalks have become real and carved and yet soft like pillows because these people have touched me with the wand. All my luck came at once, and it won't last, I don't want it to. There will be a time of looking back, and I am ready. I came out of absurdity and I will go back, back, but now now all the dogs and flowers and windows laugh with me, and it is a stirring a stirring like an approaching army marching or a butterfly coming out of the cocoon. God damn, I go to open another beer.

The savage drops a tear.

← TEAR - WET-LIKE THING OF SADNESS

I await the K.Review, and your probable 18th. century sonnet. This is all right. The K.Review is good fat book, stirs with a kind of dusty knowledge and unreality, but some of the critical articles hold little strokes of lightning, the taste and stir of the good long word mixed with the near-slang. This beholds one in an amusing sort of way. And you must realize that pages must be filled, like a newspaper, like a little magazine or like a big magazine, and that almost everything you read anywhere must essentially be shit because it is only out of the daze and

so, Big Paul, the aphids crawl...

the hustlers maw their boxes with sweetweed and tightner and I dream of their kneecaps when they will look more like doornobs and not as good.

I think of Christ sometimes and wonder sometimes if He didn't try to rush it too much?

But thinking too much about Christ or God or the Holy G. you can get lost easily, I mean like following a path and getting cracked by an oak branch across the forehead.

Most whores gamble that the world is not worthwhile but they are afraid to die; most wives gamble that the world is # # # # # worthwhile but they are afraid to live. I try to help both of them.

Pleasanton, Calif., July 4.--Veteran jockey agent Buster Wiles checked in from Portland Meadows and is making riding engagements for Alfred Applebee and the up-and-coming apprentice Levi Gomez, the latter riding at 105 pounds.

I saw her in this white scarf and the leaves were out like bugles and the sidewalk was soft as cotton, bam bam bam, I loved her as she walked past, I had her like all the troops, I had her like a city and she burned like a witch bam bam bam

our finest love never finds out or why.

Willie, keep the yipetyper ribbons around as a balloon to blow up the world bam bam the boy keeps flubbin' his magnum rust toy pistol and some day he will be dead and they will jam it in his teeth like a cross

hot today. tonight. got to close off.

talk about Pros, baby, you do it meat. Jab, jab, right cross, bam!!! you're getting better--keep y'r shoelaces tied, a man can step on your lace and it's like havin' your foot in mortar, hard mortar. You take a rematch you gotta go 15-45 with no house guarantee except for him.

cider of the eye is the hardest drink of all,

Book

Dear Jon and Lou:

(and happy past birthday Sir Jon)...

got the purples AND the book--the hardcover mat-woven job, great beauty, and I don't know which I prefer, this, or the earlier one you sent, all power-throb magic, and thanks thanks... Still, you've got to realize that the regular edition you put out is a tough baby too... And by the way, since you are running low on the books and high on expenses, I don't think the ### idea of shipping me a total of 50 is a very sound one. Got 2 more this morning. I love each single one of them, but look, I'll tell you what, or ask# you: can you ship me 2 more copies and we'll call it even? O.k.? O.k. then.

Got the large painting by Robt. Fink and it's quite a thing, and am going to enclose a letter soon for you to forward him my thanks. This is the way to get Art, for free. Have people dump it on you. Money has nothing to do with it, really. It's the act, the fire burning, and it's good to have somebody dump things on you like fine paintings and books. It will not spoil me; it just gives me this cool & full feeling inside like somebody can spit in my face and it doesn't matter. It does, of course; everything matters. But you know what I mean.

Also got your V.Voice ads and they say plenty. It should make the people curious as to what's going on? Makes me feel like a ## celebrity but when I go to get the Racing Form or some beer nobody knows who I am, so I am safe. This should help you move what's left and make the people wonder about LOUJON, SO Great. yes.

Started on the purples, did 4 and fell asleep with light on and silver tube in my hand. The great stirring god damned artist. umm.

Hope to do a small painting for Fink, although this is not my alley. Did one for Tibbs and he seemed to think it was o.k.

I am going to reread Village Voice ads when I finish this letter. I guess the difference between you people and the one who started POETRY, A MAGAZINE OF VERSE, Harriet Monroe? is that you print the stuff, do your own homework, and have this feeling ## for color and shape and exploration and new form and what the hell--bang bang living kicking ARTISTRY...

I don't understand your tape machine, it must have a special bug in it somewhere. Do you plug it into conventional wiring? I know I don't cuss enough to burn the tape. A damn shame, though, that the machine won't give you any rest or peace or endurance, and it's just these things that drive a man mad: SOMETHING GOING WRONG ALL THE DAMNED TIME!!! Yet you seem to endure with good courage and that's fine. Frances talks well and originally, ## yes, she often talks me down or gives me a few good pokes mentally, ah, but this is good for the soul... or what's left of it.

Good you heard from Genet on book.

Kirby Congdon also writes that there is a spread on Buk in current AMERICAS. I can't read Spanish but trying to get hold of a copy.

Say, this is fine: all these articles on me. I don't have to write any more poetry; just sit around and read articles. umm. hail plenty, *Buk*

Feb. 28, '64

Dear Jon and Lou--

must off to the freeway, time shot like presidents and dictators;--poem enclosed, got the Jeffers, fine, all well, going going going-- more later, more poems, more bullshit tapes ect. ect. ect., Arizona has nice desert animals and rocks ect. ect. ect.; probably going to do reading of tape on IT CATCHES next few days, going, going, going--

yes,

Bush

Sunday Nov. 1st., 1964

Bear Jen and Lou:

I am enclosing the drunken letter of yesterday. It is not a very good one but it is a letter. Very drunk last night. The landlord and his wife came over and we slugged it down. His wife became rather upset when she saw the kitchen and the bathroom. Frances is not a very good housekeeper. But I calmed the old girl down and got ~~her~~ her to insulting me. I had let some gypsies straighten out my car for \$100.00 and she said I shouldn't have ~~done~~ done this. What should we do, let these people starve? There were 3 of them, 2 boys and an old man with a huge belly. They saw me typine and drinking beer at the window and came up and talked. We haggled at price a little while and then I told them to go ahead. They didn't do a bad job. When I handed the old man the \$10 he bent down over his belly, bowed and said, "God bless you, son." I figure that was worth the \$10 right there. Nobody ever said "God bless you, son," to me before. --Serge Prokofiev 2nd.piano concerto just over. Frances has just come in. She has been at church and at the beach with her church people. We have a pretty good arrangement here. I let her have these but ask her to keep them away from me. --Listening to Copeland and Bowns at intermission and their talk is not bad, but the accents as usual all so cultured, English, & a seeming homosexuality--the latter, of course, probably not being true.

don't study the work of a great master, it will tend to discourage you, somebody says.

Mr.Copeland.

Mr.Bowns.

Mr.Copeland. Mr.Copeland. Mr.Copeland. Mr.Copeland.

I don't think there will be any poems enclosed. If there are, there are. I mean after writing this if something comes up I'll stick it in, but have my doubts--I feel like I've been hung by my ankles in a grey wet wind.

Good to get your card, Jen. Hello, Gypsy. Hello dogs. New Robert Schumann, symphony #4 in B Minor. This is his original 2nd. symphony re-worked. Gets well this 4:30 ~~pink~~-black afternoon. I think of you down there in New Orleans--battling. my god, think of how much more peaceful life would have been if I had never sent you a poem? That you have done so much for my work I can never forget or hardly understand. This #4 by Schumann is a fine work, he really tells it out. He was not afraid of emotion and the years have held his work up. It's not sugar like Tchaikovsky or cheap like Liszt. A good afternoon after all, and

god bless you
too,

Book

P.S. - POEMS ENCLOSED,

December 9th., 1964

Dear Jen and Louise:

great on the trainfare!!! my god, I hate to do it this way but when I got to figuring expenses I began to see knives digging into me everywhere, and look I will bring plenty of BEEF money for us (now I can, of course!) and enough for food and rent for myself. As I said, I'd prefer not to stay with anybody and that includes you good people, because we all have our ways and its best to be alone some of the time (or alone with wheever you live with) to let the flow of yourself flow back# in. I won't use your floor, although (seriously) I like to sleep with animals; it gives me a feeling of peace. My thanks, anyhow. I hope to stay out of your way when you are at something but I also hope to be able to lend myself in labor, wukr, if there is any work I can do without destroying things or wrecking the routine or making you unhappy or getting in the way. Then too, I'd like some time just to wander through the city one or 2 nights, a drink at a bar here and there, not too much, and a look around around around. now, hell, I am not interested in picking up any women. I am not a visiting American Legionnaire or an Elk or a Moose. I've lived there twice before--New Orleans--and it wasn't the French Quarter because I didn't want to get up against any amateur artiness or misleading romanticism. I didn't. I was on the other side of ###Canal starving with the wines. I don't feel any different now than I did then. a 3 month's old baby girl, a magically designed book, IT CATCHES, & 44 years on my back, but I am no more certain of anything than I was then, not even more calm--none of the balms that are supposed to come with age have come along for me. I do look plenty forward to the trip, coming back to this place of my youth, looking around, seeing you, working with you. my thanks, my thanks.

bear for Marina Louise arrived in great shape and she #####went for it, Lou, and more thanks here again, and do you know what, the strangest thing, seeing that name on the wrapping paper: MARINA LOUISE BUKOWSKI. 2 bears now, or what do you call them: bruins? anyway, all great.

also photo#s--good photos--Jen how do you do it? I'm no good at that sort of thing, balconies etc., looks fire fun and wondereus, and it's like Frances says: "Give these people the materials and they can do anything."

and the article too by Lou. you write here the way you talk, Louise, straight and easy, and don't think you weren't driving me crazy with all these trips, I didn't know where to send the poems, the god damn poems, and I felt that the minute I sent to one place you'd be in another, and for the first time I thought of keeping carbons which really showed I was cracking.

Alan Bevan appeared to like my review of LAUGHING ROOSTER by Layton and he says maybe Layton will get his turn when CRUCIFIX comes# out, so I guess I get it coming, eh? No, I didn't tear that much meat; liked many of the poems and was able to say so. Yet, on the other hand, there was no use of laying on the butter when acid cut# the pattern# of some of my reaction.

Beecher has a nice beard. Why don't you put him and Cerrington in a paper sack and let them scratch each other to death?

It's overtime and no days off until Xmas and this will pay for a 6 pack and my auto insurance. building full of wild-eyed, no-eyed dull and laughing and frightened and gibbering people. I come in in the morning here, I am slugged and ungathered, and there is Frances and the child and they tell me that life is hard for them, and it's true, it is. Then in January I've got to pass a scheme examination that takes hours and days of study to hold a job that I don't want. weep for me! I pour the beer in until I can't see anymore, trying to wash it away, but later, it's still there. weep for me, indeed! pity me, pray for me, burn candles, yes... France's poetry group knocked on the door again this last Sunday, 2 males, one short and figety and egocentric; the other tall and dull in necktie, a comfortable well-fed slab of meat. What do these people do with their time? Wandering around, knocking on doors, sitting on chairs, talking about nothing at great length. I don't have any TIME! where do all the dead come from? I don't understand! I can't run them out because as Frances says, "They come to see me because they know that I am lonely." or, "They come to see the baby." and I can't run Frances and the baby out. It all comes to mathematics and I am Mr.Zero. weep, weep. --anyway, #####between this and overtime and the scheme, any poems are due to be short and splashed with blood, and weak.

You 2 hold the line while I wail. You've got enough strength for an army.

time going, I've got to cut this. somewhat sick but no more bleed.

March, if it gets here; if we get there. March, March, March!

LOVE,

Buk

BUKOWSKI
5124 DE Longpre Aver
Los Angeles 27, CALIF.

ANGELA
OCT 1964 PM 60
AIR MAIL

FIGHT
SUPPORT
ASSOCIATION

Jen + Lou WEBB
1109 RUE ROYALE
NEW ORLEANS 16, LOUISIANA

P.S. Tony PHILLIPS THAT SUNDAY N.Y. TIMES
RECOMMENDED IT CATCHES FOR XMAS
Reading.

Los Angeles
Dec. 23, 1964

Dear Jen and Lou--

tired but couldnt sleep and so 2 poems enclosed. now I've got to get back in bed. rush in the pit about ever, merry hell it has been too, little pale supervisors so scared and punking and brutal and trembling. --they are erecting the high rise apt. next to us now, cement mixer sauna, everything going. really tired, hardly a letter here. Purdy sent me (and Bevan) an inscribed copy of Layten's RED CARPET, and some good stuff in there too only perhaps he writes too well, but many good lines, you think of paintings hanging from walls. well. christ, even my #####wrists hurt when I type! I've got to close.

I don't remember ONE FOR THE NUNS ect. that you mentioned in your last letter... I'd like to see it. Do you have an extra page? if not, don't screw up your count.

zed, I've got to sack out!!!

the wrks the wrks,

Buk



Bukowski
5124 DE Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles 27, CALIF.

Jen ad
1109
NEW ORLEANS

Louise Webb
RUE ROYALE
ORLEANS 16, LOUISIANA

T.A.
Dec. 29, '64

Dear Jon and Lou--

wrote all these poems in one morning (which is productivity, at least &/or anyhow) while drinking 3 cans of beer and drinking a pint of scotch I meant to give the landlord for New Year's as he gave us 2 6-packs a fruitcake and somethin' for M.Louis, but the scotch went into the poems. transcribing them from drunken pen scrawl onto this machine was another matter and strictly hell. when ya gonna send me a young secretary to do things for me?

anyhow, for better or worse, tired now even tho it's next day, and news here about the same--3 eyes struggling for domination of space of soul and so on. I think Marina's winning.

don't worry about writing me, please. phonecall great surprise, and I will keep all new stuff coming when and if it arrives, you know that.

tired.

love,
Buk

BUKOWSKI
5124 DE LONGPRE AVE.
LOS ANGELES 27, CALIF.



JON + LOUISE WEBB
1109 RUE ROYALE
NEW ORLEANS 16, LOUISIANA

l.a.

when? when?

Steve:

you're right, Jeffer's right--meetings bad, I've always known this, the chitchat; this is a good poem, this is a bad poem, and on and on--meanwhile life is chopping us up--chop, chop, chop. I feel this all the while the talk is going on. I can't take too many meetings. Anna a beaut., of course, of course.. Neeli rampaged on through the night after you two left.

my woman strangles herself with Art, slugs herself with it, reads it, eats it, makes NOISE with it--I finally made work last ~~night~~, ~~they took their bloody blood~~, and I came in aching and ripped and twitching like an idiot, couldn't sleep, pain and agony of the face and knife of them, even made me work an hour OVERTIME!!! fell asleep for 5 minutes and dreamt a spider was eating me. from 4 a.m. until noon I layed there awake, everything wasted and hot and stupid, myself moving toward another night's work; and then, BEAUTY OF ESCAPE... at one p.m. I fell asleep; it's 2:30 p.m. now as I type this. I was awakened by some cat on the radio, horribly banging banging, no style, no variance of sound, all pedals down, and I walked in the other room and there she sat listening, the thing turned up, and her eyes lit with some kind of possession when she saw me and she puckered her lips with a kiss made the sound of a kiss in the air and I sat there and looked at her, she didn't know any better--there's seldom anger at anything, just disgust disgust, but I couldn't quite help saying, "madness!", but she c#ouldn't hear me the radio was on so loud and the room was full of flies and death and ART ART ART.

ah, my, ah my, o my, oh,

Buk

Sunday in 1965, and a measurement of paint streaks down the table like a cue ball, viva the tree leaves!

yes, Steve:

well, yes, the poetry store thing could be a dancer and then too it could rack you up and make you rancid, eat snails, and go to the pity drawer. but if it evolves let me know address. sure, I can shove some books on you--CRUCIFIX IN A DEATHHAND out and soon to be distributed by Lyle-Stuart. I also have a book of mostly drawings, some poems (not yet begun and untitled) to be issued by BORDER PRESS in November. also MAD VIRGIN PRESS ~~sends~~ tells me they want to bring out a collection of my poetry from the poems I submitted to BLITZ, and so I sent them more poems and a title: POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE JUMPING OUT OF AN 8 STORY WINDOW. I get a bloody cut out of all of these, which makes it nice since I am poor and squalid with woman and child in these 2 small rooms, solitude gone like a bird over the roof...

they both just came into this kitchen and the girlchild sits and watches me talk to type to Steven Richmond the young madman who fiddles with lawbooks, and I twist her goddammed nose and continue. look, if your shop opens I am not any good on poetry readings; I evade these--either reading or attending. this is just a personal buildup in me engendered through what I have lived. essentially I am a loner. not a snob, sweetheart, but I dream high brick walls and a place on the hill with a moat and watchdogs and a rifle on the wall, and about 18 rooms, all of them empty except for buckets of paint, brushes, ink; rooms of paper and typers and beer and wine and whiskey and cameras and drunk never-pregnant women and weeks of no-women at all, no sound, just green moss and the inside of the head banging. but since I can't get this and am already pretty well fucked-up by life (wow, 2 rooms, 3 people, voices forever, my slump shoulders; and teeth falling out, wow) all I can do is sometimes try to come close, and the little time I have I like to walk through racetracks and get drunk and not think except to think of the sun or maybe all those bodies laying down there underneath us, and at poetry readings all I am going to get is a confirmation of what I already know, and then hardly that. there isn't much time left for me, which doesn't worry me too much, but which tends to make me operate in a freer and easier style, which means doing mostly what I want to, which isn't much, but is important in the way I handle it because it gives the warm feeling in the belly when crossing the street or say passing a woman living as music and dressed in color like paint like paint, I am so sad sometimes and the words get twisted....

I'VE GOT A BULL IN THE ICEBOX WHO KEEPS SCREAMING MIMI.^x

all right, then, we work up and down the walls and there aren't any handles anywhere. the radio gives me Bruckner's 5th. today. snuffling out of nose and staring out at the leaves, the sidewalks, the mad-hammer teeth out there and in here. keep warm; hustle; don't kill anybody in any way even if you seem to have to...

raw fish, mix, and
floating...

y-SOUNDS LIKE A ^{good} *Buk*
TITLE FOR SOMETHING. WILL
TRY TO REMEMBER
IT.

L.A.
March 4th., 1965

Dear Ed Blair:



no chance to respond to your note of some time ago as you did not have an address upon your corres., but now you are located through Jon and Lou Webb, Camp street, all right, I remember something about Camp street, all right maybe it was just walking on it and thinking what a dull name, or maybe I lived on it, hell knows, if I remember it's on the other side of Canal, the non-French, anyhow, I was starving and drinking wine, and now I am fat and almost 45 and don't feel any better, except of course the book, the last one and this one, and if a man didn't feel lifted through almost everything by having publishers like Jon and Lou and the way they do it (nothing but will and guts and artistry and almost unendurable labor) he would be a very stinking and dismal and damnfool man indeed.

I'm leaving town (L.A.) 8:30 p.m. tomorrow night for N.O., and will stay 2 weeks from the day of my arrival, and I hope I don't pest up the scene with my beer-stained prescence. I don't want to get Jon drunk because he is behind schedule on the book. I am not much on talking, anyhow, so I won't talk him to death. If I have any sense I will help him with some of the work if there is any of the work I am able to do.

It is difficult for me to think of myself as a poet and I do suppose many of the critics agree with me. yet I find I must write and I do write-- something. If it isn't poetry then # whatever it is, that's what I write. If I bastardly violate international concepts of poetry, then let it be.

so we go on. climb onto trains. attempt to sleep nights. crap. comb hair. almost without idea. almost without sign of reason. mountains, faces, sand, dogs. rocks. trains trains train depots. myself walking around as if I were alive, but like I say these books, these 2 books. I've won 10,000 wars.

sure,

Buk

L.A.

March 24, '65

Dear Steve:

Just got into town to find your book here, and my thanks, it goes on the shelf with the other poets good enough to let me look.

Here trouble, but my life has always been fucked-up.

My thanks, again, the book.

yrs.,

Buk

..a.
early june 1965

Steve, baby:

well, thanks for the poem, and yes, feed your dog when she gets hungry. it's a cool lousy day here -vacant--I think of d.h.lawrence walking down there in your Santa Monica and thinking about the diseased palm trees. d.h. always looking for the yellow sun of force, the clear hardness, the kind of man who wanted to milk a cow or go to heaven through the end of his cock. I'm not that way. I am just piss tired: too many factories, too many diseased women. diseased by life. I just want a place to stretch out but they won't let me have that--yet. a kid rolls by on his bicykle; ali is dull, the grey slate, until the big blast.

when you open your place I may try with some paintings, we can split down the middle if they go?

CRUCIFIX IN A DEATHHAND #3out, it sells for \$7.50, the format is about worth it, but can't see many people buying at this price. yet I guess Stuart knows what he's doing or he wouldn't be on Ark Ave. Haven't heard from Blaz but imagine soon he will be starting on my CONFESSIONS OF A MAN INSANE ENOUGH TO LIVE WITH BEASTS, and so we roll on, the old man is still kicking out shit, and something from MAD VIRGIN PRESS, group of poems to be entitled POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE JUMPING OUT OF AN 8 STORY WINDOW, and also doing a book of black and white drawings with a few poems interspersed for BORDER PRESS. no title yet, and haven't started on this one but prob. will this week end. and so, it's things to diddle with as the flies crawl the curtains of my head, and I guess it holds off madness and the blade and some boredom.

gagging on too black coffee. bad image. I am supposed to be dunking my head in a vat of beer. fuck it. I don't like images. won't have them. Webb works on the image bit. I enclose a clipping from the COURIER. he even has me six feet six. I'm 5' II and 3/4's. I did drink 30 beers at one sitting but this is the only thing to do when people are talking and looking at each other. it's the only thing to do. If I drink whiskey I have a tendency to reach over and rip off somebody's shirt. I don't care for the interview; it's juvenile and standard, written by a rich young man right out of college but this is the type of thing that goes in those papers.

all right, then, don't get mashed.

B. m.

.I.A.
sunday nite
june 1965

dear Jon and Louise (you good baby):

have been drinking all day and into night (bought only beer) and wanted something to be in ~~g~~ delivery box, phoenix, in case of arrival of OUTSIDER stuff and so forth hadn't arrived.

I know that from traveling many cities that the first few days of each city all seems beastly, the people all seem dead beasts. please do try to hold. I used to go through this once a month for years, city after city, finding nothing. now I have simply gotten tired. my hope, of course, is that you'll finally give up and live in Los Angeles--Bomb and all,—just think of meeting Jory Sherman, Zahn, Bkoyer May, Bryan, Cariona-Hine and so forth in the flesh--I do not mix with these but you might get your laughs. There is a young out-painter—a Steve Richardson, I have asked over for a beer. He has shown me some good stuff, paintings and poems, and I am not snob, only that talk talk talk talk means nothing only if a man has guts enough to drink a few beers with me that's o.k., and the need of talk is not too strong.

Frances and Marina fine and do not bother me, let me go my ways, whatever my ways are.

good our flying easy return of poems, I hav chucked out what I ~~wrote~~ to a figure bad lines and sent them flying to the nearest hell of rejection. I am so drunk that the words ~~were~~, ~~were~~. please forgive but what to get word off to you, somehow. a'll right?

so, I am blasted, luck in Phoenix or anywhere,
hold, hold, and
love,

Buk

Bukowski
1624-N. Mariposa Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.



Louise Gypsy Webb and Jon Webb also
618 Rue Ursulines
New Orleans 16, Louisiana



L.A.
June 9th, no tenth
you know the year

Dear Jon and Lot--

Very arid today--needing dinky like ready to step off cliff's, the sovbone feeling of boiled-out digest, but no excellent hoary horror or reaching for razors when I don't need a shave. I think I ate too much. That's it--the great American error of eating too much--or starvings. Woman out there ho llering for her child, sounds like she's calling, "Juicy! Juicy!" I guess she's thinking of dinner. weather report: warmer, better; people in cars who look like bugs. what are they? I THINK WE ARE ~~WE~~ BEING INVADED!!:

I am thinking of you 2 down there stokin' up the magic, my god.

sylvan springs of ease and miracle grace,

Buk

1.a. early june
say eleven eleven
been drinking too much beer and
keys don't say right but
one 965 still and yet no
bomb on los angeles

rich:

your 2 poems have the vitality of the young and the granite
carving of the artist, hurrah, and they did not hurt me, they did
me good, and your photos of paintings good god you can paint, babe,
I work with it strictly in amateur way, can't mix colors, don't
have really, just children's crayons and leftovers, I bought some
oil paints other day but found such a trial, need of special paper
and mixing. I'd like to get hold of some housepaint or automobile
paint, big cheap cans of shit and get a garage and cheap paper
and cut loose, I don't like the nicety of working finely, and maybe
some day I'll find a chance, meanwhile no excuse, and I don't
mix well with people, I am now so old and have this old woman
too and we have gotten this unexpected child, and she's art, I
love her every bone, but it's all kind of foolish, I am almost
done, tired, and I just don't know what to say to young men, I
am not a talker, Webb found that out when I went South, I just
sat on a chair, and a couple of profs came down from the University
and #yammering and I couldn't say anything, shit, I felt foolish
dumb and in many ways am, they were #so bright, they came up with
a lot of jazz and action and life and I liked them but I could
contribute nothing, too many factories, too many drunk tanks, too
many women, too many years, too many park benches, too much
everything, and that is why I do not invite you over, you'd think
I was #stale or cheese or freezing you. really, hell, there's
nothing to say. I guess I'm what is known in the terminology as
a "loner". even at work I catch it. old man walks up to me on
coffee break. I am sitting on a truck in corner, dark corner,
while they talk baseball and so forth, and he walks up:

you mind, he says, if I ask you something?
no, I answer.

you're kind of exclusive, aren't you?
yeah.

I mean, you don't mix with people.

I guess not.

you don't like people, do you?

most of them I don't.

you're anti-social then.

I suppose I am.

YOUR MISERABLE! he screamed at me and his face,
as they say, contorted, almost tears, and he walked away.

Steve, that I've gotten a couple of books published has
nothing to do with it. I could now get broad and easy imagining
that I have scope or some damn thing. it won't work. I've
never felt good with the crowd and it started in grammar school,
I sensed that they touched each other, understood each other, but
that I did not belong. and now, 45 years old, I find I still
do not belong, fuck dramatics, but the worst part is that I do
not even belong with the best ones, the living ones, I seem
sliced off forever by some god damn trick, either my imagining
or some type of insanity, but even the good ones leave me #
dangling and I feel like a fool, and I know that I am a fool
for I feel what I know, and my x-wife used to get mad at me
because I laughed at my stupidity and my mistakes, and this
is not well: laughing when you fall and she quickly got rid
of me when the man did not seem as good to her as the poems, and
yet she must have read the poems wrong for the man and the poem
were the same thing. so she took her million dollars and married
an eskimo. god fuck that.

what is EARTH? the name of your shop to be? you must be
nuts. well, if you insist upon seeing the remains of a once-
man, phone me at # Normandy, that is--NO-I-6335, and if you
can get inpn a day off of mine I'll try to have enough beer
ready, my car shot, and if you can make it in, don't want to
put you out on fucked-up limb, but hope you can lead a little
talk, but no, woman will be there, and she TALKS. anyhow,
either way, fuck it. but don't say, in spite of my iso-mind,
that you weren't invited over. you prick. but it was mostly
the photos of your drawings, paintings. you got bugs working
in you. congratulations. and I've got to stop crying about
my age and my hard luck. yes I am fairly drunk now.

you worry me because you are mixedup with law. they are
going to kill you. well, join the crowd.

I get drunker and drunker. I usually insult people when
I am drunk. I'm glad there's nobody around.

all right, kid, it's
yours,

Bush



l.a.

june 15, 5:15 p.m.
1965

dear Jon and Lou--

you are on the train now as I write this, wrote long drunken letter I think yesterday or day before to general delivery, Phoenix. this one to send on a poem. ~~#~~ perhaps the embers are moving a little again? anyhow, I must get into the pit and hit the g.d. timeclock, so little time to blow wind here. nice of Corrington to drop on down. I wrote Rosenbaum explaining the situation on CRUCIFIX and that Stuart would mail him the book, so that's out of the way. more, later, sure. I hope you both and the dogs a landing in Phoenix as good as possible, luck and the rest. hold. keep the cool.

l.,

Burt

l.s.
june 21st., 1965

Dear Jon and Lou:

badly hungover today. got your card that you landed in Phoenix o.k. and it'd be damn nice if you found a house, sure. poem enclosed. very hollowed-out today, felt as if I had been through a war and lost it. car broken-down. Steve Richmond by Saturday. he's going to start a kind of far-out bookstore, featuring the littles, poetry, books of poetry, and he'll try to sell paintings people do. he appears to have money and able to operate at a loss and when you are in this type of way you usually make money anyhow.

Marina on floor crying, she's breaking out with teeth and it disturbs her. a hell of a letter. I'm going to take 2 more alka seltzers, see if those robbers have fixed my car and then I'm going to try to make it on in.

hail the phoenix sun,

Bish

L.A.
June 22, 1965

Dear Jon and Lou:

Little more today. enclosed poem. Frances in something called The Promethean Lamp, good poem, but I don't care for the magazine, 1965 poetry, affected ~~sensitivity~~ delicacy, so forth. My health a little better--have been having near blackouts when I felt like I was toppling over. Been going too strong lately, got to slow it a little. Marina crying in my ear but she's a good girl. one hell of a crowd here. sweet solitude vanished. but I go on and what's left is left. I take the bitter with the bitter.

a little sleep, a few words and then back to the god damned post office. Found out I had practically the same poem in 2 magazines just out--EPOS and SCHIAMTRY (or how do you spell it?). wrote the 2 gals and tried to explain how it might have happened, my apologies, so forth. a bad fix. I will probably be barred from practically all the "littles" now. eh well.

must eat and move on out.

big hail,

Btr

Ju 25, 65

yes, Steven:

rec. letter and enclosure of poem.

you see^t to be a good dip-stick man. how you manage to get layed so often? I never had this kinda talent, although I suppose I have been layed enough if not too much. it's the after part I don't like: walking around with limp balls and making conversation

If you want to run over for another beer night some time, sure, only let's leave a gap. if you remember, give me a call some Saturday night or Sunday in late July or early August--another reason being that I work the weekends in between and they give me weekdays off--and bring Anna if you wish, but put it straight to her: no strain at bright talk, brilliant rejoinders and all that. Plus, need a space now, need some time to get this thing going-- promised some outfit I do them a book and they've even got ads out on the thing and I just sit here staring through grey windows. once I at least grope a title out of my dome the rest might drop in.

...on colds, I have a theory that colds are a necessary bodily function, like shitting, and that's why med. science can't cure them. I go by the old-fashioned book that enough whiskey dries 'em out. ...on the Blaz-letter thing, yes, you find any missle you wanna send him, so forth, yes, why not? Blaz keeps us hustling, dad. of course, we needn't turn the things in like traffic tickets or valentines--everything shits up its own end if you press it too hard.

the weather has been the inside of a gunnysack lately and there's little denying that it 8-counts the spirit, along with everything else, and kid WAILING WAILING WAILING!!!!

so that I can't get down through these keys
so senseless to go on
like chopping wood for muns

so lately later and squeeze the orange tubes
and the red ones the fire red ones
and slams of yellow
playgroundis of yellow spotted with bicycles
spotted with whores sunbathing....
let grief sleep ten minutes, and the Bomb
the Bomb we'll put that in the drawer with the
unpaid gas
bill.

Buk

la.
July 23, 1965

umm, Steven:

got your tough mystic and mad postcard (and humane, too, I guess ya fucker) and woman standing here hacking and coughing over steaming water dipped in some kind of leaf, she HACKS SHE HACKS.. YATCH A BLATCH BLATTCH YATCH TATCH...GRURG! and she usually does this while I am writing a poem but since I am only writing you, it doesn't matter? ...listen, baby, you can get Jeffers in almost any library... try his SUCH COJNSELS AS YOU GAVE ME, and his TAMAR#, ROAN STALLION AND OTHER POEMS. esp. ROAN STALLION. Jeffers is better on the long poems. I also think that C# Conrad Aiken, in spite of being a more or less comfortable poetic almost bitch-like type, did manage to plow through some points. His main fault was that he wrote too well; the silk-cotton sounds almost hid the meaning, and, of course, this is the game of most shit-poets: to appear more profound than they are, to sneak in little delicious delicate darts and then retire to their safe comforts. Life gets realer, for me, but it seems most poetry remains the same. I can pick up any issue of POETRY, CHICAGO issued in the last ten years and feel like I have been conned and it is possible that we have been. the trouble with us is that we buy their seeming superiority and therefore they BECOME superior. yet they end up writing for The New Yorker and dying and we end up working the coal mines and dying, so does it matter? die, die ,,,die , die , die.

I am off the next 3 weekends, then on 3, then off 3 and so on but usually at track on Saturday. so there you have it. my car dying. you have the phone # if you want to come over and swill beer, but I really can't hear what you're saying so all I can do is get drunk... well, shit. believe the woman admires that damned god damned road-sweeper mustache of yours; believe she wants to hang dandelions in it or the French flag. Which reminds me, I am reading Celine, who is somebody else who writes better than I do, and I find this comforting, I like to be lead along, I like somebody else to do THE DIRTY WORK. there are so few people that I can read— Camus' THE STRANGER, the early Sartre, the few poems of that homo Genet; Jeffers; Auden before he got comfortable; the early Shapiro (and then with a sense of distrust); Cummings when he didn't get oo too fucking cute; the early Spender—"the living or the dying,
this man's dead life or
that man's life
dying."

Patchen's got a little too much sugar for me, too much melodramatic bravado which makes me feel as if I had been crying in a moviehouse, but I find his drawings innocent and lovely and they continue to appear that way to my eye at this stage.

Of course, the Dickey boys, Allen Tate, the whole South Kenyon Sewanee snob cocksuckers of the blood of Life, they write so very well, and they are real bastards, they know the game, it's a power game, and they know the language and the history, but they are truly a bad people, the worst people of all in the worst game of all: conning men out of their souls. ~~Last~~ Last March in New Orleans I met a couple of Southern profs who had once been men and I could see that they were gone, and so we didn't speak. or that is, they spoke. one had acquired a whole new line of degrees, had gone to England and written a batch of research on James Joyce (but history will find, I say, that he wrote only one decent book: FINNEGAN'S WAKE), and this boy had even been given a grant to do this, and the other one had been given a grant too and he went somewhere and translated somebody in South America (hell! yelljo again? or the ~~the~~other one? can't think, can't think), and one had a fine rad beard and the other a beret and they shouted across the room arguing various things of university power--degrees, control of magazines, publication credits, all that shit, my god, jesus, allthat shit, and there was some lawyer who had come over to the Quarter and this lawyer collected John Crowe Ransome, Allen Tate, Y.Winters, the mess, and I thought sure they would all leap together in the center of the room and kiss and ream and kiss and feel each other's balls if they had any. yet, in a sense, I was hurt, let's admit it: they did not admit the reality of my existence and soon forgot me. I should have known because I have been cooled all my life--beginning with my 2 bugged-up parents and down through the schoolyards and into the alleys with the winos and down through the women and the years and the living I was either always something to laugh at or forget, which was alright with me, I almost liked it, and still almost do, being alone, being alone here now with the girlchild screaming and the woman flushing the toilet...

oh christ, how I took a piss and lost the train and I never go back. I'll go back only one time and then you bring me a red ~~wife~~#violet.

Blaz fucked-up again--this time not strike but something worse, I can't tell you; maybe he will, and it's really none of my horse, but I keep thinking that he is the Great Romantic Caught in the Spider Dream, and worse yet the kid has got to begin believing that I am some source of wisdom or Life-long Kool, you know, and I think he expected me to o.k. his latest, but Christ, I can't walk a straight line most of the time myself, and if I had to straight-talk him I'd say 2 things at the same time:

- a) take what you want, take what's good for you, take what keeps you alive
- b) but don't kill anybody ever in the process in this process who has ever loved you depended on you or saved your life.

if you take a without b you don't make it and whatever you take will kill you because you are as phoney as that which you wish to overthrow. the weakest men take that which seems immediately better; the strongest men hurt themselves (if hurt has to be#, and wait). I'd never say this if I were sober, of course but I'm seldom sober, #of course.

does a grunion wipe its ass?

BWK

l.a.

July 27, 1965

look, Steve, baby--

Friday p.m. would be bad because I work nights and have to leave here about 5.30 p.m., and that means no beer and it's too massively dark and jittery sittin' around with people and not having the savior of beer, that yellow muck running down crashing out the seeming importance of everything. I am not looking and searching for a humility within myself, ~~only~~ an easiness. I've taken quite enough blows for 45 years, and I know that more are comin', yet I don't like to take it straight on. I am often an ass after drinking too much beer, but that's part of it, an air-clearing, a blue-jibberish mumbling. if you can make it, I'd prefer a Saturday p.m. or night or Sunday of likewise.

Reading CELINE now, his JOURNEY TO THE END OF NIGHT (or, the night), and there's very little I can read anymore, ~~and~~ ~~but~~ except for one little section of 15 or 20 pages ~~it~~ is going down well.

Finally got a copy of COLD DOGS IN THE COURTYARD today, and so now maybe the vultures will get off of me. Nash has been slow in getting this out and some, I believe, must have thought we were a couple of con-men, just pocketing the dollars and laughing and drinking it up. now they'll ~~get~~ their poems and be able to believe in Saints again, not ~~Saint~~ Saint Genet, tho, who is a henious cocksucker type who sometimes writes too well.

not much today, not much. anyhow. the fish, the fish, the fish in red death, the reminder, eh? stink of sweet death! just think of it, it's in their eyes and ears and mouths all the time! wonderful!

ah,

Buk

1.a.
early August
1965

dear Jon and Lou--

enclosed drunken letter and poem. I typed poem on Spaper with ink scrawls on it. did not mean to do this but did not see ink on it until I had finished. too much drinking lately, entirely too much. I had 4 winners at Del Mar--and 11 to one, a 5 & so on*, a 7/2 and a 4/5 and still ~~lost~~ lost because I was drinking and I slammed in a huge bet on the last race and my horse ran second. met a rich son of a bitch on train back, horse owner, bought his wife and him a drink but he never reached. well, of course, he prob. had it all tied up in stock and stocks, yes. anyhow, after a sober up after a 2 or 3 day drunk I get these blues, these real blue blues... I've got them now; so instead of dragging you down with me I'll stop here. don't know if I told you in drunk letter but finally got copy of COED DOGS, just one copy and no word since. that's about the news. I hope Santa Fe continues to hold up. Frances is very stupid state, just standing in the center of the room looking at me, mouth agape, hair all stringy, eyes blank, blasted of sense... now some fat sweating son of a bitch runs in through the screen door and whispers to Frances and Frances runs out with Marina and the fat sweaty one runs out in the back, and i find out he told F. to tell some kids on his front porch that he has moved, doesn't live there anymore. "what the hell is this?" I ask her. now that fat guy's at the front door, "and I say, look, buddy, leave off. I don't want to get messedup in your doings." "Well, they've been bothering me, bothering me." "Christ," I tell him, "you should be able to handle some kids, don't get me in it." "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he says and then wanders off. a sweaty fat sweat of a sweat. well, it's hot today. and that's life in Los Angeles.

maybe better next time.

Love,

Buk

h.A.
August 15th, 1965

Dear Stan —

GOT YOUR CARD.

COMPLETELY SHOT, COMING OFF A DRUNK,
THE BLUES, PHYSICAL DECAY + DEMOLITION, THE
WORKS.

THEY DROPPED A MUNITION AT HARRY WAS BUD,
AND WAR THE OTHER NIGHT, BUT I WAS
ACROSS THE CORNER BUYING A RACING FORM, SO
THEREFORE THE WORD OF POETRY SPREADS GREAT
PAIN + SICKNESS. THERE WILL BE MORE POEMS
BY BUKOWSKI! REJOICE! REJOICE YE
PIMPS, WHORES, REVOLUTIONISTS!

SOON I GOTTA EAT AND GO ON IN, IN
FACT THE WOMAN IS HOLLERING NOW, MUST
CHOP THIS.

Your cards ARE poems AND GOOD
ONES.

SOUD A PAINTING THE OTHER DAY FOR
\$20 AND DRANK IT UP. NOW IF I COULD
ONLY SEE ONE PAINTING A DAY LIKE
THAT...

THE DREAM SPREADS. MADNESS
TAKES OVER.

Buk

1.a.

Sept. 3, 1965

Stevenillio:

have just come off a 5 day blackout; ~~knees~~ knees, elbows smashed from falling in the streets, so hope to attend to a simple weekend of simply staring at ceilings and walls without event. so how about Sunday the 19th. of this month or Sunday the 26th? afternoon, evening, night... a few slow beers. the pace is catching me. I never have plans, but if you decide to call on one of these Sundays, do phone--NO.I-6385, so I'll have time to hide the dead bodies in the closet. but not Sunday the 12th., old man, I am too torn, really.

you some kinda lawyer now? my god. well, there's hardly a real way of making it. I am so desperate I forget my desperation and just wait for them to come and get me.

I got rid of my 2 big paintings to some guy in Florida for \$20 but am soon going to get some more colors somewhere and see if I can streak up an insensibility or 2. now working on a book of black and white drawings for BORDER PRESS, or I am supposed to be. not all that bad--have got 20 or 30 into him already. you have to wait on drawings like anything else, you know that.

yes, the murder and after-murder of Il Duce and his woman was something something, and I wrote a poem about it at the time but the poem simply disappeared; no#, I didn't write it at the time, but long after, and not so long ago, but I think some good soul jammed it into a basket thinking they might believe me a fascist. there are so many good souls who don't understand anything.

the woman is getting a little goofy or maybe it's me, maybe I don't understand her. anyhow, I'm glad she has the kid to play with most of the time.

time snuffing out. keep a lot of green windows lit with tall candles and shoot the first head that walks by-- chances are 99,000 to one you'll only kill something already dead.

Bush

I.A.
October 10th.
4 p.m.

dear Jon and Lou—

in haste, got special & check, must be at work in hour so very short here--made reservation for The Chief #20 which leaves L.A. at 12:30 p.m. Thursday--the earliest possible. I believe this will bring me into Santa Fe, probably red-eyed and halfdrunk at the horrible hour of 6:55 a.m. Friday morning. but will check further on this when I get the tickets. I don't know what we're going to do when I get there? still, much thanks for check. see you soon, see you soon. --I let you down: wrote 2 long poems the other day and sent them to Evergreen. but don't worry, they'll be back. --christ, yes, rough on the offen and a lousy review with juvenile writing but I don't think his intentions were to jam you up, even tho he ~~did~~ did. the road to hell, yeah.

I don't know what I'll run into down there but if I can catch a drink now and then, who cares? looking forward, looking forward, and thanks again, ~~terribly~~ terribly.

ooooooooo,

Buk



Bukowski
5124 De Longpre
90027

AIR MAIL



Jon and Louise Webb
1343 Canyon Road
Santa Fe
New Mexico

nit-pickers twig time

CONSERVE COME!

God and Cuntry

now steve, I was afraid that the last time you left
I had shot too much vile mouth
but the woman said no, it seemed all right, you didn't seem
hurt, so
I felt better when I awoke with the bargshit head, eeieyaaiee.

yes, Franc got the circs but forgot to pass them at her last
poetry bash but is taking them with her this Tues. night
to hand out to the hollowheads.

I have your phone # and think it better if we came down there.
I bring F. and child in order to drive me back. I don't intend
to sit around dry.

going to New Mexico for 4 days this week and don't know how long
it will take me to straighten out or even if I will ever get
back. I have long dreamed of death in the desert.

private schools can kill you later even if everything works out
all right then. and it's not schools, it's people, and people
are verily everywhere.

I hope the army doesn't get you. I'd suggest jail first
but I am not your father.

I am on overtime overtime
hour after senseless hour
forgive me if I talk in her like I don't want to
talk
it's only that they've won a bit from
me
I'm wobbly

the hotbricks of grace,

Budz

10-11-65



1.a.
Oct. 30, 1965

Dear Jon and Lou:

Sherman phoned and said he got the stuff in the mail for you, and you'll get it before you get this--the letter anyhow. The mags will arrive by slower mail. I sure hope it works for you. It'll be WORK, all right. Good old Stuart--he loves Castro, he don't love us.

My food somewhat better and am going back in to the pits tonight. Hungover, of course. Enclosed some poems. There were others but jumbled. They either need a re-write or the wastebasket.

Sherman says he's going to Spain next year. \$500 down will get you a house and then you pay \$8 a month for 10 or 15 months and the house is yours. And, of course, all living expenses, everything low. It certainly sounds good. He says he can make it freelancing. I suppose he picked up the tricks working for the mags. It seems the easy life.

Can you imagine? It's hot here today. Must be somewhere near the 90's. Hope the place you rented in the dark is liveable. And that you find something on the order of the New Orleans place--I liked that New Orleans place. It smelled of action.

Not much today. Mainly to mail the poems.

Frances frying some potatoes, hamburger. Marina standing on chair hollering. Dinner is served, dinner is served. I type on the table. Time for me to move out.

Santa Fe was a good time for me. All my thanks, all my love,

Buk

l.a.
Wednesday a.m.
oct. no, nov. 3
656565656565

Stemond:

yes yes, next Sunday, will prob have Neeli along too, we gotta have somebody to do the talking, of course, there's Frances, but look, where do we meet? EARTH of sky? you seem to have 2 addresses. your place? where you live? or EARTH? clarify. drinking yes. missed work, sick, of course. I have your phone number somewhere in a huge pile of letters and rejected manuscripts. we should show, if we don't get lost, between 3 and 4 p.m.--an old woman, and old man and 2 children. I don't know the streets. car should make it. some carburetor trouble, needs cleaning or replacement, farts, stalls, but should make it. I don't know the streets but should find you somewhere.

of course, it will take a while for the world to find you, EARTH. and when they do it may be only for a hanging.

Wantling said he's coming to your defense in dust. some monkey garbled your lines. I know this Phillips. he writes glass poetry, smooth stuff, anyhow and then tries to stick in a real line to confuse them. don't worry about him. we'll put him in a sack some night and dump him off the pier. we take care o' our own. we gotta. we is pretty badly outnumbered.

will try to hit the 244 Ocean park Blvd. address first Sunday on the grounds it is easier, perhaps, to find.

belly sick, head dizzy.

A FREE POEM TO THROW AWAY--

jackoboy walked on earth
jackoboy died on earth
jackoboy rode a bicycle down Main street
naked

his balls and string in the wind

it was a terrible thing they said
awful

as a million men charged up to take a hill that
never grew a
flower

I'm going under the sheets, kid. will probably get up again.

shriveltits,

Bush

ON OW

l.a.
nov. 17, 1965

hello Steve:

yes, sweet pure mimo job, I like it much, and it helps, there is nothing wrong with# a clear ripe clarity. (speaking of your flyer). but remember, said the little man in the dishpan, it's content that ~~says~~ counts.. ha, ha.

I have been drunk for a couple of days and nights, drinking scotch and chasing it with beer.... passing out, cussing, trying to throw a dart into God's left nostril. Kurnick just over. he was not too hard to take tonight. he's gone now and I've been fucking #with this poem (?) I've enclosed. look it over and let me know. if it doesn't pass, I'll try you with something else.

does your mimo reproduce drawings? if you could get Ann to kick in with some drawings, you'd really be sailing.

how does it feel to be an editor? do you look the #same in the mirror?

yes, those camera flashes appeared aimed at your shop. I hope I was smiling. Poor Neeli. they only got the back of his hard head. I wish you wouldn't go up to those crackpots' apartments alone, tho. they are cowards, true, but usually pack hardware. next time take me with you. I am not too young to die.

well, luck with the mag and don't be afraid to print your own stuff--it's good enough.

listening to Prok. now and just drinking beer by itself. room fulla smokeand me. hold on in.

Burt



p.s.--one poem about my recent trip
to Santa Fe. always be careful what you
do or so around me. I am a rotter:
I spill the beans. b.

l.a.
thanksgiving for what?
1965

umm, steven:

like our boy blaz I am so fucked up and unwired with overtime I am loose and floppy and unalive, I don't mean blaz is that way, he's younger; what I am trying to say, I don't remember if I ever wrote you that I got your o.k on the long poem I sent. If I haven't said so, let me say I am honored to be in EARTH #one... I have seen your store, I have seen the quiet clean fire sitting there, and even if it doesn't last, it was there. store? shop? I don't mean that EARTH the magazine is EARTH the store but it is a part, just like you are a part so quietly sitting there listening listening while loudmouths like Cherry and Bukowski spill their wavering guts to the walls.

and if I haven't said so, I am glad the army rejected you. you have joined me--we were not wanted by the armies of the world, we did not look good to them, we did not talk right, we did not walk right, we did not answer the proper questions properly. yet to us the war is everyday, everytime we walk out on the street and look AT THE FIRST FACE, we know it is WAR FOREVER, never peace for us.

EARTH's rejection slip is going to get a lot of little shits' backs up, but that is the thing to do. you will be known as God is known, you will be known as the cricket is known.

one thing I do wish, I do wish people would stop asking you to use your mimeo machine. that's your washing machine and they should keep hands off. actually they are pressing their relationship with you doing this. I don't know why people don't act instinctively right-- to me they always seem to be doing the wrong thing, saying the wrong thing, acting the wrong way.

listen, I too reamed up the skies. got Blaz's CONFESSIONS, I mean my CONFESSIONS via Blaz, he sent a big box of them, 30 I think, and I got drunk and signed one to you and one to Anna, but being drunk I smeared-up the signatures and drawings I did inside. I was pretty well shot, and through the overtime, the bit of time I have had I have been sitting around sick thinking what I did to these beautiful books, real scurillious sacrilidge, but I could not get to get myself to throw them away either, and decided both you and Anna real and grownup enough to understand and forgive a drunk so am mailing them on in soon after this letter, and I am no longer going to worry because you must realize that the feeling was there, only the hand slipped and wet page fell upon wet page as the drunk went for another cigar or dreamed of the angels raping each other in a marmalade sky.

the opening where Blaz crossed you and pulled out a hunk of your letter is the finest honor ever frosted upon my sagging soul, but you fuck, I will forgive you, and then forget it, because a man must go on, and if he carries mirrors or prims or reads his scrapbook too jesus much he's gonna mould into some cement thing that blocks the doorways into the good doors into the good g.d. rooms into the good and easy and real ways. thanks, anyhow, hotshot.

you gotta watch me, tho, because there is not art in ~~my~~ me when a man's Art goes dead. if you think f.franklyn's thing was rough on me, you ought to see what I did to my dear friend John William Corrington when the editor of STEPPENWOLF sent me his latest book of poems LINES TO THE SOUTH to read and review. I had praised Corrington's ~~preceding~~ preceding book of poems but this ~~t~~ collection became a complete reversal--automatic poetic poetry. I didn't know what to do. as you might know, Corrington wrote the foreword to my selection-collection of 8 years worth of poetry, IT CATCHES MY HEART IN ITS HANDS. he called me some pretty good things, and here I sat with his latest book of poems in my hands and it didn't have it, it didn't even try... I can forgive a lot of bad stuff if a man is swinging from his heels but he was making little cotton muffins. like George Washerbaby, I could not tell a lie. I had to let him have it. I never knew that such assassination lurked within my bowels. STEPPENWOLF will be out after Christmas with its bloody pages. yet really, I think you will find it different than the franklyn. I don't think it is ~~asnitt~~ or below the belt.. anyhow, he&l.

by the way, on the franklyn teardown of me I will defend nothing except one attack. he said ~~#~~something like (I am not going to look the mag up) "he uses the term E. Cummings. why not just E. Cummings or E.E. Cummings? for heaven's sake, why E. Cummings?" well, I don't think it matters that much but it was a printer's mistake, not ~~mine~~. Cuscaden sent me the proofs and I saw the "E.Cummings" in there and changed it to what it was in the original poem "e.e.cummings" but somehow it slipped past the printer again or the printer didn't give a damn.

I might have told you all the things I told you here in another letter. I have lost track. anyhow, now we are up to date.

except the night after we left your place Neeli and I came back here and he wanted the tape ~~recorder~~ recorder and so out it came and we started talking onto the tape, we began on one side and then ~~turn~~ turned it over and Neeli grabbed the mike and talked completely through the other side by himself. that's fair enough if you have something to say. we drank somemore. although I drank mostly most of it, and set the alarm and woke up and woke him up and drove him to his college in the morning. what a hangover I had, driving the mad morning freeway to get that little shit to his place of education. god. we got there and he said, "I don't see why you don't come in and address the class, it's a small class, not many people." his teacher has won the Lamont for poetry or something. I said, "uh huh, baby," pushed him out and drove back for a drink.

Frances and I and the kid are splitting. it may take a couple of weeks. got to find them a place. it will cost me a bit, ~~not~~ but not too much. F. and I really don't make it. I love the little girl much and hope to, will, see her often. F. still gets checks from a former husband. with what I give her each week, she ought to make it. anyhow, that's all quite drab. somebody sent me a book on Hemingway. I see where he had four wives. I am catching up, except on immortality.

all hail EARTH! 24k

l.a.

nov. 27, 1965

Dear Jon and Lou--

good to hear. you were moving so fast, I didn't know where to write. also much overtime, and from now to Jan. 1st. my days will be wasted like this.

please write Roman that you are located permanently. he writes me he wants to send \$33 to help you get rolling but wanted you to land first. Also send your address to Philip Boatright (THE STEPPENWOLF) 3332 Harney st., Omaha, Nebraska 68131. They are running something on CRUCIFIX, but I think it is mainly (or in part) about Jon and Lou Webb. I also do a review on Corrington's lastest book of verse. mag out next month.

bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
los angeles 36, Calif.

things developing here too but will let you know more when they become a reality.

contact EARTH BOOKS AND GALLERY as an outlet for OUTSIDER, ect. they go 40% them, 60% you. I have been drunk with the owner. he's o.k. love, *Buk*

HUMAN RIGHTS WEEK
DECEMBER 10-17

Jon and Lou Webb

1009 E. Elm St.

Tucson, Arizona
85719

Los Angeles
Nov/Dec. 1985
last night of November

Dear Jon and Lou:

Thanks for return of poems, and for Village Voice ad. these ads always startle me a little for I feel most of the time like an old musty shirt in a closet. home sick tonight while Frances and Marina attend their poetry workshop. Frances and I splitting tomorrow. she is taking little Marina but I will get to see M. whenever I like. they are taking a place up on Carlton in Hollywood while I stay here. It will cost me something each month but not all that much, and I don't need much. P. still getting checks from her x-husband. will take about 3 days to get her moved. we part on good terms—no argument, nothing. that's the best way, else you are continually running together again and parting again.

so if you ever come to L.A. you can sleep in the bedroom while I sleep on the couch. we can leave the door open for the dogs or spread paper or something. I hope to christ I can stay away from getting involved with another woman for a while. I am glad Marina was born. she is something, really, but Frances gang, I just can't stand them, not because they write bad poetry but just because I can't stand them. and speaking of poetry (?), didn't I send you 4 poems preceding these 4? I know that I did. I remember you saying you liked them pretty much—in fact, a little stronger than that, but have not heard since. not trying to pressure or hang you. but, hell, perhaps lost? maybe you'll find them in one of those 33 boxes?

sure glad you've settled somewhere, and sounds like good setup. yeah, Tucson a gunshot away. I'm afraid you'll put me to work. listen, do you have Ruth Chaban's address? I wrote her and got a return letter, quite interesting, but have lost it somewhere in 3 large boxes of correspondence that I have in the closet. my god, tons of stuff, and I looked and looked but can't seem to find the letter. it got depressing. there must be 3 dozen people writing me. I know that her address is different from your old one at 1343, I think it is 1341?? anyhow, if you remember and know it, ship me her address.

MIMO press out with my CONFESSIONS OF A MAN INSANE ENOUGH TO LIVE WITH BEASTS. (prose.) he'll probably try to drop you a copy through your mass of addresses but may not reach you. That's Blanck of OLM. if you do not get something soon, let me know. but these are mostly stories I told you in that New Orleans place. in fact, you've probably heard all of them.

will ship you more new poems soon. I got a little wary of trying to follow you down the wayward trail with my drunken muse. now I have a target. whether I can hit it is something else. sick, chills tonight, keep running to crapper. but I am sick all the time, hell, the world makes me sick. wounded crab, I. more, later, more, surely after the decks get cleared.

tha wrks,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

|||



air mail



Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East Elm st.
Tucson, Arizona 85719

AIR MAIL

the time is now.

It is a sweet god damned pleasure to write a foreword to these poems. yet this foreword, like the poems, is going to bring the enemy out from under the rock. well, at least we will be able to look at him and vomit.

This is Steve Richmond's 2nd. collection of poems. The first was called simply "poems" and was issued in 1964. Steve has come some way since then--whether he has changed his liquor or his women or his diet, I don't know. yet I suppose it's mostly a solidifying, a gathering of intent, more cement in each line. the words are harder now and clearer now and gripping and racking more on that slippery and goofy belly of Truth.

To those of you used to the comfortable #screams of the Dickeys, James and William, to Mott and Moss and Morse and Morris and Mason, to Sarton and Scannell and Sexton and Stafford and Stanford, and Wagoner and Wilbur and Witt, to the play-patterns of Creeley drawing dull and accepted zeroes; to those of you used to the lies of your presidents, your girlfriends, your wives; to those of you used to the lies of the centuries, the lies of the Art of our centuries... these poems aren't going to be much good to you--unless you have a miraculous reserve tank of recovery.

It is not difficult for a #man to figure he is pretty well fucked upon the earth. a good ~~man~~ turn around any city street can tell you this. yet the game goes on: frenzied and insane men run in and out of buildings, their breathing ~~weak~~ choked by neckties, their faces slaughtered and hanging in the air like terds. even their children, by the age of 3, begin to look like butchers. the women are only beautiful in body for a short while, and never with faces, always the paper-blank face. everywhere everywhere is the stink of death--in the churches, in the museums (of course), in the Art galleries, in the libraries, in the parks, at the symphonies, at the #playhouses, everything stinks of death and is death and nothing is said. WHERE IN THE HELL ARE THE POETS? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS CON GAME? you scream and there isn't any answer. the people go insane. they kill themselves. they kill each other. but the troops of society straighten out the kinks--they build more jails, madhouses, graveyards, and the rest of the game goes on. Richmond's poems are the feel and scream of a living man immersed in this death-shit and not wanting to go down into it. the comfortable poems of the well-known poets aren't any good to him. it's raw and it's NOW. he has to write his own? from the kitchen light. from the curbing. from the sink where he heaved. from where his dinner went. from his balls. from his belly. from the area where he'd like to cry out doesn't quite know how. what a fix. millions of men born and walking around as if everything were all right. centuries of poetry and literature with no more meaning than a man snoring. the Lost Generation... the Atomic Generation... the Fucked Generation. Richmond's poems are about a man reaching only for what he can see, and he hardly trusts that, but it beats reaching for what they tell you to reach for--judging by the looks of them. I am sympathetic with Richmond's poetry because here, a good 20 years older, I feel much the same way. and about here, I must enter another word. for protection from another type of death. about here, upon reading, say Richmond's poetry or some of mine, the World Savers LEAP in. "ah ha!" they say, "yes, very powerful poetry! you know the world is fucked-up! fine! you are aware! now, look, all ya gotta do is this..." to them, all we need is a better form of government. everything else will take care of itself. the eyes will come back into people's heads. their backs will straighten. their walks will not be wooden. their voices again will have a decent tonality. the World-

Savers are constantly upon us with their literature and their pleas. the World-Savers love to rub together like chickens on a cold day; they huddle in their houses, meet once, 2, 3 times a week... they cannot meet enough, they just cannot meet enough to cold-cock their insecurity. they continually make little light bright jokes to each other and giggle and argue and agree with each other and make each other. the only trouble is that they are a sickly lot, unable to create, and I look upon them and I see that I was wrong: no, they are not sickly, they are simply dead. and the dead will not like these poems because they will feel that there isn't any "social message".

What they forget is that a man must be alive in order to be saved. and that the way to stay alive is not too memorize Karl Marx and play a guitar and march in Peace Marches and Freedom Marches. the way to stay alive is inch by inch; horrible, peaking, praying, cussing, fingernail-breaking, blood-red inch by inch. there aren't any formulas. there aren't any pot-luck lunches. there aren't any poetry workshops. there aren't any tea-meetings, cookie-meetings, cocktail meetings. there is none of this weak pansy cocksucking bullshit.

There is just one man thrown upon the earth, belly-naked, and seeing with his eye. yes, I said "eye". most of us are born poets. it is only when our elders get to us and begin to teach us what they teach us that the poet dies. Richmond ~~hasn't~~ has not been "gotten to" yet. maybe they will get to him. but, as yet, these poems are memorable bellows and wailings and cussings. these poems are the living work of a living man. these poems are Art. be glad that you are here to read them.

Richmond has been to college. he is not a rag-picker. but if he were a rag-pick ~~and~~ Richmond, he would still write, essentially, the same way. and don't argue with me. I am tired of you rule-believers and book-noses. you, locked into your compartments of this-is-good, this-is-evil; right-wing, left-wing, center-of-the-road; pro-war, anti-war; pro-God, anti-God, and on and on... ah, you icecream dandies! ah, you 18th. century versifiers dressed in 20th. century clothing!

The cusswords that the church-#pewkers and rhymers will object to, the cusswords are both a frustration and a joy and a non-trust of the language and the life by a man who senses the stockpiles and deadmen everywhere. a man who can feel his balls and know that they are there, that man is alive. our poets and statesmen, our loves have left us very little that we can trust. we begin at beginnings so that we may not end. each of these poems is, in a sense, a demon turned loose, looking for light. each night is one more night and each day is unbelievable. dramatic? sure, like a knife going in. that's our culture, don't kid yourself. you can forget your courses in Appreciation of English Literature. that's just dried skin glued to a corpse. but if you don't understand something of what I have said up to now, there's no use reading these poems. just throw the book away or give it to the first person who passes.

Do you realize that there will even be people who object to the title? more loss. again divisions. --good and bad. good wars, bad wars; good men, bad men; good nations, bad nations. (a bad nation is one that loses a war.) there are monsters and heroes. men are different and their difference terrifies us. it may please you if I tell you that I didn't care any more for Hitler than I did for Ghandi. you will say, that guy is really nuts, and then you will feel better. fine. I want you to feel better. but, you will insist on asking (still in your cubicle of division), how could Hitler have painted roses? then let me ask you: have you ever painted roses?

MONDAY NITE -

STEVE - THANK BOOKS + INSCRIPTIONS.

LISTEN, DO YOU THINK I COULD GO
SEE ANNA WITH YOU? OR IS SHE
TOO UNCOMFORTABLE + ILL TO SEE
TOO MANY? I WOULD HAVE PHONED
YOU BUT HAVE LOST YOUR #.

BOOK ONE SWEET-LOOKING
BABY. HANG IN.

Bush

1.a.
4:30 p.m. Tuesday

steve:

well, here's the foreword and of course I hope you can use it but if it pinches you off and you can't see it, for Christ's sake, rip it!

the poems are good, of course. velly, you fuck. they sound the sound. in the pile you have labled "maybes too". Please use the one about the fly! this one of your best, hammer. the one that begins "is war an ugly thing?" I'd use too because it's splattered down nicely and does not lie. the only poem that worries me is Lsd. it's the title. if you could run it without the title--Lsd, it'd make sense. but with the title, it just becomes another cultural hard-on. the Lsd. thing is almost a must with the crappy intelligensia and the coffeehouse crowd and all the half-shits. but without the title it reads fine ~~because~~ because you don't have the overtone of a come-on. can you see this? I hope. but it's your poem.

I held in my shit for a couple of hours to write the foreword but maybe it only came out on the paper. anyhow, now to mail this and then shit down to a good agonizing one. the slices of my ass are still not singing soft tunes.

anyhow, if the foreword goes--sand message. card. phone(anytime). send sparrow with scribbling in beak. send fire arrow. if it doesn't go, all right. I got my nuts writing it anyhow. (the whole kitchen floor is slippery.)

umm yeah yes well yes umm o.k.
the blue sky is made of tin,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bruce Weber". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized 'B' at the beginning.

NED. NITE
10:30 P.M. 1966

STEVE -

MADE IT BACK.

GOOD TO HAVE SEEN YOU, OLD MAN.
+ THANKS FOR BOOKS,

READ HITLER ON THRU. POEMS
GET BETTER! GLAD I AM
THE FOREWORD, PLENTY GLAD.

ALSO SKIMMED THE BUCKNER.
TIRED NOW. STILL, AN UNUSUAL
SOMETHING THERE. WOULD LIKE
TO SEE YOU DO MORE WITH
OUR MAINMAN,

WILL MAIL THE OUTSIDER FOR
ANNA, SLOW FREIGHT.

CHRIST, THAT BEER WAS GOOD!!

O.K.

Bush (u)

(AUTOGRAFATED)
INSIDE

but HITLER PAINTED ROSES! keep your weary cock in that mimeo! blaze it!
send it home! get that done... to hell with EARTH 2! if you are going to send them
out together, at least put the bacon on before the eggs.

about a month or so, will try to give you a ring, find out when you can get
down. we can sip on tea or walk around the block ten times, something. actually,
I feel drunker sober than I ever felt drunk. some kind of insanity, I guess.
but very strange, very strange. I feel intoxicated, dopey... maybe the spinalis
shot my center brain. or maybe I just need a good shit. --good that EARTH is
paying the rent. don't jump into that ocean yet for the last swim. the fish
will make out. still Mozart on here. lucky day.

then, look, we continue on,

Buh

p.s.--just reread this thing. the "doghead" is a kind of endearment not involving
sloppy ~~emotionality~~ emotionalism. we are all too sensitive (?), maybe (?), so
this added comment so you don't dig that m.g. outa the bottom drawer to swiss cheese
my fatty and sinking tissue.

b.

P.S.S - Hooray! I HAVE JUST SHIT! THE
WORLD CAN NOW BEGIN!



sunday in hell
1966

hello Steve:

been looking at EARTH 2 and have got to let you know you came on through. the poetry is solid, and jumps, all of it. there's sound in there and clean things too and the crashing of windows. good. your bit on TRACE refreshing and very true, and it's about time somebody said it. too long has TRACE been feared, too long has POETRY CHICAGO been held up above us like a golden moon. I would like to see more articles, more saying of things that have never been said and things that need saying before we all go kockoo from the cotton gags in our mouths and brains. yet, like you said, nobody is writing the articles. this is how Sewanee and Kenyon and the dungboys in tuxes got them to swallow it all--long seeming-saying articles in between the poems. it's good fashion and one end lifts the other, the trouble being that with the KENYON boys all that was being lifted was the Lie.

badly hungover but wanted to get this off to you to let you know how wildly EARTH 2 came through. I know how hard it is to come by decent stuff but somehow with what has come through in the mailbox you have lucked it out. tell Anna hello. we hold on down here, not quite knowing why, not quite cutting our throats, staring at ceilings from slumping beds and wondering what the hell next. you have done great work as an editor and writer and human being. I am lucky that you are alive.

when you get the Ganges blues
light the gas and poke holes in
bubbles
and draw pictures of Sumner Wells
in the shadows of your
bathroom.

Buk



Steve--

right after you left realized I had not signed check over to you
properly--

did not sign my name, did I?

or did I?

fucked up.

mail check back to me and I'll sign it properly.

whole thing hardly worth all this.

anyhow, stay with it, EARTH ROSE, the works. thanks for all copies. will get
off soon.

Bush

l.a.
Jan. 13, 1966

yes yes yesss,

steven Richtomb, baron, the Buckner thing was standard--I was disenchanted, but I usually am, that is why I hide away from meeting people, esp.. poets. I don't say he can't write; I just say his body made a hole in the room that wouldn't fill. the big thick belt, the dry-leaf hawk face without glimmer, not so good, but rather than maniacal--the usual commonplace, like, "I don't feel comfortable unless I have a book under my arm." so forth. the Creeley chant. so forth.

on the Lit.. Times #article I havennot heard from Gnash, so don't know. also tapped out a few poems for a mag Gnash recomended but also havenot heard. I do not hear so good.

I have not rec. EARTH #one yet, no no no, but sometimes that kind of mail slow, and if something does not arrive in a week I will let you know.

the beer goes good tonight. it was hot and rather unholy at the track today.. kind of a simpering twisted dream thing.

you might send a copy of EARTH I to:
Sheri Martinelli
p.o. Box 1044
Pacifica, Calif. ???

if you do, my thanks.

the only poems I have around right now are a couple that have been # rejected 2twice--OUTSIDER and something called the GOODLY CO, which yesterday took one and sent these 2 back. your turn. I have dropped out a few #lines I thought excessive but they are about the same whipped dogs.. sorry nothing new for you to look at. I am dying in a snuff of yellow wind as the roaches crawl the curtains.. god damn! I can use that line! better write it down somewhere. there. the old pro. well, look. look. look. look. ah yes. cast iron. whore finches, paper footballs; deBussey hooked on fawn terds in the afternoon.

I am seeping through the floor., must leech onto glass anchor, beer jazz humming. justice is too often like spiders--it's all tha left in the web and so they call it all right.



Buck

Jan. 14

Steave, steve--

still no arrival of EARTH #ONE. are you sure you sent copy? if no arrival by Monday's mail will let you know. save me a copy in case. good poem... yours... the one which begins... "Today they flattened my head..."

poem submissions enclosed and letter of last night.

I keep seeing Buckner in the bottom of my beerbottle. how do I get him out? mention of CONFESSIONS in John Wilcock's The Village Square. he talks a bit about one "Charles Bulowski", which is close enough, but good or bad, it doesn't write the poem.

rushed.

Buck

Steve. Hullo - Marina says "There!"
She has Our lady of the flowers but
decided not to put it in the bath tub -

I'm going to put a poem in the
mail, submit to Earth; when I get
home - My ~~old~~ typewriter is busted and
Hank's won't work for me so it will
be hand written but legible and Hank says
Earth will not be insulted - Hope you like
it anyway -

Frances
C

Jan. 16, 1966

Hello Steve:

Hooray hooray,
EARTH arrived
yesterday.

and what a sweet real juicy warm cover; you've got all the luck with Purcell doing your art~~work~~work, don't let her get away, no no no no no.

glad you made up your mind to put in the review of FIELD STUDIES. if you feel this way, you should say so, and you did. if you are worried about friendships or power or doing the easy thing, maybe circulation, maybe you should have left it out. I'm glad you ran it; you'll gather more rebels, hence better poetry.

reading EARTH again, more slowly, I am yenced and slammed to admit that Buckner can write. and that's the only banner--if he has three green arms and a cork leg, it doesn't matter.

a good first edition. you've done it: made a ~~sh#~~ sound into the stucco-heart swamp stink of most of what's around us. don't feel sad that the world is not jumping up and down and knocking on your door. you don't want that either.. Sammy Davis, Bob Hope, L.Johnson are as dead as 1955\$ lilacs, you are a part of literary history now, even tho a lot of that history is bad and full of snipers and traitors and fools and fakes; help is needed lest the JEAN'S JOURNALS and Creeleys and ~~#~~PROMETHIAN LAMPS take over the world. they can have most of it, but we need a small space to stand. a square of sidewalk. a room with 2 weeks rent ~~p~~paid. enough beer to cool and steady the trigger-finger. I guess a piece of ass now and then. all right then. with your magazine--don't make work of it. anything that's work will kill itself. or anything that looks for profit (\$\$\$) under the cloak of #Art will kill itself. and chirst, that's enough advice in one paragraph from an old man to a young man. actually, I think the young should advise the old. I have learned more from my 16 month old daughter than I have from many college prof., from any writer, from any man... well, enough for tonight.

mount ye new machine guns
upon the fort, pal.

Buk

I.a.
Jan. 20 1966

yes yeah,

well, the landlord and landlady asked me to come down an get drunk with them a few days back and I haven't gotten straight yet. I enclose letter I meant to mail a few days back but I am putting it in with this one. landlord and landlady agrind for me. they want to sit at their table and sing songs from OKLAHOMA. I don't like to sing songs from O. talk rather drab. really of nothing. I look up and old man has fallen on floor. I pick him up, put him back in his chair and he continues. but I mean, all horribly dull and waste of time. I owe people books they've sent me money to sign and I haven't done it. I have half a poem that needs legs. nothing. we sit and sing depression songs, songs of hard times, our bellies fat with beer. god, what a mess, swill, nothing.

Promethian lamp? those silly poetic false bitches. you ought to get hold of their first issue for laughs. there's a short story in there. 2 white niggers meet in a shorty story writing class. both highly sensitive? then love. then they split because each has some kind of secret he (she) doesn't want to burden the other with. finally one or the other finds out the other one is a nigger; hence they are both niggers-- my god my god, all is saved. ...poetry contests with prizes for college students. each submission to be send with \$3, entry fee. they asked me to send them poems. I wonder if they've really read my stuff or if I do write that badly. anyway, in my article on the "littles" I listed the P.Lamp as belonging to the ~~sewing~~ circle group.

Thanks for sending EARTH one to Sheri Martinelli.

we all get tired and ~~stuffed~~ stuffed with it. smtimes seems so silly to go on, wiping ones ass, pulling shades up and down, walking through doorways, ~~waiting~~ waiting on the bomb, working those wasted hours on jobs so dull they drive one crazy; but sometimes a clear area ~~appears~~ appears, a little hot lightning... say like Purcell's cover (see Earth ONE) or some Bach or Mozart on the radio, or a young girl tightly ~~stuffed~~ stuffed into a dress andwiggling the worms away.

o.k. then on the poems I ~~sent~~ sent? at least temporarily. good. still think 'horseshit' is a good one. I still get this feeling that you can fuck anybody if things are lined-up right, only they seldom are. the boat is ~~tilting~~ tilting and everybody's a little leery and crazy, and hence snobbish and stiff and frightened. there's generally a lot of work to be done before you get down to a fuck. to me it isn't worth it. so generally I just grab ~~women~~ women and begin. I don't mean I rape. if they don't want it and I know they don't want it, I stop. I don't want to be anywhere I am not wanted. the poem 'horseshit' is something about this comic sex thing when there are walls everywhere and yet the pussy is still hot. well, enough of that talk. at 45 I should be resting, and I believe I'll get my chance.

I met this Jewish gal the other night. Judy's my name she said. my names Schwartz I told her. but she had this ~~husband~~ I-am-looking-for-a-husband look about her, and so I told her, you think you are going to lay your pussy on me and then you will own me but I'm not going to go for it. my cock is too precious. I was drunk, of course.

well, enough enough.

Buk

l.a.
jan. 23
66

steve--

have been laid up 3 days with cold, pink pills and beer and laying in bed staring at the ceiling, trying to see on through, but feeling nothing out there and not much in me either.

anyhow, with snot running from my ears I have tried a critical article which I enclose for you to look over. It appears a little rough, uneven, but that's the way I ~~feel~~ felt. If you can't use, please do return.

very little here, very little; beercans all over the ~~house~~ place...

well, o.k. then, let's murder the troops and set the town on fire.

yi yi,

Buk

1.e.
Jan. 27, 1966

Richstoffen, Baron--

just got your card which was sent somewhere else first because the post office has some shelves in its center brain missing... but glad, of course, you are going to run ~~H DEFENSE OF~~ in EARTH 2. I have forgotten by now what I said but whatever it was, it still goes.

somebody gave me this green paper, so I might as well use it; somehow a relief from the other kind. it's ~~#~~like when I buy toilet paper, I always get a different color for my shitty ass.

haven't heard from McNamara and he doesn't send his paper or whatever it is, so don't know of knock on EARTH. maybe you rejected him? Tom has a nice homespun style and he wants to do the good thing but a lot of his stuff falls down over my left ear. in essence, he bothers me for the same reason as Wantling-- they both seem to want to make it badly as professional writers. am I nuts? yet, this is what I sense. my god, I guess it would be nice to tap out a clay pipe in a \$140 apartment, spin with drink in hand, well dressed, and cough out at some \$50 whore, some burly headstrong comment upon society or war or horses or the hoisery industry.

good that you are getting some good ass. me, I am not getting any good ass, but after 2,000 pieces of ass, most of them bad, I am not too disturbed about it.

still down with this flue or whatever it is and couldn't get to work again tonight. maybe keeping this flue is deliberate. do you think that going down to the liquor store in my bare feet is lengthening the case? or sitting up in that cold grandstand watching them run? I sit way in back by myself and they've got 40 sparrows up there in the eaves, singing, chirping, shitting, but they have, so far, been #very nice and have not shit on me. found a dead one on the pavement other day. didn't know what to do. couldn't touch it. couldn't move away. just sat there looking at the dead bird and feeling very sad for it, for everything, the works, and kept telling myself, you shouldn't you shouldn't, that's the mathematics of it, you ought to know by now. but that ~~#~~ god damned bird hung in the center of my mind and I missed a couple of good plays. went down and had a couple of drinks, looked at some of the shiny piss-dead women and drove on in. 25,000 people at the track and they had to show only me the sparrow. tough shit. yet I read about the war and know more about it. the light above my head is getting bad. I think some cop might have shot it out. no, it's still on. I've been slamming down these pink pills but no damn good.. let me fall into my grave, let me pray for stone pussy.

can you make it over Sunday, Feb. 6th., late afternoon or evening? usual chop chop talk without too much ~~sense~~ to it, I guess. I may be arranging a series of dead left legs or training a battalion of toothless rats to march in step, but all can be held up for a beer or so, what what?

Burt

l.a. is
dead--
hot news!
Feb. two, 1966

Stev,,,

was bullshitting you a little--I know what I wrote in the article essay whatever IN DEFENSE. I mean, I know what I wrote in essence. don't bring article wit you, just bring you--Sunday, 4,5,6, 7, p.m., any arrival o.k., I will be here mixing suis with suicide dart shots at the ~~s#o#soul~~. I will be here if I am alive.

I sense a depression in you lately, I mean more than usual. well, it's allowable, of course. We can't all be little Walter Lowenfalls with our berets and saftey and poking our fingers into this or that literary thing or movement or tickler and getting excited. that s just his luck. maybe to us, the stuff the life the streets seem just kind of shitty horrible. well, well.

LSD, yeah, the big parade--everybody's doin' it now. take LSD, then you are a poet, an intellectual. what a ~~#~~sick mob. I am building a machinegun in my closet now to take out as many of them as I can before they get me. All the death does not lie lay ly with the ~~#n#elie#bu#~~ academics or the poetry workshops or the pawnbrokers...

yes, then,
more rain
stink of rot
frogs happy
worms happy,
I feel like
vomiting,

Bush

① l.a.--Feb.10, 66

hello Jon und Lou: my thanks for sending THE NEW YORK REVIEW. quite a spread. I believe my vacation will be March 9 to 28, but not quite sure, however, very close to that area of days, give or take a couple. If you still want me to come down, let me know, or if you change your mind, let me know. I'll get fare. Can #### only stay early part, must get back in time to study for exam, cram it down, one of those horrible things I must pass every 7 months in order to pay the rent. --am shaping up the poems you returned, got rid of a few and am applying putty and saw and ax and glue to the others before sending out into the world. keep 'em coming back. haven't written anything new. dead? ha, haha ha! --will send you copy of CONFESSIONS soon, as per request. Brown U. Library sent me \$2 order for special autographed copy. local store out of #### manila envelopes, but will mail your copy soon, and one to Brown.

Ernest



bukowski
5124 DeLongpre ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif



rec. STEEPENWOLF one, with Corrington book review. Well, they had guts enough to run it and that's something. --Nash sent copy of LIT.TIMES. some layout. you've got to admit he #came through. and don't see your pal Offen anywhere in there. --Cold weather here, almost ice, what's this sunny calif. crap, eh?

1.,

Bush

UP TO A FUTURE
WISELY SAFELY
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Jon and Louise Webb
1009 E. Elm
#Tucson, Arizona

ya, Steve:

been back a couple of days from hospital where they chopped-up my asshole with their knives and slit the gullet of my intestine and chopped-off its bloody wagging tail.... bad living caught up with me again. nothing mortally serious. but difficult to get about now. a shittering hollering space of god-doled pain to give purity to my smile. anyhow, I hope to get this down to the corner mailbox soon... tonight, tomorrow, I may hobble down or I might give it (the letter) to Frances when she drops by. safter, tho, to do it myself.

yes, I will submit a forward for you to look over. if you want it, o.k.; if not, o.k. no jam-job. I thought I would explain to some of the shell-heads what you are doing. it will cut a lot of paths straighter through and also might make it easier for people who might follow you. you, of course, in the poem, you do not know what you are doing, and that is the way it should and must be. it can't be any other way. even if you go the forward and use it and read it, I want you to forget it. the forward is not for you, it is for the people who will read your poems. it is for Jean's Journal people and for people who think they understand you and for people, people, people... the newsboy down the street. if this sounds obtuse, it ain't, baby. I think very slowly and I guess in my stageshow head I have been thinking of your poems pomes, and why. I will lay it down without bullshit. and I am honored that you will let me have a try, but as I say... a submission only, like submitting a poem, with your full right to reject. if you agree to these conditions, o.k., yes, I'd like to see the poems you've semi-assembled; it will allow me to better lay the word and the way--streetlamps, flares, red lights over doors, candles going in the Rabbi's house as he shits.

I am afraid that the beer and whiskey days are about over for me. it's been a great show but the old body says no no no, liver shot, almost everything shot. so goes it. I brace up; I stare out of windows and watch sparrows, young girls... but there will be new wars and new ways. I cannot buy what they want to sell me. sad, sad, what? o my, if my ass hurts me anymore than it does this minute, I am going to throw it away; I am going to give it to a small boy or a fox terrier or a rag man...

high the flag! lower bungholes! say Grace!

all right, good the women are easing the knife... I know well the treachery of their holes and their wiliness and their Spring costumes; I know well how they can spread men like jam and hand grenades. pussy is everywhere! and lies. and lillies. and rocks.

spread bung-holes! lower bung-holes! avast, maties!: I believe a bee has stung the very head of my cock! o, terrific, o glory day! I enter with the bulls! boys blush! maidens scream! old men faint! priests run for cameras! the sun itself says WOW! and the roses dance and the violets dance and the lions roar and the icecream truck melts as I show it home. amen.

those spinals have affected my brain, Richmond.

sleep I will now, perhaps, with my ass turned toward God's face.

Buk

no, I had to shit again first. everytime I tried to write something today: letter, my name, anything, I've had to shit, and good Lord, hanging there nailed to that bathroom cross... let's hope I don't write anymore tonight.

b.

I.a. March 2, 1966

Dear Jon and Lou:

Just back from checkup, going into hospital 3 p.m., nothing dramatic--passed the tube through my guts and found no obvious obstructions in intestine; so forth... just a simple and bloody hemorrhoid operation--will be in 4 or 5 days, I guess. but things got so bad I couldn't any longer do the simplest things--go to work, make the track, walk down to the ~~coffee~~corner. didn't want to fall apart at this time, especially, but sometimes we don't have a choice. good that you understand; had an idea you were in fury--sometimes our temperaments pull us so tight--plans shot and so forth. ...mailed package yesterday--tapes, paperbacks, little mags. should arrive a couple of days after you get this. will write you as soon as I get back here (home). nothing to worry about. keep well.

Later, later, and love,

Bush

l.a. March 8, '66

hello Jon and Lou: back couple of days but first day I've had strength or guts to reach typer. I don't know how long it will take me to shape up. just about out of vacation time and sick leave shot. sad song. --hope you got package o.k. with mags and tapes. keep tapes away from mahhinary or they will fade.
--each bowel movement here a real crucifixion; but operation, I'm told was simply for removal of an extreme (15 year) hemorrhoid condition, plus, I believe removal of part of intestine pushed out of shape with strain. not very pretty what,??? nothing like a good clean heart attack--it seems so much more honorable, but, of course, it's not truly so. would like to get a couple of new and fresh tapes to you but am simply in no shape to do so now. I do hope that we have a little more time. the \$\$\$ situation looks bad; my pay will stop Monday and all operation will not be paid by my insurance, also have payments to Frances. (over)
various other things.

(Doc
IN
EXAM
WIND
MY
SNAKE)

WHAT AN INVENTION! ←

Bukowski

5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027

but believe all will work ~~now~~
and I will be rolling again.
god, it looks like we are all
broke this time, TOGETHER!!

it's good, tho, to be alone
again, out of the hospital,
near the typer and the radio
and Camus, and the sun and the
sound of things flowing together.
all will work, and easily, our
luck is strong, health and
love to you. Marina ~~is~~ is
so BEAUTIFUL!!!



Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East ~~St~~ Elm
Tucson, Arizona
85719

Buk

~~SAT NITE - 3-18-66~~ DEAR Jon + Lou -
For

Cheers! GOT NEW STRONG
CLEAR TAPES! (MYLAR-SPLIT PROOF)
DID ONE SIDE OF LARGE TAPE.
CLEAR. MACHINE EXCELLENT. ALL
WILL BE WELL IF I DON'T
RUN OUTA BALOGNA! I WON'T!
Cheers! THINK YOU'LL EVEN
LIKE IT! ALL'S WELL. MORE
TOMORROW. WILL LET YOU KNOW
FURTHER. GREAT LUCK. LOVE, Bush

BUSH
5124 DE Longpre
Los Angeles, CALIF.
90027



P.S. CLEAR, CLEAR IT
IS! LAUGHS + TEARS.
I AM AN OLD-TIME
SHOWMAN. BUT
SUBTLE TOO. AH, MY!
GENIUS WILL OUT!!!

O.R.

Jon + Lou COOBB
1009 EAST ELM
TUCSON, ARIZ.
85719

Steve: all right, good foreword went, I didn't know, of course, and it's going to scrape the thin skin off of some of them, fine, but think (still) it's a good gateway to your poems--the tone and cuss and blast of them. and hope you can work in some more cussword poems so they'll know still further what I am talking about. how about the one--"f---- I can not yet describe..." think that should be in, and don't remember seeing it. toos in what you will, you can not kill it.

my butt still a mess, long way to go, can't work, liver shot, dizzy spells... I must go on wagon for while, maybe forever. I like to choose my own time and suicide, not theirs. so if ya come over in month or so, I will be drinking water. dead man Buk looking at horrible and sober walls. I will work out something--more sex, more gambling, more ???comes???(almost horrible thot last one). have only 2 dgs to cut tape for Webb. borrowed machine. must get talking. talking. talking. almost hate it but not quite. hold on in,

Buk

Monday NITE -

D. Jon + Lou -

5 MINUTES TO GET TO
MAILBOX. WANT TO GET THIS
IN. TAPES MAILED TODAY.
ABOUT 3½+ Hours CLEAR
TALK. good ~~MP~~ MACHINE.
LETTER + POEM TO FOLLOW.

Lou,

Bulk



Bulk
5124 DE Longpre
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027



VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO
PAR AVION
Jon + L. WEBB
1009 E. Elm
Tucson, Ariz.

angels on the pot
March two2, 1966

Stv:

some guy is singing "you sell pizza on the streetza" on the radio and there begins my day, a stinking dull bomb right off. wish I could drop a bomb. haven't shit in 2 days and the scar tissue of the asshole is screaming. all right, enough tears, enough self-pity, Bukowski! bombs. I read about those a-bombs or h-bombs that fell on Spanish soil and water from American plane. what a joy world, what? here these fuckers are gaily flying about with these bombs attached. now they've found one of the bombs on the ocean, on an ocean hill, outside this Spanish town. and an American submarine trying to pull it up and out but having trouble. meanwhile the Americans give a band concert in the town square and follow with speeches. is everybody crazy? I shouldn't read the newspapers. I get sick everytime. just the race results, that ought to be enough. and I can't even make the racetrack. you know I've got a real fine sliced-up asshole when I can't even do this.

old fuck that I am, I am still excited about HITLER PAINTED ROSES. you shit, I love that title. why couldn't I have used that title? on CHUCIFIX I had a hell of a time with Webb on the title. he finally just took one from the poem, one of the poems, and really, I thought I had sent him a dozen better titles... yet, it's all right, I guess, because the poems are mostly about death, death in life, death in me, they are pretty much death poems... but HITLER is a perfect title. I can see your book disappearing very fast (sell it will, and if I know you--you're going to give away a boatload. and you should--for review to the mags. but you know what to do, and to hell with this chitchat about literary mechanics) but I'm putting in my bid now for 2 free copies, doghead, one to me (~~autograph~~) and one to Sheri Martinelli, p.o. box 1044, Pacifica, Calif. all right? by the way, it's ~~#foreword~~ "foreword" not "forward". you spell as badly as I do. you're gonna run me outa business.

Hitler painted... the book... is going to bring a lot of teeth into you but this is only going to prove that you ~~brought~~ brought their menstrual dirty suppers up out of the slimy death-caskets of their hairline piss souls. the few living will understand. and poems are poems and that is the way it works.

thanks the offer to publish book of mine via EARTH series but I have nothing around the corner or even over the far hill. my stuff is all out somewhere, waiting to get published or being sat on without word and I don't keep carbons, so I have nothing here but dirty wallpaper. it will be quite a time yet before I have a rock big enough to throw at anybody. (some Mozart on now, that's better). only wish tho, you had written this thing (offer) a bit earlier. might have talked you into a kind of half-book. I couldn't resist and wrote about the hospital thing: ALL THE ASSHOLES IN THE WORLD AND MINE (prose?). It's shorter than CONFESSIONS but seemed too long for a magazine. anyhow, after peering at the walls for a couple of days, sent it to Blaz. letter in box today, this morning, says he took it. guess he's going to run it in some future OLE, probably after the Norse issue, so there goes that. anyhow, nothing right now for EARTH series. long way of saying that. chalk it up to Mozart, he makes Time run free, he is going right through the grey-yellow trunks of those diseased #palmtrees out there right now.

The Cornillons? yes, they were over here too. I neither got a lift or a fall out of it. something worked and something didn't. something was there and something wasn't there (including me). don't know what to make out of it. I've got to say that their magazine prints some pretty thin stuff. it's a little airy and precious and unreal. well, hell. I had to borrow a tape machine to work off a couple of reels for Webb. so there was John Martin. ~~eh~~s#he seems bugs on writers: Ferling., H.Miller, Duncan... and this makes it a little uncomfortable. anyhow, I got the tapes done (not while he was there) and he left with the machine and so that takes care of that.

D.A.
3-24-66

Steber:

don't get FRIGHTENED!!! there's not abomb in here. hardly a firecracker. about 12:30 a.m. last night somebody knocked on the door. and here was John Bryan. with jug of wine. I had written him, Where the hell are the 5,000 bad poems I sent you in a couple of batches from 2 to 4 years ago?" he came back with them. he lives in town here, preg. wife and kid, a block away from where Frances and Marina live. anyhow, he had the groundwork of the upcoming copy of NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND with him, and it looks very good. dope issue. he found 3 of my poems that fit, I'm told. also long lecture on the bit by Dr. Wantling. also Synder, Artaud, Whalen. Steve Richmond. others. gave him copy EARTH one.

anyhow, here is the god damned packet of poems... most of them rejected at least twice and frankly, most of them, not much. my first thought was to re-write some of them and give them stronger legs. but didn't have the guts. would rather use time to write new stuff. anyhow, I dump these now on you, hoping maybe you can find one before I burn them or wipe my bloody ass with them or send them to JEAN'S JOURNAL. all right,????

Bryan needled me about my ass, which is all right; the ass is a pretty ridiculous part of Man who is a rather stinky and filthy individual, what? seas of blood and shit and cheese brain and dangling now dangling cock or now hard cock looking for hairy caves... yet, I guess it's because we are such a ~~full~~ full of intestine and death and dismal machinery... that we can get sad enough or mean enough or cocky enough to continue. cocky enough??

anyway, bad as these poems are, I still think they beat the National Geographic. told Bryan you are coming through brick walls and that your 2nd. book was working and that it contained a very good foreword...

it's raining and I sit here shivering, without sense enough to light the stove; I sit in my shorts and stockings, drinking gallons of coffee and smoking cigar after cigar and listening to ~~bad~~ bad music and wondering ~~what~~ and how all the sexy women and crazy women and insane armies can ever make it without me...

Buk

3-27-66

STAY-IN LAST YOU FEEL LIKE COMING ON OVER,
FINE, BUT I CAN'T DRINK YET. ~~TIME~~ YOU ARE
FREE WILL BE O.K. I'M HERE ~~WELL~~ ALL
NIGHT TODAY, BUT PHONE FIRST TO MAKE
SURE I'M IN ANYWAY. O.K., GO BACK TO
LUCRK, I THINK, APRIL 26TH, BUT MUST
STUDY THE LAST WEEK IN ORDER TO PASS
LEISY SCHEME FIRST DAY BACK.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM IN THAT BIG
PACK I SENT YOU, FINE. NO GUN ON
YOUR BACK. IT'S OLD STIFF, FADED,
FINISHED THE TAPES FOR LUCRK, TALKED
MYSELF SILLY, UNTIL THE LUCRMS
PLAY MANDOLINS, YES, *Bush*

I.a.
April ye 12, 1966

Stb.--

was just twaddling you on the phone, but was curious on the Anna situation, and found out, so good.

got to agree with you on the Larsen book. humor is good when it stems from truth--in fact, truth alone is often humorous in itself, makes me laugh. but the #humor of artifice--whose worst device is exaggeration-- always makes me a little ill because it is just another con game. confined, my last days in the hospital, with some idiot with a t.v. set he never shut off, I was layed open to what the world considered comedy and at the expense of my dwindling sanity. how they made me ill with their obvious extremisms--laying there with my ass torn open, my beautiful walls taken from me. I suppose that the ~~#~~worst is Bob Hope with his flip little cute exaggerations. and his name droppings. I don't keep much up with the world and he drops these names I never heard of, all supposing to mean something. about the only lout I could stand was Jackie Gleason--at his best he showed some showmanship, at his worst he was like the rest. but Larsen, Larsen, ~~s~~eno.

our dear Frances pissed at me. she evidently read the foreword to HITLER. and passed your book to her delicious little group. they probably figured it was a ~~special~~ special attack on them. the foreword was only an attempt to explain your poems and your way as I saw it. there are hundreds, thousands of groups like hers (Frances'). that's the point, and the poems are the point. but she was snappish, churlish, when I went over to see the kid. she brought it right out of the air:

"Richmond's always writing about sticking his hand up his ass!"

"He is? which poem# is that?"

"All of them, in all of them, he is reaching up into his ass."

"yes, dirty poems," I told her.

for me, I can't figure a safer place for a man to reach than up into his own ass. it's a good way to find out where you are, what you are. we are shit and decay and wonder. we are stuck in between walls. we walk down sidewalks. what's the ~~secret~~ secret?

well, like I said, the poems will bring them out from under their rocks and the foreword too, and we'll know the enemy, they will grace our eyes and our beings and we will vomit.

yes, I remember the poem you enclose... it was part of a letter. for kick's then. but glad you extracted. good last line keeps the tits from sagging.

not to bug. again. but hope you can get a copy of H.PAINTED to Sheri Martinelli. I figure maybe the extra copy you gave me was for that, but as you know gave that to F., and now the little senseless dirty hyenias bay at our lovely heels. ah!

Suk

....
april 15? 1966?

...not being able to create Art
they will not understand Art
they will consider their failure as
Creators
as a failure
only
of the World.

not being able to love fully
they will believe your love
incomplete.

and now they will hate you.

their hatred will be perfect:
like a shining diamond
like a knife
like a mountain
like a tiger
like hemlock

their finest
Art.

--Bukowski,
from The Genius of the Crowd
(submitted somewhere a week ago)

Steve:

hang in on HITLER, the more they holler the more you'll know you are getting closer to the bone. I remember when I was a kid, 16, 17, I was just beginning to play with short stories. came home one night and here were all my clothes thrown out on the front lawn--coats, shirts, shorts, ~~hose~~ stockings and short stories. the old man had dipped into a drawer, uninvited, and had become a literary critic. "No son of mine is going to write stories LIKE THAT and live in MY HOUSE!" "Come on out here," I told him, "and I'll beat the shit out of you."

be glad that HITLER curls their neckbones. you are there.

over to Bryan's other night. he was going to throw out his back issues of RENNAISANCE (spell?), had them all bundled for trashman. I sit, shit, Richmond can use these for his GIVEAWAY table. I'm even in issue 4. how can he throw that away? so now I am driving around with one thousand issues of RENAISSANCE in the trunk of my car. you probably can't use all these. don't know what I'm going to do with the rest. if we get down there we can probably float them in the ocean. when he first started, Bryan used to run 3500 copies of an issue. too many, of course. there just aren't 3500 humans on earth.

we await EARTH 2 with our jelly brain.

thank for sending H. to Martinelli. don't know how she'll react. she has her theories which she is always trying to save me with. I say, umhum, will consider. but mainly she is lost in a kind of ancient classicism, and I get part of her message, but feel she has been foaled a bit, in cases, by well-worked tinsel. well, hell. you know.

tell the dogs to chew their own bones,

late may
1966

steve old dad--

just heard from UNDERMINE PRESS or ~~#77777777~~(shit, I'm dr7nk)
the avalanche, which took 4 of my poems, 5, and ~~#77777777~~wrote me asking if you wanted to take an ad? 5 bucks half page, 10 bucks full page. how they hell they know I know you? anyhow, I now done my fucking duty, I let you know. they are at 1800 Acton Street, Berkeley 2, Calif. c/o Richard Krech. anyhow, ad or no ad, if you haven't done so might be a good place to send your

HOLLERING BLOODY CUNTLOVELY POEMS, ay a ya?

man, kind of really blasted tonight, and so maybe this good time to tell you that when you are over here and I am squirming in chair looking at ceiling and groaning, no words coming across, it is not you it is just me, I am not a talker, and I hate like hell to hurt the good people but sometimes I just cannot make up the words to cover the gap.

we've got to admit it--there are only 3 times fuckers like you and I are at ease: when we are dipping into cunt, when we are hight, or when we are sitting at a typewriter.

don't tell Blaz, he's got the guts and the glory, but I think EARTH is the #one lit mag today. because you've got guts enough to say sight feel do. article and poem. I was a bit let down when Blaz suckered into Orlovitz and Fowler. and, at the same time, amazed at your genuine eye when you could see through these. I would not tell you any of this except that I am drunker than hell.

I keep thinking of Ann. it's not love but I think she is a terribly lot of woman. do tell her I said to be careful and not to let the fools kill her.

HITLER PAINTED ROSES sits in my bookshelf like a bomb.

how's our madman? how curiously he interests me! he writes such a fine and chipped, clear and poetic and yet honest o yes line. but don't bring him around here. personally he drags me ~~down~~ down to his own dead madness and I am trying too much too hard to sail clear of my own.

well.

Bur

...
may 6, 1966

hello Steve:

well, I'm back in the pits and the hours are long and senseless and while I'm sitting there sweating I keep trying to think of another way to get lucky--that is, more time off. I cry long green tears for myself as across the street from where I work the topless girls in the go-go place shake it for the mad and lonely ones. christ, what a jackoff time, what hell, what rotting green cheese. lovely.

meanwhile, our tongues are hanging out for dear old EARTH 2. get it up, baby, so we'll have some crumpling cliff to hang to. give up sleep, anything, we don't give a damn.

Martin putting out broadsides of my stuff, numbered, signed, all that, in groups of 30. Martin gets some, the printer gets some, I get some, and they hope for \$3\$ and I hope for immortality. that's a lie. all I hope is to get through tonight. however, first broadside, very nice work, I mean the printing & paper.

got to say again, I like the way you are attacking the poetic falacies besides printing poetry that is alive as you can get. I also realize you don't get much (poetry) but who does?

long awaited copy of VAGABOND in from Germany. nothing in it. vacant slices of limp paper.

god, I haven't eaten yet. must get some greasy stuff down to flag me through. F. on one of her nasty vindictive jags so have put off seeing Marina for a couple of days. phoned an old girl friend with a big ass a week ago but she's met one of these jealous madmen and I don't want to buck that, he can have the big ass if he thinks it's that good. all I got from her was a couple of days later--a big letter full of 18th. century poetry and romanticism. you can't fuck that; it fucks you.

keep it going, kid. it could be anytime. I mean, the end or the beginning.

Buk

may 16, 1966

steve:

all right, keep the lump of pomes long as you want, I only thought I was putting a rock on your back, no bullshit, but if you want to fondle them while eating oranges and knifing insomnia, fine. I've only got the guilt complex because they are old stuff, most of them, and picked pretty clean. if you can get some meat from the bones I will trust your intuition. take months, years, I was only going to junk the stuff, or like a miser, try to save a line or 2 and send it out in new linen. well, enough of that.

by the way, somebody's stealing some of our fire--or borrowing it anyway. Frances showed me a copy of X E N I A 2. she has a couple of poems in there and not bad ones at that. but what I mean is, baby, there are articles-- attacks on Olsen & POETRY chicago, so forth. the problem being, with them, that the poetry they print does not attack the problem or rattle or burn or jump or exist. in other words, they know what's wrong but they can't dance. which still gives the edge # to EARTH--she dance, she know what's wrong & she know how. ya. I'd mail you a copy for the sake of the articles, which tho not strong, are true and therefore interesting--but F. took her copy. she's pretty proud of her poems and its made her a less cranky, vindictive type for a while and I am glad for her. anyhow, maybe they send you a copy? P.O. Box 4849, Chicago, Illinois.

so now we go to work, goddamn. made more oil crayon drawings over weekend, hungemup. this place looks like the art gallery of a wino madman.

if the universities ever read EARTH they will burn their doors and books and walls. god damn, something in red just walked by. my pecker jumped like a worm in a sparrow's mouth. when they gonna let this old man rest?

E A R T H !!!! he screamed and only the water heard. I drank my beer and waited.

Buk

l.a.
June 20, 1966

Steve:

what a high-low letter, god damn cunt cutting you up again--you're really getting your battle stripes plus your ass booted, but the trouble with women is that they want a man's entire soul or what's left of it, along with his money his ear his time his his asshole hairs... I have laid off the cunt entirely now, old bung like me, but I am tired of it. strange woman came knocking at my door after midnight a few nights ago, not bad legs, I knew what she wanted but I just laid back like kool iceberg and when she left I was proud of myself, no cheap thrust into pussy and then the price. the days, the months, the years. maybe later. maybe tomorrow. maybe next year. if I'm here.

back at doctor's today. he took a series of blood tests. first one, then another in 25 minutes and then a third in 15 minutes. I was late for the 3rd. 3 minutes late. was standing on the street and this woman came by in very short skirt and kind of a liquid flow, snakelike, you know. I followed her into the post office and ended up buying a dozen airmail postcards and a dozen plain. do I know what I am doing? I don't think so. feeling a little better today, but still sometimes a rush of BLACK and I feel like I am going to fall and have to grab to wall or whatever. dramatic, what? only it's a pissass nuisance spec. with people around--the old gaping stares, the motherjumpers smelling death and rasing raising their hackles in the joy that it is not them. will know more Thursday when I see doc again. he said today, "you have beautiful veins." and I said, "that's all that's left of me." and the dog laughed. I didn't laugh so hard. will try to go back to work Tuesday night. now what's wrong with this typer? you need a bloodtest, typer?

yes, Frances no longer goes to her poetry club. at one of their special Sunday readings the leader read a poem he had composed about Frances, a poem very much true, I happened to read it later, and one of the few good poems this boy has ever written, but F. felt wronged and walked out, "disgusted", she put it. since it was early in the afternoon she brought her sister and her ~~sisters~~ friends and boyfriend and somebody else over here and the poked around and made remarks about my crayon drawings. it was a lousy afternoon for me, but glad to see Marina, who is a real beauty and who ~~she~~ does not have her mind crammed with obvious and popular ideas about peace, war, govt., love, people, music, society. everybody trying to show how GOOD they are, how much they KNOW, how much they FEEL, jesus ju jew jesus christ, the CAT# CHATTER. folk music, the guitar, the beret, the coffeehouse, the communist party. listen, kid, I am not anti-human, I am not pro-war, but listening to these, it is like eating a bucket of cake-icing. something is wrong. and what amuses me is that these were the same finks who were HOLLERING FOR WAR during and before world war II, running out to Spain, joining the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, fighting France. I think ~~it~~ I know what is wrong now--somebody else somewhere else sets up their thinking patterns for them and they follow through. it is a kind of tumbling herd religiosity for the headless and they all speak with one and the same voice, which makes them feel safe and comfortable together.

I suppose you'll be getting a lot of poems from F. now because she can't dump them at her poetry readings. so now I guess you are getting what they usually got. I don't care for hardly any of F.'s stuff; it's either a vindictive preaching from a seeming lofty tower of knowledge or it doesn't even make sense. once in a hundred she comes through with a little something. but my guess is that she'll go back to her poetry group meetings. she needs the chatter and the rubbing of shoulders or whatever they rub together.

But enough, enough. I have certainly written enough here. I feel that these poems can now take care of themselves, or perhaps would have been better off without me. I will get some agreement here, I am sure. it is a Tuesday in March, mid March ~~in~~ in Los Angeles. the year is 1966. and my radio gives me Mozart. one of the few who forgot how to lie. the pay was poor if you want to count it as money or the way he went. anyhow, Richmond's poems here, now... a young man bringing it to you through the fire of the bombarded graveyard. here they are.

begin.

July what what,
a Monday in July
(eleven?) 1966

Hello Jon and Lou:

yes, Rosenbaum rec'd the OLE issue with poem about him. he wrote me. I have the letter here somewhere.

"Heil Hank! King of the beer cans,

I was really looking forward to being offended by your reply poem in OLE to the literary gauntlet and superb piece of writing by me in OUTCAST #1. I was thus disappointed to hear you only say ouch. It was so feeble maybe it wasn't even an ouch, but a fart. It wasn't your superficial grasp of situations that bored me so but rather that you've lost your punch. as a matter of fact you are just as aware as I that you haven't written an effective poem since "It Catches--", despite the arranged p.r. on the next two! as two of your real admirers both Vervyl and I have worried about your artistic decline these many years, despite your declining popularity. I think you are above that scene. Are you aware that your post office insurance policy covers 50 percent of the cost of psychotherapy? I wish you'd do something to uncork yourself, as we need and want some strong things of yours for future issues of OUTCAST.

Jean"

on pink paper with an OUTCAST head. in the last issue of their OUTCAST they ran off my poem with 3 or maybe only 2 words misspelled, not my misspelling but "e's" where "o's" should go and so forth. the other poems were (by other people) not misspelled. no need to hock at infinitives, but this is just another time where rubbing up against Jean leaves me with a sense of disgust. and for a man who was not offended, only disappointed in a poem #1. He comes along in a rather yellow fanged manner in his letter. I don't have to be a psychiatrist to figure he's lashing back, but I'm through haggling with this ~~shark~~ turkey. by the way, there are a half dozen different post office insurances, that is insurance allowed by the post office to be used by employees. all their rates vary, even including the cost of "psychotherapy". the good doctor just loves to bring up the post office--he knows that it is killing me and it seems to please him. also, I don't get the line "I think you are above that scene." it seems to be thrown into the letter between 2 lines that have no relationship to it. am I the only one who is nuts? um, um, umm.

on the same day, a letter from Frances who is up in the mountains with Marina. "Perhaps you will appreciate the one compensating refreshment of this past few weeks adventures, it has been more than two weeks now since I've met anyone who has ever before heard the name, 'Bukowski'."

I don't have any more sheets of the Artuad review and have already hit Ferlig. for extras which I mailed to you, Roman, so forth. am sure if Ferlig. has any left he will mail some to you. Artuad, Celine, Dostoevsky, are a few of the writers I look up to, a few of the only few, no matter what the little people say against me.

the thought of a possible 3rd. Bukowski book by Loujon in 67 or early 68 sure ~~does~~ does keep me from dropping dead in the streets. just the longshot chance of it happening keeps me tearing down paper walls and going to bed with women I don't want and walking around under that fucking toteboard sun with holes in my soul and pockets. umm. anyhow, it is good to get a sign like this way early. I can be gathering, typing stuff up. have acceptances in 2 dozen lit

mags, and in the mail today, letters from couple of European mags that want to see my stuff, and my fingers feel good on paper, on keys. I am not writing the same stuff or the same way as I did in IT CATCHES. this bothers some of them, but to me it is only normal. whatever I write, good or bad, must be me, today, who it is, what I am. the drunken room and where poems were all right in their time. I can't go on and on with that. the Americans always want an IMAGE to catch to, something to label, to cage. I can't give them that. either they take this man with holes in his socks, at 4 in the afternoon, rubbing his eyes and dreaming of Andernach, or they take nothing. the last poem on the day I write will be the poem I need to write then. I allow myself this freedom.

anyhow, I will begin gathering and typing poems, as they come out in the mags and as I write them, and when you ask I will have a gigantic mess for you to choose from, and if you think you have something, then I will write you new poems, shoot you new poems, stop submitting to the mags and keep shooting you new ~~poems~~ poems on top of the old ones, the published ones. I think an admixture is best, keeps it sharp and breathing till the last day and still leaves bulk to choose from. if you'll excuse me, I'm even thinking titles... VESTMENTS, ABS, GASSONS... no! no! I still rather like it. anyhow, when the time comes and the time is far away, and you don't like what you see, I will try to dump it on somebody else. but right now, no more books on my poems, on the stuff coming out and to be written, just a gathering until you get ready to look. you get first shot, whatever that means. and the joy and unbelievability will all be mine if you go it. meanwhile, it's a long way off and let's hope you and I and we are all still here.

your last letters extremely live and for people in a tough fix you show a lot of kool moxie. and it's a god damn shame I can't get out there when you're so close. but 172 hours sick leave borrowed from Jean's postoffice, and last 2 paychecks (usually 80 hours, for 2 weeks work) only totaled 21 hours on one and 53 hours on the other because I have been too sick to get down there. but it's strange, after I write a couple of sombre death letters I get to feeling better. maybe it's over now. the thought of another possible Loujon book puts steel in my legs. and there you are, swarmed with the Killer, broke, scrabbling, tired, and I like a hound on dreaming far beyond that, trying to kill you another way.

the record, the record. it would be sweet if that type of thing ~~wasn't~~ caught on and you really made some money on it. my little machine seems to be working now and as soon as I get some money I want to run off a couple of more ~~reels~~ reels, loud and clear and full of bullshit. really not bullshit, the things I talk about have happened to me, and sometimes I wonder how. how old am I anyhow? seems like I've lived 36 lives. I don't understand it.

no, Martin doesn't tend to lecture. I try to get him more on himself and his doings. his printer is a real square, try to get Martin to tell you about the printer sometime. there was a poem of mine with the word "fuck" in it. he set up everything but that word. said he couldn't do it. never had. suggested to Martin that they get a little rubber stamp and stamp it in. my god. the poem never ran. he couldn't do it. he calls my poems "real sadistic". god a mighty, what a world of whiny halfpeople. listen, I'm going in to work, and also would like to clean this place up a little. no, I haven't responded to the lady who sent me the poem. another one knocked at my door after midnight and I sent her off untouched with a little green booklet of one of my long poems THE GENIUS OF THE CROWD (7 flowers press). let it be said, tho, that I was feeling very sick, weak, so it was not entirely a kool move on my part. if she came back now, I'd have her spread-eagled on the rug either crying for the fuzz or for more more more, and to hell with the poetry. If they come around and it's easy enough, all right, but I'm not doing any groundwork. nothing to prove on my part. I'm not saying I've had enough but I've had my goodly share.

see what nice long letters I can write when you talk of possible future books. I am shit, I am a shit, but in a sense I like to go where the action is (oy)

and this is only normal and human, and I am human, anyhow.

peeling an Andernach orange in pigeon los angeles

sunshine

jails around era around

windows widow

spiders

empty Jellyglasses

me fulla red

Waiting on the sun

when the apple screw the ventilator

and God

old boy

takes off his dirty

socks,

lublub lubba lub,

Bukowski

Bukowski

5124 DeLongpre Ave.

Los Angeles, Calif.

90027

1966

VIA AIR MAIL

CORREO AEREO

PAR AVION

Jon and Louise Webb

1009 East Elm

Tucson, Arizona

85719

sunday July 19 six6

steve--

one of these days you are going to hump
yourself right to heaven.

F. L.

l.a.

Augy late, I966

hello Steber:

yes, it's a pretty still lake, and yet all the blood and the people made of mud with birdnest souls and boiled-egg eyes.

I go to work each night and it's a complete house of horror, peopled with eyow! wax dead people and mad-angry-dull people. who machinegunned these? what does it mean? why don't I read about this int the newspapers? I ran out last night when they called overtime-- 4,000 people in there and I was the only one to leave the building. I suppose today I will be properly counseled and slapped across the face. I suppose in this age of specialization and education that I should be glad that I am alive, but it is not my fault that I have this urge to lay around and stare at ceilings like a transfixed toad. it's a hell of a war and I am losing, but when they send over the final bomber I will give them the finger.

rec. copy of SIXTIES, 9, I believe. a couple of very good articles on poetry--they rip the sails and burn the pilot and rape his nylonged maiden, then in the rest of the issue they go on printing the same fishy poetry.

re: your blood paper, I suppose some things are being done along somewhat this way. what is it? PARA-CONCRETE MANIFESTO by levy and co., and also from KIACLT, MANIFESTO FOR THE GREY GENERATION, something steamed-up by a Dan Georgakas. the editor sends me something of a word he will get the last to me, so I will see if it's kittens dancing, hoax, pal-play game, or what what????

actually, tho, the Act of Art, like drilling the bull with mamma's magnum is the best of all, but this is fairly hard to get, like a #pair of size 42 pants at your local department store.

well, the clock has turned and turned and turned and now I must ready to go back to the same place. good that Hitler and Earth are moving. there's plenty in both to part a hole in the sky.

catstew,



Sept. 8, 1966
Los Angeles, Calif.

Steven:

you did right on the U.C.L.A. woman. if she had written I would only have had to told her that I don't gabble for students or with teachers. the only type of women I want to see are those who come to my door with tight pussy wobbling and waving on highheels.

I don't know about the newspaper. it sounds like a good way to let go of some crankshafts and grease and orange peelings, but there is an elemental form and glazed ice fire type of thing lost in this ~~form~~ product. that sound too sleezy? what I mean is, there is a tendency to relax too much and just gargle something out of the side of the mouth. eh ?????? YOU REACH MORE WITH LESS. still if you are herding the stuff in, dear editor, I know if will still have some agates. und thanks for invite to submit, I would like to, but god damn if there is a thought in my brain or whatever the lump package up there is called. like now, all I consider is this fly on the screen outside. I keep looking at the fly. and nothing. no great armies. no banners. some lawn around the fly's back, some palmtrees and the Griffith Park Obserbatory. not a very interesting fly; not a very interesting brain mirror, soul lake. I am pretty well shot. I will probably think of something after your paper comes out. meanwhile, should you feel the need or space to fill feel free to reprint anya my stuff... like RAMBLING ESSAY. but would sure as hell like to get something new to you.

well, Marina and Frances just showed so it's the end of the letter. not much here. eat, shit, run off to the pit. Sherman in town. well, balls, maybe more next time.

green death to crabs,

Buk

8-9-2-66

DEAR J+L -
HOPE U GOT
MY CARD
FROM LOWLY
TRACK

yesterday. probably
going again today.

MADNESS. FITS.

Broken

Sky,

Jub,

BUK

Bukauski
5124 De Lagoos Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027



Jarl Low Webb
1009 EAST Elm
Tucson, Ariz.

J+L - THIS ONE
LIVED AROUND 3 OR
4 DAYS.
B

just after you left,
October 1966

Steve:

not much good at verbal communi, la, I always feel like an ass when words vocal come out of mouth, but think you understand this. anyway, thanks all the copies of EARTH ROSE (title can be taken 2 ways there), but looks good good sure, paper like a young whore's skin of ass, good, and maybe this is the way, 10,000, worth a shot, and maybe something will happen, maybe they will burn down Hollywood and the ~~last~~ loan co's and the hair on the bellies of the generals and presidents, it should make a SOUND... the trouble with the "littles", of course, is that the one or 2 hundred copies never get beyond (hardly) the one or 2 hundred poets or semi-poets. so this is a hell of an experiment and glad to be with you and Buckner in the first (and maybe last?) fassilade. your poems I go, fuck of course, but I read the Buckners again, and better than ever, and I don't understand why he hasn't been more heard from, or at least--heard from more, haha. the paper must have cost you half your life (I'm back on EARTH ROSE), and illustrations, headlines, all fire F I R E... hello to Anna. if I ever write a poem I think will fit into a possible future F I R E issue I will submit, but rite now what I write seems pretty clammy calm, flip, maybe even literary. old age leaks over me and I lick the crannies of walls .

have written quite a few lately, anyhow, and here's one so lousy I didn't send it out. paste it to the bottom of your shoe and walk around the block.

the dancer

he was a ballet dancer
who spoke grandly of
Sartre, of Genet, of
Camus.
we thought him full of
affectation
until one day he
cut his throat in the men's room
behind stage.

the ballet dancer never danced
again, nor did we take him
seriously after he was
gone, even though
it took the janitor 30 minutes to
mop up the
blood.

thanks again for all the EARTH ROSES, something going on while the pigeons and the industrialists of the world yawn their lives away. shit, suddenly dark and cold around here but since I am not going to work tonight I don't have to face that row of pinball faces, feces, and I will drink tea, smoke cigars, walk a round this same room, 46 years old, trying again and again to fit myself into this madness. I am #working it down to a small small nub and when I get it small enough I will throw it out the window.

the #palm leaves do not smile at me
and this is a most pleasant

history,

Buk

do not shoot the tatooed fish; it was once my fat St.Louis
whore, Gertrude. you have been warned. ya.

l.a.
nov. ending
1966

hello Steve:

heard from Dan Georgakas (Smyrna Press, Box 418, Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C. 10009) and don't know if he has written you, but maybe best to give excerpts from his letter:

"Earth Rose arrived! Wow! Give me some men. Some stout hearted men. Here's \$5 for the cause which believe me I can't afford. Send me as many of these as are still around (20-50 would be beaut!) and I will get them on my network. This has got to get around. The end of art. The end of literature. The end of establishment anti-establishments.

Yes."

further on:

"Richmond should write of his woes to Censorship, Ilford House, 133 Oxford st. London WI, England. They pay and they give publicity for this kind of stuff."

"Sending the \$5 to you as I'm not sure how vicious Santa Monica police are."

further on:

"Congrats on EARTH ROSE. That's the kind of TNT up the right assholes that will spread their shit so thin it will be good manure instead of asphyxiating fog."

Dan#Georgakas.

I don't know what you want to do about all this but wish you would ship D.G. 50 copies if possible, or at least 20. as soon as I get the \$5 check cashed I will mail the \$5 to you because, so far, you are the main one hounded by the police. I know that you are very strange in your ways, you do not like to scratch for a certain kind of publicity, and I don't blame you--the Art form is the clean and hammer-form, yet I do wish, if you feel like it too, you'd write a letter on the whole BUST to Georgakas for his next Smyrna Newsletter--I have the first copy, and it is not at all like KAURI, I mean all that juicy love-shit on command, and #9th. rate poetry, but there were some real fire letters in there and I wrote them a bit of anti-Chodhury (or however you spell his name, the one in India) which will be printed in their next issue. I mean, fuck, bust loose at the mouth and say what you feel--about the police, about anything. I know that you have the language, and although it is better in the poem, we must not fear the letter-form either, or even the lousiest form of all--the vocal bullshit. I hope you have some copies of EARTH ROSE left. this guy has a lot of contacts in Europe, Australia, so forth. EARTH ROSE has given a lot of fire juice hope courage laugh joy to many, I did not believe it that much at first, being too close, but looks like you have shot a hole in the cement wall. how do you think these things up?

Please let me know if you are able to ship the copies. it's your move but I hope that I have talked you into shipping the copies and also into writing a blood-letter to and for Smyrna Press. I agree that the L.A. Free Press is about the last thing U need, but feel the real hardheads, toughs, agents of Art should hear. don't you?

anyhow,

W.C.

Buk

l.a.

nov. something 1966

steve:

is there going to be a trial? I don't even know if prop. 16 passed. anyhow, it's a jackass world, the dead in control, in control of us, in control of the hospitals, the stores, the jails, the whorehouses, the liquor stores, the armies, the governmentship, the presidency, our chickenshit jobs, the walls we rent. a psychiatrist I know rec. wrote me that suicide is an act of sex. what a perker, lost in all those little yellow pages! staring across his hairy belly at his land, his holdings, his office with name on door. I do suppose that for him suicide would be an act of sex.

all shot here, health bad again, weather black and gloom like the morgue, faces of stone; I hang on by fingertips, by self-conscious tricks, what shit, what strain.

I haven't had a piece of ass in a month and a half and don't care. I have nothing to prove. women are another screeching hot knife when it should be quiet.

John, what's his name?, sold his library for \$49,500 to some university. can you imagine that? he wants to run a book of my poems but I'm already down to Webb on the next set. so to keep him quiet I told him I'd write him a novel. at least I could write it as I pleased. I will run through the pages with half a head, and an earth rose taped to my balls. will prob. start in Jan. if I live that long. now too much overtime, sickness, the shadow of that evil one, Santa Claus. so gnits in the fabric now.

keep me onto what is happening to you--the little boys frightened of bad words and so forth. me, I have to get ready for the gas chamber now. horses tricking me, and those same ~~purple~~ purple mountains ahead. how ~~will~~ will you feel when you are 50?

Bud.

Richmond, old dog--

this is my last night off and then I must work
3 straight weeks of 11 to 12 hours a night.
merry christmas. hope you can come over for a
beerblast early jan. will write or phone you
of a possible day, ~~as~~ night. ...don't know if
I wrote you, Frances and I split. she has little
girl, Marina, but I see her often. I am lucky
to have this little girl, even the way it is
working now. Marina, Marina. yes, OLE #3
a powerhouse. a powerhouse of flame and flare!
christ, how can a glass house like Poetry Chi.
continue to exist? they ought to die of exact
shame. but they are too dumb and fat to smell
the wind of death. I liked (OLE 5) shapiro,
javorski, kaja, barba, etter, richmond. did
not care for glen, newland, billera, CRUCKITZ,
LOCKE, HOWD ON IN! *Buk*

Hugs Jon & Lou -

Downtown, just got TICKET.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC, LEAVING TUESDAY NIGHT AT
8:15 p.m. ARRIVE WEDNESDAY MORNING

9:40 A.M. BELTNE TRAIN IS SUNSET

GOLDEN STATE #2.

I CANNOT SLEEP ON THESE GOD DAMNED TRAINS,
SO LOOK FOR GROUCHY LANDING.

JUST CAME OFF A GOOD ONE AND WILL
NOW TRY TO STAY STRAIGHT AWHILE.
DON'T WANT TO MISS TRAIN. HOPE !

DON'T.



Laf,

Dick

Bukowski --
524 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



AIR MAIL, SPECIAL DELIVERY

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Jon and Lou Webb

1009 E. Elm

Tucson, Arizona

AIR MAIL
Special Delivery

SPECIAL
DELIVERY

AIR MAIL
Special Delivery

l.a.
Jan. 10, 1967

Hello Jon and Lou:

thanks for the Henry Miller write-up in Tucson daily, I mean thanks for sending, plus the letter, and don't worry about not being able to write novel-length comminques, I know you are under the grind and that you must send publicity notices plus the god damned binding and all the other things I don't know about--like trying to stay alive, eating breakfast, sleeping, dreaming nightmares, feeling bad, so forth, cold weather, cold life, so forth, don't think that I can't read the scene. don't worry.

I've got to stay away from that telephone. had some hard luck with horses, missed many days work, sickness, alcholic depression, depression from France's statements and proclamations when she comes around--what a woman, everything I care for she dislikes, and the other way around. Marina ok, tho. we read each other, no problem. also got drunk and phoned Nash but Nash wasn't even there--talked to his wife.

christ, I'm getting to be big-time. o my. did I tell you I get \$50 for a poem in Nov. issue of DARE? it's a barbershop mag. now NewYorkIN a 15,000 circ. kind of New Yorker mixed with East Village says I can pick up \$25 for giving my self a self-interview. why not?

Bukowski: what do you think of the poets, Bukowski?

Bukowski: well, I'll tell you, Bukowski....

meanwhile the job, sitting there hour after hour stuffing letters, listening to the jabber.... when I make it down there.

Neeli Cherry over other night. I told him my idea for a magazine: THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW OF ART, MUSIC AND LITERATURE. I was drinking and mostly joking but he seemed quite taken by it, so I told him to go ahead, mail out some mimee announcements. we'll see what happens.

I got the doc to give me a limited duty slip which lasted through Christmas, getting me out of the overtime, but had lousy haggle in supervisor's office, that is, he did the haggling, and now I am in hot, don't know if I'll ever be #####able to get away and get down and see you unless it is sometime in May or June when I have a small ##### vacation coming. maybe I'll have some money to swing it by then. but don't think they'll let me go under any other conditions. I've now got a rep as trouble-maker, "big-shot", and with my lousy attendance, I am cut on the plank. the "big-shot" comes from the horseplaying--they seem to think that I am making millions out there.

have come off a bad one. suicidal dark wall drunk but now pulling together. the guy who said he was going to publish my novel THE WAY THE DEAD LOVE has reappeared all full of affirmation and so I think I'll get the thing going again. only first 6 chapters done. some mag has taken chapters 3,4,5 to publish, it's all I've sent out. but if I can stay away from the track for a couple of days, and I'm broke now so I'll have to, I can knock out 6 to 12 more chapters--it's all there, it is simply a matter of sitting down to the typer. yet, in a sense, I don't like to rush it. I let the holes fill first. sometimes I almost believe that I know exactly everything I do and why--in spite of the madness, the drunks, the depressions. who knows?

you 2 look good in the photo, but I look at you Jon and I remember some of the arguments. I don't mind arguments when I am drunk, hell, why not? but sober I am more contemplative (?) and easy. well, shit. but you both look good, healthy, like your THRIVING on the thing in spite of the troubles and that is good, sure. well, listen, this place is a mess, I am a mess, hair all over my head and face, dizzyspells, the rug leering up, the outside world with teeth there, very much there, and I must straighten up and go to the pit. about it.

love, *Buk*

Hello Steve:

yes, the whores with one or more children will generally treat you more human to begin because their circumstances are more desperate but once they figure they have you hooked in against the pussy, lo, the more than trouble begins. there are about 3 women looming on my horizon, eager-eyed, trying to act like kool-true dolls, but I'll be damned if I think I am going to play buck-antler deer with a hard for them. I am tired of the whole gory scene and think I will remain a hermit of an old man behind pulled curtains --say, peeking at schoolgirls as they walk by, whistling through my broken teeth, then running for my paper and crayons and drawing the tower of Pisa, or the Eifel.

yes, you might guess I'm for the Buckner, pure Buckner via EARTH ROSE 2. even the I imagine Buckner would like to draw into the Tim Leary LSD, anti-war hippy, Creeley, Dylan (Bob), legalize Mary set, and all the various come-on sets, the poetry reading on stage bit, so forth, it is his madness and weirdness that saves him from being sucked-up and pissed over by the mob. you know all this. why do I tell you? what can I tell you? THE PAGE and SONG OF #*# AGAINST IT are 2 of the best poems I've read in 3 or 4 years. I have told people this but they just look at me and say nothing. I don't think the exposure in a EARTH ROSE 2 will make a fink of Buckner; in fact, he might well need something like that to keep him going.

perhaps you are right in going with EARTH ROSE style instead of standard poetry mag. you've certainly caused enough talk and explosion--everybody who comes in here says, "Can I have a copy of EARTH ROSE?" sure, sure, I say, and my little pile dwindles. I am going to keep the rest, even tho I have 4 or 5, fuck 'em. and #*#Georgakas has spread your stuff all over Europe and in the Pepe's phonebooth, did you know all this was going to happen? not that we want to be loved by the headless populace, but the content was good, and it is nice to see a mass of #*# red flame instead of a giggling literary tea party. --yes, Georgakas strong stuff, not the usual textbook Marxist, neurosis-anarchist, Black Romanticist, bones-of-Trotsky, they-shit-Lorca, let's listen to a folksong type. he leaps from a kind of hammer forge energy purpose of his own invention, he does not hum the same old shit and is man enough to know where he is and where they are, and not introvert enough to let them overpower him with his own logic. he leaps like a wild and hungry monkey in a cage, but screams a seeming very good sense and livingness. if all his breed had the same living faculty I'd throw in with them, start by setting Yorty's hotel on fire and so forth. but I am leery of his club membership, am afraid they are a bunch of hand-stamped farts, and so I sit at the typer, go down to the postoffice, go to the racetrack and write letters on windy afternoons to Steven Richmond.

THERE IS ANOTHER HIGHRISE APT. GOING UP DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET. I am now completely surrounded. I see all these beehives. I see people more and more living stacked on top of each other in a kind of demented high-pitched luxury that they pay in a kind of fear and a kind of love of the stink of each other behind these shiny walls decorated with mass-produced artwork and sexfilm paint. luckily I can't afford to die in such voluptuous candyshit; I will end up in a cardboard box in the hills. I have discovered the last green hills in town--it is just before you hit Huntington Drive on the way to Santa Anita, a turn left off of North Main or North Broadway, I don't know which, anyhow the streets end there, and there it is: these slices of highgreen hills, tall, and nothing on them, no terrible houses,

no terrible people, and I always feel like stepping the 157 and getting out and climbing up there, walking around in it, laying down in the weeds, but no guts, the city has me, the track calls me, but these hills ride inside me as I drive past, and looking at them, it's like vomiting up a whole sick metropolis and I feel better. there used to be a space like that on the way to Los Angeles but they found it, the developers, and they put their mass-produced houses there and the mass-produced people came running and leaped in and mortgaged their souls so somebody, banks, builders, could make 450 percent profit.

someday when I get rich on the horses you and I will start a colony. there is still desert land somewhere. we put up these houses, rustics, made entirely of wood and unpainted. houses far apart, lots of sand between them. no police force. people can scream or drink or sing or take dope all night or all day or have liens in their backyards. only no rich, no literary pretenders, no Malibu, no Village, no Carmel. we interview those desiring to live there. "lemme see your paintings, your poems." we lack. we are snobs. we are pricks. we are selfish because we want to stay alive. "no, no good, you can't live here." of course, we take in a lot of stupid women because there aren't any other kind. then when it all gets too bad, we SELL... for 450 percent profit and LEAVE THEM THERE. (this is the way I talk after 2 good days at the track. last Friday and Saturday; when I lose I am much more humane and carry an etching of Karl Marx in my wallet.)

by the way, old man, do you still have that large batch of poems I once wrote long ago? if you've lost them, o.k., forget it, but if you still have them, ship back, I have this machine I run them through, I mean I slip them against the typer, toughen them up, sharpen them down against and with the instinct of the word as I have learned it today, right or wrong. what I mean is: I would like to run them through the wringer for lean meat. ...2 p.m., 2:05 kfac symphony now coming on, hope they give me something to lean against this highrise across the way... not bad, something offbrand by #*# Haydn, who was a kind of a cool suckass in his time but managed to save some juice. there is much of him that I haven't heard--the masses, Mass in Time of War, so forth. but prefer Mahler, Bruckner, Wagner without words, Stavinsky, Shestakowitch. shit, so what?

r

some guy at work met me on front steps, a small hard Negro with little cap pulled down over his ears. "Good damn, Hank, you're really full of BULLSHIT!" "whatcha mean, Roy?" "I saw that magazine." "what magazine?" "I dunno the name of it, but I saw it. about you being a POET! what a bunch of BULLSHIT! and your photo with the little beard." "I don't know what you're talking about, Roy." "no, you KNOWS, you KNOWS WHAT EYE'S TALKING ABOUT, DON'T BULLSHIT ME!" it appears he saw a copy of DARE when he went to his local barbershop. this is the poem I got the \$50 for writing. easy money but if it's going to get these jabberwockies on my back it isn't worth it. --some guy over other night to interview me for the L.A.Times magazine WEST. I was very drunk and think I insulted the guy on principle. he wouldn't even phone me for further details on article but phoned Frances. if this ever comes out in about a month or a month and a half they are really going to try to rip the meat from me down at the bastille. but I think I can handle them. they don't call me The Hammer and The Barber for nothing. all else aside, the fact remains that the only battle is to remain as alive as possible and to continue to create the poem or knit stockings or whatever you are going or have been doing or want to do. anybody can go the way of Dylan Thomas, Ginsberg, Corso, Behan, Leary, Creeley, just sliding down that river of shit. the idea is Creation not Adulation; the #*#idea is a man in a room alone hacking at a stone and not sucking at the tits of the crew.

you'll #*# get over your whore. there's another one around the corner with tighter pussy, bigger can, bigger tits, and she'll go you more because of your experience

she'll find you more and better man and the battle will be easier.

hold.

1.a. what? feb. 29, 1967

helle Jon and Lou:

the Last One knocks upon thy door. but no shit, have been laying off writing because I know you are--have been--will be--tied tight to the horrible scrabble of staying alive and creating your momentous Works of Print and Stone and Agony. plus Lou's father, dying, dead--somehow I even have the feeling you're in Cleveland, but let that go. anyhow, hope some things are clearing up with you. everything's never going to clear. it's a battle to make a logicalistic #####dent in all the mail put upon us.

here I seem to be going through AN INTERVIEW STAGE, kind of a silly treadmill but while going through it I try to talk as straight as possible but I #####suppose many men going through the same figure they are talking straight too. you never knew quite when you're dying but you can get the feeling of it. I've felt quite a few deathrays lately. I did a self-interview for NewYork for which I will get \$25 for when March issue comes out. also a kind of interview slant/thing in this week's L.A. Free Press on me where I blithely sheet mouth on Sunset strip, L.S.D., Kennedy Assassination, other silly things. Should be out Thursday or Friday. Then the Los Angeles Times magazine section WEST (circulation one million eight hundred thousand and so) will have some kind of article writeup on me with photos and maybe a few of my drawings. I don't know what this one is about as I was very drunk when the magazine man arrived and so drunk when he left I don't remember him leaving. told, if things #####remain the same, article should be out in April ##### 2nd. issue. all three of these things should break pretty close together. I'll send you copies unless you'd rather not see them; I mean they might make you sick: after all, I am a monster almost of your own creation. the Bukowski Vague, one of them asked me, it's the Bukowski Vague, what do you think of the Bukowski Vague? I don't remember what I answered but I do hope #my answer took some of the pincurlers out of his hair.

the idea remains the same. I am attempting to work with the poem; I am attempting to stay alive. I find it easier to work with the poem than to stay alive. all these interviews are beside the point. the typewriter is still there when I run a sheet of paper into it and I sit there and I begin again. there isn't any background. there isn't any cheap excuse. I'm not Ginsberg, I'm not Creeley, I'm not Ezra Pound; I'm Bukowski, a tired old man, hanging hanging on. I should be stripped in the square and horsewhipped--good for the #####soul, good for the sight, good for the way the sun hangs, #####good the way dirty white cats walk. this question and answer horseshit is a suck-in. but since I did pop at mouth I hope I said something relevant. I probably did.

my health has suddenly gotten better. maybe it was getting these teeth pulled, mabye it was not drinking# everyday. whatever it is, fine, so far.

it's 90 degrees here, a hell of a February.

Cerrington at Loyola U., New Orleans. told him I had promised you my next book of poems if you'd care to do them. he said he like to do the dissertation or foreword or whatever on the new work. if we ever do get into the book we should have a HUGE BLOODY MASS OF WORK TO CHOOSE FROM, for you to choose from, I have kept writing, and no rejects anymore, which is kind of dangerous, but some of the work might be all right. by the way, had reason to do tape other day, reading from stuff old new, so forth, and found I liked my work in CRUCIFIX much better than the stuff in IT CATCHES. way back, I thought it was the other way around, but time has told me now. much of my new stuff kind of story-like about other people, #####perhaps good to laugh at but still cruel things happening, and that's the way it works--somebody

(BEING WRITTEN)
Now

gets knifed on the stairway and you step over him and laugh all the way down to the warehouse and peer out of blue curtains and the sun is butter and the earth is non-committal. yes? fuck me, baby. at any rate, since last November I have felt this frigging revival within me and the stuff pours upon the paper like juice, like miracle jissom, hurray. it's good and I'm lucky and all the trash and knives and red-eyed rats only itch me a little.

helle, Lou. Dell. you hanging in?

Marina growing growing and we are closer than the grass and the earth. it is a very good feeling, an easy feeling. no trouble, no strain. #####loose and free; creative without fanciness; real without flags.

I enclose some crap. photos that didn't come out, etc. proofs. don't know what to do with them. The TIMES kept the negatives.

the novel THE WAY THE DEAD LOVE has stopped at chapter 5, but no problem. easy #####to write. about this skidrow hotel I lived in for 2 years. it's just a recording of the people, and all the scenes come to me that I have forgotten, they all come up on the paper as I write. it's like being reborn, living it again. very strange. have been on gambling horse-binge which has eaten up my time. but no problem. a free day or so and I have 5 or 10 more chapters. chapters very short but filled with the distillation of the action. best this way. less yawns.

everytime I start typing there's the landlord out there, watering, fucking with his car. shit, shit. I never see him unless I sit down here. what do the gods do? why do they prick me with their nastiness? I get tired of the shitty knife. if I ran out there and punched him in the mouth he'd never understand--it's just his PRESENCE: hovering, putty, lard, frog presence, looming, farting, walking, milkskin, aged, lazy, dingdong PRESENCE that DRIVES ME OUTA MY SCREW!

so maybe I'd better stop.

if you get the time or untangled from the wires, do write, even a sherty. e.k.? I've tried to hold off but I keep feeling like it's not #right. hope the Miller is moving for you. Sherman in town. he can prob. line you up with contacts with the mudey editors if you need a fast buck. god damn it, I HAD HIS LETTER HERE FOR DAYS, STARING AT IT. he came over with his wife, very juicy sexwife, she left her sweater. I mean, if you write mabye by time I #####answer I will have his address.

--on enclosed copy of DARE get \$50 for poem, which if I could do once a week I would never have to work again and be in Paradise. but it won't happen.

what else? have prob. forgotten many things. well. how's the Patchen thing?

I'd think you'd do better on Bukowski record if you could advertise in Patchen OUTSIDER. but I know: how ya gonna do Patchen OUTSIDER without money? how

are any of us going to make it? when when the final Dark Man with his Bigass Club? there's your can of gloom for today. well, write write write.

love,

Buk

P.O. Box 502
HOLLY VISTA, CALIF.
92012

SHERMAN:

march something
1967

New York interview out, but only got
one copy. we get more + mail you out.
B.

hello Jen and Lou:

PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO RETURN THOSE CHAPTERS OF THE NOVEL I SENT.

sorry, all I could pick up was 6 extra copies of FREE PRESS. I will mail these to you. plus a copy of this week's FREE PRESS wherein I had ~~something~~ something, but not too good a something. so will be 7 copies, slow mail.

kaja on Hydra, new playground of the Beats.

I have written 7 letters tonight and saved yours for the last, and now find out I am burned-out. my tongue hangs out for beer and I can only type until 10 p.m. and so I am caught between. if I go out for beer, the letter will not be. but mainly this one to tell you I could only pick up the one half dozen copies.

a couple of people asked me where they could get CRUCIFIX. I gave them your address. remember you purchased some copies from Stuart. if you are out, send them onto Stuart. if they write you, anyhow.

rolling my own cigarettes.

too many people read DARE. I am getting some hell down at work, the guys hollering, "Hey, Buk! BUK!" as I walk by, or "hey POET!" this is not so bad and will die out but what hurts is the old women, they slobber all over me with their half-brains. if that thing ever comes out in the L.A. Times I will have to leave the country. it's supposed to come out April 2nd., maybe. so I have time to gird up.

you may not believe it but it is 10 o'clock already. must stop typing.
my letters getting lazier and lazier, I know.

Marina more everything than ever. she now talks to me over the telephone.

anyhow, I am still alive and other postal scheme coming up to study and pass. wasted, ug, mutilated hours. I'm going out for some beer.

the works,

Buk

Ps. - LET ME KNOW IF YOU
WANT TIMES INTERVIEW + HOW
MANY COPIES? DON'T KNOW IF I
MENTIONED LAYON? WAS DRUNK
OUTA MY HEAD.

B.



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April 19, 1967

hello Jon and Lou:

god, Jon, didn't know the prostrate so bad. DON'T DRINK, please. I have gone on the wagon myself, for a while. the ### price seems terribly high for us, surely and especially you.

this very short letter to tell you to take it easy easy. a few beers aren't worth all of that.

yes, please mail some pages for me to write some sayings on for your Crucifix's. it will give me a chance to mouth a bit. won't take me long and I will mail back as soon as finished. I too would like to see Crucifix move a bit more, especially now that I see that most of the poems have held up through Time--for me.

have been having insomnia among other things and now another god damned scheme in my lap to pass for the postoffice, hours and hours of MY TIME wasted, I mean time off-the-clock. I cry into the same hankercheif. (ie).

if things a little better around June 26th, and you still want me to make that run, understand that I will not drink in front of you. I will go back to the place I have rented and maybe have a beer or 2, do a little work on the damned novel or whatever.

on yea or # nay on Patchen edition of OUTSIDER, I couldn't wouldn't toss in a word one way or the other--- somebody singing on Opera now -- MAD, MAD, THE WHOLE WORLD IS MAD-- to influence or un-influence you.

by the way, in PRISM international, Spring 1967, there is a cover photo by one Jon Webb. ### I take it this is not you? or is it? anyhow, mag obtainable by writing PRISM, c/o Creative Writing, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8. B.C.

this is

now must try to get that sleep. short half-wit letter, but to tell you, Jon, to stay away from stupid BEER CANS! and you, Lou, see that he does. I have spoken. let there be order and a chance to breathe.

s

better letter soon. don't forget to mail pages to inscribe for good ol' CRUCIFIX. fine.

the big page to you,

Bob

nothing on L.A. Times interview. guess they
decided not to run it. Free Press beat them
to it and guess they did not want to play
#2nd. fiddle. well, either
way.

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1. multated You
Hope #1. Think
Now lost my

D. J. Hope You Rec. Mag.
Lorraine to Mac.

April 20, 1964

Hello Jon:

Was going to phone again but feeling here is that you are o.k., in pain but o.k., on the big mend, and want to keep expenses down so I can make trip in late June. we will have that good cold one.

Stanley Kurnik over talking as I write this, #so can't get off much, just to let you know that I am with you, some sound, some word. let me know when you get back to place, write short word as soon as you can.

Sorry I told Lou about dream about you, she is pretty superstitious I'd say, her voice fell and I knew I had botched it but nothing I could do then. leave it up to me. know you are o.k., tho, and with that damned prostrate out of the way you are going to feel much better spiritually, physically and all the way around, you know. so late June then late June the cold bear the first good one, I will be there, we will be there, you know you know, so must knock this off, can't think, just felt some word. hang in through pain, it will end. I am with you. but god damn lousy way to say it. am I a writer? sometimes words like pebbles in my soup. so going, hang on in. late June. and write when you get back to place, a small card, a word if you are able.

love,

Buk

BUKOWSKI
5124 De Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027



JON + LOUISE WEBB
1009 B. ELM
TUCSON, ARIZONA

AIR M

85719

apriile 29, 1967

TAPE

Hello Jon and Lou:

yes, I rather miss the old days of sending you hundreds of poems but now I just divide the mass and spread it, tho I don't write as MUCH anymore.... am I finished, hahaha????? well, hell. did a 2 hour reading of my stuff for some guy in Germany going to put out a record of poetry by Burroughs, Ginsberg (I think), others and he wanted a few of mine so I gave him a bucketful to look at. anyhow, I guess reading a poem and one on paper are two different things, a lot depends on your mood when you read them. anyhow, Weisaner liked best something called FINISH# don't even remember the poem. also liked THE DIRTY DOGS OF EGYPT, 199# POUNDS OF CLAY LEANING FORWARD, LILLIES IN MY BRAIN, SING TO GODS AND KANGAROOS, REPORT UPON THE CONSUMPTION OF MYSELF, and SOMETHING FOR THE TOUTS... I sent him the dub. some guy up in the hills has original and he has to keep it for I use his machinery and time and tape, and it is only fair. I am going to try to get him to cut a dub ~~for you~~ for you folks and will mail it to you as soon as he gets it done. he's only going to use one or 2 poems because he needs room for the other poets. but surprised what he wrote me about tape:

"I want to tell you that you are a genius who read his poetry for #90 minutes without stop and did such a fucking good job on it, too. your recording is so fucking good, LIVE beerseedhappy and also great strong, fascinating moments of strength and grip of panic on it, especially towards the end and made me wish it would just go on and on...."

which did surprise me. but I had been drunk for a day and a night, tired, and was up at John Thomas' place and it was freezing but these books and poems everywhere, papers, mags, and I started to read, tired, at 3 a.m., it was quiet ghostly, just right, the mood was there, on stage I would have fumbled my balls. but anyhow, I will try to get this to you, not that you would care to use it but for something to do maybe when there's a lull in your heaven or your hell. are there any? I'd think not.

must pass another god damned scheme on June 22, which is soon as far as all that memorizing goes, hours shot again, no time, but would like to be sure to pass it, to get it off my mind so when I leave on 26th, June or 27th, or whenever for dear old Tucson I will have clear head, well, clear of that, anyway. I will probably take the train, dollar lack, and that's why I didn't phone you again. but still got myself sick, you know, and missed some days of work which I won't get paid for. trying to hang on in now. I must make it down there. I remember once before I was headed that way when my ass busted open and all I made was the hospital.

I hope you are mending o.k., Jon. I could tell by your voice over phone that you were with it. but was nervous talking to you because I felt you were in pain.... uncomfortable... remember saying to you, "we'll have that beard together." well, let's make it a beer. I am not much on drinking beards. o.k.? well, you prob. that I was nuts, and that's right, I am.

same old thing, have come off a drunk again. feeling bad. this place a mess. now going to try to stay on wagon. want to be in good shape when I get there. any racetracks around there? running thoroughbreds? I don't think so. got a brand new system. foolproof. hit me right between the ears one night, all at once. this may be it. that would really be something if it worked out big and I, me, Buk, finally turned out to be your angel. probably tho, the gods have other ideas for me. like, bad.

some prof at Univ. of Loyola (here) says, writes that he has been teaching my stuff in class for a week (poor #Creeley) and wants to include my stuff in an anthology he's putting together for Latin America. how you think I look as Spanish hotdog?

anyhow, I wrote him o.k. but forgot what poems were. #did he write you? maybe not.

but the main thing is, the next poem, the next chapter. always. the juices have to keep churning. past is past. now there's another paper house in front we've got to bowl over. also want to send you "2", a little collector's thing put out by John Martin. Martin gives me paper, paint, also #wants to do the novel. best thing about Martin, he breezes in out, very fast, doesn't linger, does his business and goes. he leaves me tired which I fuck up myself. very understanding fellow.

well, it's getting to ten p.m. and must stop typing. OH, FOR A SILENT TYPER! I could type all night.

cops raided here~~s~~ other night. I was staggering in from liquor store with beer and I saw them walking into drive. but they went past my place and got the guy next door who had thrown a bottle through his window.

hope all is well down there.

everything plus ultra,

Buk

p.s.--just heard voice outside: "When's that son of a bitch gonna stop typing?" some old stuff. I gotta get rich like Rosenbaum. no, not like Rosenbaum. just, I gotta get rich. a poor man can't do anything. get sick or die or fart. no, that's wrong--they'll let him die. stop typer, STOP! NASTY barking hound of a typer! stop, stop!!!

l.s.
June 19, 1967

hello Jon and Lou:

rushed. haven't studied for their damned scheme yet and it is upon me. but fail or pass I get 3 shots at the target. would like to hit first time the so I can forget the damn thing. so short letter here.

told Jerry o.k. if he wanted to drive me out there. he might help line you up with the sex-writing bit. don't know if he will be able to get free, however. so that way, or train, figure to leave about #####Tuesday--not tomorrow but week from tomorrow. something like that. if on train will take taxi in, dump my suitcase and look for room nearby. I don't know what the hell we're going to do but it will be nice to get out of l.a. for a while. promised Frances and kid I'd take them to races Friday. then Saturday I must do a drawing or 2 for a new book of old poems John Martin bringing out--AT TERROR STREET AND AGONY WAY. ####black sparrow press. he does nice work. just brought out LeAttrue....or something by Ron Lowensen. don't care for writing--typical snob careful stuff with just a tiny snip of blood--but printing and design very good. also Sunday to catch up on other stuff, letters, writing, then if not Sherman, get ticket Monday for Tuesday train. will let you know which train and when before I leave so you can get your back up. or if with Sherman, when we are heading out.

meanwhile, the scheme the scheme the scheme, myself shot through the head flipping little cards--at the same time working at night. what shit.

oh, I am applying for a grant, ARTS AND HUMANITIES , something or other. Hugh Fox, Loyola Prof. of English suggested this. I wrote for the forms, got them back, must fill in and mail before end July, must be there before July first for October #####consideration. got a pretty good note with forms from C.Kizer telling me not to let forms through me, etc. going to ask for 6 or 7 grand. I have several ideas of what I'd like to do in year's time. a lot of shits get this stuff, why can't I be a shit/ ???? anyhow, this is a small section for references. I take it it is o.k. to use your name? one is supposed to get permission first. if you do not want me to use your name for ####reference please let me know.... fast.... yours is the most important name and might make the difference, so don't find reason to be pissed at me now, eh? --anyhow, whole thing worth a shot. an airmail stamp.

the SCHEME THE SCHEME! get to study, get to go!

the works,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Jen and Lou Webb

1009 E. Elm

Tucson, Arizona

would have phoned you tonight but phone bill completely odorous and out of order. Fox, prof at Loyola, L.A., left a 5th. of whiskey last time he and wife were over, and after they left that and left for their place I drank that on top of everything else and began first with you folks, then Chicago, Sacramento, etc. ect.

phone costing me \$50 a month again, and no sense because I don't remember anything I say or why or don't know where I am, and if I know myself, prob. nasty. so when death comes, Pac. Tel. is going to dripdrop drop on stockmarket and they won't know why.

will buy ticket Monday, try to get on Tuesday train for Tucson. try to phone, telegram or special delivery what train what time, so forth. drunk now, so will say would like you to be there. I like people to be there on my arrival but hate people to be there on departure, althe waving, so forth. but if you are not there, no crime. will take taxi in to your place and we will take it from there. would like to leave July 5. due back at work July 10, 6:12 p.m. but love my little daughter plus horses--torn between everything, I am nuts.

if I do not get in a jail (which sometimes happens) or die (which also h.) or get sick (sme), will get there. PLEASE DO NOT GOD DAMN FORGET TO TELL PROF. GREAT HONOR IN SPITE OF MY ANTI ANTI UNI FEELING, and if all falls through, he still gets my little golden star on his forehead.

so then, working toward you
i I am I am

wit loooooooooooooe,
the reaming

remains of the

P.S.— "OPEN CITY" WANTS ME TO INTERVIEW Loufan PRESS FOR MY COLUMN.

O.K.? I CAN'T TAKE SIGHTS(AND). CAN YOU HAVE SOME TYPE OF QUESTION + ANSWERETING READY?

Buk

Buk
~~Buk~~
~~Buk~~

Buk
524 DE Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Jan + Lou Webb
1009 EAST Elm
TUCSON, ARIZONA
85719

AIR MAIL
SPECIAL DELIVERY



July 6, 1967

Hello Jon and Lou:

got in and played with Marinas all day; I couldn't, as usual, sleep on the train. real tired now, fan on, drinking my beer, listening to radio, will make track tomorrow if I am not too fagged. car started, which was lucky. sometimes you can't leave those old jobs laying around. they say it has been hot here too. Marina loved the gifts, much thanks. big stack of mail but it's just going to have to wait.

by the way, in the stack of mail was one evidence #10 with a poem by Richard Shalton: "I think of Charles Bukowski

sorting mail all day like a machine
while poems sleep just under the skin of his
fingers...."

tell Dick I caught him, and thanks. also thanks for the long rides, the bear, the works.

also a letter from somebody called Bukowski. not a relative. I read the letter. he gives a long lineage thing, but don't think we meet anywhere, either in blood or in spirit.

hope you're feeling better, Lou, and you too, Jon.

really dull letter, this one, but wanted to let you know I arrived, somehow, a bit chewed up but readying a comeback. whatever that means.

OPEN CITY out tomorrow, then we'll see what Bryan did with our article.

love,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongire
Los Angeles, Calif.



Jon and Louise Webb
1009 East Elm Street
Tucson, Arizona 85719

[Handwritten signature]

august what? 1967

hello Jon and Lou:

rough on the health thing. things bad here too. have had to give up smoking, drinking--at least for a while. have felt very very bad. missed many days work. when I do go, barely make it, or have to leave early. paychecks very small and in a jam with the big boys who always think a man's faking it when he's sick, or so it seems.

hardly writing at all. smog alert last 2 days. everything, hot, dreary senseless.

Marina and Francis just arrived. they usually come for dinner every day and then I try to make it into work. in fact, must jump into god damned tub, dress, go, now.

AT TERROR STREET AND AGONY WAY working at press thru John Martin (Black Sparrow). am going to do 50 original colored drawings for 50 copies of the book. he's running 1,000 plus 100 hard cover, I understand. he's run Lowenson and Kelly--or Kelly just out now--nice printing but not my boys as poets, but who in the hell are my boys as poets? hardly even myself anymore. shit, everything shot.

tub running over. my tub runneth over, yea. must go.

Bach

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027



Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East Elm Street
Tucson, Arizona 85719

OCT. 17

hello an L:

the word is out that you have MOVED... again. well, I hope you can find a place where Lou can breathe. when I visited you I got the feeling that you were going to move, and knew that you were unstrung, worried, unable to think. it was a bad time for me to visit. I got the idea that you thought I could do you some good but I am no magician, being screwed-up in various ways myself--mostly spiritually and mentally, but now note!: my hemm~~hom~~rroids have returned, but dizzy spells lessening. mind and spirit continue to drop.

I hope old Henry Miller is moving for you. frankly, would have rather seen you do Joyce or ####Artaud, Artaud esp. or Bukowski (hehehe hehe!). read a couple of weeks back where Miller married a young Japanese girl--vurry young--and went off to Europe for honeymoon. well, why not? so, I am not yet dead and hope you are all feeling

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027967



better. I still have hopes of you doing a kind of collected works of mine while Black Sparrow does the new poems. as for the record, I felt long ago that it would not come off. I get these hunches. but it felt good to make the tapes, and hope there were some laughs in listening.

L.

Buk

SAVE THE EASY WAY
BUY U. S. BONDS
ON PAYROLL SAVINGS

Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East Elm
Tucson, Arizona
85719

PLEASE FORWARD

3

l.a. Wednesday after Xams
1967

Hello Jon and Lou:

want to thank you for the o.k. to PENGUIN on reprint of some of IT CATCHES stuff for the PENGUIN POETRY SERIES. it won't be out until Xmas '68, and the royalties are not astounding but if I am around by then whatever bit it is might save me from the pit, the pit of madness, sickness, the row, whatever pit there is, each inch helps save what's left, so thanks, surely, the o.k., esp. since you are evidently down on me--a column, a Shermanism, whatever the hell, I don't know, but that's the way it works. I know that you were very unhappy and worried in Tucson and both not feeling well, and it was a bad time for me to be there. so it goes, but still you were good enough to give the PENGUIN O.K., so you do not play small and bitter games and crash a man down because of dislikes. that's good moxie, and all I can say is "thanks", which doesn't seem like very much.

I hope that wherever you are now that things are easier.

I didn't get the grant. just a form-letter. so it's try to hang onto the horrer of the post office; if it weren't for Marina I think I'd just go out and lay down in the gutter. everybody I know has either gotten a grant or been offered one, so I guess Bukowski is just shit with the govt. agency, and so I sit and peck at the ##### typer while my toenails bite at my feet. in same mail--a few weeks back--a letter from W.C. telling me, in essence, that I could dish it out but not take it.

the dog-pack is really after my aging ass.

did have some luck with EVERGREEN. poem in Dec. issue and they have accepted a rather long one on bullfighting for a future issue.

so the horses began again Tuesday and maybe a little action can help me forget the whole damn poetry scene. it's good to drink a hot coffee out there, the ice wind from those snow mountains north chilling your god damn shorts as you work out the winner of the first race. that's as good as anything. we don't ask much of the gods. just that they #keep quiet for a while.

all right, then. punchy, I shape up to stick more letters. in my neat little shit-cage. and remember the good days past. there were some.

the works,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 Delongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



AIR MAIL....

(PLEASE FORWARD TO NEW
ADDRESS. thank you.)

Jon and Louise Webb, LOUJON PRESS
1009 East Elm st.
Tucson, Arizona, 85719

Los Angeles, Calif

I A.M.

Jen. 15, 1961

Hello STEVE -

You Hound

OF A CAT'S

ASS, YIR STILL
ALIVE -

STARING INTO

THE DEEP +
GLUTTED EYE

of pussies,

Father; BUT

DON'T OVER-

EVALUATE IT,

IT CAN THROW YOU RIGHT OFF THAT
REVIVING MARBLE STATUE OUTSIDE
HOTEL AS WELL AS PUT YOU
THERE. IT'S ACE + ASS + TRICK +
THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO TO
FOGGLE IT.

ONE THING GETS ME WITH ME,
THEN ANOTHER TEARS APART. DON'T
TRY GET IT, IT'S A HARD
GOING-ON. AND HOW THE OLD
LAD TO WAIL + SIGH ABOUT
THEIR PAINS, AS IF THEY WERE
SAME TYPE OF VICTORY.

BOTH THE VERY OLD + THE
VERY YOUNG DISTURB ME BECAUSE
IN ONE CASE (OLD) THE BALANCE
(IS LOST AND IN THE OTHER
(YOUNG) THE BALANCE HAS
NOT BEEN RESTORED, BY BALANCE,
I MEAN DOING SIMPLE OR SERIOUS
THINGS IN AN EASY WAY.

LIFE ENDING A LETTER.

Alos, Alos, Alos,

WHATSOEVER THAT MEANS,

Brick

sometime--la.

hello Jon and Lou:

in haste, on way to pits, pits of hell, and want to get this
into mail. soon as you return these.... probably more.

glad you're feeling better, Lou. you've got luck coming, and more
of it.

love,

Beth



air mail,,,,

Buk
REGISTRATION NUMBER
5224 Delongre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East Elm St.
Tucson, Arizona 85719

los angeles
Feb. 25, 1968

hello Jon and Lou:

well, haven't heard from you on last poems, but here is another one. more to come. of what I have sent, I personally prefer this enclosed poem and the one called THE POET'S MUSE. however, I'll be the first to admit that a writer hardly knows what he is writing, why, or exactly what it means. well, the Creeley's, Olsons, Pounds can tell you what they mean, but for me it is just trouble enough to stay alive until the next poem. I mean keep the toenails cut, stay out of the tank, get the rent down. (how do you spell bananas? bannanas? no, the first looks better.)

don't know if I told you but have been twice interviewed by the big# boys in the post office who don't quite like the idea of me writing this column NOTES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN. that column has cost me plenty of woe, as you might know. also somebody wrote into them saying that I was not married to the mother of my child and that we lived separately. the same person also mailed them a batch of NOTES with certain passages outlined in ink. they didn't care too much for something I wrote about the postoffice, plus a thing on sodomy. I told them that I would have to continue writing #####NOTES, no matter the result. "Are we to consider the postal officials as the new critics of literature?" I asked them. I also mentioned the ACLU. they #####said that they were not sure of what to do with me because they hadn't had "a case like this in ten years." ten years? I wonder who the other guy was? anyhow, I am told that the whole business must be taken up higher for review. I was sitting in a large dark room at the end of a long long table with just this little lamp there and these 2 people looking at me. I'll probably be machine-gunned someday as I walk out this door. joke, of course. or, is it? they asked me if I were going to write anything more about the postoffice. I told them, probably not. so it might be a truce or they might be waiting for me to really expose myself where they could more easily strap me to the #####cross.

"have you ever had any books published?" they asked me.

"yes."

"how many?"

"I don't know. 4,5,6,7... I don't know."

"how much did you PAY these people to publish your work?"

ummmmm, ummmmm, umm.

some kind of Artist's colony down at Laguna Beach, Frances and Marina have moved there. I miss the little girl. trouble with artist's colonies they don't have any artists there. but F. likes what I call "the lonely heart's clubs" there is a bookstore near here, The Bridge (after Crane?), and these jokers sit around in there and talk to each other for hours, drink coffee, read their poetry to each other. what a fuck-off lilly-livered crew they are. now F. says she is going to try to start poetry readings at a record shop at Laguna Beach. god, things never change, do they? I mean, the bad things.

PENGUIN trying to send me advance royalty check, but first I must fill out all these papers, something about the United Kingdom, all that shit. and still the guy in England, Georg Rapp of Rapp and Whiting, who thinks he would like to do my SELECTED POEMS, I haven't gotten anything off to him, it's been month. Finally got some cardboard around a copy of CRUCIFIX and a copy of IT CATCHES a few nights ago while drunk. haven't mailed it yet. I am going to ask him to return the IT CATCHES. I am very low on them. have the 2 books coming out soon, TERROR STREET and POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE LEAPING FROM AN 8 STORY WINDOW, due out soon, and I'll mail these 2, throw in a couple of new poems and then maybe Georg Rapp will have a book.

have really been in very strange mind state lately. seem to be frozen. can't move or write. 25 or 30 unanswered letters in big coffee can on shelf. Harold Norse seems to be in this same deep freeze--the inability to do anything. shot to shit, sick, weak. it might only be a refueling period. or maybe we're both finished. difficult to tell. strange that we should both be in the fix at the same time. I consider Hal a much better writer and person than I am, more human, and getting a letter from him is always a big event to me. I hear Anis Nin is trying to get him a grant so he can come here to Capistrano Beach, where he thinks there is a doctor who can cure him. that's a place down about halfway to San Diego. it would be good to see him. no need to talk. we could just sit around the same room for a couple of days and look out the window, or walk along the beach, say about 6 p.m. among the insane and wild-eyed gulls, we walking along wondering what went wrong with the machinery of everything.

Edward, My Edward, a Scottish poem where everything goes wrong, says the man on the radio. leave it to me to find the screwiest radio station in town.

new wonder system figured on horses. I mean figured over past charts. went out Friday with terrific hangover. lost the first 4 races. although a system play was in the 4th. race I was then off on something else so I missed it. so I am 20 or 30 bucks down going into the 5th. in the 5th. I get back on my play--it picks 2 horses--Bryn Mawr Grad at 7/2 and Many Veils at 7 to one. but the system points a little stronger to Many Veils so I put 4# win on B.M.Wrad and 8 win on M.V. and they come down the stretch together far in front of the pack. Many Veils wins in a photo, I pick up \$71.20 for the 8 but after my bets and early losses I have to split track \$42, but it still pulls me \$29.20 in front. which we call plus \$30 just to make us feel good. then I blew 10 win on Khaled Babe, which lost in a photo. 8th. race I have to split my bet between Island River, 6-I and Big Rapids, 4-2. Island River wins at \$14.60 and I am \$59 ahead. in the 9th. the two or three plays are confusing--the system picks the 2-I shot most heavily, then a 5 to one, then a 12 to one. I play all 3, 6 win, 4 wins, 2 win. the 5 to one and the 2 to one come down locked in a photo. then there is an inquiry. the 2 to one wins at 6.60 and is not disqualified. but since I had bet 12\$ and the payoff was 19.80 I only win \$7.80 on race. which makes me about \$66# winner.

I am just barely able to drive in. get on the bed and the phone rings. Big John Thomas wants to come over. "o.k." he brings Rosie. before the night is over I am at J.T.'s place and when I leave there it is 10 a.m., I am high and still haven't slept for about 2 days and 2 nights. so couldn't make the Saturday track. must wait until #####tuesday to see if I really know what I am doing.

met Neal Cassady before he died, up at OPEN CITY one night. I had some beer with me. have one, I said. he drank the thing like water. "have another", I said. he was crazier than I was. it was beginning to rain and we all got into the car, Bryan, myself and Cassady. we got one of the famous Cassady rides on the rain-slick streets. then we ate together at J.B.'s and had a few more drinks. Neal was the hero of Jack Kerouac's novel ON THE ROAD. about a week after I met Neal they found him dead along some railroad tracks in Mexico. he'd mixed too much booze with nembutal. deliberately, perhaps.

which reminds me, I just finished my last beer. trying to taper, get straight. gave away \$20 to people while I was drunk. well, maybe I owed it to them because they made me happy. doesn't matter, but I think the day will come along soon, very, when \$20 will mean the difference between skid row and four walls. I hope that I am wrong. going out now for a few more beers.

stay well, get better, the both of you.

love,

Buk

AI
DeLongire Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

PM 7
26 FEB 1968

ALWAYS USE
ZIP CODE

10c U.S. AIR MAIL

air mail....

Jon and Louise Webb

1009 East Elm Street

Tucson, Arizona 85719

March 20, year 1968

3:30 p.m.

hello Jon and Lou:

3 new poems for you to look over. little new here. I do miss Marina. probably some kind of plot, but I can't marry the woman in order to see the child. sirens, bad music on the radio, feeling a little sick, chilled, dizzy zzzzzzzz, yeah, but this is ordinary, all too ordinary. and I've found out a very strange thing about the human race--when you're sick they simply don't care, but stranger yet, they simply bypass it, # refuse to acknowledge it, just think that you are manufacturing something, if you can't go and go and keep going, they have no use for you. I guess it's just the life-function of the well throwing out the sick, like forest animals, jungle animals, but when you're the one tossed out, it does feel very strange. down at work they tell me that I can't miss any more days or they will begin proceedings. in other words, I am not ALLOWED to get sick, they tell me that a doctor's permit, according to Postal Rules and Regulations does not nec. mean anything. of course, they are pissed at the top because they think I write a # that is detrimental to the best interests of the post office

and not the manner of conduct becoming a postal employee.

I told you that the second time I was interviewed by these 2 big boys in this long dark room with just a lamp down at the end of an immense table, part of it went something like this:

"did you ever do any writing besides this weekly column?"

"I've had some books published."

"how many?"

"oh, I don't know. let's see, four or five, six or 8, I don't know."

"how much did you PAY to have these books published?"

then they told me a little later on, "you see, you would have been all right if you had stuck with these books and magazines."

(not forgotten) (T.A.W.C.)

I don't know whether to re-apply for a grant or not from that outfit. it seems so futile. you know, that's govt. too. but I can't think of anybody who needs a grant more than I do. not because I write poetry or whatever I write but because I need time to gather myself, take a breather, before I fall apart and simply die because of blockage and wear and terror. but they'll just keep on doing it out to fat and comfortable little professors, writers of comfortable and safe verse, but you know, it has always been this way, we can't expect the game to change. whether they burn the cities or machinegun the rioters in the streets, I'll still be left sitting with my finger up my ass. if I'm here. with a place to sit. we settle for the tiniest fraction of magnificence. have too.

I hope that you are feeling better than I am feeling. just got a folder in the mail. Robert Kelly being published by Black Sparrow. I can't read his stuff, even though I don't doubt he works very hard at it and may be a very fine fellow. there is so much I don't understand about the poetry game, about all the games, and maybe I am the one who is crazy.

the works, sure, the works,

Dick

Charles Bukowski
5124 De Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN AND REST YOU MERRY WHORES AND
LET THE LAMPLIGHTS
LIGHT--

you under the elm tree
you busting ass at a handpress
you milking a cow without a milking machine:
the trick is to
blackjack the parish priest and burn his
wallet and perfumed candy and be asleep before
10 p.m.,
you see the hands wrinkle fast
the heart will stop
the eyes will look like shots of
glue and about all you can preserve
is a rese between paper
or the works of Homer so
our main history is
NOW
getting it done,
we are the students of our own
works--
you fry an egg and know that you are
here
or you work the 3rd bull at Madrid
and become very concious of the tangle of
your insides so neat now:
bringing ladieslegs and color and sunlight
inside of your head
glowing over sand, or you get
down on wood
the conception cannonized to
glass-eyed prayer
working through you like
trypsin,
you getting the bus
dreaming arias
hide from your wife
don't go home
hide in that purple bar
count legs like diamonds
they'll all soon be what? what? what? what's
that horrible word: BEAT?
or buy a pound of meat and smell it
or buy 130 pounds of it
walking and mostly alive
in a dress like a burning flag:
drinking your whiskey
take her to a motel room
with a red radio and yellow drapes

2-rest you-buk

talk about Mussolini, bumblebees
bumblebees (the great social
the achemon sphinx
moth

fuck her

let involute nations
decide the

bomb

(in space)

let the undertaker

wait

fuck her

fuck him

fuck them

fuck her

take the night off

invincible particle of

consistory

flame

you

fuck her

death is every second, punk.

the calender is death. the sheets are death. you put on your

stockings: death. buttons on your shirt are death.

lace sportshirts are death. free coupons are death. carrots are

death. didn't you know?

stop crying. god damn.

all right, we dumped your car into the sea

and raped your daughter

but we are only extending the possibilities of a working

realm, shut up!

any man must be ready for anything and

if he isn't then he isn't a

man a goat or a plantleaf,

you should know the entirety of the trap, asshole,

love means eventual pain

victory means eventual defeat

grace means eventual slowinliness,

there's no way

out... you see, you

understand?

hey, Mickey, hold his head up

want to break his nose with this pipe...

god damn, I almost forgot the

nose!

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</

May won, one 9 six ate won

Streekeroney:

How can you get up at # 7 a.m? That's when you should be going to sleep. You've got to change your ways. You just listen to old EZ and do as EZ says. Gertie just left, carrying her wooden dildo.

It's all in the line and the luck of the line.

With the women, never let their ideas penetrate yours. You were there first. They knocked on the door. They come first in adoration but they carry a little brown bag for your balls which they will throw to the seagulls.

One thing I haven't liked about the male race: they haven't fought back. Women's lib has created more homosexuals than the old dominant mother.

Men want to sneak in, they'll beg in, lie for pussy, use subterfuge.

Pussy is not that important; there are far more important things--like watering the plants, feeding the cats, and making sure that the car gets its proper oil change, filter change and lube job.

There is always the old traditional fear that we aren't living well or enough or real enough; if we aren't getting fucked we aren't men; if we aren't picking up the tab for a meal at some fancy seaside cafe for the lady across from us, we aren't happy existing people, we are not pure males.

I have always been a Male Liberation Unit of One. And I feel it's better to die alone, death is no jinx, than to be consorted, cajoled, bitched and spit at, finally to be called incomplete, unfeeling, accused forever of understanding nothing because I don't believe that sex and continuous vocal exchange are that important.

I like what I am. I like it still and easy. I've had furious seas of troubles which would have blinked out the nostrils and brains of many. The woman I want does not exist. What I mean is that I am dumb and innocent and they are not. This is a terrible statement to #make but it can only be made by one who has met many, lived through them and has seen the same existent mathematic occurring over and over. It is not I who does not care.

So, so, there has been another break-up around here. And I hide ##### from the next. I am cheap. I have the written line. See it here. It rolls and moils, it's green and blue and pink and yellow and gold and whatever. It moves like the snake. It is the circus magic. It's the trick and it's the miracle. Nothing I have ever had has kissed me like this, has been as faithful. This, then, is what matters, if anything matters. It's here now. This time, this place, these words I write to you are only that but enough of that so that my #####death will mean nothing, and all the women gone past, nothing. Just the ####written line like this. See it?

Bach

5-16-68

Hello Jim and Lou:

very fast again--Time is eating me up, good letter, tho a bit heavy for me, the Christ-stuff, moral, moral, so forth; of course, each of us likes to think he has less morals than the other guy--it's good style. Thanks the long letter, tho.

my health rotten, dizzy spells, hands broken out, weakness. So on the wagon, go to work and barely hang to the cause, the walls spinning, actual. I am finished and don't know what to do, can't make the trip, off days, Fri., Saturday, too weak, too sick. down at work they tell me not to miss any more days unless I get malaria. everything shit.

Marietta back in town for a few days, so I see her whenever possible and let everything else go. ~~so~~ they are leaving in the middle of the week, next week, for Sacramento, Olivehurst, back East, China, somewhere. I don't know what's going on.

too tired to write poems, no time. I am so weak I stay in bed as much as possible, if I could only sleep, but each day, one bastard, it must be planned, and they knock and ring knock and ring until they ~~wake~~ awaken me, the shades are down, they know that I am ~~asleep~~ asleep, but somehow feel that it doesn't matter, it's Lukowski, whatever that is.

when they awaken me at 10:30 a.m. it is the same as if I went to their place and awakened them at 3:30 a.m. they would be very pissed. can't they see this?

I have been writing 6 columns a month, 4 for Byran and 2 for The Underground Review (New York). I am going to tell each of these guys "one a month" and if they don't want that, let them above it, mostly I am disgusted with the contents of their papers, very highschool stuff, plus 6 columns a month gives me no time to fiddle with my precious poems, esp. feeling as weak and down as I do now.

I hope you understand how screwed-up I am. I am trying to reschedule my listing and faltering energy to make something work for me so I can't make the trip. I would only be a bore, guy with a cane, and nervous t... eye. oh shit, well, listen, if you can somehow make it by here it would be good to see you for just a bit anyhow. we'll have a little argument, just a small one, if you can't make it without jeopardizing things, don't.

as you see, I am trying to reorganize my troops, once we get in order, if we ever do, there'll be more poems for you to look over. Right now, we are still running, having dropped all weapons.

still, the works....

B.M.



bob
522½ Delaware Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

Tues. June 18, 1968

Hello Jon and Lou:

some trou ble getting off letter enclosed herein. some drinking. then in the judge's chambers at #8:45 a.m. missed work Sunday. then Monday night on way in, picked up your letter--my letter to you--to type up envelope, was barefooted and stepped on large staple, the kind used to hold together shipments o f books in cardboard boxes. both ends went all the way in, except maybe for an 1/8th. inch. I couldn't move for a minute. then reached down and pulled it out. had to go get tetanus shot. so here I am trying to get the letter out again--

so, Darrell left without telling me. I wondered what happened. I had done 25 or 30 colored drawings on pages of the book he left me and he~~s~~ was supposed to come by and pick them up. yes, D. talked a lot of revolution but believe other things mixed in. wife-trouble. and working 4 12 hour days in a bakery. a lot of things can make a man a revolutionary, but where the cure lies I'll be god damned if I know.

also heard from Willie. he's in New York--not Corrington--just the cat they call The Willie. in N.Y. on a mary rep. found seeds in his car. but he still talks about the next issue of his mag. these young guys keep pumping. me, I'm tired.

Vagabond didn't get hold of me. he had the phone number but not the formula-- 2 rings, hang up, dial again. and always after noon. well.

well, let's see if I can make it in tonight. the docto says the job is killing me. should I grab a rifle and go to Mexico? sounds like The Abraham Lincoln Battalion all over again--Spanish Civil War--and some disillusionment there. is it always the same story over and over again?

keep well.

the works,

B.M.

NOV-1-1985
dear Jon and Louise:

thanks for all the photos, they really brought me back there, sick, hungover in the old bathrobe but really being glad to be with both of you but no way to say it without seeming corny, and like with Greg. and Steve, same thing, I am just not a talker, so to all of you I must apologize, I am not OUTWARD, and there isn't any help for it. that's it. I do think all you good people understand what kind of cage I am crawling around in. so thank you. love you all, plenty.

yours,

Bud

p.s.--poems enclosed. try to get back soon? luck with the landlord... b.

16A, HEITE, HA...

P.S.- I SENT WORST PHOTO OF MARINA. CAN'T SEND OTHERS, AFRAID OF LOSING, EVEN THO' I HAVE NEGS. YEAH, I'M CRAZY.

LAFI

Bud

SHIT!

If you come to Kinston, come see me. I'm in B.,
Bake, in downtown, will pick you up, we can go to the beach, or just sit around and talk.
IF YOU COME TO Kinston, come see me.

P.S.---wrote a poem about meeting Mrs. Robertson but sent it to NOLA. didn't want to hurt any feelings. Betsy a lovely woman, believe me. I am the ox. you see her, tell her, my love.

l.s.
July 11, 1968

Dear Jon and Lou:

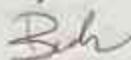
real rough luck on the penis canal bit and I've got all fingers crossed for you and get to hope to hell it's minor, not the cancer bit, and so difficult to say anything when a man's disjammed like you are and waiting on the docs. know it's going to be a busy and dismal and nasty time and there won't be much time for communication and all that, but please try to keep me posted, let me know what's happening as soon as possible.

there's little I can say or do, just wait. but, for some reason, I've got a hunch it's going to be o.k. hope I'm not a jinx thinking this way, can only tell you how I feel about it.

not feeling to well myself. Marins shooting around banging into me. trying to get my thoughts straight. must make job. missed 2 days.

let me know as soon as possible.

love,



Bakowski
5124 De Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles, California, 90021

Jon and Lou Webb
1009 East Elm
Tucson, Arizona
85719



2, Jul '68

Steve--

thanks the check. money can always be used here to keep the ~~cor~~#flies off the corpse.

by the way, Bryan wants me to ~~g~~edit the next literary insert (Rennasaince) of OPEN CITY and I said, "all right." I can see why he didn't want the job. he had a bucketful of half-ass submissions. so now I am in the process of writing various people in order to get good stuff. because if I am going to edit a section it is going to be stone-pure hard, but I've found out the difference between wanting to print good stuff and printing it

NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS TYPER?

anyhow, there's a difference, and I've had to reject some people who didn't think I was gona, and so now I am a bastard--again--all right. so far I've only been able to take SIX POEMS. god damn. 2 by Blazac. 2 by d.a. levy. and 2 that I found in the original Bryan mess, somebody who calls herself Vera Penfold or something like that, but those 2 are good. and that's it. I asked somebody else to send me sections from his novel but it didn't work. I've got to send them back. I'd much rather accept than reject, but once you accept one bad piece because you drank a beer with a guy or you liked his stuff in the old OLE, what the hell, you are going to accept more and more bad stuff until it's all bad, what I mean by bad stuff is, bad for me. that's all I judge it by.

so, all ~~F#~~this talk. all I'm getting at is--saw some of your stuff in the old Bryan batch--but it was stuff I had seen in print or in your books, and I want something new. I sure would like to see some of your bloody asshole hair # screaming poems, and I wish you would send a lot of them, even tho space limits the acceptance of too many. I return or accept stuff the SAME DAY I GET IT IN THE MAIL UNLESS I HAVE A VERY BAD HANGOVER AND THEN I DON'T TRUST MY JUDGMENT. so if you send something, the action will be instant. no waiting. STEP RIGHT UP! GET YOUR HEAD CUT OFF! SMILE!

the amateur little poetry groups are sending me their little gatherings of round ass snip snip in-group backslapping shit shit. they must think I'm going soft to print their stale spaghetti farts.

send something, old bloody rivers, my mailbox is hungry for the gurgling flame!

Buk

7-25-68

Hello Steve:

hookay, kid, you made it with three--MY VOMIT, A MEANDERING TRAIL and the untitled one which begins, "I wanted to talk
of Picasso and Pound...."

which is more poems than I have accepted from anybody yet. they are granite-hard and say everything there is necessary to say. thanks much, these are really powerhouses. returning the others.

got a couple of little bitchy notes in mail today. the# boys don't like to be rejected, especially after I ask to see their work. I find, tho, that this is the danger of these guys printing each other in their little mimeos and reading to each other before the lesbians and homes: they get deluded into thinking that they are doing something. are something. it's only a sucking-cut of each other's assholes. guys like D.R.Wagner, Ritch Kretch, Charles Potts, so forth, can't write but they go on and on writing so long as the mimeo machines can get ink and paper. I pick up the average little and just yawn myself into hopelessness--there are exceptions like WORMWOOD, KLAUTO, OUTSIDER but for each of these there are a dozen others, half-heartly done, self-important and about as real and interesting as Brenda Starr in the L.A. Times.

I don't write too much anymore but when I do I get rejected enough and when I get rejected I usually find, after reading the poem, that the editor in one way or another was right. and instead of writing a solemn and bitchy note I sit down and carve me out another poem.

but you've edited and you know what a lot of pale slop comes to stink up the mailbox.

so thanks for saving the day for me, Steve, we are getting up a good hard batch of stuff, good enough to eat or shape into a shell to blow a hole through the moon.

yewk,

Bush

P.S. -- Poem "THE METHOD" VERY CLOSE, BUT WE ARE LIMITED BY SPACE. THIS INSERT TO BE $\frac{2}{3}$ 'S SIZE OF FIRST CPTN CITY LT. INSERT.

BUT DO NOT DESTROY THIS POEM! SEND IT SOMEWHERE OR KEEP IT FOR YOURSELF, FOR FUTURE MOTHERFUCKING READING OR TO PASTE ON BATHROOM WALL OR YOUR BELLY!

B.



Steve--

we can't take too many by the same author. think you are fairly well represented already. anyhow we are taking the ones that (which) begins "damn the demons are laughing again...."

spread these others around, kid. your other batch coming back, ya ~~know~~ know. but have to find large envelope. o.k.?

don't worry about records and/or your soul. you can be too careful-- that can kill things too.

a
. guy from APPLE RECORDS around--part of CAPITOL--I gave him twelve muthfuke reels, ain't heard a damn word.

don't know when the mag will be out. if our backer falls down we will get it out ourselves. have, what I think are some fine fine poems.

stay outa jail and don't let pussy own you.

ya ya,



Fri.

Hello Jon and Lou:

Lost your Alb. address, so this must go the long way—hope it gets to you. I don't know if this will be any help but Martin phoned and said you could have the poems from TERROR STREET plus 8 or 10 unpublished poems he has in his stockpile. I told ~~SHHH~~ him you prob. wouldn't go this, but it's a possibility. Since you own Crucifix and IT CATCHES, maybe if you could put this together, select the ~~SHHH~~ you wish, you might get a selection? also there are other books of mine you could select from—FLOWER; POEMS AND DRAWINGS; RUN WITH THE HUNTED; COLD DOGS; CONFESSIONS; THE GENIUS OF THE CROWD; ALL THE ASSHOLES; NOTES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN... Of course, I know that IT CATCHES already drew from FLOWER, POEMS AND DRAWINGS and RUN, I think. But anyhow, it's a thought. All your restricted on is THE DAYS RUN AWAY and the new stuff I write which Martin has the contract on. There's ~~also~~ LONGSHOT POEMS, also a small book of poems just out, Capricorn Press—FIRE STATION. anyhow, don't say we're not trying.

Moser mailed me his sheet which is now laying on the bathroom floor. the guy talks a rough game, like he knows something but he really doesn't—he continues to print this outdated 19th. century stuff, and then he calls poems great in his reviews that are also outdated and half-ass. The poor prick simply doesn't have the vision. having met him, I can ~~SHHH~~ understand this.

well, this may never get to you but wanted to let you know of the possibilities. I personally believe that one or two short stories from NOTES and selected poems from these books would make a good bundle. J. Roman has gone strickly to the stock bussiness. Selling all his collections. At auction. He'll probably make a hell of a lot more than he put in.

all right,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Jon and ~~SHHH~~ Louise Webb
1202 Fourth, S.W.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87102

Ape 6, 1970

Hello Steve:

Good to see you again. You are a non-bullshit kind of guy and it feels good to lounge on your couch and not have# to cough up a lot of literary trivia. fine, then.

KD By the way, I know you were probably joking: "I ought to hire you to talk to me." But if one of your men quits, I'd be most happy to work down there on Sat. and Sundays. there is something pleasurable about the god damned atmosphere. I can't explain it. but if one of your guys hangs it up, do consider me. all right?

Great on the books. What luck. I only wish I had more for you, for us. Poor Hal. I went on over and got drunk. you know how stupid I get when I get on out of it. I can drink 4 or 5 beers without trouble, but get me on up to the 9th. or tenth can (large) I become an ass. ugg. but Hal took it all right. people forgive me. people are very good to me. I mean, the real ones.

,... o.k., man, see you soon.

take care of the ladies.

and hang in[?],

yours,

the

A handwritten signature in cursive ink, appearing to read "Bob Dylan". It is signed above a diagonal line.

p.s.—don't forget to send Malone the large blash for centerfold....

June II, 1970

Hello Jon and Lou:

I'm wondering if I shouldn't hold off on the poems until you finish the Miller. Or do you want ~~to have me~~ send them in as they come off? Let me know. To hang you up a little longer, believe I sent you one in the last batch called STAG. You neither returned it nor did you mention you were holding it for a further look. So, if I don't hear, I'll just send it out someplace else.

I still think of Steve and Corso with fondness.

And I wonder about you 2 with your damn parking lot landlord and the chicanos and all. OH HELL, WAIT! I'M SORRY. I'M QUITE SURE NOW I SENT STAG TO EVERGREEN, thinking it was ~~the~~ type of thing. I'm cracking. Forgive, forgive.

You must know your dice. Vegas is a terribly hard place to beat. But you 2 need a breather. Me, I love to fly! I hate trains but flying's right THERE. The stewardesses are rather upish and think they're hot shit when they're not but outside of that... no time at all, bang, you're there. And, of course, always that small danger of crashing, that makes the flight better than ever. I've only had 2 trips but it's great. I can see how it can get into the blood, how men desire to fly like they desire to drink or make love or kill or whatever.

I finished a short story today so I'm a bit burned-out. But wanted to stay in touch. I can see Lou coming in with the mail and she says, "Here's a letter from Hank." I was really sick down there from the drinking but then it has always been that way. As always it was good for me to see you both and knowing I didn't have to lard you with a bunch of bullshit. I didn't want to look at the Miller paintings while I was down there because I didn't want them to influence me, also, I figured it you had wanted me to look at them you would have said so. I know you'll come up with the usual blazing printing Art Work—as per habit. And thanks for arranging that reading—which caused you all the misery. Mix Rosenbaum & Verlyl with Frumkin and Moser and the regents and the frightened English dept., my god. Well, it was a money-boost when needed, and a break in the clime. I'm sorry everybody landed on you, though. You should have made a poster, Charles Bukowski, an angel from Heaven, and had me standing there with a lilly in my hand.

Well, like I say, tired.

hang in,

Buk

P.S.—IN EVERGREEN #79.

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Louise and Jon Webb

P.O. Box 2083

Albuquerque, New Mexico 87103

Hello Jon and Lou:

that crazy bastard from The Bridge phoned me and asked, "How large did you say the doorway had to be?" "46 inches. listen, you ass, I've written those people and told them you changed your mind." "I might still sell it." he asked what you did, all that stuff. he wanted your address, so I gave him your box #. you might hear from him. me, I'm tired of his lake-jumping. also wanted your phone # but I didn't have it about, "call the operator," I told him. he's really a bit off. he told me he wants the Bridge because lots of women come around and he wants a chance at them. at the same time, he tells me he wants to sell. so there it is, a mess.

enclosed a clipping on your old buddy Corrington. no comment.

also 3 poems enclosed. hope the Miller is rolling along. and if you have time, please return all poems that you are not considering. I'm sending you all my new poems as I write them—you get first look—just like the old days, whether they stink or are immortal, your look. but does help when you send them back. I eye them and the ones I think still have something I leave that way; a few I tighten up; others I throw away. have gotten quite a number of acceptances from various littles after being absentia from them for some time. feels good to get the gloves back on. but until the stuff comes back from you #!/folks I can't send it on. of course, I'm always glad when you take one or hold one for consideration. THE OUTSIDER is still dealing aces.

love,

Bud

L.A.
July 10, 1970
WWWW

Hello Steve—

Letter enclosed from Neeli who sends these things through me to give to other people. I believe the kid has cracked a little and is reaching for hands.

Frances and Marina have had to move out of Venice--the guy raised the rent. so I haven't been down there--except last Wed. night to give a reading at The Other Side, or whatever it's called. I neehin't tell you that at readings I sweat blood--there is no self-exultation that most poets get out of it, the swine. It's only a hustle for the buck and I have to keep scrabbling. still writing my so-called dirty stories for the sex mags. also wrote my first novel POST OFFICE which will be out in the Fall—BLACK SPARROW. Also a new book of poetry. I've gotten back into the poem. there's time for everything. even time to die. I'll be 50 years old this Sunday. umm, umm.

our man Norse back in Switzerland. he couldn't take Venice. I think Hal needs the distant backdrop to feel literary against. it's the old-time formula, you know, but in a sense it's a weakness.

well, I hope all is well with you. when I come down there to your candles, I always feel as if I were invading. and you're usually not there, so what the shit.

Jon and Lou Webb thinking of coming to L.A. or Venice in 2 or 3 months. they are looking for a vacant storefront place, must have a 46 inch entranceway somewhere for the press. If you know of any place, contact them, P.O. Box 2083, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87103. Drab, I know. shit. well, they lined me up for a reading at UNM last May. it paid pretty good. they're working on another Miller book, then are going into OUTSIDER 6.

it's a hot dull Friday and everybody is dead.

hang in,

L.A.
8-20-70

Hello Jon and Lou—

first sober day--so far--in a week. that half-century mark was a tough leap. good to get your card. any future birthdays won't matter so much. know you are busy with the Miller so won't burden you with a lot of talk. I contacted Steve Richmond, trying to get you a place down by the water so Lou won't act up. only problem with Venice is there are a lot of freaky hippy-yippie types. I don't mind a real hippie who slams from town to town, getting jobs picking fruit or whatever the hell. we used to call them bums in my day. I was a bum. still am. get nothing against bums. but most of the Venice hippie types are of the plastic variety, paying rent and with incomes from somewhere and wandering around. so there's that. anyhow, if you want to contact Steve Richmond further, I am enclosing his letter and will put his address down below. he plays with candles but only opens the place once or twice a week. the only thing is, for all the drawbacks, you might get a very reasonable deal, since I believe his parents own the place and about half of Venice, but Steve doesn't like to hear that part, he's very touchy about it. I'm told he goes about collecting rents and gets his own place rentfree. he's a very ##### quiet, non-bullshit guy but don't touch his you-are-rich button—he apes out. I was thinking he might get you a place of your own. if you drop him a short card or letter telling him what you are looking for it might help. I told Jon (Jr.) that it's pretty hard to think about a place for you when you are uncertain and so far away.

by the way, Jon Jr. and Jerry Sherman were over here the other day clacking beercans. they got along very well. me, I just don't get along with many people mainly because what they are interested in or fronting doesn't bring me on. you might say it's my fault. would like to see you two though and don't you dare come to town even for a short visit without coming to see me, god damn it.

stay with it,

Buck

Steve Richmond's at:
137 Hollister
Santa Monica, Calif.

the city of hell,
12-16-70
heater on, out of smokes,
something on the radio...
Beethoven's 9th...

Hello Norman Moser:

Well, we've all come through our bits or we're dead. Or we're living and dead--"this man's dead life/that man's life dying/": Steven the Spender, when he was going good... Now, hell, I've lost that thing you sent me...

...Something was to be said about our lives, our times. All our lives and times have been monstrous and monumental, 1970, 1370, 1170... Of course, there's little doubt that the pitch has been stepped up. Although there is the same continuing war of Power against Less-Power, Money against Less-Money, Technology against Less-Technology, we also seem to be entering a war of color against color-- White, Black, Brown, Yellow, whatever. This brings the war everywhere and that isn't news. But each man or woman can feel more and more the fierceness in the streets, the hatred. A man isn't asked what he believes; the color of his skin is his only badge. For the first time in a lifetime I carry steel if I go onto the streets after ten p.m.

I am white but I am not ashamed of my whiteness; I've handled it pretty well--meaning that I am poor. The trouble with the White Race is that too many of them hate each other. This is true of other races but not to our degree. We lack the cohesion of Brotherhood. The only thing we have is a certain terrible brain-power and cleverness and the ability to fight at the proper time; the ability to out-trick, out-think and even out-gut the opposition. No matter how much the White man may hate himself, he is simply gifted, but it may be ending for one reason or another... Spengler's DECLINE OF THE WEST... published in 1918, so long ago... although he gave it a 300-year timetable... the signs are showing... Either Whitey's got to get some soul or all his cleverness will be just so much spilled jism...

Perhaps this isn't what your sheaf was speaking of anyhow. I've had too many drunken nights and depressive days since I received it. And I always lose everything-- jobs, women, ballpoint pens, fistfights, requests for grants from The National Foundation of the Arts, so forth... where was I?

O, yes. I must say that it is dangerous for the poet to pose as prophet, a poet/writer to pose as prophet. Here in the U.S. most serious writers write for many years before they are heard from or recognized, if ever. Unfortunately, many damn fools are recognized because their minds are close to the Public Mind, ergo, sales. Generally a writer of true force/originality is anywhere from 20 years to 200 years ahead of his generation. So therefore he starves, goes mad, suicides, and is only recognized if portions of his work are somehow found later, much later, in a shoebox, say, or under the mattress of a whorehouse bed, you know.

All right, then. Let's say a great U.S. writer finally makes it... meaning that he will finally not have to worry about paying the rent and will even go to bed with a pretty fair-looking hunk or woman now and then. Most of them have endured (the writer, not the woman) anywhere from 5 to 25 years of non-recognition. And when they finally get their bit of recognition, they can't control it. Ape? Hell yes! This T.V. station? O.K. Whatcha want me to talk about? Yeah, I'll talk... Whatta ya wanna know about? World History? The Meaning of Man? Ecology? The Population Explosion? The Revolution? Whatcha wanna know? What's that? LIFE MAGAZINE photographer? Sure, let him in!

Here's a guy who'd been drinking cheap wine in a small room for 15 years. Had to walk down to the hall bathroom to take a crap. And when he typed, old ladies beat on their ceilings and floors with broom handles, scaring hell out of him...

"Shut it up, you fool!"

Suddenly, out of some trick, he's known... His work is banned, or he walked down Broadway with his pecker hanging out during the Santa Claus Parade, and after his arrest, they found out he wrote... poetry.

Anything will do. Talent helps but it's not always necessary. One of the best utterances of wisdom was spoken not by a philosopher but by a baseball player who always had trouble keeping his average near .250... Leo Durocher: "I'd rather be lucky than good..." A good glove (fielding talent) wasn't enough. This was because Durocher knew when he got his at-bats that ten or twelve lucky-bounce singles through the infield meant the difference between the minors and the majors.

So you've got the good old U.S.A. At this moment there are probably only a dozen writers who can write with verve and the grand fire. Of these, let's say that two have been recognized-- out of pure luck. 8 will go to their graves without ever being published anywhere. The other 2 will be found and dug up, out of some accident of chance.

So what happens when one of the dozen greats finally lucks it into the limelight? Easy. They kill him. He has lived in those small rooms and starved for so long that he believes he deserves everything that is coming to him-- so he sells out, trying to fill in the blanks of the lonely years.

"Dear Mr. Evans:

Will you write us something about the Black-White question or Hippies or Where Are We Going in America Today? Something on that order, or anything you choose. You may be quite assured that anything you write will be accepted. We will pay you, upon acceptance, anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per article, depending upon length. We've always been admirers of your work...

By the bye, did you know that one of our associate editors, Virginia

McAnally, sat next to you in English II at the University

of --- -----?"

So, the man who has kept his style and his energy and his truth strictly within the Art-form (which is the most powerful and dangerous of weapons) is suddenly visited by wealth. He is offered readings at colleges and universities at from \$500 plus travel and expenses to over 2 grand plus. And a good chance to go to bed with a coed after the reading, after the party. A coed who merely wishes to fuck a name. Suddenly, everything is there!

It's most difficult for a man who has been hated by his landlady in a 8 dollar a week room to turn away from all of this. And the murderers know this. Where before he had been a pure Artist, saying it most effectively out of pain and madness and truth, he is now a drunken babbling little doll, drinking cocktail after cocktail in a rich man's house for a rich man's way. Sucking the bung-holes of the \$\$\$\$-phonies. People giggling at his babble when he no longer has anything to say. But he's still a name. A name!. So he can even puke on the rug and won't get spanked. They can buy another rug, they can buy another name... It's just one night, one time... There will be a new fool next week.

Pound and Jeffers held out. Pound was sensible enough to get out. Jeffers put up a stone wall. In Europe, they kicked Celine's ass good... made him so bitter he couldn't write anymore. Knut Hamsun outwaited them and kept going.

Two American names and one French name come particularly to mind of former fair writers who have leaped from the more dangerous Art-form to the pallid and ineffective form of "mouthing" it about everything. But name-calling proves nothing. They can't resist the spotlight and the flashbulbs; but it isn't any good. They've been tricked and trapped, and finally, although they don't realize it, they will be thrown away. Because it was their original energy and truth that enticed the sub-normal crowd anyhow...

I doubt that this is exactly what you wanted, Norm. When and if the time comes, I'll probably sell out as quickly as any of those typewriter cuties. Probably suck turds for ten bucks an hour. When I'm hired to work as staff writer for the NEW YORKER, I'll let you know. No, you write me. I'll probably forget you.

Anyhow, until whenever, balls away, bung-ho, and I sit here with all these different colors of shoe polish... whoever breaks in here first, I'm with him... dab it on... I've got every color, every shade... oh wait, there's one missing... oh, shit, I've got that already...

Luck with your guru issue. I think it's going to be very dull and pontifical, however. All those mouths saying anything and every thing. Well, you asked for it.

hang in, Buk

Charles Bukowski

Helle St-v:

e.k. good on POST OFFICE, that it went down for you. I tri-d to keep some PAGE in ther-. most nov-ls here m-. evn th- gr-at en-s. no pac-. I lik- swift-r flowing riv-rs. e.k.

y-h, MATMORPHISIS is fascinating. no, Kafka, I don't think delv-s much on th- ladies h- is good for wh-r- h- g-ts though. J-eff-rs, of cours-, liv-d through th- bloodstr-am, so h- was abl- to get insid- of wem-n and s-- out of them as th-y s---sm-thing that I have as y-t b--n unabl- to do, perhaps will n-v-r be abl- to do. D.H.Lawr-nc- n-v-r get ther-, reputation b- damn-d. h- just had is en- big rath-r moth-r-cow and it all com- to him through th- meth-r cow--I rath-r gu-ss Lawr-nc- was a br-ast-man rather than a l-g-man— anyhow, h- had his COW and it all transferred through th- cow, all the meanings th- shades th- messag-s, so h- didn't get it quite right. en- cow: en- message.

drinking's good for a guy your ag- if h- needs to str-tch out and get th- sounds from te- to h-ad. you'v- got a good plac- ther- to do that. it may not b- se good in th- sum- with all th- bath-rs trotting by with their ugly ass-s but in th- winter, it's ther-. best with drinking, though, to wait until about just b-for- sun-set and then start in, slowly, with a bit of classical music going. it's a good writing tim---aft-r about an hour of drinking. th- cigar. th- f-elling of p-ac-, evn though you knew it's temporary, so even in f-elling-s of p-ac- you can say ~~work~~war-like things, let it go. allow yours-lf to enjoy yours-lf.

as to th- ladies, that's everyman's cress and everyman's pleasure. then you think you'v- pass-d b-yond it all, you knew what it is, and then you m-a-t th- en- er two that can get that hook into you, and it's always th- en- you n-v-r susp-ct-d could ev-r do so. any maybe you'r- standing in th- b-droom and sh- is not even around and it HITS you. my god. it's lik- a punch in th- gut. som-tim-s you ev-n doubl- up and hold your gut. that's wh-r- they get you--right in th- stomach. then when you straighten, it's still th-r---that fucking gnawing at th- back of th- stomach. you'r- hook-d. don't ever under-estimat- th- power of c-rtain f-mal-s, St-v-. I'd judg- fer -ach 20 women a man pass-s through h- g-ts hook-d enc-. it's kind a #ratio#. that's 5 women in a hundred. they'r- ther-. wem-n who knew how to lev-, talk, say c-rtain words; wem-n you just feel good b-ing around. of cours-, ev-rything ends, nothing lasts, so if you can somehow set your mind to th- and b-for- it happens, then your guts won't b- compl-tely torn-out, they'l- just b- ripped to shit a bit. well, you know all this. fr-- candles. all that. why am I tell-ing you what you alr-ady knew?

you'r- right, I 'm fuck-d-up on TIME right now. supposed to b- getting a book of short steri-s r-ready for L.F. at CITY LIGHTS. been a month now and I have don- a fucking thing. I m-an, I hav-n't don- a fucking thing. also trying to get th- archiv-s r-ready, and a numb-r of eth-r things. it's not th- right tim- for things. you and I will m-a-t wh-n th- tim- is right and we can relax. so I'm sending two copi-s LAUGH 3 on to you slow mail. I don't think N-lli put all your po-ms in that we took. n-xt tim- I see him I'm going to ch-ck him out on what th- hell happens to th- eth-r poems. n-xt time I'm down at th- b-ach I'll giv- you a ring and s-- how your situation is. maybe a month or so.

don't let r-jcts fuck your h-ad. keep saying your own thing your own way and don't THROW ANYTHING AWAY. all you'v- got to do is look at what ~~you're~~ th-y'r- printing and you knew th-y'r- wrng. it's that easy. so hav- faith in your word and th- sound of th- typer, the good machin-gum sound. you'r- right ther- in your RICHMOND ~~is~~ way. don't let them talk you out of it.

still th- same: hang in, kid,

Buk

June 30, 1971

Hello Carl:

Here are some things. Don't get discouraged over the NOTES on the small papers. these were available for the other book but were not used. probably not very good stuff but I wanted you to look it over anyhow. the stuff on larger paper better.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF YOU HAVE ALL COPIES OF NOLA EXPRESS AVAILABLE. no use me sending if you have the stories. I feel there are some good stories there. except I have 2 copies missing with 2 of the best stories. the one about Cass and the one where I get my ass kicked in a junkyard. let me know on NOLA.

also the best stories I have are from the KNIGHT-ADAM group. in fact, they are re-running them in a special READER and I will get \$515 for the rerun, and that's nice because they've already paid me for the stories once. I feel they are real strong and a must for the collection. I don't have any copies now, however, but will try to get hold of the stories somehow--through KNIGHT-ADAM, or maybe when the READER comes out, which should be soon. also I'd like to see the 2 evergreen stories in, the James Thurber, and the Death of an Underground newspaper, there's enough sex in either of them to make a pink bird vomit. well, all this is just talk, getting-ready talk, and I'm finally glad to get something off to you, anyhow. I've been pretty mixed-up, drinking and other things. forgive me. but I've got to get back at the rock pile or I ain't gonna survive. so let the #66# enclose a beginning--selection of what goes in up to you--and let me hear things from you when you get a shot at it.

held,

Buk

BUKOWSKI
5124 DE Longpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
U.S.A. 90027

AIR MAIL

CARL WEISSNER AIR MAIL
77 FELDBERG STR.
68 MANNHEIM - LINDENHOF
WEST GERMANY

AIR MAIL

Oct. 7, 1971

Hello Mr. Pini:

I rec. your letter from Springfield via Penguin. Today. All right. I am available for a poetry reading but don't know if you have the stakes. It would take round-trip air (which, I imagine would be a great deal ~~#~~ from L.A. to Florida), plus \$200. Somebody to meet me at the airport and take me back there. Also if I arrive a day early, someplace to stay that night, and if there's a party after the reading (one of those beer-drinking talking things) then a place to stay that night. I don't know about your funds. Auden gets 2,000 a reading, Ginsberg 1,000, so you see I'm cheap. A real whore. And maybe not too famous a whore? Anyhow, that's it. If you can swing it, the sooner the better. Miller Williams of the U. of Arkansas says there is a standing offer of \$300 for me to read there, so I could stop off on there on the way if I can hook you for plane fare it would make the trip worthwhile. I promise not to be overly intoxicated at the reading. I quit my job at age 50, I'm 51 now and have been more or less on the literary hustle. That's why I talk money like a pool sharp. It's all survival; forgive me.

Anyhow, let me know what you think, yes or no... whatever.

I enclose an advertisement for myself... my first novel... wrote it in 20 nights. If you're interested you can also get my latest book of poems, THE DAYS RUN AWAY LIKE WILD HORSES OVER THE HILLS, same press, same address, \$4. I don't have any extra copies of either.

I'm working on my 2nd. novel now, THE POET, but I'm taking my time. They say it's 101 degrees today. Fine then, I'm drinking coffee and rolling cigarettes and looking out at the hot baked street and a lady just walked by wiggling it in tight white pants, and we are not dead yet.

hang in,

Charles Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

NO-I-6385

Nov. 2, 1971

Hello Steve:

We laugh lit., it's dead. Neeli never did much work on the thing--my end was reading manus. his end was to fill order: he fucked up. I still get letters from libraries and subscribers to the fact that they never rec. a copy. it's been a real drag ass thing. I am sending out copies today to various. plus returning manus, that keep coming in. the thing's still on my back. there just isn't enough good writing being done. I don't want to carry the mag. it has consumed too much of my time. if you want to take over the title of the mag--somehow I hate to see that title die--and move it down to your address and take over all the shit, it's yours. I can advise you and wish you luck, that's all. but I want to get out from under. ~~WOMPOM~~ sounds sad, I suppose. well, let me know.

yes, the sculptress is still about, but you know how such matters go, Steve. when this one's over I think I'm going to hang them up. It's been a good run and I've got no complaints.

I think you've got too many advantages down there at the beach front, Steve. You can never tell whether these bitches like your balls or the leisure of your ocean front cottage. And then, too, the female always approaches with her best side forward. It's when you see the other side, you know what you've got. Anyhow, good hunting. No, don't hunt. Never hunt. and,

hang in,



p.s.--there'll be a New Year's eve party here starting at 8 p.m. hope to see you, old man.

b.

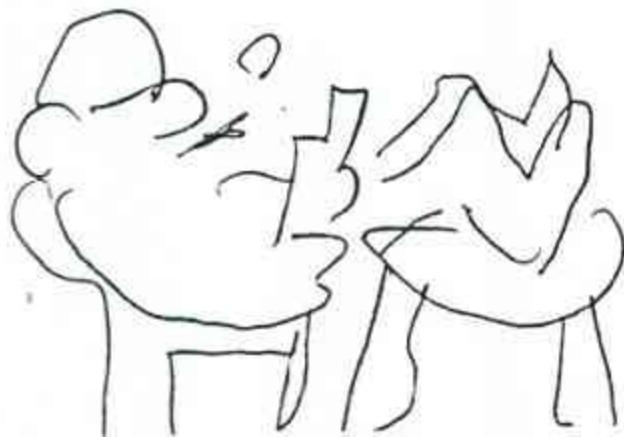
Nov. 5, 1971

Hello Steve:

sure, o.k. on LAUGH. outa sentimentality I'd like to see it go an issue or 2 more. I think our covers were the most immortal part of the magazine, but--- also, we lost our files. that is, the subscribers and libraries, and when we had them, our good friend N. ignored them. the only way I know about them is when they write us. I am trying to fill some orders now. so, everything is fucked up but I don't think we owe anybody anyt'ing, so if you want to take over this leaking laughing boat, fine. I'll presume that you will and will forward all LAUGH LIT. mail to you, o.k.? although lately I have been telling the submitters that LAUGH is dead so they prob. will not come around again. no loss, from what I read.

ah, Steve, the FEMALE. there is no way. don't wait for the good woman. she doesn't exist. there are women who can make you feel more with their bodies and their souls but these are the exact women who will turn the knife into you right in front of the crowd. of course, I expect this, but the knife still cuts. the female loves to play man against man. and if she is in a position to do it there is not one who will not resist. the male, for all his bravado and exploration, is the loyal one, the one who generally feels love. the female is skilled at betrayal. and torture and damnation. never envy a man his lady. behind it all lays a living hell. I know you're not going to quit the chase, but when you go into it, for Christ's sake, realize that you are going to be burned ahead of time. never go in totally open. the madhouses and skidrows are full of those. remember, the female is any man's woman at any time. the choice is hers. and she's going to rip the son of a bitch she goes to just like she ripped you. but never hate the woman. understand that she is channeled this way and let her go. solitude too brings a love as tall as the mountains. fuck the skies. amen.

god, I talk more about cunt than I do literature. literature is a hairy cunt. I know how to love a woman but a good poem will last longer, and almost every man can have a hairy cunt. put your chips on a winner--on the inner-gut sight. if you treat it well it will never betray you. and



laugh literary and
MAN THE HUMPING GUNS,
baby,

your friend,

Ape 13, 1972

Hello Steve:

I don't blame you for giving up LAUGH LIT. After all,
I did too.

Listen, I believe you have about ten of Linda's poems, don't
you? Could you return them to me?

The avenues stink of humanity.

hang in,

A handwritten signature consisting of stylized initials "B" and "L" followed by a surname that appears to begin with "B" or "D".

May 16, 1972

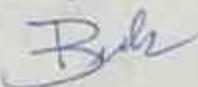
Helle Eeur:

Well by now you've probably read the Free Press takeoff on you and Jon and probably want to murder me. Keep your sense of humour. In 5 years you'll read the same thing and laugh. The story is no real reflection of what I think of you and Jon. Try to remember my words in *Wormwood Review* and I also mention Jon in kindly light in the present issue of *Serif*, just out but mentioned on cover as Dec. 1971. Available from KENT STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS, Kent, Ohio, 44242.

The piece I wrote for the F.P. was, of course, gross exaggeration and not my feelings at all. You should know this. It's simply journalism, satire, balegna. I make myself look pretty bad too. It was all done in the slapstick manner. I knew it's impossible to explain this to you. I too lost a love through death and more recently a woman I have been very much in love with left me 2 weeks ago. I carry this terrible aching hole in my gut.

Please reflect kindly on the totality of things and remember all our good days together. I know Jon would understand, even laugh.

love,



Bukowski
5227 Delambre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

Louise Webb



May 25, 1972

Dear Lou--

I'm glad you got over your mad, that's important to me, but I can't come down with Jon Jr., it's a bad time, I'm hurting from the split with my girl and I just wouldn't be any damned good to anybody. Also I haven't done much writing, haven't been able to, and I've got to get back at it. It's my only income, as little as it is, and I've got to get into hacking out something or other on this machine. My new woman's good to me, real kind, she's got her problems but she's generally o.k., however, there's no fire in it for me like the other one. I've got this hole in my gut now and there's nothing to fill it. You certainly know how that goes... So coming to N.O. right now would only put me in a worse jam in a lot of ways. So let me say ~~no~~ no, all right?

The game has never been easy for any of us.

hang in,

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Louise Webb
c/o Cafe Vauresson

624 Bourbon St.

New Orleans, La. 70116

August 17, 1972

Hello Nettelbeck:

thanks the birthday gift change. it was properly applied.

well, being 52, I might as well ####suck shit.
it's a hell of a dissarray.

yes, I have a couple of hundred imitators. what can I do?

o.k., hang in,



Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



F.A. Nettelbeck

15930 Kings Creek Road

Boulder Creek, Calif. 95006

12-24-72

Hello Steve:

we'll have to wait and see on the ANTHOLOGY. if there's enough strong work, all right, but there's no sense in printing dribbling crap.

sitting here, a quiet Christmas eve drinking scotch and soda with Linda. quiet, hell, there's a hurricane outside.

you've got you're right to criticize me and much of it is probably correct, but one thing you're going to learn, finally, I feel is that creation is not photography or even necessarily standard truth. creation carries its own truth or lie and only the years can name which it is. what people don't understand is that although something seems to be about them it isn't necessarily about them, it can be a portion of them--that moment--and a portion of all men moulded into something that must be said. I've read some poems that #seemed to be about me, being called Bullshitski and others things, but I had to laugh because I knew it wasn't the entire picture.

I think sometimes we can become too holy and therefore, caged.

I believe that you will find your publisher some day, and perhaps the later that comes the better it will be for you. meanwhile, please don't feel you're being knifed. anything I have to say to you or about you or about anybody else will never be secretive. it will always be out front.

you've got your right to feel down sometimes, I don't blame you. but it didn't come easy for me, still doesn't. like I say, let's do our WORK. you have too much talent and honesty, I'd rather not be ~~your~~ your enemy, don't make me into one.

when you get low enough, just get high and wait for the good day to come. Linda says gaga gaga gaguk guk guk gaguku, she's on the scotch, says, hang in, she likes your firepalce, your piano, your writing and your friendship, don't drown. me too.

e.k.,



Buk--

Everytime I talk to you on the phone you tell me I'm a great writer

and I have the power of 1 thousand horses.

and everytime I read you in print you're putting me down.

What is it with you?

I presume you are either Steve Richmond or Harold Norse.

(the knifer)

I'll have to presume its you, Steven.

there is nothing wrong with your writing--Or Norse's. it's when you guys get outside your writing that you often get depraved and nonsensical. I don't want to say it, but I will, and check it out if you please. I asked Martin sometime back to print both you and Norse feeling that you both deserved it. I have backed both your and N.'s writing--in forwards (forewords) to your books and even by word of mouth over a bottle of beer. and I don't do it out of good feeling or comradie, I do it because I believe in the artistry of your work. then Norse attacks me in print (indirectly), asserting that I have come between him and The Sparrow, ruined his chances when I have done just the opposite. I am not out to get anybody; you guys are ridiculous. stick to the facts. and on these 300 poems you showed me that night, babe, since you hardharp it so much--most of them did happen to be bad. all right, I've written some bad ones too, plenty of them. we run into slumps of spirit and life... now, do you understand? I say you're a very fine writer but you're too jumpy about movements in the fog. relax. I defended your work against a certain guy you know quite well who said you couldn't write.

(ever)

The game by A little Ark.

I told him that I thought you were one of the most powerful and original writers alive. I don't want to tell you these things but you force me to. now if you'll get your head on straight and get into doing the WORK you're capable of instead of imagining I wish your ~~best~~ death, then we'll both feel one hell of a lot better.

I hope you're getting some good ass and some love and that the lines are falling into place. I've come off a couple of bad days drinking but am back to getting at things now. stay with it. some day it will come to you. it has now. you don't know it. get your teeth into the typewriter ribbon.

sure,

Buk

B



p.s.--I've moved. you ever get any need to phone, o.k., it's 661-7754.

Hello Steve--

taking 3, whenever we get out, prob. Feb. 1972 if we are still alive.
thanks for letting us look this over. when you are good, you are the best around.
taking

"the omen is expressed"
and the one which begins
"this glass of purple water
shatters"
and the one which begins
"I wanted Shostakovitch"

thanks, man, take the girls all the way and
keep in touch, and long live ye
POETRY TOILET.

Hawke

Feb. 7, 1973

Helle Carl:

You wonderful Hun, always out there working, shoving DM's in my pocket, translating this Bukowski... handing him up to the immortal and smokey fire of the gods. I gotta thank you again and again...

Yes, I got the Fischer paperback you mailed, pal, and thanks, yes, and it looked fine.

This in haste because I'm in the process of moving... Christ, after 8 years, like pulling a soul, like losing ...what?... one ball? ah. and in with this lady. It may not work. It probably won't work. jesus. jesus christ. anyhow, the new address should be:

2440 Edgewater Terrace
Los Angeles, Calif. 90039
U.S.A.

I'll get off that Antho of L.A. Poets after I get moved in, prob. by slow mail.

And please always keep touch whether there are books and business between us or not. Sometimes the work gets in the way of the good letters and the work must always get done first, but you've been a beast through the years with your cool and wild sounds from Germany.

You stay, Carl Weissner. We need you.

Buk

Bukowski
5124 DeLongpre Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
U.S.A.



Carl Weissner
77 Feldbergstr
68 Mannheim
W. Germany

March 11, 1973

Steve:

e.k., your last letter sounded more like you're down to the root.

the guy who's been putting the downer upon your work, let's forget it. you don't see him anymore. and I personally think he's been under bad influences (social) (above) (below) (between)--I'm speaking of the very wearing influences that can sand a man down if he doesn't have the instinct to shy away. this baby has been embracing poison. I have watched him ###go, I have watched him rot. he still comes ###around. I merely study him. if I can understand what has killed him, then I am that further away from that kind of #####death. the other kind we can't avoid, nor are we ashamed of it.

let's admit some of my wrongs, so far. I have been worried about money in your background though I think you've handled it as well as possible and I don't think that it has softened you too much but it has turned you away from certain avenues of low desperation and scrabbling and horror. maybe those things aren't needed. I never wanted them. but it was unfair of me to assume you as guilty because your father had a dollar bill in his wallet. it's simply that I came out of such an area of poverty and hardness that I presumed no man in the world could be real and tough and true unless he had undergone that. this type of thinking is called prejudice and we are all guilty of it in one way or another enough.

so, I didn't care much for Hal as a person either. but I will forgive the artist as a person if he can produce a great art. Hal didn't produce a great art, but, at his best, he produced a pretty good one, so I forgive him, forgave him for what I considered chickenshit and 2 bit human qualities. it would be nice if all great poets were enjoyable and likeable human beings that it felt good to be in the same room with but it just doesn't seem to work that way at all. you ###come as close as any man that I have ever met who has the plus mark at both ends. and that is what disgusts me when you seem to think I am working against you--at times.

e.k. this has been all too precious. I almost feel like yawning or beating my meat. let's always remember, even when things go at their worst, there are far more

worse enemies toward ourselves than each other. not that that helps solve the millennium but it might take some of the shit off the toilet paper.

e.k., now I want to sleep a while. and I'm glad you're getting plenty of ass. i think that there is something very deadening about a man or his art or his way that doesn't include total and constant contact with the female (no matter how painful) and glory to the sun and glory to the cock and glory to glory and Pineapple Paul drunk and vomiting in the garbage can...

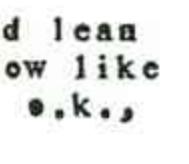
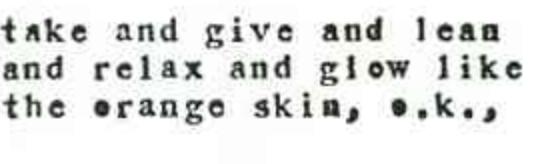
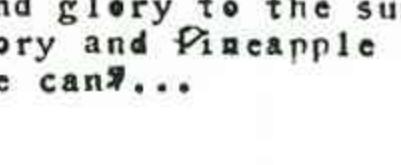
take and give and lean

and relax and glow like

the orange skin, e.k.,

yrs.

Bob



2/2
SHE
ART
MICH

p.s.-e, by the bye, if it goes through and there are too many pages and too many stories for you and you want to wean it down to something more clean and literary, I'd be most helpful in telling you which stories are the immortal ones and the entertaining ones, and immortal and entertaining are almost always the same thing, except not almost always... I suggested that CITY LIGHTS print the whole thing, the whole bash upon the fact that bad and crazy writing mixed in with the other would be an entertaining item within itself, wouldn't it would have been wonderful to see, have seen Gorky, Dos and Chekov within the same context? anyhow, however you want it. c.b.

March 23, 1973

Hello Carl:

Well, it's all not so bad here, I'm drinking a bottle of Calif. Rhine wine--cheap shit, #****granted, but not too cheap--smoking a rolled Prince #****Albert (and I still can't type)...we waste some time playing the horses but not too much money... I'm waiting for the Muse to grow giant-#**** size... Linda wrote a one-act play, pretty good too, it'll be on the boards in May, I think. no cash but a start. I've gotten some \$\$\$\$ offers to do a play but maybe I can't do a play and I just don't want to limp in with some lines... the force and the mood just gotta precede me. there are some wars here with the lady but then I'm a little crazy in my thinking, or maybe I'm not crazy in my thinking. anyhow, I'm still here, it's a good change, and I'm not going to say LOVE too heavy because that might jinx it.

I almost had to jump a plane and punch Melzer's ass out last time... I ##### always wanted to see Andernach, the spawning ground of my filthy mind and debauched body, ah. You tell M. that I am lifting weights almost like a fag (or that I ##### plan to....) and even now I am clipping out my NEW Free Press columns which BLACK SPARROW is going to do in and as a book of stories and if M. wants a piece of the new ACTION he'd better get in tune with the holy #####hymn of advance-royalty honor and DM toward the genius. the new book is to be more imaginative, but still directed toward terror & filth & madness. sleepers, awake!

...don't know if I mentioned but 2 outfitts in London want to do ERECTIONS. one a German, John Hanau of Heinrich Hanau offers \$750 advance and 7 and 1/2 percent royalties. now, that 7 and 1/2 percent is low but I like the advance. a guy who edits London Mag phoned me. he offers 10 to 12 percent but not such a large advance and says he will preprint some of the stories in LONDON mag for between 60 and one hundred bucks, so I hardly know which way to look. Christ, I talk like big time but actually I have very little money coming in. POST OFFICE 'n 4th. printing, DAYS in #####3rd., ERECTIONS in 2nd. and I see in rare book catalogue somebody has a collection of my shit up for \$4,280, which I think is a few books more or less than H.L. Mencken. so you see, I'm valuable but I still roll my own cigarettes and drive a 1962 Comet with over 100,000 miles on the chassis. & this guy John Rechy came over the other day and he's getting a \$50,000 dollar advance on his next book and he sat on a chair across from me and the sun shone on both of us. of course, I never submitted my s tuff to a major publisher; it probably wouldn't do any good if I did.

as I write this Linda stands by the typewriter reading over my shoulder and scratching her beautiful ass. now she laughs. now she rattles papers. now she rattles papers and laughs.

now she says Bukowski will you please shut up about me? she's such a modest kid.

o.k. she says the book of the year is hers not mine, and it's called SWEET AND DIRTY. and it is. maybe I can get her to send you a free autographed copy. o.k?

where was I?

all right, I've got to get into some work, work, work, but I hardly think of it as work especially after a long layoff (6 or 7 days) the words build and the ideas climb like hornets about the walls, ah. the divinity of our lives is majorly amazing....

I must roll another cigarette and watch the blue smoke curl and curl and curl and let myself feel good for a few moments. I never used to let myself feel too good. now, for some reason, I feel like I deserve to feel good. I've paid the baker, the druggist, the gods, the cops, the pimps and the whores... now, look--see how it works? Linda just came over and got some of my wine. a little shot, she says. little? there went half a bottle...

LOVE STORY. yes, I saw it on tv. I never laughed so much in my life. what a ridiculous hunk of pretentious phoney shit but looking at it as pure comedy it was magnificent, if you knew what I mean. I guessed each scene before it arrived.

you know, the world is really a long long way from solving ANYTHING when they gulp in this kind of tripe and admire it. no chance, friend. we might as well give up. just saw off a corner of the action, a very tiny corner and sit there and wait for them to come and get us. ... I hope you got ANTHO of L.A. Noctis... I sent some long time ago via slow mail. ... so, here I'm going now...

rush toward the light, the power plants are buckling in the uninspired, wounded and ineffectual air,

C. Buk

Bukowski
2440 Edgewater Terrace
Los Angeles, Calif. 90039
U.S.A.

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

Carl Weissner
77 Feldberg Str.
68 Mannheim, W. Germany.

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

Aug. 11, 1973

Helle Carl:

Sorry the silence but as you can see I'm at a new address,
Linda and I have split and I am a little bit out of my brain,
guts dangling....

yes, the book deal sounds fine... I'll move your letter
on to John Martin who will o.k. the deal and I hope to get
him to send you a MOCKINGBIRD....

I am really down low. can't even get the word down.
forgive.

the kid,

BUKOWSKI

(sorry, no pen...)

Bukowski
151 S. Oxford Ave.--Apt. 2A
Los Angeles, Calif. 90004
U.S.A.

Carl Weissner
77 Feldbergstr
68 Mainz
W. Germany

AIR MAIL AIR MAIL



Sept. 10, 1973

Carl, ya beautiful Hun:

Sorry I dripped the blues on you last letter, I've
got the pieces put together better now, still trouble,
trouble with women and trouble inside of my head, but
I guess that all the rumbling and shit and insanity counts,
let's hope so. if I ever get stable I might as well sell
my ass to the peacocks.

I am living in this rather fancy place since moving
from Linda's house. Bukowski, the phone rings, you got
that Mahler #### playing too loud. Bukowski, the phone
rings, that woman is screaming too loud up there.

I find a note b@y my door under a rock:

"please do not dribble garbage
down my clean steps. Helen R.,
manager."

dripping more blues on you, Carl. of course, nothing
will ever be right. there will never be the final day,
the final feeling, the final moment. o, there'll be the
final moment. oops. they've left us that.

actaully, though, I do have my UPS. I sometimes sit
around thinking, god, some people think that I am a writer.
How did I ever fool them? I can't write a # cat's turd.
I am still alive. I can lay in this bed for 4 days and
nobody will bother me. That's fine. I can masturbate,
I can kill ##### myself. dear god, I have all kinds of
freedoms. I can even read THE REBEL by Camus, that book
I bought the other day at Martindales except I lost my
glasses the last time I was #####drunk and I can't read
the print. I verily can even open a can or bottle of
beer.

all right, baby, the hard rain falls for all of us
at sometime. take Job. take him a long ways away. I
am tired of his wails. take me a long way away.

you hold too. all this lightning, she gotta stop.

yrs.,
the

Bash



April 22, 1974

Hello @Carl:

my ass all tangled. had role in play, did all right.
income tax troubles. bottle troubles. you know me. I can't
catch up with myself. other people have all manners of time,
flop around in chairs. I can't even get my dirty laundry out.
also back #\$\$#working on my 2nd. novel, FACTOTUM. so excuse
the briefness.

no, I haven't rec. the 2nd. #\$\$#\$100 from Marc. pinch him,
will you?

thanks for the newspaper. by god, you really push me every-
where, and by god, I deserve it. but thank you plan&tly,
anyhow.

Say, Hold, Advance,
Hang High!

Buk

The Tenant, a two actor play by Linda King,
performed in front of something like
twenty people in the well of the
Pasadena Museum.
(cf. Robt. Peters / The Great American Poetry, Baker-0)

Bukowski
151 S. Oxford Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90004
U.S.A.



Carl Weissner
77 Feldberg Str.
68 Mannheim
West Germany



Air Mail

Bukowski
P.O. Box 26469
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026



Lawrence Andrews
2721 Channing Way -- Room 4
Berkeley, Calif. 94704

May 14, 1974

Hello Lawrence:

Thanks for all but my ass is troubled and can't get into all that. Split with female, must move from here, need brake job on my 14 year old car, am half drunk getting drunker, I get many letters, try to answer them, get weak... I've been fucking around a great deal: some of it necessary, some of it wasted. I keep making mistakes and more mistakes and more mistakes. I even get into something and I know that it's going to be all wrong but I get into it anyhow. I'm rough on myself but I think I deserve a little clarity of peace. this has nothing to do with you. I have to work it out. I'm not trying for immortality or the big score; I'm just trying to soothe my insides a bit. so this is short because there are things to do, things not too big, but things I must do or I'll go raving with the rover boys.. ah.

##\$%so, hang in,



A large, expressive handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is fluid and cursive, appearing to read "Bukowski". It is written over several lines of the page, with long, sweeping strokes and various loops and flourishes.

May 14, 1974

Bukowski
P. O. Box 26469
Los Angeles, Calif.
90026

Hello John:

Good to hear from you, prick. I've got to admit that you're the best underground editor there is--you make the whole trip stir and dance and sing. I know you're still down on me on that story I wrote, but I'm like you, I can't pass up a good one no matter what the price.

I'd like to get some clips to you from past Freep columns, but troubles, I just don't have the extra copies. only thing I could do is exerox and that means you'd have to get some guy to type it up, and that's shit, I know. so we're at stalemate there because I'm getting kicked out of here, people claim my typewriter disturbs them and that they hear screams of women, and sometimes laughter, and sometimes gurgles of death from up here at all hours. They beat on the floor, call the heat, such very unhappy people. I had it made, living in this big house with ~~this~~ woman, but you know how all that works, we split, all the screaming and the vocal blah blah, most of it hers and some of it just ~~FIND~~, but more of it pure nuerotic imbla blah blah unblah unbla unbalance. female frenzy, ingrown.

so I can't get much up to you because I'm in movement. my idea is that if you can't find an acceptable bit to just skip that issue. I wont be wounded. but would like it, if you run something to do send me ~~a couple copies~~ couple copies of that issue.

what happened there?
looks like dried come.
this place is spooky.

I'll try to let you know where I'm moving. but mail will be forwarded. some guy claims he has a place lined up for me just off of Hollywood and Western, same street as OPEN CITY was born at. Remember? That beautiful baby? Tell Joan I said hello and I like her as a class doll. I might be up in Frisco this summer. There's 3 sisters up there kind of red-hot. Also another woman claims she'll cook me a free meal. You people feel good and keep it going. Life is looking up. Things are ~~#~~going, whirling. And love to you~~(two)~~.

(?) → *Buk*

May 17, 1974

Hello Carl:

I got the Gedichte die einter schrieb... your signed copy, plus 5 others from the publisher. You put it together so well, babe, you make me feel like Bogart Bukowski Bukowski. I like it. I like to like things sometimes. You know I've got a hard route and have put down some words and you don't mind ~~about~~ admitting it. all right, it has been a good circus, and I'm lucky to have you over there to transmute me. ah. the book has the warm feel of burning and there. you've done it. You know you have. I won't brag anymore on the book. --except to say the good things you've done for me usually arrive at times when I need them most. Like you know, hahaha, I am rifting with my woman again; it is such a slow process, these many breakups, ~~about~~ but it's necessary to finalize it finally. the woman's thoughts and feelings are continually against mine and the other way around. she seems to understand my enemy more than she does me, so there's only one thing left to do--let her go to the enemy. it's not easy, but she belongs with them; I've only borrowed something from them. tra, la. tra, la.

Big shoot-out tonight. I guess it happened just as I left the racetrack, a loser, after the 9th. race. I passed very close. The SLA Army, it ~~seems~~. Trying to look for some symphony music on the radio I passed upon the news. Nothing finalized at this moment. But much fire-power. Where they were holed-up ~~were~~ caught on fire. There are so many angles to this thing. One is that DeFreeze was allowed to escape from a minimum security area when he was in ~~the~~ jail. whoever knows that and what the truth is? who knows who squealed? Who knows who is who? Who knows what it finally really means? Maybe just the tv screen brought into the streets? maybe an overdose of Marx? Christ knows I am one of the last who knows what's going on around here, and I hardly adore it. But I don't know if I love the SLA anymore than I do the USA. It's all a manner of hard hunger and wanting control. Each side pushes so hard that they become de-humanized. religion and the popular vote, of course, are the ~~softens~~ softeners. but, babe, I've got to believe that we are in the right slot--creation is the greatest and purest revolution of them all, and it finally causes everything else to move behind it. Maybe too far behind it. But we are the prows. we know the death and the waste and the glory, and some of the way, and we have Eye enough to see the Revolutionary, the Capitalist, the Fascist and the cabbage. We have trouble with women, but give us a new typewriter ribbon and some of the rent paid, we get the courage up, and getting the courage up:

and moving toward the sun, that's ~~about~~ fair enough in this time of bending funnels.

since I got kicked out of the lady's house for not caring for her parties and my friends (she likes my friends), I came on over here, and there has been much trouble here, I inhale and they phone the police, I scratch myself and they beat on my floor (I'm up on the 2nd.) and the little man came around and said, Inflation, gave me a notice of a rent boost and also my friends below and all those about this frog-in-the garden-pond-vine-death-cement endurance of quiet posing and pissing and murder; how they HATE the sound of my typewriter... I'm not sure, it's not definite but I should be moved by the 27th. to:

→ 5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. zone? prob. 90027?
V.S.A.

also I have a p.o. box
26469
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026
V.S.A.

part of the problem of the rift was that the woman who kicked me out of her house wanted me to come back and live in her house. I told her, no, because I can't throw people out I don't like who come to visit us. there was one lad, Carl, who took particular advantage of my living there. he was supposed to be my friend but he'd come over and squat on the rug and talk about his poems and his life and his books--self-printed--gossiping about various tiny literary figures. I would have tossed his ass out after 5 minutes but living with her I had to listen and he knew it. also he put on his scummy little make-bag, meaning, mainly, since I was a poet and I fucked her, why couldn't he (who was also a poet?, fuck her?), I was hardly jealous, ~~about~~ Carl, nothing would have made me happier than to leave them alone together. anyhow, maybe now I have, and they say tomorrow it might rain.

so the town is half-burning down again over here. and I'm still on my second novel... Let's hope that the German female and the German life is fairly good to you over there. if I ever get enough money, which I won't, I want to come over and see you, have you lead me down the streets of Andernach, I will weep and we will drink beer somewhere and my mouth will form into a round toothless and insensible hole, and you'll think, great god, what've I got on myself here? Bogart turned to mulch and butter. I shoulda translated Douglas Blazac.

hold, babe, hold,
hold...

Balk

TOGETHER
BACHELOR

WOMAN

Nov. 7, 1974

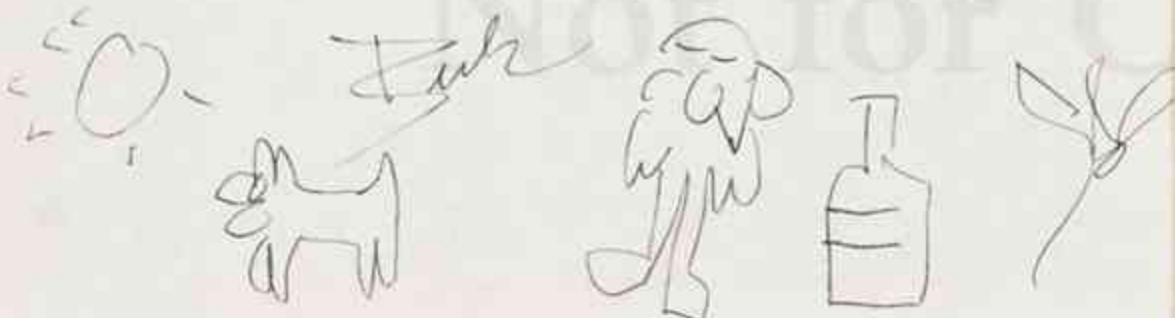
Hello Carl:

Thanks the good letter. You over there in Germany waving Bukowski around feels damned fine to me. Glad you liked BURNING. It's been a long hot journey but I want to go on a long while yet...typing... and I hope the gods let me. Meanwhile my life is about the same--fighting the women, the horses; getting #####slopped-up on beer, rolling cigarettes; feeling alternately frightened and brave, up and down, low and high. Good on the Frankfurt Bookfair... you tell Benno K. to fight those shits to the end...

still haven't gotten hold of tape recorder. Will still surprise you one of these times with a reading of some of my things. Just in from Utah and Michigan. Michigan reading paid \$500, plus air, plus room and food and booze. Cost 'em a grand to hear me sing. #####Stopped off in bookstore after reading. They'd advertised in the Detroit Free Press. 700 arrived, #####massed-in, asshole to asshole. I signed books, danced, read, drank and insulted people. It was crazy but I was so damned high I didn't care. Slept in hotel 200 years old, stayed 3 nights and days. Awakened one morning sick, retching, phoned down to switchboard lady: "Look, I have a complaint. I wake up sick here every morning and the first thing I've got to look at is that American flag out there. Can't something be done about it?" She got very pissy-assed and asked if I didn't LIKE the American flag. "Look," I said, "I just told you. I'm sick and it makes me sicker. If that makes you uptight, just forget it's a flag. It's just a matter of white and red stripes waving in my face. And the stars. I've got a bad stomach." They didn't take the flag down for me, Carl.

Guy came over and got drunk with me last night. He wants to buy the movie option on SOUTH OF NO NORTH. I drank his booze and then turned him over to Martin. The other guy just renewed his option on ERECTIONS and the guy who has POST OFFICE says he has high hopes. If just one of these turns into a movie I'm going to buy a new pair of shoes.

Like you know: stay in the trenches and lob some out. I think we're wearing those sons of bitches out. ya.



Ape 7, 1975

Now Nancy--

what's this here shit about going to Turkey? It rains there too. some motherfucking cretins running about on the fierce roof here, pounding against it with rubber hammers, and I ######flagged-off twice today. I am the American poet and I'll buy you a free lunch if you come by ##some day. I live right in the whorehouse district but the guy around the #####corner makes a good sandwich.

I've got the novel by the throat and it's breathing its last breath. I approach writing unholy, almost indecent, reaming it. D.H. Lawrence would have hated me. and Mutha Huxley too, all the Huxleys.

Hold on. the best defense is a good offense: spit in the eye of the ox.

your #### ink is bleeding.



Ape 21, 1975

Hello Nancy:

Whatcha need with a lifeguarding job? Just come save me.

O.k., glad I slipped a couple poems past The APR. I just mailed you people another batch a couple of days ago, newly-written horseshit, which may be better or may be worse, like marrage, like mumps, like whoopseeds what the hell, o.

On the possibilities of a reading, fine, hope we can work it: I'm oversexed but will try not to molest any nice people. The way it looks now I am reading in Santa Cruz, May eleven, San Francisco, May 31. And from June 27 and two weeks after that I will probably be taken by matters unliterary but quite stirring and magic, or so it looks right now. So that's the date book.

Finished the 2nd. novel, FACTOTUM, at last. It should be out in Sept. via the Sparrow, or if not the Sparrow, City Lights. They both want the action; I feel like a whore walking down the sidewalk shaking my ass.

Let me know all things. Of you. of them. of it. the known. the unknown. and those footprints leading off to...

anyhow,

Rick

Food
Ghosts →
I TYPE ON MY
GAYING TABLE. SECRET
O' MY IMMORTALITY.
B.

Apr 29, 1975



Hello Nancy:

you really react to some of my poems.

but you see, I write ####poems about men and women and me and things and sometimes something is recorded, and I often come out short... dwarfed, frizzled...myself. it's all in the matter.

I think the women might become truly liberated if they realize that some women can be shits, at times, just as some men can be. to simply defend women as women, no matter, that can only be self-defeating. and you know this.

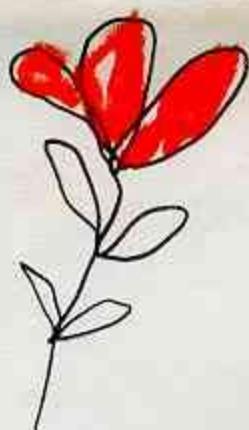
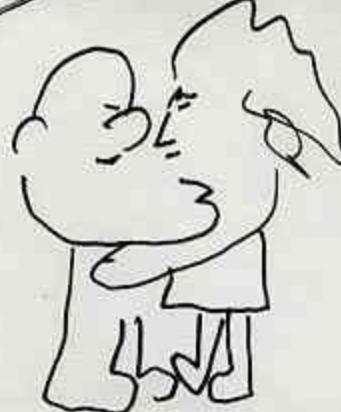
I'm no woman-hater. They've given me more highs and magics than anything else. but I'm also a writer, sometimes. and there are variances in all things.

good symphony music on tonight. drinking beer, smoking these little imported cigars some good soul sent me through the mail. many people are good to me. they mail me things. cookies, yeah. photos. sounds. drawings. many hate me. but there are some out there who know that I'm truly some kind of simple soul caught in a wild gamble. they know me. they know that I sit between these walls. they know I've been burned. and that I still laugh. and send out my little ####messages. and they prefer Bukowski to Mailer because Bukowski is not a professional anything.

I'm glad you still like me. it's all in the matter. like being able to tell hatred from photography.

XO

Bark



May 16, 1975

Hello Nancy:

"Here are poems back," you said, but you didn't enclose them. Do you still have them around? Please return. ah.

these human relationship things: nobody makes it. when you feel it's all pissdd-ever, look around. nobody makes it. you take your cuts and drag the body on, people treat each other better in the early phases, then one or the other ##### assumes the power role, and it's really ever fight then.

seems over 50 percent of the men in Calif.--L.A. and Frisco, anyhow--become homo or bi, which is their right. for me, it's too late. I'm ingrained with the female. poems, novels, highs, lows, the madness, and the magic, and the sex. * my yes.

you'll pull it together. you seem to run fragmented, but you've got the energy and the feeling and the gamble to set it all o.k. again.



May 27, 1975

Helle helle Nancy:

* yeh, there are many gays and bi's out here and transv.,
esp. among the poets. just finished writing a poem AS THE ANGELS
SHINE THEIR BUNHOLES, in part:

"Bukowski is an unfashionable male poet:
he loves women
hits them in the eyes and sucks their ~~pussy~~pussies
as the angels eat whipcream banana pudding..."

if you find the poems send them back.

gave a reading in the redwoods out of Santa Cruz. woman
ran out of audience and jumped on stage yelling, "I want you!
Take me! Take me!" real rock star groupie shit. lucky for her
I wasn't horny or I would have taken her there before all them
there eyes.

Bukowski is a cobra

Bukowski is a run over dog in the street

Bukowski is a river of snet....

XO XO XO



June 9, 1975

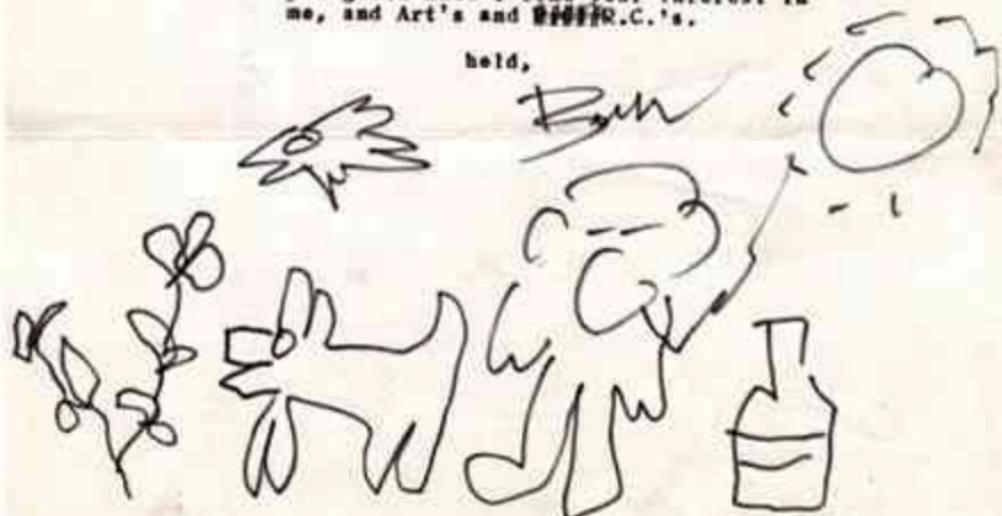
Helle Bill Griffith:

Sorry I've been so slow in responding but I've been on a split with this woman and my guts dangling out, all that bit. I'm trying to paste myself back together to get ready for the next war. So, meanwhile, the writing has stalled with all else and I just don't have excessive material. My problem is is that I don't get any rejections. Shit, it's awful. Martin has a whole filing cabinet of my stuff though and he might pull something out. He appears to have masses of stuff--like novels begun and not finished, notes from the madhouse and drunk tank, so forth.

Crumb, we know, IS COMIX. the way he draws his people and the way they step across the page, it holds all this wonderful juice and glow. I met him once at Liza William's when I was living with her, and he was one of the most unaffected people I've ever met. It would be a most honorable magic high for me to have him illustrate some of my fucked-up characters. I ~~want~~ hope something works. and regret my present state of green and dangle. However, I've outlived other women who have attempted to tack me to the cross and I'll probably get down from this one too.

you gotta know I like your interest in
me, and Art's and ~~SHERR~~R.C.'s.

held,



Nov. 15, 1975

Hello Nancy:

I'll be tied through December but if you're around town in Jan. give me a ring--462-0614. Reading at Evanston, ILL. nov. 18, 19, so have to gather my shit together, so this must be short. all right.

Bob

TUESDAY NIGHT
WHAT? 1976

W

LINDA -

Lost yr Number, tried to
PHONE YOU TONIGHT. ALL THEY
GAVE ME WAS A # ON 30TH
ST.

DRUNK NOW, Smoking same
low-grade SHIT; my RADIO
GIVES ME BRAINS #4. I
LIVED ~~WELL THAT~~ ~~AT~~
LAYS Ago, I ~~met~~ NEW
(Blood), NEW WOMEN, NEW
CHANCES, NEW LUCK, NEW
FUCK, NEW BALL —
BARTENDING QUOSTO.

CAN YOU MAIL ME
YOUR PHONE # — SO
NEXT TIME I GET

(ANSWER)

DRUNK AND NEED A
VOICE DIFFERENT THAN
ALL THESE SIDEWALK
SHIT GAMES, I
HAVE A MIRROR SO
AT IT?

TANKS,

LOVE,

BUK

MAP

CCM

D

Very PAT-ASS DRAMATIC TONIGHT. Destructive
OF BRAIN CARS VIA BETTING UPON DEAD
EYEBROWS OF COCKSLUCKING UNIVERSE. — B.

Jan. 29, 1976

Hello Carl:

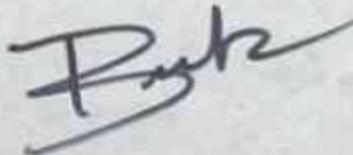
You've got to know that it is a most beautiful contract. I agree with all terms, and the way you look after my interests over there is amazing beyond the bounds of belief. All hail 2001, Buk, big Carl and Big John.

o yeah. My bank # is California Federal Savings and Loan Association, 4705 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. U.S.A. The account # is [redacted] Listed under Henry C. Bukowski, AKA: Charles Bukowski.

The Germans, Thomas and Alexandria shot 7 or 8 hours of video. I'm burned-out. Cupcakes O'Brien (Pamela Brandes) lent much charm and sex to the proceedings. You get good and drunk and look at that shit, and help them with cutting it down. I trust your eye.

Have been on about a two week drunk, trying to pull it all together. You are one of the best.

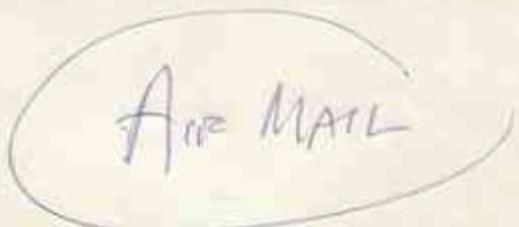
hold, hold, hold,
we will jam it to them
all the way,



Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
U.S.A.



Carl Weissner
77, Feldbergstra
68- Mannheim
West Germany



AIR MAIL

Feb. 13, 1976

Hello Carl:

KAPUTT IN HOLLYWOOD, I really like that title--you're making me look good. Hope Martin goes your book of projected Buk poem translations. But I'm hot on FACTOTUM, my last novel. Ya seen it yet? I think it's the ~~g~~best writing I've done. Have gotten quite a bit of mail about it agreeing with me. In fact, today I got a letter with return address of Henry Miller, Pacific Palisades, and I ~~were~~ thought, my my, is the old man bending to write me? But when I opened it up it was from his son, one Larry Miller. Ah well. He ~~#####~~praised FACTOTUM, part of which goes: ..."I guess I just wanted to say thank you for being the first writer since reading my father that has made me feel that all is not lost in literature today; especially a sense of reality that seems to have escaped nearly everyone else..."

Oh, Cupcakes... she's got it. Miss Pussycat of 1973, she's 23, brains, body, spirit.... flaming red hair, long... she's in front of my bedroom mirror now combing that flame as I type this to you. She'll be the death of me, but it's worth it, pal.

Benno is a good honest soul, and I've told him as much. I like the way he operates, and you too. Got a madman doing my biography, part of his plans are to come to Germany, Andernach, sniff around for records... but like he says, "all those places have been bombed to shit." I'm going anyhow. ~~#~~ ~~##~~ Ben Pleasants, a good sort. Lives in Beverly Hills and is an ~~#####~~anarchist#. Show me a nut and he'll show up at my front door.

~~Smalltime~~ waiting for the liquor delivery man. Cupcakes O'Brien and I are going to sip Heineken green tonight and feel good. ~~Smalltime~~ some shit and relax and wonder why the trees haven't fallen through the roof.

I'm going to swing around and read in Pittsburgh, Boston, New York City. Big time, Buk. looking out of superjet windows, looking at stewardesses asses wiggling, ordering drink after drink... in the ~~E~~ with the businessmen and ~~##~~swindlers and killers. I'm finally where I belong, Carl: the poetry-kill: I'll fuck ~~##~~'em in the left ear with a distorted sonnet.

Boy, if your kid can toss your typewriter through a window at age 2 he'll arm-wrestle you under the table by the time he's 5. You got strong blood, babe. But hell, all us Krauts (~~Krauts~~) have. Any war we ever lost we been outnumbered 8 to one. one on one we can make anybody eat our sausage while singing hallelujah.

hang high, hang low, hang grim
but hang on
in,

Buk



Feb. 15, 1976

Hello Leo:

Thanks for sending CLOUDS. send the other part when it happens. o.k.

Do you have a poem from me? Use it. I'm going on a reading swing about the country and have used all my poems to get ahead on my Free Press columns.

It's quiet here tonight. Thank the gods. Drinking beer and listening to Handel, I think.

I hope you're getting some good new ass. I am, and I think with a little love thrown in.

hold,



March 19, 1976

Hello JoJo:

You're at Davis? Hell, I think I read up there once. Karl Shapiro teaches there. he looked too comfortable but that's the way most of them get.

Just back from Univ. of Pitt. reading in New York June 23, San Fran on Nov. 19. Survival process.

Thanks for the girls. you've got them down right--beautiful but dangerous.

I've got to get myself together. badly hungover tonight. fear and madness run side by side like twin rats. but I've vacuumed the rug and thrown out half the trash so I'm still in a state of minor flexibility.

keep it togehter.



Bukowski
5437 1/2 CARITA WAY
Los Angeles, Calif.
90027



June one, 1976

Hello Carl:

on "2001" I told Martin to go ahead. haven't you heard from him? he's been working on a movie deal for POST OFFICE, legal matters, and maybe this has tied him up. let's get something going here?

an ~~##~~ anxious to see KAPUTT IN HOLLYWOOD. got the PLAYBOY, thanks, and maybe SOUNDS too. I have been fucked-up in the head as per custom. have been flying about the country laying up with various beautiful and dangerous women in sundry states--nekked and U.S. gave a few readings. just about got back in. trying to get off a drunk. Thanks to you guys for pushing my ass over there.

Made ROLLING STONE over here, June 17th. issue, no. 215, an 8 page spread. if this doesn't kill me off, nothing will. I expect a line of 14 year old cunts outside my door. but as yet, nothing... o my god.

saw ~~####~~ Fauser and his girl last night. we drank. I don't remember them leaving. Cupcakes O'Brien came by with her blazing hair. Wrote a book of poems about her. just out. Black Sparrow. limited edition of 140, called SCARLET. then a bunch of smack and speed freaks showed up. I don't remember much about the night. (remember).

keeping this short. much back mail. Fauser called you the ~~####~~ best translator in Germany. I believe him. I also consider you a ~~#~~ damned good friend. you stay on in there. yeh. yeh.

Bukowski

Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

10 JUN 2
1976
AIR MAIL AIR MAIL



Carl Weissner
77 ~~Feldbergstrasse~~
68 Mannheim
West Germany.

August 27, 1976

Hello Carl:

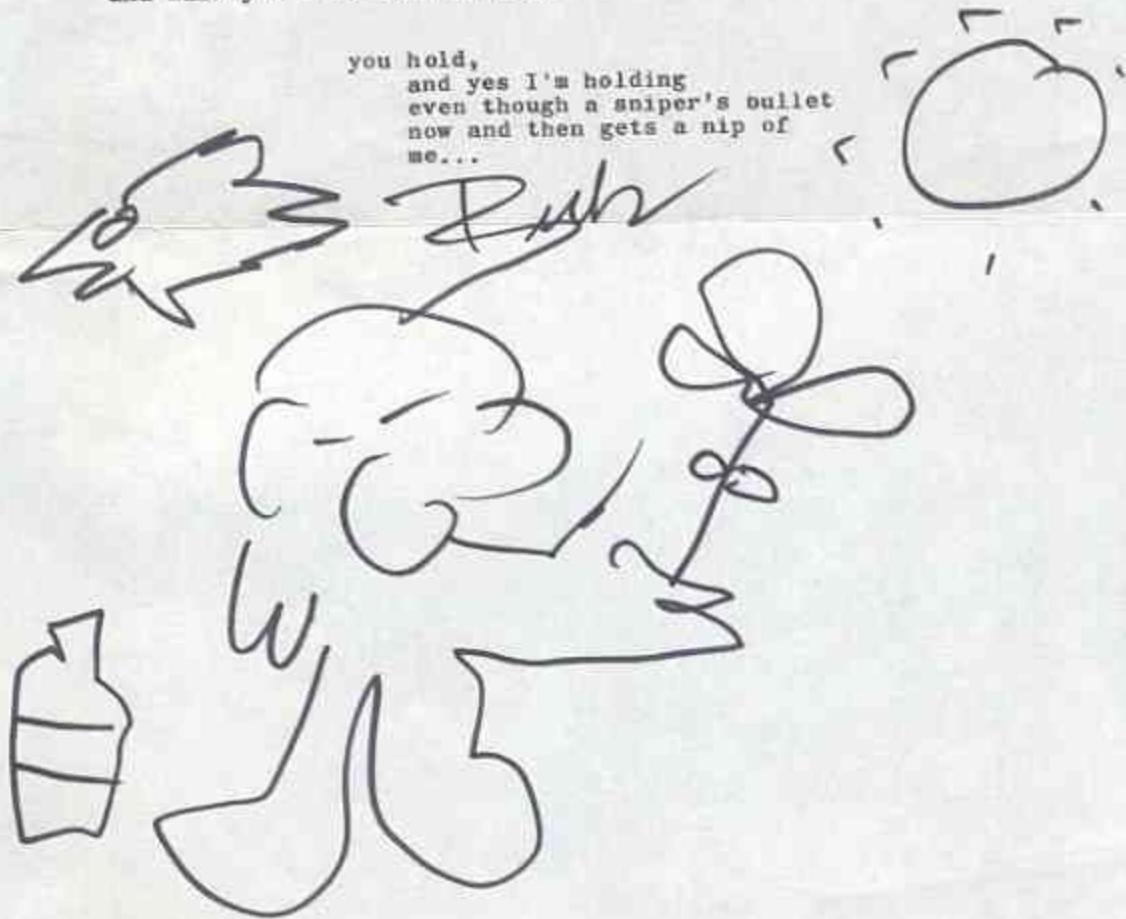
You're not going to believe this but this 24 year old cunt has had me out of my mind and I've been drinking overly and so to answer your questions--I'm not quite sure of anything--I might have rec. an international m.o. from PARDON but I don't remember getting one.... Also I am almost quite sure that K and W. have sent me NOTHING. that's all I can tell you, buddy, and it's good of you to bite at this slackers.

I'm sure I'll pull out of this ... these ~~wiles~~ of this witch cunt.... but right now my ass is a little shakey.

Enclosed some photos for your use and/or desecration. The ~~lady in the eye~~ lady in the eye is not the one who is ripping my balls off.

The Beverly Hills anarchist was just too comfortable a chap and mainly I have run him off.

you hold,
and yes I'm holding
even though a sniper's bullet
now and then gets a nip of
me...



Sept. 17, 1976

Hello Carl:

Shit, man, I just got the check from K and W yesterday! I hope I didn't jam you up! It came to \$910 and 20 cents. or near that. It's the time-crossover. Sorry.

I don't have the #### Joan Levine address. only what's on the back of the photo. on the other, I've lost the address. I'm nothing but trouble.

The one with the photo of the "lady"... I don't know her too well. a junky.

I'm sorry about K and W but when I did write you that I hadn't heard, at that time I HADNIT HEARD. You do all the work and get jammed up. I'm really sorry, brother.

Role

Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Carl Weissner
77 Feldberg str
68 Mannheim
W. Germany

Air Mail

Sept. 2what? 267
1976



Hello JoJo:

I am not all that I appear to be; I'm weak, full of fears, I'm 56, for christ's sake, I'm lucky to have #****# of wined them this last 5 or 6 years. They've been wild years, full of false glory and non-#****#faise discouragement... I was first enchanted by your name: Jojo Planteen. It sounds like a good luck charm full of sunlight. I've had troubles enough for a hundred men--so they say, and they might underestimate.

Anyhow, I don't totally respond to my mail like I happened to respond to yours.

It was a feeling, a sensibility, a working. Somehow I thought, this can be it; damn age, a #****# everything.

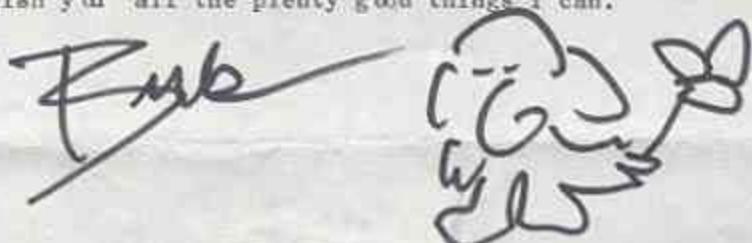
So I responded because like any other creature I still believe in the miracle that does not quite exist.

I am not a strong man, #****# To me the only strong men are men of #****# continuous self-doubt mixed with an ego that is close to madness..

Thusly, a further confession, a lala: the early and middle years of my life were very empty of love, contact, easy warmth with the human counterpart. So, now, at this end, there seems this total need for something good and easy and real... that is probably not there, nor has probably never been there for any man... or woman. The simple wish (or somebody almost all right.

Don't get me wrong. I have girlfriends. I don't sit in the corner covered with cobwebs. Some of the sex is excellent and there is laughter and some #****#goodness. But the real person you want, using your bath#****# or getting angry at you or sleeping up against you night after night, she hardly exists. The person you enjoy eating dinner with a couple of blocks around the corner, the person you just enjoy riding along with you in your car, in her #****#car; the person that you can forgive the ordinary mistakes for or the extraordinary mistakes for... all those things. That person doesn't seem to be there--for me, for you, for anybody.

The reason I stopped writing you is that I felt that I had made a mistake in my prescience. Now that was a hell of a long speech, wasn't it?.... I don't think I'll be reading again up in S.F. soon. Nearest I know is Santa Cruz (and where's that?), I think Nov. 13 with a bunch of other slobs.... JoJo, try to feel#****#good. You are still whoopee. I wish you all the plenty good things I can.



Jan. 10, 1977

Hello Libby:

I was drunk on the phone but I remember most of what was said. It would be nice if you could come down for a couple of days. I'll pick up the tab.

I have made a clean sweep of my 3 girlfriends in town here. Cupcakes is out (although much of the choice is hers); I have never cared too much for Barb and I broke off with one Linda Lee yesterday morning. It's pretty damned quiet around here, believe me. But the racetrack's open. But I need women, a woman. Much of my writing takes right off on human relationships. I am quite emotionally fucked-up and breakups--whether I cause them or the other way around--take a hell of a toll on me. I'd sure like to get you into a few of my poems. The ~~next book~~ next book of poems will be out in Spring-Summer this year.

Anyway, your letters have fired me up. You've got yourself a problem now: me. Libby, what the hell are you going to do with me?

yes, yes,



Jan. 10, 1977

Hello Carl:

bless your ass all over the universe, yes I rec. the Fischer check. if it weren't for you I don't believe any of these boys would pay up. your are my beloved henchman, my hit-man. Carl, baby, you are keeping all of Germany honest, at least all the parts you crash into. I know you have your own things to do.

I'll tell J.M. of the Kiepenhuer ~~development~~ development via 2001.

Haven't heard on the PARDON bit but I suppose we should leave them alone. I can't expect you to clean up every spot. you'll go crazy.

Just got a phonecall from the bellydancer in ~~Canada~~ Canada. She was down in late Nov. she thinks she's pregnant but she says it doesn't matter, she'll abort. I didn't ask her whose it was.

I've quit on The Love Tale of the Hyena. Will prob. begin a new one in February--to be called WOMEN. It ought to shake more branches. christ knows I've done the research.

I enclose a letter from Germany. naturally I don't know what the guy is ~~saying~~ talking about.

Christ, now it's Jan. 15... met a new one last night. Wild. Lucien Wild. They keep popping out of the earth, new miracles. just in from track. won a lousy \$19. real tired. must stop and get this in the mail....

hold,

Buk

BUKOWSKI
5437 1/2 CARLTON WAY
Los Angeles, CALIF.
U.S.A. 90027



Air MAIL

CARL WEISSNER
77, FELBERGSTR
68 MANNHEIM
WEST GERMANY

AIR MAIL

Jan. 17, 1977

Hello Jojo:

in a letter lately to you I have expressed the thought of something extra occurring. as I said, maybe it was just the name: Jojo Flanteen. I am set off by any number of circumstances--I am quite aware of reality and yet I have believed in other things, mostly. It was the name and the warmth of your letters--the strange envelopes. it is so difficult for most people to jump anyway near out of the ordinary.

I'm aware of people's prejudice against the so-called old and the so-called young to meet. there's usually only one ~~difference~~ difference--the young have less wrinkles. but there's nothing else to ~~hide~~. love can find anything anywhere. I still ~~have~~ have a powerful body--not that it matters--but it guess it came from working all those shit jobs.

of course I will be in town Feb. 11 or all of Feb. please phone me and come over sometime. you'll probably find me gentle, dull and hardly forward. your photo is beyond the magic. your painting: Picasso touched with a touch of ~~humor~~ humor. you are a good woman. I think I ~~love~~ love you.

6.) Bush
(213)462-0614

Saturday Jan. 22, 1977

Hello Libby:

I got your letter and telegram today. They were both good. The telegram ~~#~~ really surprised me. I am sorry you have one of those kinds of ~~boy~~/boyfriends. You probably drive men mad, they can't help it. But overpossession is dangerous, and finally deadly, and killing. To care is ~~#~~ fine but extreme jealousy is a ~~sick~~ sickness.

Anyhow, I was sorried about last night's phonecall. I hardly remember anything I said. I drank white wine all afternoon with an x-girlfriend Cupcakes O'Brien. She said she was depressed and wanted to see ~~#~~ me badly and being the ~~good~~/good doctor I went over and got myself shit-faced. She's just a kid, 24, with long red hair and a perfect body. But the men fuck her over. They just want her body and that's all they relate to. I liked her body too but I always ~~realized~~ related to her crazy mind. And we don't have sex anymore. It was damned good when we had it but I don't push it anymore. Anyhow, I came home and drank some more white wine and I got on the phone. And I woke up this morning ~~sick~~ sick, thinking, I blew it with ~~#~~ Libby, I big-mouthed my way out of it, fucked it up good. But it looks like your telegram came afterwards, and evidently everything is all right and my day is cheered up. I was really low down.

In your letter you mentioned Feb. 15. Do you know that is in the middle of the week? Is it because it will be right after your period? The 15th. is all right with me. Great, or any time. Except Feb. 11, 12, 13. I've got a project going ~~now~~ then.

I hope things smooth out with your boyfriend. Bad feelings and fighting tear out the guts, especially when one cares for the other. I hope things are better.

I am still hungover. Thanks for the telegram. It was dramatic and good and warm. You are an unusual person.

love,

Buk

Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Libby Vaubel
1210 Talbot
Berkeley, Calif. 94706

Feb. 1, 1977

Hello Carl:

Where I filed? That's misleading. I had the forms done for me
H.R. Block, Los Angeles, Calif. There was an envelope I mailed the
forms off in, someplace in Calif. I guess that's what they want.
This year's place the forms will go to are 5045 East Butler Ave.,
Fresno, Calif. 93888. I don't remember last year's. Let's put
that one down, and the tax was for #1975. o.k?

Enclosed the 9 forms for the other. and thanks, again, for
going through all this shit, babe.

New book of poems out soon via Martin, LOVE IS A DOG FROM HELL.
I am going over the typescript now, will mail it tomorrow. it's
going to be a fat one, and I think all right. lots of trouble with
women in there, more than ever. got a new one coming down from
Berkeley, Friday, sight unseen. oh, there was a photo, pretty good.
hope she's got a tight pussy and some kindness.

Did a poetry reading Sunday. tired now. gathering.

yes, I think the next novel will simply be called WOMEN--if
I can write it. I should begin cranking up within the month. I
don't know. it has to do itself. yet I have to sit down sometime.
all right.

as ever,

hold on in,

Buk

BUKOWSKI
5437 1/2 CARLTON WAY
Los ANGELES, CALIF. 90027
U.S.A.

FEB 6
-PM



CARL WEISSNER
77 FELDBERG STR.
68 MANHEIM
WEST GERMANY



AIR MAIL

March 29, 1977

Hello Carl:

In haste. I can write German so I'm laying this on you.
Do you think there's a chance you might straighten this out?
It's a lot of money just to let fly off.

The check bounced. The manager at the Feb. Savings said
there was no micro-coating on the bottom of the check and no bank
on the micro-coating. I don't know what the hell's wrong with
the check but evidently something is.

Can you write them, ####Carl?

Would much, much appreciate. I know you don't have a damn
thing else to do, eh?

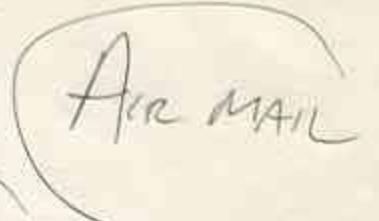
hold,



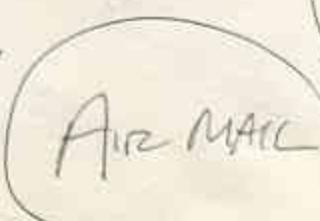
Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027



Carl Weissner
77 Feldber str.
68 Mannheim
West Germany



Air MAIL



Air MAIL

April 15, 1977

Hello Libby:

Some of your letters are really cheering...

I'm going to some half-ass porno movie, well, semi-porno, I had a small role in it, got \$75 for about 4 or 5 minutes-- squirted 4 girls with a hose trying to find out who had the largest breasts while a 7 foot tall guy tries to pour a bucket of water over my head. I suppose I looked like an ass. I suck into all sorts of traps.

Libby, you just got jealous of that SUMMER poem. it is somewhat of an exxageration, done almost in jest. and besides I wrote that long before I knew you.

I'm sill at novel #3, drinking, sleeping late (uggh), playing the horses....

You seem to have a strong survival instinct. I think you'll bash on through. Be careful who you give that magic pussy to. It was so good. and the rest of you too, most of the time. you have that quick rising temper but then after you think a while you are pretty fair--to the other person. Which is unusaul.

I've got to see that movie now. Think of me as the great actor. I've been accused of that.

all right, yes,

Hank

April 18, 1977

Carl, Carl:

Ayn dropped off the photos. I wasn't here. They were terrible. Home photos. No clarity. It's sickening. I was going to write you about some other things but wanted to get this off. I am going to buy my own fucking camera. I am sorry about this amateur crapout mess. Sorry because it landed on you. She talked like she knew what she was ~~was~~ doing. God, I'm sorry man.

Buk

Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

Carl Weissner
77 Feldbergstr.
68 --Mannheim
West Germany



AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

CARL -
HERE ARE SOME
PHOTOS, I HOPE SOME
OF THEM CAN BE OF
USE TO YOU.

RUSHING THIS TO
GET INTO POST OFFICE
BEFORE IT CLOSES.

HOLY,
BUSH



June 14, 1977

Hello Carl:

Oh yes, I GOT the Big Blue Book and it looks wonderful, solid, real public library stuff--except for the contents where you and I m.g. them. A fine honor, dear friend, I thank you very much and very truly.

I get the tax forms off to Thomas Schmitt. Thanks (again), this time for this bit. There is a surprise coming up for you, although I don't know exactly when; it's dependent more upon outside forces and routines....

Tried to phone Richmond on the records. Can't get him. Will write him and get him moving on the records if he hasn't already done so.

Yes, Lutz R. wrote. Christ, things are really blowing wild in Germany! We'll take all the luck we can get and still hold to the word. The test is in continuance of creation. Lutz R. sent along 2 paper bags with Georgia and I upon it. Also words.

Linda Lee is wondering what the words mean:

Pump mir mal ne Lulle."

"Sie gab ihm eine, und als sie sich vorbeugte, legte er seinen Arm um sie, zog sie zu sich her und küßte sie.

"Du Scheiß type", sagte sie, "du hast mir gefehlt."

NO "G"
↓

Also I heard from Brigitte Mikula of Rogner's Magazin

Redaktion
Maximilianstraße 52
8000 München 22...

POLITICS'

It will be a new monthly magazine for

"culture and [REDACTED]" and the first issue--August 1977...50,000 copies in Germany, will have a Bukowski portrait by Christoph Derschau and photos by Michael Muntfert and maybe some words too. Muntfert is a professional photographer who must have taken a hundred photos last month and Derschau was over some months ago and interviewed me about something. As my official translator

(over)

maybe you can pick up some quick dollars (dm's, I mean) by giving them some bullshit on me, although they are probably suffering from an overload now. anyhow, I thought you might want to know. you might drop in on the offices--the editoresses might be a sexpot.

Yes, we have quite a number of photos now and will take some more next weekend. We'll send you a huge batch. It's a very good camera. We just have to learn to use the fucking thing by operating it. The lighting is the main thing. We got some good shots in the Hollywood Memorial Cemetery last Sunday. Don't worry, we'll get more to you and plenty. You'll have more Bukowski photos than any man on earth. You can sail them out your window like paper airplanes.

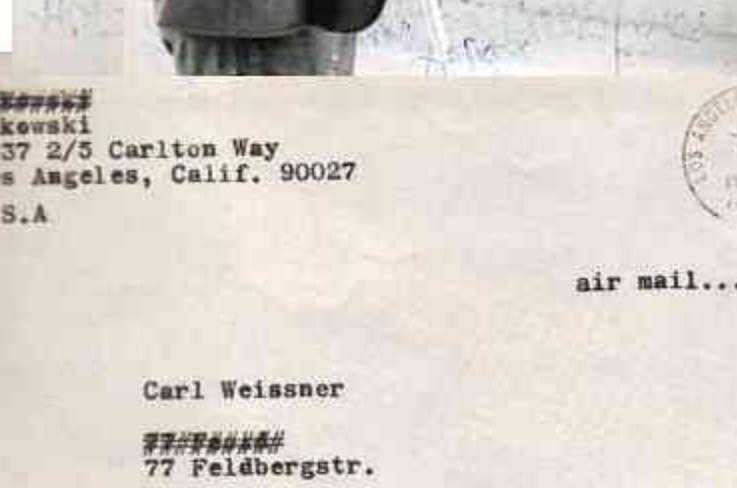
Also I bought a very good, very clear, cassette recorder, a truly professional machine. Can I cut a tape for you? What would you like? Let me know if you get any ideas. The son of a bitch cost over \$400 but it really does the job. Such ##### clarity is unbelievable.

Hello to Benno K. Tell him thanks for his honesty in the royalties from me, if you see him or write him. I'd like to write more of the good people, but then there's the bottle and the horse and I'm 140 pages into the 3rd. novel....

hold, YES, YES,

Buk

P.S. - BEN PLEASANTS SAYS HE WROTE YOU.
HOPE HE GAVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF
MY FIRST HOME TURNED BROTHEL.



Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
U.S.A.

1 PM
14 JUN 1977

FREEDOM LIBERTY USA 13
FREEDOM LIBERTY USA 13
FREEDOM LIBERTY USA 13

air mail.....

Carl Weissner

77 Feldbergstr.

68- Mannheim, West Germany

July 24, 1971

Linda:

my birthday is Augie 16, I was born in 1920 and my plans are to live to be 80 with both pecker and brain and gutsoul singing up until the last tick. meanwhile, I abuse myself.

who comes to my readings? mostly people who go to curio shops, circuses and rock concerts. but they pay and I dance.

I know all about 9 to 5, more like 8 to 5 and then they give you overtime to make you feel good. "Oh, boy, Bukowski, we're getting overtime again tonight! Isn't that great?"

"Sure is, kid."

I worked and didn't work, and starved until I was 50. Now I'm having a little luck. How long will it hold? I'm reading at the Houston Museum of Modern Art, or some such thing, this fall, and I used to change batteries in the service station for Sears-Roebuck there. Everything seems so odd, like that, and then I look around and read what the others are writing, and I see that they are just game-playing. And grim and deathly about it and not very good at it. So, shit, why should I still change batteries? Or do all the things I had to do. But having to scratch put me in some positions that most professional writers, professors, that sort, never get into. All their blather is such high-level blather. They've never had to fight a 6 foot 6 inch nigger behind a factory on coffee break time. I had to fight for my life and my mind every day, and still do. I'll say one thing--in those factories I always seemed to end up as the clown-hero. There were some haters but not all the haters that there are now. But that's a good sign. I like good signs. And I like this beer I'm drinking and this rolled Prince Albert cigarette and some of this Chopin on the radio and I like the way the girls in the Love Parlours on Western Ave. wave to me, although I never go in, I'm frightened.

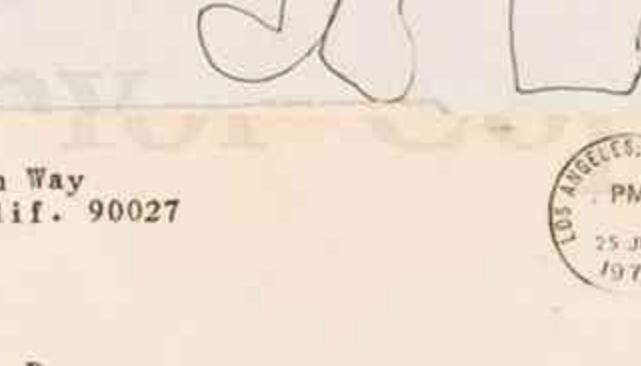
I don't trust being the pure dedicated artist and living for my art. I've seen too many of that gang. I don't believe in preciousness nor do I believe in humility. There's a way of sitting back until things up and jump on you. Van Gogh went crazy not because of the flowers and the sun and the crows and the children who jived him, he went crazy because he tried too hard and too continually and because of a bad diet. Hemingway too whacked it off too often but at least he went fishing or watched the bulls once in a while. I think he boozed more than is admitted and I can't help liking him for it. Drunks are a low-breed drag most of the time, still there's something ultimately human, childish and cleansing about it. I think.

The 8 hour day is the greatest killer ever invented. Take an 8 hour day, add transport, getting ready, eating, breakfast, lunch, righting your laundry, paying bills, getting ass or gas, fixing the hair on your head, dentist, income tax, driver's license, fire, accident, rain, snow, insomnia, fleas, friends, broken fingernails, the purchases of various supplies, shitting, passing, getting sick, time to think and so forth and so forth....

The person working and 8 hour day has one hour free time. And there is always somebody at the door ready to take that hour, somebody who doesn't need it, somebody calm and dead and dull, ready to sit in a chair and talk about nothing--a drainer, a leech, and they'll feel no worse when they leave, they'll feel better because they ~~will~~ have taken your last drop of blood and somehow they know it. I ~~would~~ used to stuff rags behind the doorbell ringer in the kitchen and wouldn't answer knocks on the door, and I'd stuff the telephone into a box of rags. That only made them want me worse. Some people like to be popular; I like to be left alone. I am never bored with myself; I may get extremely depressed but that's far from boredom.

Yet one gets to thinking, well, all right when I'm dead, all right, what would it have been? All this cat-calling and wailing and laying down of personal laws. The poems, the paintings, the novels, the getting up from a chair and walking across a room. It all seems very unsubstantial. Yet I guess it ought to be. Who wants to drag all that along? Let it lay.

What happened to your college boy? Get rid of that son of a bitch. I mean it. Right now! I won't let you get away with that kind of shit, you know.



Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

LOS ANGELES, CA 90027
PM 1 25 JUL 1975
1975



Linda Danz
120 E. 85 st.
New York City 10028

Oct. 4, 1977

Hello Ben:

I found Fante, I'd guess, when I was about 19. He didn't live in a house in this novel but described his window and his place and his hotel somewhere in his writings and it was along the cement stairway opposite Angel's Flight--downtown L.A. I used to pass the place he described and glance at it and quickly pass. I admired his writing so much that just looking at where he had once possibly lived was quite magic to me. Of course, I had no idea of ever bothering him. Sometime early this year there was an article on him in the L.A. Times. I should have saved it. I showed it to Linda Lee. I told her, "Look, there he is! My god!"

I'm ~~#****#~~ afraid to read him now because I might not like his writing now. I'd rather leave it like it is. Heroes are hard to come by. ...No, I never met him.

My ~~#****#~~ first experience with a live author? Now, Ben, you know almost everybody is an author. I suppose the first known author I ever met--~~#~~and that was haphazardly--was the guy who wrote EXIT LAUGHING and some other things. But I can't remember his name. I almost said Rupert Brooke, but Rupert Brooke was the great lover who got it in the ass in World War One. Anyway he was a famous humorist and I had seen his photos and I was delivering mail one day and he was in his backyard and I handed him his mail, I recognized the name on his letters, and he was standing in pajamas and bathrobe and with him was this quite sexy wench, she evidently lived with him, much younger, you know, hahaha, and I thought, this fucking writers really get the breaks.

I think I told you on the phone that I'd finished the novel. Now it's back to the poem and the short story. More shit. Alcoholics seldom need x-lax.

yrs.,



Hello Carl:

slow in answering, my ass deep into horses and white wine... enclosed some more photos. afraid there won't be any more for a while. we lost our good \$469 camera while drunk in the back seat of an OWL CAB in Santa Cruz. maybe we deserved it. the cabby asked me if I were Charles Bukowski and I said that I wasn't, wouldn't have anything to do with ~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~that son of a bitch. o.k. so we wait awhile. we must learn not to blow cameras away like that...

I've got all the papers and mags from you, and thanx, if it weren't for you I wouldn't know. you are our contact with existence, over there, anyhow. you are our god. Linda Lee and I often talk about you. not many sentences, like that. but solid good thoughts of your courage and your work and your real decency. and as I sat down to write this, L.L., said, "send him my warmest regards," and so here they are, brother. warm warm warm ~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~warm regards...

I can find all your letters but the last one which I have probably filed into my huge filing case--which is the closet. but I think I'm up on most of which you asked about. --yes, German playboy editors explained why the I KISSED LILLY story didn't go. I am ready for rejects for various reasons. it's all right.

I do wish to hell, though, that there were some way we could get WOMEN going over there. it's the ultimate novel blast of blasts, it should cause riots in the streets. mostly because they will be confused by my viewpoint, ~~#~~~~#~~which I am also ~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~~~#~~confused about. and now and then I do much leg-pulling and they'll never know when I am pulling the leg or jacking-off the truth or writing it as it is, or was. John says we gotta wait until June. I do wish he could get a copy to you, to see if you might care to translate it. right now it's not in final draft. I would like to see it again and maybe take out a few wrinkles.

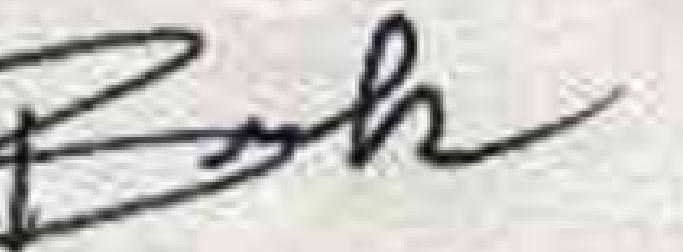
let me hear from you on everything when you get the chance.

YES, YES, YES, Buk

Jan. one, 1978

Hello Carl Suares:

I don't know what has happened to Joe Wolberg. I don't have visitors.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "C. Bukowski". The signature is fluid and somewhat abstract, with the letters "C" and "B" being more distinct than the rest of the characters.

C. Bukowski

Jan. 17, 1978

Hello Charolette:

Susanna gave me your address and also described you in quite an exciting manner; I am the first to realize that few are as described. She mentioned the possibility of you being in L.A. in Feb., something about an "interview". I often wonder where you women are when a man is totally alone, when he's going mad and grieving over the "fortunes" of affairs.... I've got a saying about money: there are only 2 things wrong with money: too much or too little. that might apply to women too. right now I am about 1/2 married to a good women--I live with her about 1/2 a week at a time. I have no desire to hurt her. one might term her jealous; then again you might describe her as concerned or maybe over-concerned. she claims to be in love with me and I tend to believe her.

I tell you all these things in order to explain the possibilities or impossibilities of your visit. maybe I make too much of it. I get that way, often. also, I might be in Paris in late Feb. yet, Susanna draws such a picture of you--that only being human--I'd like to see you, but with caution. should you and I ever happen to get anything going that went into the serious or the insane, then of course we'd have to see after that. what I mean is, that I don't want any trouble before trouble.

I live with Linda Lee from about late Saturday afternoons until about 11 a.m. on Tuesday mornings, then she drives to Redondo Beach. I phone her at 2 p.m. and at 10:30 p.m. and we talk.... I don't want any more interviews, I think I've had too many. but if you'd care to come by for a few drinks of white German wine, I'd say all right, if it's between 2:30 p.m.

and 10:30 p.m., Wednesday through Friday. If this seems too constricted or phoney or unfair to you, well, we'll have to forget it. also, it's safer to write me at

p.o. box 26469
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

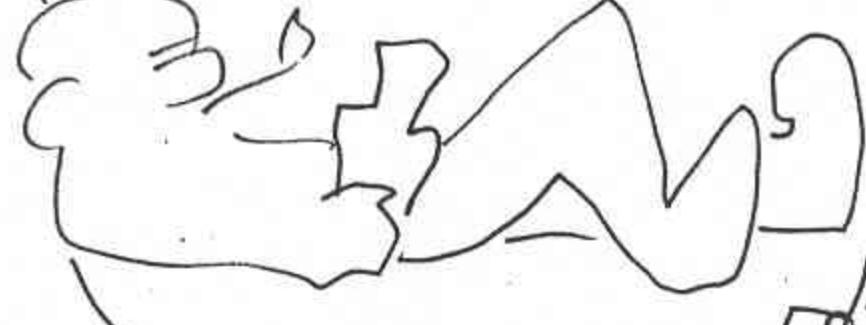
Linda Lee has met Susanna and she liked Susanna, as most of us do. Susanna has immense wit, courage and originality, and like the rest of us she is also pretty emotional. Linda Lee has many of the same qualities with the accent on courage.

I'd like to meet you but if my ground rules seem unsatisfactory, then I suppose we can't.

Galveston is one strange place. I remember Susanna and I on that god damned ferry, drinking beer and dreaming of a race-track somewhere far away... with her to do the driving. She was always good company, though, even when she was feeling shitty.

"Shitty", being a state many women reach when lingering in the vicinity of

Charles Bodenham



Jan. 22, 1978

Hello Carl:

it sounds like you're in real trouble with the back, the spine. be careful, we need you for reasons beyond the pragmatic. let me know how it goes.

sorry about the phonecall, I was very drunk, and things in my life seemed very ~~so~~ obviously to be going in the same old course--things here--or so I thought that night. not that I can't take more of the same trouble, only that it sometimes gets weary and the mind gives way for a while. I'm better now and so are other things. I had been drinking for many hours, many, when I phoned. my apologies.

oh, you tell your wife that almost all the teeth I have ~~left~~ left are in the front. I used to live on one candy bar a day while writing my short ~~stories~~ stories; candy bar and cheap wine, then the old ten year drunk, and the years of starvation. I used to reach into my mouth with my fingers and pull my teeth out. I would just wiggle a loose tooth for a while and it would work out. or I had teeth that I just picked away at, breaking off chunks. it was interesting and not at all fearful. it really wasn't until 1970 that I started eating better and drinking better. I even went to a dentist a few years back and he looked at the x-rays and said, "i don't understand this. It looked like your ~~teeth~~ teeth gave up and suddenly they decided not to give up."

I haven't heard a thing from the French publisher who suggested the Paris trip. Maybe my letter scared him off. I asked not to be placed into a slick hotel but into a ~~place~~ place where the common people lived, the French ordinary, without the American tourist. I also asked not to be fucked with too much. I don't know. Maybe I scared him off. maybe.

I ~~#~~ can still make Germany. I ~~#~~ can afford it but Jesus you'd think some of those publishers would kick in a bit; I might do a few tricks for them to help sales--a few, not too many. ~~#~~ and maybe a reading to help expenses. but I can make it without aid. we'll see. I hope your back is better by then so we can lift a few together. Linda Lee says hello. she's high on you. when I get drunk I brag on you. but don't worry. I still have the old German reserve; I won't slobber all over you when--if--I arrive.

and Carl, I know that Paris, go or not, is pretty much shit and pretty much hard but so is almost everyplace else, and that type of thing I am used to. the Left Bank means as much to me as east Greenwich Village, and Munich or wherever the hell ~~else~~ else would be the ~~#~~ same--people and streets and the moil. still it might be nice to have a look--a small yellow notebook to write down streets and places--New York city or New Orleans, Mannheim or Andernach, it's shit in the sewer, cunts, cocks, police, betrayal, madness, joy and something to drink.

the horses are going very well for me. I have devised a system that entails 5 numbers--I will rate each horse in 5 categories and he will have numbers say like this: 2, 7, 4, 3, 6. each contains a meaning, a compilation: on the final odds of the horse, the first ~~number~~ number must be lower than the odds, the center 3 less than the odds, and the last number near or below the odds, ~~all~~ all ~~depends~~ depending upon the first flash of the ~~tote~~ toteboard and the last. it's quite quite interesting. and it gets me out of this god damned place and away from the typewriter so I don't have to play professional writer.

all right, friend, take care of that back.

Dale

PS - If you see or hear from Dennis, tell him thanks for linkin' us up. Also, thanks to you for helping back at the airport. Also, thanks to Dennis for his drawings. I like them. So far, so good. See you next year, so far, so good.

Jan. 23, 1978

Hello Steve:

yes, John Fante could reach down and ~~#~~get it without any fancy movements. When I was 18 or 19 and first read him, it opened up world's of chance for me--that there was a man out there actually writing and that there were humans among the all that ~~were~~ which I had seen. It was a drink in the desert, a key out of hell. Fante did it, openly and good, very good.

You keep Malone busy now...



MARCH 12 (1978) WITHIN THE DWINDLING YEARS
AFTER THE DEATH OF THE SON LIVING ONLY
THE FATHER AND THE HOLY GHOST...

Hello Carl--

Perhaps a little too much white
wine tonight. Linda Lee in bed
re-reading "A PAVILION OF WOMEN"
and me out here (3:11 A.M.) smoking
and sipping and lucking upon some
Mozart upon the radio. And I get
worried about coming to Germany
but then I think fuck it, I'll
let it slide. And I remember when
you came over here I was
terrified to meet you at the
airport because I'd never been
to one and I didn't know how
and I was afraid I couldn't do
it. Now I've been in and out
of dozens of airports (quite
suddenly) and anyhow—THANKS
FOR STYLING MAGAZINES SUCH
AS STERN AND ETC. AS THEY
COME OUT BUKOWSKI VALA. WHAT
I'M WRITING ABOUT HARVEY IS
I INTEND TO ENCLOSE \$2 AND
IF STERN EVER COMES OUT WITH
(at)

AN APOLOGY-RETRACTATION FOR THE Linda
KING Linda Lee Fuck-up (as demanded
by cable) PLEASE MAIL SAID COPY,
MUCH THANKS. WE HAVE A GERMAN
BOOKSTORE HERE BUT THEY (PAG-ASS
ABOUT 2 MONTHS BEHIND) TIME. FOR
INSTANCE, AS OF THIS DATE, THEY
ARE ONLY STOCKED UP ON AND SO
UP TO STEPN #3. SO, IF THEY
EVER COME OUT WITH THEIR
THING, PLEASE MAIL, O.K.? MUCH
THANKS. LETTER FROM W.C. HENRICK
HAS BEEN IN HOSPITAL FOR MONTHS,
HEART TROUBLE, NOW OUT, HE WILL
BE 90 YEARS OLD THIS MARCH 15.
I HOPE HE LASTS UNTIL I CAN
SAY HELLO TO HIM. I HOPE I
LAST UNTIL....

LINDA LEE SAYS, THAT WE
WILL "DEFILE" YOU. I TELL HER
THAT YOU ARE ALREADY THAT
WAY. SITE SAYS, MAYBE SO
IN A GERMAN WAY BUT THAT
WE SHALL DEFILE YOU IN THE
AMERICAN WAY. I HOPE SO.
ACTUALLY, BOTH SITE AND MYSELF
PREFER A QUIET AND EASY AND
GENTLE VISIT. HELLO TO YOUR
SON AND YOUR WIFE. TELL YOUR
SON I CAME TO SHAKE HIS HAND



March 13, 1978

Hello **Red** —

Yes, I tell you I would ~~be~~ come back and scribble in some more of your books, but didn't. THAT MAKES ME A LIAR. You WIN ONE THERE. But sitting around and signing books IS hardly what my intention was when I sat down to the typewriter. I'M NOT SURE WHAT MY INTENTION WAS, EXACTLY, BUT I DO KNOW IT wasn't to sit around and sign books.

Very TRULY yours,

H. Charles Burham Jr.

June 13, 1978

Hello Daniel Stokes:

Wrote these last week. SAE enclosed, of course.

Making it at Vegas or the horses is the tall crazy dream, of course, but they beat us down with the percentages. I don't know why we can't quit.

It's ~~hot~~ hot here tonight, been typing with both doors open, my girlfriend looking at tv and my big black cat going crazy under his fur. I write these things ~~and~~ drunk, take out some of the kinks while sober. Having my first glass of white German wine tonight at 10:45 p.m. which is pretty good for me.

all right,

Charles Bukowski



August 29, 1978

Hello John:

Just read your letters to Wormwood and NYQ and myself. I think you've gotten yourself into too much of a tizzy over nothing. And I also get the feeling that sometimes when you write to me you consider me somewhat of an idiot.

Let's clarify some points as we hit them in your letter. "The books we publish here are really the important part of the whole scene, as that's where your real income is coming from.."

Point: my income from you is \$500 a month, which amounts to \$6,500 a year. Out of this I pay child support, which is non-tax deductible. As the big boy of your publishing house I am probably listed in the poverty level and eligible for food stamps, and ##### have been for #### years. Of course, you know that in former years I've lived off of less, much less. I haven't complained about this because I am crazy enough to just want to sit down to a typewriter and write. But what I do object to is your telling me how well Sparrow and Buk are doing. It's not all that prosperous and never has been, for me. I speak here of economics only.

"If I didn't publish your books here first, then there would be no German and French translations." This reminds me much of a statement my father made when I objected going to World War II. "But, my son, if it hadn't of been for a war I wouldn't have met your mother and you would not have been born." That, it seems to me, was not a very good pro-war argument. Your statement is not necessarily true. Some of my work was translated and appeared in foreign publications that were never published by Black Sparrow. And, who know? Some one might have suggested a book translation? This is the importance of appearing in magazines. I think the main reason my work has been translated is that, so far, my writing has been strong enough and interesting enough to warrant it.

Marvin Malone has been publishing #### special editions and centerfolds of writers as a regular feature of his magazine for years. He has done it several times past for me and it never bothered you before.

And the reference to a "leash" around Malone's neck... my god, please. You ask that I not feel too free about giving away "large chunks of work, as per Malone." John, all writers submit their work to journals as they write it, poets especially, novelists sometimes and short story and article writers, always. There is nothing criminal or foolish about this process. I send large #### areas of work to Wormwood and The NYQ because they are the best two poetry journals in existence. I write 5, 6, 7, no, I would say ten times the amount of poetry that the average poet writes. If I divided all the poems into little batches of 4 or 5 and sent them off to every crappy little mag in America I wouldn't have time to write, I'd be pasting up envelopes night and day. I think that you are getting over-possessive and wary. There aren't that many spooks in the bush--you have thousands of poems to chose from and they are still leaping off this typer like ##### crazy.

Then in your letter to Malone you ask for ten of the chapbooks to sell to your customers. I don't think he'll react to well to that. It's like your looking for# every edge. Say like in the 75 (really 150 drawings I do for each book). That takes me a month during which time I can do nothing else ##### creative. You sell 75 of these books (signed) for \$2625, which, if you subtract if from my \$6500 salary leaves you only \$3875 to pay me. You've got wet back ##### labor working for you. And once you told me over the phone, "Just think, for every drawing you do, you get \$35." That's when I first thought, this man really thinks me an idiot.

"Let me bring out the books."

You are, John. But you're often like a jealous #### wench. I remember the projected book of Bukowski-Richmond letters. You went crazy on that one. And Richmond went crazier.

as far as, "the whole secret is to be big enough to so that ##### the work gets around and is read by a decent number of people, and yet ##### remain small enough so that the Internal ##### Revenue Service doesn't come around and ask for an ##### accounting of every penny since 1971."

#####

John, if they do, I've got nothing to worry about. I remember once when your office was still in L.A., coming around to do some signings and you said as I walked in, "Here comes the great man, here comes the great writer." O.K. I brought your shipping clerk some beer. Then we got to talking around and your shipping clerk gave you a little sass, and you turned to me and said, "Look at this \$90 a week shipping clerk trying to wise it up with me." That ##### sounded pretty good to me because you were paying me between \$250 and \$300 a month, I forget which. And he wasn't even a famous shipping clerk.

I've ##### stuck with you. I've had offers from New York publishers, I've had offers from competitors. I've stayed with you. People have told me that I was stupid, many###people. That hasn't bothered me. I make up my own mind for my own reasons. You were there when nobody else was, you helped me get money through archives.

You bought me a good typewriter. Nobody was knocking at my door. I have loyalty. I guess it comes from my German blood. But I ask you to leave my mind clear for my writing; all I want to do is type and drink my wine and do some small things. Letters like this are a waste of energy. Just let me write and mail my shit out like any other writer. Don't be too much of a mother hen. I've lucked it with some good poems this year, plenty of them. I'm glad they are still arriving and swarming all over the place. WOMEN is my best work. It's going to cause a great deal of hatred, much reaction, just like any excellent original work of art has always done. ##### Fine. And we should do better in Europe with his work than any other. But I ##### want to go on, I want to write and keep #right on doing my act. I just wish you wouldn't treat me always like the complete idiot. I know what's going on. That's why I'm able to write it down on paper.

You are just like anybody else I know in my personal life. People have a tendency to guide me around, to pull me around by the nose. Once in a while I have to give them a nip on the hand. My old black cat, Butch, does that once in a while. I understand him more and more. Let's hope that you understand me. It's a long time to 80, if I make it, so let's make the road clear with no bullshit on the path. I want to come to your funeral and be able to drop a tear and a small bouquet of flowers. O.K?

BUKOWSKI

Augie 31, 1978

Hello Carl:

Here's a short story try. It still might be too tough for
~~Germans~~ Germans to swallow. No need to return copy. Submitted
here in U.S. to HUSTLER. Played night harness last night, came
home, drank 3 bottles of wine, up until 5:30 a.m. Don't feel
too great tonight, today I mean, it's 2 pm. Will take night off
tonight.

o.k.,

Bube

Sept. 3, 1978

Hello Carl:

On story mailed to you, "BREAK-IN", correction on 2nd line page 9, should read, "No, she'll mean more to you."

On the French trip we'll probably buy a train pass for Western Europe so we'll have mobility. No readings, nothing. We hope to see you and Unc., however.

Still on page 30 of the Travel Book. I guess I'll finish it eventually.

sure,



Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
U.S.A.

air mail



Carl Weissner
77 Felberg str.
6800 Manheim
West Germany

Sept. 3, 1978

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On story mailed to you, "BREAK-IN", correction on 2nd line page 9, should read, "No, she'll mean more to you."

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Bukowski
5437 2/5 Carlton Way
Los Angeles, Calif. 90027
U.S.A.

air mail

Carl Weissner
77 Feiberg str.
6800 Manheim
West Germany



11/18/78

Hello Carl:

in haste, letter to follow... contracts, signed, enclosed.
on~~#~~the Italian film guy, he doesn't sound right. shit,
it's on ERECTIONS anyhow, Ferlinghetti may not give you a proper
bite for your work, might try to work his own agent into deal.
I'd forget it and send the guy onto L.F. Sorry to have loaded
all this on you, was in German-Frence haze of travel numbness.

Right after I wrote Elaine Vangelisti (spell) razing her for
not getting onto Sorin's ass for payments... the check came.
So, if you've written her, sorry again. It's only that I feel
Sorin is slippery from past promises and deals he rather fucked
up on--plane tickets, interviews, any number of things...

Yes, get your people over here while I'm still able to make
mortgage payments...

more later... yes, yes...

Bob

Dec. 15, 1978

Hello Carl:

well, here's the w.f. travelogue submission. if it works I guess some photos from Micheal Munfort will go with it.... although he wasn't there at the French scene. put both trips together, only way for me. in haste, off to race track....

yes,

Hawh

Jan. 15, 1979

Hello Carl:

I hope you haven't started translating WOMEN yet. John Martin and I are at it--I claim he has inserted too much of his writing into the novel. Some pages enclosed to illustrate. I am having the original script xerexed and will soon mail to you. John claims I sent over 100 pages of changes to original script. When I get these from him I will mail them on to you. I really feel he has changed my wordage too much, some times every other sentence. This is ~~dis~~respect to me. I don't care about minor changes in grammar and straightening out past and present tense but when too many sentences are fucked with it disturbs the natural flow of my writing. My writing is jagged and harsh, I want it to remain that way, I don't want it smoothed out. Also large sections of the novel have been eliminated. When you get the total manuscript you will be able to choose what you want in or out. This way your choice is narrowed; I mean the way the#####nevel reads now.

John claims innocence and is going to come down and we are going to go over the whole thing. He told me that sometimes the typist gets tired and throws something in. His typist must have been tired all the way through the novel.

Anyhew, the enclosures are minor changes that were not in the original script I have on hand. I hope you have not begun translating. I asked John, "Would you have done #this with William ####Faulkner?" And he certainly wouldn't have done it with a college professor and not with Creeley, not even with a comma. I guess it is my coming out of the lower working class, bumland, that makes him think I don't quite know what I'm doing. But instinctively I do and he should realize this. Can you imagine him touchin up a Van Gogh? Well, shit...

(over)

Linda Lee and I send hellos of love to you and Mikey and Waltraut.....

o.k.,



p.s.--I wonder what the Frenchies and Italians will think? Looks like I gotta mail them off copies of original #####script plus the 100 pages of changes. It's a good novel now but I feel it would have been a great and a wild novel without the bad writing inserted and the other parts left out. Instead of the centuries getting something great they're just getting this #####milked-down and walked over version....

Feb. 6, 1979

Helle Carl:

technicalities first: yes, rec. from Germany re So. Cal., \$2473.57. Good. I kept the account open there in case something like that might happen. ...on WOMEN, the 100 pages of corrections are lost somewhere. Some of it evidently did get in...for instance at the end I gave the cat black fur and yellow eyes... Anyhow, it's quite a mess-up and I guess John Martin just kind of went crazy. I think it was a pretty shameful thing to do--work in his 'writing', I mean. I guess we all go crazy now and then. Anyhow, the #2nd printing will read better. I guess when people compare the 2 editions they'll never know the real story. They will be more apt to think that I went addled with senility and somebody else went ahead and made the changes for me. It's pretty tough to take because I don't mind being criticized for my own writing but to be laid open for somebody else's isn't so good. Anyhow, I will have to keep a closer watch on John in future work of mine. I doubt that he will fuck me up again. Sometimes I get rather sickened by some of Martin's ####acts and methods. I wish you were my god damned editor, but thank the gods at least that I have you for a translator, agent + friend. (oh yeah, John actually said, "Sometimes the typist gets bored and throws in something." Wonder if Faulkner and J. Joyce were bothered with####that?)

Yes, the 2001 came through by way of Sparrow. Lutz is a good man. on the travelogue I guess Lutz wanted World-Rights and I should have waited. But after City Lights said o.k. I told them that they only had U.S. rights. I haven't signed the contract yet. #### Waiting for Munfort to come over and get his photos (the ones he gave me) so he can mail them to City Lights. When I see what they use then Munfort and I can decide how to share the royalties.

(over)

I'm sorry I sound so low down and also that this sounds so much like a business letter but some# things must be spoken of. regarding Peter Lawrence, I have no contract with him on anything. Again here, I suppose that I have shit for a mind. I'd think for the work you've done with MERMAID BLUES over there, and the fact that it was taken from my work that you and I should get something out of this. What do you suggest? and I'll lay it on him. otherwise we can tell him no deal. am I driving you crazy? maybe my period is coming up.

I'm into the film script with Barbet, 30 or so pages; but I'm surprised--he wants a plot and an evolvement of character. shit, my characters seldom #####evolve, they are too fucked-up. they can't even type. I like to let it go free and sometimes there is nothing to explain about them, they are just jagged edges of something. I don't mind a few hints on how movies should be but when somebody starts working the strings on my puppets they often forget to dance, forget how to do anything. ah well, ah well.

Linda sends love to the gang; letter from gang made her very happy. we hope Mike keeps up his "Hank Pedro" collection. tell Mike and Weltraut we have some marvelous bridges and a bay here ^h were the ships come in from sea, and we still have that extra ^a bedroom. Carl can type downstairs and I can type upstairs, and there is a fireplace for Mike.... Barbet is living at Linda's house and Linda is here. I couldn't stand for him to be downstairs waiting for the typewriter to start on the screenplay....

All right, I guess this is all for the moment...

keep it burning,

yrs.,

Hank

March 24, 1979

Helle Carl:

I haven't heard from the Italians so I suppose the trip is off. I think they must have had the idea I was queer enough to leak promotional bleed for free.

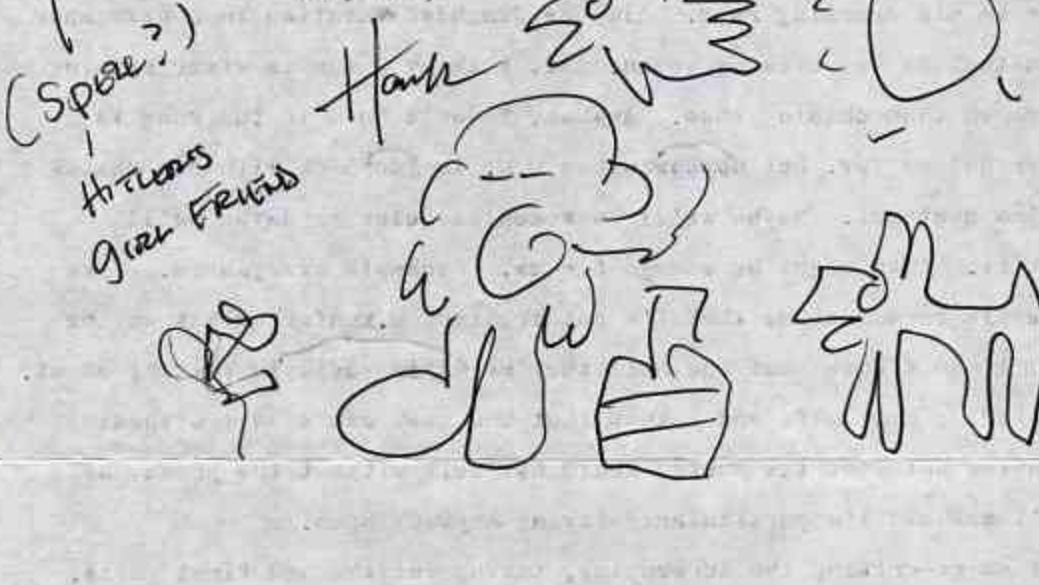
Thanks for word on FUCK MACHINE. I'll kind of slip it off on City Lights so it will scare them into knowing I have my ear to the ground. Munfert is having some trouble with Ferlinghetti. He went up there with his photographs and Ferlinghetti refused to see him that day because he had gotten drunk with Yevtshenko the night before. Further scam is Yev. was upset and screamed because there was no mirror in his dressing room. Also he demanded mention in a newspaper column that he was chasing women. Me, I think a man is wiser running from women than chasing them. Anyhow, I don't know if the scam is true or not on Yev. but ~~anyhow~~ M.M. is ~~back~~ back with his photos and ~~no~~ contract. Maybe we'll go someplace else or maybe we'll forget it. Lutz might be enough for us. Paranoia everywhere. I've had people scream at me that I'm not treating M. Munfert right on the book. I don't know what the hell they're ~~talking about~~ talking about. I'm offering him half, and I know that the book would sell without the photos but that the photos would not sell without the prose, so I don't see how I'm particularly laying anybody open.

I am re-writing the screenplay, taking out the bad first parts. No problems with Barbet, yet. I've agreed with his criticisms except in a couple of places where he didn't quite understand what I was doing.

The January tour sounds all right, ugg, all these egos, if that doesn't develop into something sick I'll not only be surprised I'll be reborn. It's all right with me if we don't have to sleep on the bus together, the whole ego gang. I mean, there's got to be a hotel room each night. If that's understood, o.k. But why in January?

Linda and I send luck and love to the Mannheim gang.

Oh, I have 3 new tires on my car, first time in my life. And I bought a new German cross (medal) for my windshield, ~~real~~ real thing, \$30 from the Alpine Village, a German tourist place up the freeway 5 minutes. You ought to see this one shop. An old gal sits there among this memorabilia: helmets, guns, medals, bayonets, etc. Eva Braun's breech and bracelet are there (documented) and can be had for 5,000 dollars. Linda wants it...



July 14, 1979

Hello Carl:

Actually, I am glad the Jan. tour has been called off. When I think of freezing my bunghole and reading 5 times in one week I don't miss it. If I were alone I would never have said "yes" to it. Linda is so crazy for travel I was doing it for her. And you know the first rule: never do anything for anybody else. So I'm glad it's called off. You hear from Lutz you tell him I don't mind.

Yes, I got WESTERN AVENUE, 12 of them from some company, probably a distributing co., so I have plenty. Somebody sent Martin a batch also. THIS IS SOME GOOD-LOOKING BEAUTIFUL GOD DAMNED BOOK, really a job, those fine pages, cover, the whole set up, it's done in grand style and with love, I think, so fine. And I know you did your usual masterful translation. I keep the book up here in this room where I type, just to look at it now and then. All the other books are downstairs. You hear from Lutz you tell him he's done it again, with your help. Yes, my thanks, you crazy huns.

I seem to be writing only poems now, ten to twenty a week, they seem to be all right, the New York Quarterly and Wormwood taking some and not returning the rest--yet. The Quarterly is going to publish a "craft interview" with Bukowski in issue #27, I think. I tell 'em my craft is to get drunk and write, mostly after the racetrack. I more or less tell them to jam it, but they don't seem to mind. I think the editor is partial to crazies.

o.k.

If the Italy thing goes through in October we will try to come by to say hello to you and Waultraut and Mikey and the cat and lift a few. Will also try to make Andernach and Uncle Hein. Running through Europe kind of scares the shit out of me but then almost anything does. (over)

A couple of movie deals swinging in the wind. If one of them goes through I'll have to see my tax man and figure out how to spend it so the ^{us} tax man doesn't get most of it. Like I get 52% off on the old (1979) black BMW. Now I may have to get the house painted and put in a jacuzzi (spell?) First, let's see. You know, writing is a strange thing: IT CAN ~~NOT~~ STOP. So I'm always ~~precautionary~~ precautionary, figuring out how I can pull out if the roof falls in. I can see myself in a tiny room sucking on a beercan and staring all over again. It would make a good story. As always, there's no rest in my mind, no matter what kind of life it is. The cemetery is the best bet on the board; all we do is stall that number off as long as we can. I'd like to hang around a bit longer, I still love the sound of this typer, the drink to my left, the cigarette to the right, the radio sending me music that is centuries old.

The horses have been lucky lately. Only a week left and the track closes. Don't know what I'll do then. Probably sleep all day. Sometimes I get this urge to go to bed for a week and stay there. I used to do it. It's great. When you get up you are powerful as a ~~#~~ polar bear and everything looks great and different. It lasts about 2 days. Then it's back to shit in the streets and in the heart and in the stratosphere.

Linda sends love to all and wants to know if there is anything we can mail you folks from good old Southern California?

An oil well? The Queen Mary?

so now understand things great and small,

Hank



9-17-79

Hello Carl:

The ecce homo book by George Grosz was an astonishing birthday gift. You certainly know my taste. Some of this man's work reminds me of my own short stories. It is some book and one that can be looked at over and over again. But, Carl, you needn't remember my birthday, you are doing too many things at once, take it easy.

I got the signed pages off to Benno today. I suppose many of the inscriptions were corny, I was at low key, but wanted to get the things off, not knowing how soon Benno would need them.

Your last letter has jumped into the archives somewhere but you spoke of dealing with some nation (Holland?) in a certain way. Carl, whatever you do or ask is o.k. with me.

Smog and heat have descended; this area usually all right, fairly smog-free but the Santa Ana winds ~~blew~~ blew it in from the inner city and we've had ~~it~~ for two days... Linda downstairs looking at an anti-war movie, COMING HOME. I don't bother with those. I don't think any artist is being daring and original when they state that War is Bad. That takes as much courage as hitting grandma behind the neck with a two-by-four.

LUI asked for a ~~piece~~ piece on East Hollywood, so I sat down and typed out a little thing 27 pages long called EAST HOLLYWOOD: THE NEW PARIS. Discovered two typos in the manu, not typos but words left out, but maybe they'll understand. It could be too long. I liked it, I think it jumped. Martin liked it too. But maybe not enough sex? If they send it back, should I ship it to you? And if they take it, who will translate? The best is one Carl Weissner.

I haven't heard anything about the Italy trip, it may have fallen through. I don't care. I stayed out of the mass reading in ~~Italy~~ after reading the list of American names. Just heard from ~~Amsterdam~~, another mass-reading, same American names. I told them "no". Then they offered pretty good terms for a lone reading. Either I said "no" to that or I didn't respond. The poets just love to read. What does it ~~mean~~ mean?

No, haven't rec. any record of man reading my poems to music. Soon, I suppose.

As always, love from Linda and me to all of yours there at good old 77 Feldbergstra. with that ~~phon~~ phone booth out there... Barbet coming to Europe, prob. there now, says he will look you up...

o.k.,



Nov. 9, 1979

Hello Carl:

Won 9 of 11 races today at Los Angeles Alamitos, SI67 in chewing gum money....

Tax forms enclosed, thanks for all this work.

On the East Hollywood piece, I checked the manu after I sent it out. Pretty careless in places. I thought maybe lui would send it back so I waited, figuring I would correct words left out, fucked-up sentences, so forth, and then send it out somewhere else. But I didn't hear, so I sent in the corrections and just after I did I got the acceptance note. It's too bad they cut the anarchist section, I liked that best. But I know the thing was very very long. I just got to sucking on the wine and typing away and I couldn't stop. Not doing much prose lately. Did a thing called FLYING IS THE SAFEST WAY TO TRAVEL, about two guys who hijack and airliner and rape the stewardesses and then blow everybody to shit, including themselves. It's resting with #HUSLTER now. Haven't heard a thing. I'm hooked on the poem now, doing five to ten a week. Not much money in the poem but sure is a good way to get it off.

Back from Canadian reading. Took Linda. Have video tapes of the thing in color, runs about two hours. Saw it a couple nights back. Not bad. Much fighting with# the audience. New Poems. Dirty stuff and the other kind. Drank before the reading and 3 bottles of red wine during but read the poems out. Dumb party afterwards. I fell down several times while dancing. They got me on the ####elevator back at the hotel and I kept hollering for another bottle. Poor Linda. Afterwards in hotel room, kept failing. Finally fell against the radiator and cracked a 6 inch gash in skull. Blood everywhere. Hell of a trip. Plane coming in had to go back. Something falling off of wing. Waited on another plane. Then fog. Couldn't land in Vancouver. Landed somewhere else and they took us back on a 2 hour ride on school bus. Trip 6 hours overdue. But luckily we were a day early. Nice Canadian people who set up reading, though. Not poet types at all. All in all, a good show.

Thanks for sending rundowns on monies. Have rec. all. All is well. Mortgage half payed for. I figure if I get this place payed I can make a stand here after the talent diminishes and they start closing in. It's a great place, Carl. I wish your gang were here in that downstairs bedroom. You'd all like the harbor, and the people. San Pedro and Mannheim are my two favorite places.

Linda and I send love to all. We often speak of you people. Very good feelings about all.

It's good you didn't make Amsterdam, although I noticed your name advertised on the program they sent me. Those festivals are a dry-suck, they are for##poet types who love to read and just mallow in self-love and self-importance. Same names, same gang. A real stack of shit.

All right now, we think of you in your nice apartment, your books there and the table where you eat with your fine family. And where you work. You've carved something very good there. Congradulations. And all good things.

yes, yes, yes,



3-4-80

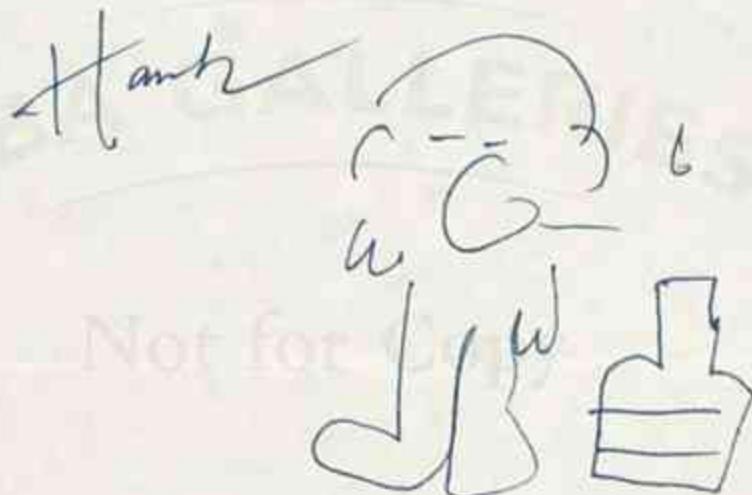
Hello Hank:

Thanks for "Those soft warm bells..." I liked best: Saving Your Ass; My Amazement (except for the last #line), and 10% was best for me, all of it, down to the last two lines. Also, Mortality was right there.

Reading# your poems I get the idea that your life is in pretty good order, still. Like when I met you the 2nd time, back east, you had it in order. I think this is all right. There's no use wading in any more shit than you have to. I don't think a poet has to sit on a bed of knives night and day. But I don't have your luck. I mean my books are selling in Europe but I kept running into waves of confusion and disorder--mostly via the female. I can get an average of 2 and one half years out of a woman and then she goes mad. It may be my fault, but it's so strange: they simply go mad, all at once. They spit it out and they are looney. So you start with another and the same thing happens. At least a man gets to know a great many women this way. If that might be considered as a gain.

Well, I'm still re-working this screenplay I wrote for Barbet Schroeder called BARFLY. It's been over a year now and I think it will be all right. There are a thousand swarming technicalities to deal with and the pay has been all right but I don't think I can do another one of these. Now all Schroeder has to do is get the money. If you ever see my stuff on the silver screen you can barf up your popcorn.

O.k., thanks for the book.



Hvio Carl:

Business first. There's a fuck-up. My fault. I never told you but I had my Cal Fed account switched from the L.A.-Hollywood office to the Palos Verdes Peninsula office. Much closer. So the Fischer (Frankfurt) check is in limbo or will be. I phoned the Hollywood branch and informed them of the change of office. At the time they said no check had arrived. I suppose it will all work out. But for the future the ~~Cal Fed~~ California Federal account is at

Palos Verdes Peninsula Office
606 Silver Spur Road
Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif. 90274.
U.S.A.

My other bank is

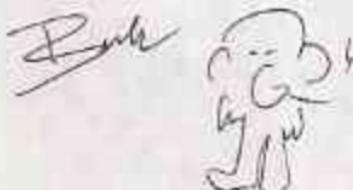
United California Bank
407 West 7th Street
San Pedro, Calif. 90731
U.S.A.

Just finished giving a reading at Sweetwater, a rock and roll joint in Redondo Beach. It went all right until afterwards when most of the people were gone and they put on my buddy Bibelius and I thought I was a symphony conductor on stage, the music got to me, I waved my arms about, lost my balance and fell into a ladder and bloodied my left ear. But got a good write-up in L.A. Times and made some horse money.

Beno and Ryner stayed a couple of days, good falls both. Harbet Schoeder off to Paris to try to help a buddy in the game. He might swing around Europe, sniffing for some money for the screenplay BARELY which has now been re-written 5 times and has taken on a tinge of professionalism. He might, Harbet might make a quick hit at Mannheim.

Meanwhile the horses move closer in to Hollywood Park with a more decent race time--2 p.m. I hope you will come out there with me in May. Nice comfortable place. I go clubhouse there and take valet parking. Have been real lucky at the track lately. Have not lost for some time. We await your arrival with pleasure. We have ON TV, a special channel, so we might watch some grade A movies while we drink our wine. You will have the downstairs bedroom and bathroom to yourself and you will also get to eat some of Linda's fine healthy sandwiches at the famed DINE DROP IN.... Did I tell you? Lets come by. We got him drunk....

Love to your gang from this gang,



The image shows two handwritten signatures. The signature on the left is "Beno" and the one on the right is "Ryner". Both signatures are cursive and appear to be done in black ink on a light-colored background.



GARRY
STRUNG HARRI
TY 1979

AIR MAIL

TO: KARL WEISSNER
77 FELDBERGSTRASSE
6800 MANNHEIM
W. GERMANY

9-1-80

HELLO KARL:

GOT YOUR TABLE WONDERS
BOOK. MUCH THANKS.
DELIGHTFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.
YOU GERMANS PUT LOVE
AND HUMOR INTO YOUR
WORK. A TOTALLY
GREAT THING, AND WITH
MY WRITING AND YOUR
TRANSLATION - IMPROVE-
MENTS WE'VE GOT A
HOT BABY GOING!

ON PG. 68 ON "HAN
ON BYE." I LIKE IT SO
FAR, LOVE + KISSES FROM
LINDA AND ME TO YOUR
GANG.

Hank

Hello Karl:

Yes, it would be great # if WAIT UNTIL SPRING could find a German ~~press~~ publisher. Fante is still alive. I hesitate to call him on the telephone because it feels so much like an intrusion. I feel he is very weak, this great man dying inch by inch, it's sad and it's terrible but life, like you know, is often not very kind, to put it mildly. I do hope WAIT UNTIL ~~SUMMER~~ SPRING makes it and I would suggest a very excellent translator, one Karl Weissner of Mannheim, West ~~Germany~~ Germany.

Speaking of dying and death, Martin the Sparrow phoned this morning and said he was glad to hear my voice. Once again the ~~rumor~~ ~~not~~ rumour got out that I #was dead. This is the ~~third~~ third time in the last 15 years. This time it was Sam Cherry, Neeli Cherry's father screaming over the telephone at John Martin that BUKOWSKI WAS DEAD. And he didn't mean spiritually which is possible but physically, which is also possible. Martin phoned me all day and most of the night. No answer. Phoned Linda's cafe. No answer. Phoned at night. No answer. Well, I was at the track. I drove Linda to work but she forgot her purse so couldn't open the store so I took her to the racetrack with ~~me~~. We had been drunk with the Italian editor of SUGAR CO the night before. He was sick at my place with his girlfriend. So we phoned them to meet us at the track. Musso and Frank that night and some drinking. We got in late. So Martin couldn't reach ~~anybody~~ on the phone. Said he only slept 5 minutes all night.

There is somebody pretty sick out there who starts these Bukowski is dead rumours. I have no idea what would motivate anybody to do this. Anyhow, I don't ~~think~~ think # I'm dead and I'm on page 68 of HAM ON RYE. It's not moving as fast as I would like it to but I think what's there, so far, is all right.

Love and good things from Linda and me to you and those two wonderful people you live with, Waltraut and Mikey.

that buzzard death hasn't gotten any of us
yet....

p.s.- HAPPY 40TH, OLD FRIEND!!!

9-22-80

Hello Red:

Thanks for the Happy Birthday window. Wish I had been there.

Being 60 doesn't feel bad at all. In fact, each year they add
to me I feel better. Death must really be sweet.

Good luck to you at 1643 North.

yes, yes,

Hank

Charles Bukowski

so very
you

II-10-80

Som

Hello Carl:

Thanks for the rundowns. I've already heard from Martin on "Women" and "Stories u. Romane" but not yet on the pocketbook bit.

On the old gal in the Black Fprest, I sent her a ~~#~~ piece of cardboard with Charles Bukowski inked upon it.

I seem to be buried under a mass of various troubles, it drains the balls, but some of them seem to be vanishing--troubles, not balls. I think mostly I get in the way of myself; there's nothing to do here finally but to lock into ~~#~~this room and listen to the typer, drink the wine. Still at page 128 on the novel, got off it for a while and back to the poems. It's best that I do both at the same time--it might take the novel longer but I think it will be better; although I shouldn't think of any of this~~#~~shit at all.

It's good to get in this room, it reminds me of the old days. Linda and I make it some of the time but other times I don't even know who I'm with. It's not her fault. She gets to talking about things and liking things that mean nothing to me. And what I like leaves her dull. It gets like this. The beginnings are so easy--everybody is laughing, there seems to be no trap, each moment seems free and inventive. Then as time goes on our weaknesses seep out and we don't seem to like each other as much. And it gets worse than that.

Lack of space can kill ~~#~~love; it's difficult to care for somebody if you have to live in a shoebox ~~#~~with them. But the rich have problems too--sometimes they get so much space between each other that they can't find each other.

Well, friend, trouble has always been with us from the beginning and it's not going to stop now. I will have to say, though, that in the worst of times your letters always seemed to come along with some good news, or just the way your wrote the words down, those letters of yours helped me through. You, and something to drink. Without the two of you I'm sure I would have thrown it in.

If you come to S.F. for a week in April it would be wonderful but only if you can make it down here and lift a few with me. You must! But don't bring Burroughs.

all right now. luck and hold and forward,

Hank



P.S. - Hello from Linda and me to everybody . . .

I-9-81

S
O
N
S

Hello Louise:

I know you think I'm a son of a bitch for not keeping closer touch, but you know how that happens--give a man a touch of fame and he's too busy watching his own ass in the mirror to remember the real beginnings.

You probably still have your emphsemia (spell?) but I always figured New Orleans was luckier for you than any other place. Whenever I saw you there I figured you belonged there rather than the other places. Jon's been gone a long time but both of us know what good things he did for both of us.

I hope it's going o.k. for you.

With me, it's about the same. Still drinking, typing and playing the horses. I live in a big house now. It's not paid for but I live in it. First time I've ever had all this space. A good place to die, I guess. Finally living with a woman who isn't a whore. She's religious but most women are. Not much I can do about that. It's her business.

My luck's good in that most of my fame is in Europe. Over there I can't walk the streets. Here it's ~~#~~good. I can live a normal life. Especially in San Pedro. Old harbor town full of working people, Mexicans, Blacks, Yugos. My neighbors don't bother me. I have 3 cats and much ground out front. I grew some stuff last year--now it's all weeds. Got to get it cleared out. This house is screwed up. Had a handy man here, did his own plumbing and wiring. Got to pay somebody to straighten things out. Got to keep ~~#~~writing for the plumbing, the wiring and the mortgage. Really not that. It still feels mad and clean to sit down in front of this thing....

You ever come W west, do visit us. phone (213) 832-3170. We have an extra bedroom and we drink good wine. Linda knows about you. We've got one copy of CRUCIFIX and one copy of IT CATCHES left. We show them to people when they come by and they marvel at the artistry of the bookwork, as they should.

I hope things are all right with you.

Jesus, whatever happened to William Corrington?

love,

Hank Bub
E-B &
H.G.J.

Hello Carl:

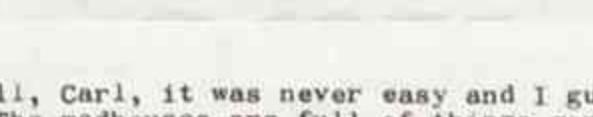
Thanks for notice of 2001 "Strip" royalties. Did you take your percentage?

Yeah, the Italians were all right; human enough to believe; none of that Artsy talk. I might go to Italy, I might not. It's some time off and I have to think about it. It might be good for me to get my ass out of America again. And if I knew you were going to be there it would sure take the sting out of the dumb lostness I feel when dislocated. Then, you know, we could both write about Rome. Very literary.

I got the BIG ASSED MOTHER, really enjoyed it, this guy is really GOOD! He can draw the feeling of it. He has the flavor of what I was trying to get at--the simple stroke of desperate madness, something out of nothing. A book like that would make me laugh my rocks off. I hope it can be done. Another curious thing--he has me looking exactly as I look. It's quite ~~#####~~ miraculous the way he's gotten it down: not only the features and so forth but also the arms, the body, the shoulders, the posture. Jesus, he's got in down to the last shadow of an inch. I feel like he's been following me around while I've been sucking at my wine in my shorts here each night. That's the way I type, sitting in my shorts with my gut hanging out. It could be that you have described me to him. If so, congrats. You are one hell of a translator. It would be great if he could do a book like that. I'd prefer to see it in German, I'd really get it off on that. Well, let's hope.

I should be getting back into the short story after I finish HAM. HAM has been harder and slower than the other novels because where I didn't have to be careful with the other novels, I have to be careful here. That childhood, growing up stuff has been painful for most of us to do, go through, and there is a tendency to make too much of it. I've read very little literature about that stage of life that didn't make me a little bit sick because of its preciousness. I am trying to luck it into the balance, like maybe the horror of the hopelessness can create some slight background laughter, even if it comes from the ~~####~~ throat of the devil.

I see Linda at odd times, but basically we're finished. She was, is, a good woman. But I can't seem to get past 2 and one half or 3 years with any of them. What I must be careful of is not to get quickly involved again. There's no need for me to prove that I can live with another woman. I've lived with more women than any 5 guys I pass on the street on any given day. I need a space, an empty ~~####~~ space to walk around in. Women. Woman. It's all a trap. They trap you in and then they start and the longer you are with them the more they try to work you over. You become nothing to them, finally. They treat a traffic cop with more decency. Well, it's all right, it's just a kind of mechanism that occurs and takes over. You can see it in their eyes, hear it in their voice. Women are not as steady as men. Their nerve-endings poke into space. Men are steadier. They just want to do their work, avoid war and sleep well. Women are always probing. They want something more. Men know better: there isn't any more. We settle for ~~##~~ small victories and are damn glad to get them. Women demand what can't be there. It's their nature. Finally there's nothing left to do but to turn them loose to another man, another woman, another place. Then they will begin with a fresh newness somewhere and later end up in complaint.



Well, Carl, it was never easy and I guess it was never intended to be. The madhouses are full of things gone wrong. Lots of mothers' boys in there and lots of mothers' daughters. If you don't understand the totality you are going to feel badly wronged and if you feel badly enough wronged you are going to crack. Crack, crack, crack.

Reading the letters of Hemingway. Awful stuff. At least in the ~~#####~~ early letters. He's quite a politician. Playing with, meeting the powers that be. Well, maybe it was all right? There weren't so many writers then. Or magazines. Or books. Or things. Now there are hundreds of thousands of writers and thousands of lit mags and many publishers and many critics, but mainly, ~~####~~ hundreds of thousands of writers. Say you call a plumber nowadays. He'll come over with his pipe wrench in one hand, his plunger in the other and a small chapbook of his selected madrigals in one of his asshole pockets. Even see a kangaroo in the zoo, he'll eye you and then pull a sheath of pomes from his pouch, typewritten, ~~####~~ single-spaced on waterproof 8 and one half by eleven.

Well, you know, they've always said, "Every man is a poet." But I think many of those poets aren't men. Or women either. But that's all right. If I don't have to read it.

Carl, I hope it's going o.k. with you.

~~###~~

out here we are still kicking Budha's gong around.

ya,



4-22-81

Hello, Carl, you old war dog:

It's been a long time and I haven't heard and since you are the only man I consider my friend, I wonder. I hope it goes all right. You are one of the least-complaining creatures I have ever known.

Here I am 3/4's finished with HAM ON RYE. I think it's going all right. I mean, chapter by chapter I think it has some zonk; how it's going to read when it's all added up, only the gods know, and they are busy pissing out the window.

Italy seems curious now. Many offers to go over there. But no. I don't feel like it. Italian tv wanted to do a Doc on me but I said, "no". I am getting very tired of exposing my asshole ~~private~~, continually. There needs to be more time for me to say something new. It's very ~~dangerous~~ dangerous to expose ~~every~~ every nerve-tic of the moment, continually. That's how they eat you up. They are doing a movie of some of my stories, Marco Ferrari directing, Ben ~~Gazzara~~ Gazzara acting Chinaski. I met them both, got drunk with them. Gazzara o.k. Ferrari a real human. Anyhow, that can drain the shit out of your ass, and I'm glad it's past. I know I may seem to wary of things, Carl, but I've been having so much luck with the Word that I don't want to mutilate ~~tiny~~ flickering ~~tiny~~ gift.

Linda and I are kaput. It's final. She's staying with friends and I am going to help her set up in an apt. and help her in what ways that are needed to get her going out there and ~~to~~ to keep her going. She's a good little woman, one of the best I have known, no, she is the best. But things happen, finally. Much of it could be my fault. My mind only operates in certain areas. I am not one of those who has the ability to vocally tell a woman that I love her. Because I'm never sure, ~~anyhow~~. Like, I've ~~written~~, I must think. (forgive the punctuation and so forth) Love could be a form of prejudice. You just lay it on what's near. O.K. so?

One of Linda's ~~complaints~~ complaints was: "When you go upstairs to type you leave me alone, I am all alone."

"But I'm up there typing. It's my work. Other men work as plumbers, pimps, cops, bakers, dishwashers. I'm only ~~doing~~ doing what I do, what I have to do, what I like to do."

"But when you're up there typing, I'm down here alone."

"But I'm up there alone. We're in the same house. I'm not out with another woman."

"But I'm alone."

Worse, she ~~told~~ told me, "Writing is your crutch."

And that really hurt, because it's true. If it weren't for the god damned word and the kindness of the bottle I would have long ago been ~~in a madhouse or suicided out.~~

So, feeling neglected, ~~I~~ started going out, doing things. Taking classes ~~in Spanish~~ in Spanish, taking dance classes, going to spas and attending more and more of her gatherings toward the religious master

herr Meher Baba, somebody who died in 1969, claiming he was god. All right, she kept going places and going ~~places~~ places, I don't think a man was involved, but? I didn't check. I was upstairs typing, alone.

On Sundays she joined a softball gang. She left at noon and came back at 8:30 p.m. bringing one of the members of ~~the~~ team with her and they sat drinking from our wine supply while I continued typing upstairs, alone.

"I see the cats," I told her, "more than I see you."

"I'm trying to build a home for you," she said, "but you won't accept it. You are one of the most miserable and lonely men I have ever met."

CLASSES

"Ah, cut the shit," I told her, "I ~~usually~~ usually wake up happy until you start in on something."

~~now~~

"You resent my friends," she said. "You want to keep me in this place like a jail."

"IT's o.k. if you go out on ~~one~~ or ~~two~~ nights a week but it's gotten to be 3 or 4. I don't feel like I'm living with you."

"You ~~have~~ have your writing. You are trying to restrict me. I like movies, I like people. You don't like movies, you don't like people. If I had my way I would go to a movie every night. I want to ~~find~~ find myself, I want to see people, I want to have FUN!"

I've heard this before from women that I have lived with. I know that when they get talking this way, it's over. I just give it up. I send them out into the world that they so much love. I want to emancipate them. I want ~~them~~ them to be free. It is necessary that they find themselves. I hope they do. I have turned any number of them into their space of freedom. I am a good guy that way.

Martin bringing out a new book of poems, Dangling in the Tournefortia this summer or fall. I ~~like~~ like this book because it's HOT. What I mean is, it is ~~supposed~~ to be the poems of the last 2 or 3 years but half of the poems selected were of the last 6 months and half of the 6 ~~months~~ months' poems were of the last 32 or 3 months. It's been banging wild and good. We all get into these hot streaks. I'm like a guy at bat hitting .523 on ~~July~~ July 2nd and I've ~~already~~ already had 2 hits and the pitcher burns one in, I see it cleanly and clearly, bang out a triple, just like breathing, just like being gifted a virgin, just like anything miraculous. It's going to be a good book, Carl. I ~~didn't~~ didn't like PLAY THE PIANO. There was a certain verve and gamble missing. This one is loaded to its ~~red-necked~~ ears.

Any time you come over here now there is plenty of space. And I hope to keep it that way. I ~~am~~ am ducking the female. The female is only a mirage. And the fag is a worse mirage. My problem has been that the moment I have gotten rid of one female, another arrives immediately as if upon some ~~devilish~~ devilish schedule. I hope this time to duck and leap aside.

I hope that you are all right, my friend.

You wonderful German song of a bitch, you are the best.

don't hold, let them hold, we are going for the center of the sun

Hats



Place to WOLFAUT (ON)
MIKEY FROM DER

Bear

Bukowski
1148 W. Santa Cruz st.
San Pedro, Calif. 90731
U.S.A.

AIR AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL AIR

Philip Morris Philip Morris

Unsmoked 40c Unsmoked 40c

Carl Weissner

77 Feldbergstrasse

D-6800 Mannheim-I

W. Germany

Augie what? II, 1981

Hello Carl:

Great on the Greek! Four books! Jesus Christ! Terms sound fine. I hope to get to see them when they come out. I love those foregien language books, to see my words in other clothes, it's a real thrill, man! ...on Das Liebesleben der Hyane I only got the one copy you air mailed me... no, I just looked, I see there is another copy. So I got two, somehow, which is better than most times.

Anyhow, I'm real happy to be a Greek and thanks much for your work in the matter. I don't see how in the hell you find time to do all the things that you do.

On DANGLING, Martin said summer, which I transfer from experience to mean fall, which means late Sept., early Oct.

Sent some shit to a little recently, they took, asked bio info. I mentioned DANGLING IN THE TOURNEFORTIA. When I got their poem mag they had changed it to DANCING IN THE TOURNEFORTIA, which is the way those minds work and when I opened the book and saw what kind of poetry they printed I was not surprised.

God, 61 on Sunday. Death comes creeping with bad breath. I tend to ignore the #years and do just about what I always do, type, drink, play the horses. The only change I've madess is to deal less with the female; they jangle the brain cells and distort vision, can spoil days, nights, months, years. Much of HANG ON RYE was written under conditions of warfare and madness. But when I #look back I realize that most of my stuff was written under the same conditions. But I still don't mind peace and easiness at all, and I deliberately seek such.

all goods,

Bubs



Labor night, Sept. 1981

Hello Carl:

Not much, this is mainly to return the photo you wanted signed Schwarze. As you must guess, I much prefer the factory workers pros.

I am glad you and Waultraut have ~~signed~~ signed a truce. Luck it.

Finished making the ~~per~~ corrections on HAM ON RYE. Only re-wr. pages completely. Have mailed it off to Martin. He ~~says~~ says it will be published some time next year. Meanwhile, DANGLING continues dangle at the printer's in Ann Arbor. October, maybe.

It feels good to have my teeth still into the typewriter. It has been, so far, the one solid thing I could bet on.

If you could get Lutz to send me 6 copies of THE LOVE TALE OF HYENA, I would like that.

I was asked by the L.A. WEEKLY to do a weekly column. So I'm going to call it NOTES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN. Have mailed the first column in to them. I hope it works. I much prefer to do this type of thing, meeting a deadline, then seeing what I have worked on to get right into print. The pay certainly doesn't match the HUSTLE paycheck, 75 bucks vs. one or two thousand but the freedom of what you want to write is there. At least, I think it is. We'll have to wait and see. In case you don't know, the L.A. WEEKLY is a give-away they make it by advertising. The editor phoned me one morning and wanted to know if I'd like a shot at it. The call came at a most curious time since I had just finished the novel.

I'm playing the harness horses at night which has switched me around. I must write in the daytime, which I don't do very well, I must start in after midnight, which I usually do, opening up the old wine bottle. It's hard ~~for~~ for a man of my habits to live w/ a woman because I'm either gambling, drinking or writing. They have all complained to me about it, quite. But I don't know what to do about it. But on the other hand, I have seen many discontented women whose men did none of these things. I suppose it's hardly a valid viewpoint but most women seem to excell in discontent and unhappy

To ME
Have been attempting to read the letters of Hemingway. That feels certain to touchy to ~~criticism~~ criticism of his writing. I'm lucky. When I read a review of my work and I am attacked with vigor, I rather like it. I know that I have affected somebody. The good reviews worry me. I feel that I might believe them and then start writing bad stuff. I owe my father so much, he was such a perfect monster that he prepared me for the future.... I hope that you translate HAM ON RYE for Lutz. It's not going to be all that melior. Carl. I think Gogol's old "laughter through tears" might apply with this book.

Good luck at the office. The freedom to type at the machine must never be displaced by anything.

continue,

Buk

G-B
W.P.
J.E.

Bukowski
1449 W.

Dec. 17, 1981

Hello Stevenson:

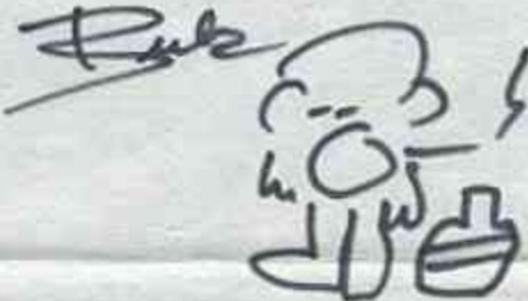
That was some long letter, it must have taken you a couple of days to write it.

I don't have any prose on hand. Herewith some poems I wrote last night while drinking my Concannon petite sirah. If any of them work for you, fine; if not, send back in enclosed barf bag.

I know all about Hollywood and Western and nearby parts. I used to live at 5437 2/5 Carlton Way. Actually the area has lost a bit of it's charm--the crazies then had a bit of style, now they seem burnt-out#, just run on pure hate. When they started having a murder every other month at the Time Motel, I got out.

I suppose, though, it's still an exceptional area for somebody who tends to type. Luck with yours.

all right,

A handwritten signature of "Bob Dylan" is written above a stylized drawing of a figure. The figure has a large, bulbous head with a prominent nose, a small mouth, and a tuft of hair on top. It wears a simple, rounded tunic or coat. The drawing is done in a loose, expressive sketchy style.

Hello Jack:

Glad I slipped 5 past you.

On other matters, don't know if I'll do any more L.A. Weekly, have had some censorship problems with them. Can't blame them, I guess, their clientele ain't exactly enlightened out of bounds.

Yeah, I know about letter-writing. in ye old ~~dazzle~~ daze I used to do 3 or 4 long ones to anybody anywhere. I think it's a good energy sign. And by saying things in an easy and interesting way in letters there is a possibility that one might ~~transfer~~ transfer that same interesting easiness into that old staid and steady but generally # dull-for-centuries Art-form.

Your friend Bill sounds all right, the 6 pack and the cigar smoke. But I think it takes more than one 6 pack to get off, at least 2. I've switched to the wine myself and also gotten off the whiskey and so forth ~~because~~ because the wine is too hard on the stomach in the morning, although the shits are great. also, when you get past 60 it turns to pure weight. And in this cheap society when you get past 42 waist-size you got to go to ~~shops~~ special shops, like the BIG BOYS PLACE and they sneer at you when you are only 6 feet tall. so I'm on the wine, like where I began. only it's a little better brand now. Bab

The L.A. Free Press as known is finished. The guy at ~~Horn~~ Hustler bought it, then junked it after 3 or 4 issues. Probably a tax write-off deal. Too bad. I ~~used~~ used to joke with the girl at the switchboard, "Well, dolly, you and I are the only survivors." (spell? I'M drinking) When it moved out over the freeway I smelled doom. I used to aike it when it was down the street and there was always some junked-out hippie sitting near the doorway trying to play a guitar. Not that I ever liked the hippies--they lacked individuality but I think they all had some lesson for us that ~~we~~ ~~didn't~~ didn't quite pick up on. I don't mean that soft-underbelly John Lennon bullshit but something closer to the target.

Well, no, the Free Press ~~you~~ talk about which I haven't seen (spell.???) is not it.

Re: the High Times interview or all others. I deal with all in the same way. I am a drunk. They come by with their sets of questions and Linda and I keep pouring more and more drinks and we are true alkies and we just like to drink and they have their tape machines and it really turns into babble and we give them more than they want, much more, much more to drink than they want, it gets confusing, and it gets to be just drinking and babbling and finally they leave sick or stay and sleep it over and then have to face the tape machine and attempt to unscramble the total result of it. This is their pain. What else do they expect? Interviews can eat out the marrow of any luck of creativity. So the best way to do is to piss on them. A young man came all the way from Germany to interview me and I ended up spitting on him. This is not nice, unless you met the young man. Or maybe you'd side with him. No matter. The interview has nothing to do with what I am trying to do or not to do. So like with the poetry reading: No more unless I really need some food on the table.

I'm like you, I've got friends in and out of jail, not too many but mostly I lay low, the royalties have been good for a while and I'm at a personal peak but I'm quite aware of how quickly things can ~~change~~ change in the wind, I am ready for the small room and the roaches and the mice again, I will be able to handle that. Once you lose your ~~swifte~~ off the edge of the word you're like an old quarterback gone stale. But I still feel like I got a few long passes left, even though they might be Hail Marys.

The best thing I feel good about in life besides a lot of easy and fat lucky typing is getting rid of a few women who really shit all over me while I was asleep awake dreaming or looking the other way. This doesn't mean that I consider the entire female race as bad. Only most of ~~her~~ that portion which I have met.

~~signature~~

so long to you,



1-5-82

Hello Stevenson:

Believe I sent you a poem "the girls". ~~and~~ 2nd para. from bottom page two, I mispelled "alcohol". I'm one guy who ought to know how to spell it.

o.k.,



Hello Carl:

No check from Benno yet. He was supposed to cough up in January, it's damn near February. He was much more honest in the old days, what's happened?

Munfort tells me that 2001 is going to be sold. Will this be bad for you? Will you still be able to translate for the new company? I mean, suppose they take HAM ON RYE? You're the one I want to translate that one. I'd be truly worried if anybody else did it. You are one of the main reasons that my #!!!stuff has moved so well in Germany.

I haven't heard from you in some time and I hope that you are all right. Are you getting drunk with Joe Fauser? That's all right, but lay off the drugs.

That newspaper that was going to do a #!!!short story a week for, I scared them off with some of my stuff. "We just can't print this in a neighborhood throwaway." I suppose they're right. Oh, for the old Free Press, Open City days!

Since finishing the #!!novel, mostly onto the poem; they seem easiest in my present state of mind. Just open the bottle and let roar. The next morning there are 4 or 5 poems on the floor. Then I get drunk the following night in order to straighten them out.

I enclose a review of Dangling from the New York Times. Of course, any mention there is good. But this particular reviewer seems highly overeducated. I don't think I'd enjoy a night of drinking with him.

Well, Carl, I hope you're all right. By now you've probably seen Patrick Roth. He packs a hell of a lot of talent and besides that, he's a good soul.

hang in,



Mother's day, 1982

Hello mother:

Listen, Stevens, it's bad form to send a xerox of your letter because the other guy knows you're saving yours for yourself and maybe saving his and then someday trying to maybe make a book of that shit. I mean, if ~~you~~ you're going to try to do it that way you might as well be a door to door ~~salesman~~ salesman, right?

A letter is something to be given away, not kept, that's what usually makes them read better than the art-form because we've got our pants down. you know?

About the local poet seeking ~~publicity~~ publicity and having his friend do a bit on him, this type of thing is just congenital weakness--the same reason these great poets read for nothing week after week to crowds of 14 or less (the other 13 being the other poets who read to the same poets). they're still crowing because they got some publicity in LIVING a month or so back. The friend mentioned that his friend was mentioned FIRST in the article. How weak can you get?

Don't worry about these. It's a local push. They can't get out of their self-congratulatory village (LA).

If there is any reason for writing, they write for all the wrong reasons. Many are supported by their wives, mothers, others for a while. But the mothers die, finally, and the wives run ~~away~~ away with say, the meter readers, who at least have the decency to speak of other things beside themselves.

I know that you're kidding a lot about the homos. The arts are full of ~~them~~ them but they have a right to go there. They do have a tendency to help each ~~other~~ other, that's only natural, and they do tend to be sensitive to life forces because they were once outcasts. I've got nothing against them, they can do whatever they do as long as they don't move on me. I don't even want most women moving on me. All right, things disappoint, but after a while they don't, they become the reality of what occurs. What happens in life is much like a fart in a crapper--it ~~occurs~~ happens.

What the Nazis taught us was that when you get mad about something and sing about it and go together against impossible odds you got a hell of a ball game going. The underdog always has to take extreme measures in order to break out of the trap. I'm not saying that they were right. Or wrong. ~~Nelson~~ was out of his mind, I think, but he'll probably be remembered much longer than you and I. He was a crackpot ~~inventive~~ inventive. He was also a coward. When I ~~check~~ check some guy walking into a bank and holding it up, of course, he's an asshole, he doesn't properly measure chance against reality, but I'd much put him on a higher order of life than the ~~stand~~ bland and safe clerks he extracts the money from. The measure you take ~~is~~ is: can you take what you are trying to do against others?

Regarding your letter from Bill, shit, I used to live on Carondelet. Rats as big as small lap dogs. I liked ~~New~~ New Orleans, not the famed French quarter where everybody went but I ~~liked~~ liked the other side of Canal street where the really poor just faded out together. I starved there with style. I mean, when things are as cheap as they can get and one meal a day can hold you, there's a chance. There's a chance if you can avoid the 8 hour day without any body supporting you. You ~~can~~ learn little quiet ~~things~~ things. There ~~was~~ was an old guy, he sat out on the porch of where I had my room. When I camgout he always told me the same thing: "God damn, my feet hurt, I can't even lace my shoes." I liked him. I ~~didn't~~ didn't answer him. But I looked and he knew. I walked all over that fucking town. I even got a job ~~once~~ once. No, twice. I had a couple of years of journalism. I finally got a job as an errand boy on the N.O. Item. For less pay than a roach. And I got canned because I was always in the bar in the alley out back where I was in love with a barmaid 23 years older than I. Looking for ~~other~~ maybe. It was her ~~eyes~~ eyes, though. great. I never spoke to her. Except my last night in town. I ~~told~~ told her I was taking a bus out of town. She broke down right there and cried. I walked out. I was just a kid. I didn't have the guts of a snail. I had mis-used her heart. No wonder I was nothigg. No wonder the short stories kept coming back from the Atlantic and Harper's. Not that they were printing good stuff. Not that mine was worse. But, within me, not good enough...

Al's Bar? Yes, they asked me to read.

My girlfriend says, "yes, that's a great place. all the people hang around there."

Which made me know that it was no way.

Reagan? No, I don't like him. But, hell, man, I've never liked any of our presidents. Even the favorite of all time--the Kennedy kid. He was too smooth and self-satisfied for me. He knew he had the gleam and he leaned into it, he bathed himself in it. This, to me, became ultimately terrible and untrue. He was the big ~~clever~~ clever playboy who had just decided to come around between the swimming pool and all the extra-secret fucks on the side, he had just decided to come around and charm us for a while and run the country, cool and even, you know. Too much ultimate personal satisfaction. But as for brains and leadership he was leaning to his clever teachers and the masters of ~~the~~ past, mainly Franky D. and also a touch ~~of~~ of the guy who got murdered in his bathtub, the radical you know, the one who some of the songs are about, or were.

9/30/82.

I don't have any poems for your next issue. The recession has me by the balls. ~~Europe~~ European royalties (I'm drunk but it's ~~true~~ true are being held ~~back~~ back on various ~~excuses~~ excuses, so I'm ~~scribbling~~ scribbling now, writing dirty stories for the girly mags, and I don't mind it, I like it when the walls close in and I'm forced to sit at this chopper and hack it.

Ultimae*ly*, I think you're a good kid hanging around Hollywood and Western

often I ~~wish~~ wish I were back there and I ~~soon~~ soon may be.

to me, the only ultimate glory is to get drunk and drunker.

the gulls of Venice beach will steal the
wheels off of your car,
you must ~~not~~ understand
their need
but ~~not~~ blow their brains out if
you catch them....

Bub
EJ
WB

5-25-82

Helo Jack:

good luck on your journey, like this ain't gonna help. hope this belles titsuck lettre gets to you.

when I was bumming I tried to stay out of the cold climes but they forgot to tell me about Atlanta and parts of Texas.

I know what you mean about that part of Hollywood. I was there and it got worse. it just got ~~#~~sadder and drier, all the little style it once had, left. bingo, gone.

but in movement, there's hope, somehow, although there's something about leaving beats arriving. but Humanity is pretty much unchanged no matter where you land. Philly and New Orleans were best. And the women of Texas, but wherever you go there's some fat dumb sons of bitches sitting on the pile and ~~sp~~pissing on top of your ~~head~~ head. turn on a tv anywhere and the death ~~lights~~ lights up and scares the roaches ~~across~~ across the tabletop.

evidently you have some trade, something to do with printing, presses, that helps. it beats lining up to try for a dishwashers job at a hotel. And I guess they have machines for that now.

but I don't have to tell you that there are a lot of guys getting so-called good time pay who are living where Dante wrote M about. they have wives who get better and better about complaining about nothing and they have spoiled children growing up hating them for ~~giving~~ giving them new automobiles at age 16 and college educations to follow. nothing ever seems to work for most people. that's because most people just don't have inherent style.

it's a worldful of stiffs and the world is getting stiffer.

I remember walking into New Orleans the first morning at 6 a.m. through the black district and some black bitch hollers at me, "HEY, POOR WHITE TRASH!"

she thought I wanted the same thing she did.

actually, what I wanted was a room to drink in alone and not to think too much while I was drinking. also, I wanted to write down words but not in their way. I don't mean the black bitch's way. I mean all the bitches and bastards ways. mainly, I wanted drinking and waiting for the ax. watching a fly work around the room. as per women, I knew they would be trouble. Who the hell would want a guy who would like to sit about drinking and watching a fly and so forth? ~~the~~ voice has always been one: "We never go anywhere! Why don't we go to a movie? Let's have some friends over! Let's go to the zoo! Let's go to Musso's for ~~dinner~~ dinner! lets...."

well, there are things you know and walk into anyhow because you think you could be wrong, you usually are, and then... and along with the women come the mothers and sisters and brothers and cousins, they all want a bite of your left ~~hand~~ dripping sack. and if you try the whores like I tried the whores you have different troubles; you live with them you have to hide your wallet and your car ~~keys~~ keys and your general sanity. drugs, man, and the hearts of them so cold, no excuse of the streets could produce that, only the ~~dumb~~ dumb drab innards of their shithouse minds.

this tequila is not bad.

You see Norman Mailer in an ~~Arizona~~ Arizona ~~capper~~ crapper, tell him I didn't ~~#~~ say ~~#~~ hello.

hold,

Ryk [Signature]

May 29, 1982

Hello Carl:

HAM ON RYE was hard to sit down to, to write the first word down. After that, it got easier. I think I had the distance to bring it off. I thought about it a month or so before I began. After all, who wants to read childhood stuff? It brings out the worst kind of writing.

I hoped to bring in the sense of the ridiculous and some humor.

My parents were strange. Oh, yes. It's not in the book but once when I came in from the bum weighing 139 pounds they charged me room, board and laundry. Maybe I put that in FACTOTUM. I don't remember.

I'm back to playing with the peeps now. Although HUSTLER recently asked me for a short story so I sat down and typed them a ~~piece~~ ditty called THE HOG. I liked their reject: "... the subject matter is just too strong for us to handle. Specifically, it's the bestiality and also its violent result that we don't feel we can accept."

So I popped it off to German Playboy. It should make them shit up a raw wienersnitzel but I expect it back.

Linda sends her hello. The cats do too.

hold,



9-20-82

Hello Steve:

Well, the "good woman" is gone. She comes in at the end of WOMEN. We remain friends, haha. The poor dear, her "goodness" slowly simmered away. It was very gradual. It became mostly a desire to go various places at night until ####a.m. hours. It got more and more that way, especially after I purchased her a new Fiat, then she had excellent transport. It became almost every night out, meanwhile stating that she "loved" me. Pretty hard to believe when #####they're not around. Well, it's over like they all get over.

Now, shit, look at me. 62 years old, living in this big hous with 3 cats. There are moments when I doubt exctly what I'm doing, but those moments were always there. But I don't mind the peace. She claimed that I deserted her. "When you go upstairs to type, I am alone..."

There's no way. These affairs always start funny, full of intelligence and the like, then gradually they turn.

I hope your luck is better than mine.

I still type. An occasional story, mostly poems. Now froth with an ####idea for a new novel. I might get into it. This typewriter whore of mine is the most faithful thing around.

I hear you were robbed and beaten. There are always these cowardly fuckers around. Get yourself a big dog. Mean. You've got a right to breathe. And meanwhile,

hold,

Hank
by G.W. Jr.

Setp. what? 29 Yom Kippur
no, 27, and into the wine...

Hello Steve:

The longer the women stay away the better I feel.

Thanks for letter and photos. You were suckered into a beating-robery that any man would have been baited into. Don't feel foolish about it, you were only chasing the miracle. One always hopes in spite of all. And then, like you, gets the knif in the back plus extras. They came all the way from Watts to get Whitey. I'm glad I'm not black, I've got enough ~~#malestrom~~ diggin at me now.

You know, in my day, they just used to rob a man ~~#~~and let him go. Now they want to kill him on top of it. Stupid rat-rage onl gets them Time. I know the stockpiles are there just like they do But Humanity has no style. They are just like sucklings who aren't getting their milk. Pi**-shits, all of them.... I'm glad you made it through. It just opened another eye in your brain. You know things more now. But knowing isn't enough--a man seeks peace.

About her. I'm not sure she's a scorpio. Nov. II? Ain't the Crapa-corn? Her problem became just too much grass-puffing and chatting with bland sisters of nowhere, plus a huckster-god. She just deteriorated. And she's getting worse. She just phoned. Listening to her is sad. She vanished. Maybe she didn't have enough to hold anyhow. It could have all been false front to begin with and she no longer ha~~s~~ the strength to keep it up.

Yeah, we can get together and hang one on. Would be nice if you could make it over. I got a downstairs bedroom. You could hang one on and sleep it off. You could even use my toilet buddy. But let's hold it until 1983, early. There's too much to straighten out here now. Starting another novel. It might continue.

... I understood your poem. Why do they hate the typer?
I'm glad when they type or play their guitars...

Yet it's ~~#~~sad that all these women decay. They can't hold. They are fidgets and snarlers, snail shells. It's such an illusion. They walk around with their bodies and their kindness and their lu~~g~~gter, and then it goes away. It gets them in the door in the beginning. Then when they get in they gradually become what they are. It's horrible. I call it "My Re-~~#~~occurring Woman."

I'm not going to make it with the girls. I'm going to die alone. It's a hard price but I prefer it to the other price.

#####

stay with it,

BK

L.C.
J.W.F.

You EVER NEED TO PHONE,

S 27 - 217

late nov. '82

hello Steve:

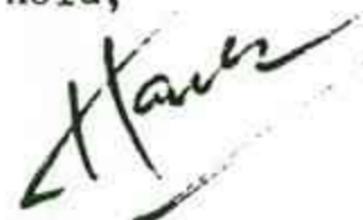
those little editors who return your demon poems will #be shit upon by THE DEMONS THEMSELVES!

you seem to be happy with the occasional appearances of your Chinese girl. of course, it makes it much easier than living with her every day.

I just ask you tp prepare yourself for when it all flattens out. as a veteran of all the women wars, you must not forget or you're going to leave# yourself open for another crashdown.

tired tonight. the word is slight. being 62 sometimes takes some doing.

hold,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J. Kauer". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke extending from the right side of the "K" towards the end of the line.

II-17-82

Hello Steve:

Well, I'm glad you've found yourself a number.

The gods never send anything my way. The women I've known are depressed, bitter, full of rancor, pettiness; they are humorless, faithless, vain, and worst of all, they lack even a minor courage.

By the way, your book via Wormwood will be out in 83 not 84, so that's better for all of us.

It's been a long time since you gave away all those #candles from your candleshop. Venice gets to be a sadder and sadder place but so does every place else.

But I feel pretty good about things as long as there's a bottle of wine and a typer and no bitch around pissing her petty soul all over me...

I hope your luck holds, but knowing the nature of the universe in such matters, I would guess that even as you read this, your luck with the new lady has now reversed.

It's a hell of a ~~Venice~~ SANTA Monica,

sure,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "H. S. Thompson". The signature is fluid and somewhat abstract, with a large, stylized initial "H" and "S" followed by "Thompson" in a smaller script.

WALLY DEC. 1982

All right, Steve,

lot's of luck with the China doll; as ####for me, I bounce not too much against any, retreat to the cupboard of myself and let them bounce against me.

I've given the females a long good run and I'm happy that all of those I've known are with somebody else and I feel for all those guys--they're going to catch much shit.

L.A.L women are the worst made.

I, myself, pmefer the facial features of the Oriental woman--centuries of knowledge seem to be there. Henry Miller also dug same. I've just not been lucky enough to meet any. And I'm not going hunting.

I've met almost all my women at my poetry readings or because I'm a writer, and that's the worst way. Of course, I never would have gotten fucked as much or tortured as much otherwise. The women chose in ways which I don't always like. You never see a skid row bum with a doll#.

Well, I don't read anymore and so things are quiet. And I'll never ####read again unless #I need a buck, not a fuck.

I think you're more of a meat-man than I am, you're more sexually oriented. That's all right. But for me, I'd prefer more person and less pussy. I was like that in my 20's and it still remains.

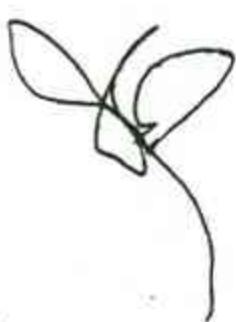
All in all, when things get dark I'm still glad I'm not Nelly Cherfarksky or Sybill Norse. Even mentioning those makes the beer curdle in the throat.

The gift comes to those who don't want it.

Run backwards and####listen to nobody.

 yah,







Dec. 23, 1982

Hello Steve:

Hawaiii, why not? But won't the tourists make you puke? And I understand prices are out of line, way up over value, you know. But maybe you can find a hangout off the mailine?

Of course, the trick is to build a life without women as one of the main props.

Los Angeles women are the worst, they ##### totally over-evaluate their worth and have no idea of loyalty. Their ##### loyalty is to the moment, to whatever is near right then. Which is all right except you end up pissing over a lot of people, and then it gets to be habitual to them; ##### pissing over people rather rounds out to them to be some kind of spiritual freedom. Of course, it's not, and when you look at their faces you get the story in total....

I was afraid for you in the China girl deal. You got too caught up. For an old pro you weren't acting right. She still might knock any #night if she's ##### not too busy elsewhere. Be glad you don't have to look at the guy and listen to the guy she might have chosen. Then, you would puke...

Don't worry too much when you're not writing or painting for some time. You are just getting the buildup: ##### Spaces are needed.

Don't let the idiots shake you, pard...

ya,

A hand-drawn sketch of a person with a large, round head and a small, thin body. The person is wearing a wide-brimmed hat and appears to be smoking a cigarette. The drawing is done in a simple, expressive style.

Hello Steve:

I am #### returning your #Xmas day 1982 as per request... I still like your demons in prose or poetry. It appears that you're never alone...

I don't see why you want to ask for these pieces back #### from the mag. let some other people enjoy your work.

things are quiet here, living alone, upstairs typing, drinking my wine, it seems as if it has always been this... my mad and pleasant way of playing around while waiting to be cut down like all those who have preceeded me....

the wine remains good as ####ways, not like the ladies who always enter with great love and adoration and not soon after are CORRECTING EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU... you don't do this right and you don t do that right, and hasn't anybody ever told you..? The ladies suddenly think they are the source of TRUTH. And I wouldn't even mind if they thought this but I must tell them, "listen, it's not so much what you're saying that bothers me, I could be wrong, maybe, but what I dislike is the sound of your voice..."

"the sound?..."

"the sound is ugly, rasping, harsh, petty..."

"WHAT????" they screech...

it's too much, Steve, for I've never lived with a woman just for a piece of####ass and when they get to rasping like that, I can't do it at all...#

Just think if you had become a lawyer... You'd have married off to some so-called class chick who would have quickly lost that, loaded you with a house full of kids, and you'd have bills and relatives and her friends, you wouldn't be able to breathe... Just feel lucky you didn't get swallowed into #all that... you have your own thoughts now, unclutted, and there are millions and millions of people in America now who can't say that. They've become sandpapered into ####one mound of shit and shit doesn't live, it can't even die and that's why most funerals are a mockery...

Don't despond... You're going to be all right. You type damn good. Your typer is the out and the in. The woman, the miracle and the way. Pound that fucker. It will be good to you....

sure,



Feb. 1983

Now Steve--

I ain't put you down. Just that there are a lot of problems in my life right now, mostly caused by the female, but there are others I most hold at bay. Not meaning you.

I hope you make it to the Islands. Why the hell not? Maybe the Island gash doesn't turn vicious in a week and a half. Also, I knw you'll take your demons with you and find some new ones.

. o.k.,

Hanks

5-15-83

Hello Carl:

Thanks for keeping me up-dated on transactions.

Hope your translating is rolling along. Without outside interruptions. ~~Spiritual~~ Spiritual, I mean.

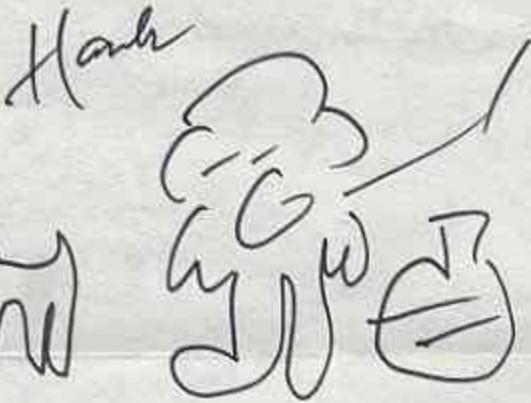
Fante died last Sunday. I went to his funeral Wednesday. Almost nobody there except close family. His early stuff really good. Well, he's gone but I feel it's good I met him, finally, was able to tell him how I liked the way he put the ~~line~~ line down.

All the same here. Drink, type, play horses.

I've long lived past where I should have died. It's like a joke. And I type away. It's good, I laugh all up and down inside. When they finally knock me down it will be all right.

I wish you could find some excuse to come to the U.S. again. We have a few more drinks to lift together, I hope...

sure,

Hank

Hank



9-9-83

Hello John:

This is the first ELECTRIC send-out, a short story. At least, I'm functioning. ?????

Thanks for sending the reviews--that one on Fante is great. Now that he's dead he'll be famous in France. Maybe other places. Sounds like the same old script, doesn't it?

The review on Crumb quite unfair. That one drawing, especially, of the roll on the floor, could even fit in as a serious art piece. I mean, it's that good, and strange. I don't know where these reviewers spend their lives or how, but most probably with very little movement under a large protective celophane.

Want to get this in the box before the last pick up.

all right,
all right,
yr boy,



Paper Weight

Aside from their enjoying separate cult followings, both of which buy books, I see no compelling reason to bring together the work of poet and novelist Charles Bukowski, who is an authentic master of gritty irony, and cartoonist R. Crumb, who isn't. *Bring Me Your Love* (Black Sparrow Press P.O. Box 3993, Santa Barbara 93105 \$3, also available in deluxe hardcover, \$40) is an unlikely (and uncomfortable) juxtaposition of a superb Bukowski short story and some quite pedestrian Crumb drawings.

The contrast in style turns out to be quite instructive. One hardly thinks of Bukowski—the

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\$6.95).

Reviewed by Jonathan Kirsch

self-made street poet—as a man of subtlety and refinement. Indeed, "Bring Me Your Love" is the raunchy tale of a man who tries to combine a weekend tryst and a visit to his wife in a mental institution, thereby bringing both of them to the brink of psychic disaster. But only a glance at Crumb's cartoons, unflinchingly literal and heavy-handed, gives us a new appreciation for Bukowski's deft touch. Between lines of brutal dialogue, he sketches a delicate portrait of personalities in deep moral distress.

Pap

SOUTHE

10-3-83



Hello Karol Kleinheksel:

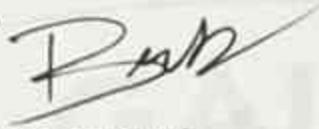
Halfway through this one a.m. bottle of wine, got your issue 5, must apologize, in poem first page, first line, meant "trugs", not "turgs". Forgive, slip of typer. I should stay away from little-used words and usually do, only sometimes I like to try one. We slip off the edge now and then. Sometimes when drinking I attempt to write a long poem using all 3 lettware (letter) words or 4 or 5 letter words but can't make it: the turgs get in the way.

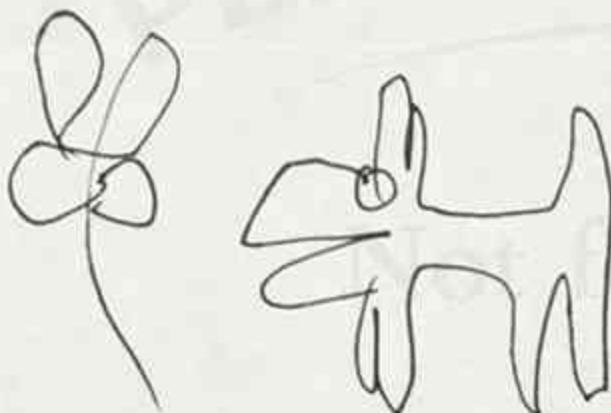
Nice review of HAM ON RYE. I can take one of these now and then. Total rejection can finally destroy the will, the way, and the luck, as can total acceptance.

Just killed an ant. There goes my karma. Again. I used to know a woman who fed sugar to ants. They were all over her floor. Well, you can carry that as far as you want to, like you can lay your whole body down to them. Anyhow, the lady had a nice figure. And I think the main problem with thinking is over-think, and speaking of all this and about ants, I think "Mr. Gill" by J.B. Goodenough (a made up name?) was one of the best poems I've read in some time.

Also, "TO SWIM" by wuss (another made-up name?) has good neat power.

Well, this was mainly to tell you about "turgs" but the blood of the gods makes us babble.

 - sure,

Charles Bukowski



II-16-83

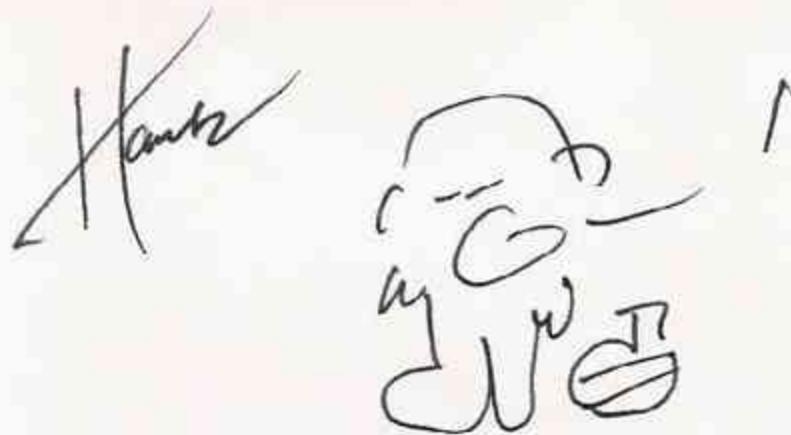
Hello Carl:

I contacted City Lights on the Benisti-NOTES matter, something should occur. That whole place is in moil and more or less uncoupled because of the havoc Joe Wolberg caused during his tenure.

On NOTES and ERECTIONS, City Lights takes a 25% cut on adaptions; Black Sparrow, on similar matters, takes 10%.

Thanks for sending on mag and book. You didn't tell me you were in TIP. Saw the drawing of you in there, the hit man of Mannheim, you look good.

Opening day at Hollywood Park, got to hustle out there. The day may come when I'll just drop the horse bit, take up archery, drink pink tea and wear green felt shoes. Meanwhile, I hope you're feeling as good as possible in a world run by politicians with minds the size of thumbtack heads....



late Feb. 1984

Hello J.S.

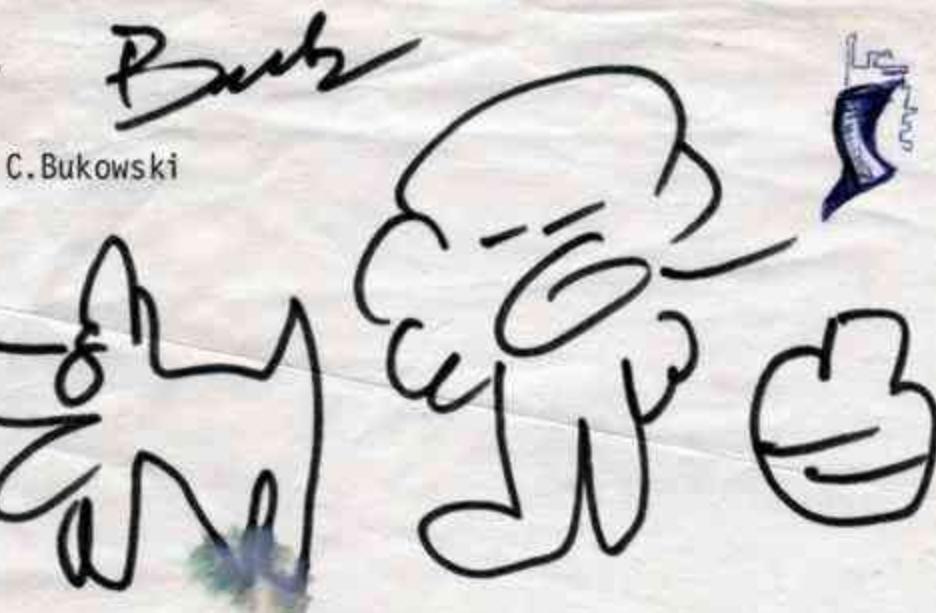
These shortening deadlines do get me off my dead ass, hope this is in time.
As usual, if this doesn't work, PLEASE RETURN TO ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. Thanks.

Also, on last piece I sent you, POLITICS AND LOVE, see page II, 4 lines up
from bottom, typing error, reads "obstrutive", should read "obtrusive". Right?

~~RE~~ ALSO, part of ~~the~~ the deal with Kaplan, now vanished, is that I am
sent a copy of each mag of ~~that~~ that I appear in. You see, in this city of
San Pedro, nobody carries ~~it~~. I still get a cheap thrill out of seeing my
stuff in print even agmong the split beaver. Last and only copy I have of
is January 1984. If I have appeared in any further issues would much
APPRECIATE your sending me a copy of said and such, Thansk... Thansk.
Thansk. Drunk. Let's try Let's try it again: Thanks.

Have had to get new phone #. It is: (213) 519- PLEASE DO NOT
GIVE THIS NUMBER TO ANYBODY NOT EVEN THE WORLD'S MOST BEATEN AND BEAUTIFUL
~~WHORE~~.

THANKS,



P.S.- LET ME KNOW ABOUT PAST
PAYMENTS IT'S BEEN A LEAN 1
YEAR AND SO I'M SCRAPBLING...

B.

TO FEE
LAST YEAR WAS
DEMAND
1/2 PAYMENT
GOODS
PAYMENTS
SOURCES

Hello Wm Packard:

Glad the Monfort photos worked for you. He's good, I think. As you know, there's a whole world full of people who pretend they can do something or other but really can't.

Yes, I met Karl Shapiro once, I was giving a reading somewhere and either before the reading or after, somebody took me over to his house. Recall he had some art work on his back fence or wall. Not much other recall. I was with a woman who was running a tank over my god damned soul, but that's standard process, and one tank just follows the others along. The girls need me so they can feel bad enough to feel good. I don't think I left much of an imprint upon Shapiro, my main intent upon meeting people is to cage as many drinks out of them as possible.

PULPSMITH? He just set me up to knock me down and there was no surprise on my part, not even disgust. He kept mailing me more and more copies of that issue, 5 or 6 one week, 8 or ten the next, more the following week. I suppose he expected a reply. I didn't know what to reply. I read his magazine and so I knew what he considered to be good writing. My girlfriend asked, "Jesus, where did you get all the copies of this magazine?" "I dunno, he just keeps mailing them..." Then came the following issues with attacks against me in the letters to the ed column. I guess what Smith didn't realize is that I'm used to getting attacked, even feel that it's a signal that I'm doing something right.

Again, thanks for your guts to reprint this interview.

yes, yes, yes,

A handwritten signature consisting of stylized initials 'C.B.' followed by a vertical line and a large, circular, scribbled mark below it.

(213) 519-7279 (KEEP THIS # SECRET.. THANKS...)

P.S. - When your Subscription FLYER
comes out PLEASE SEND ME
A copy...

C.B.

July one, 1984

Hello Wm. Packard:

Thanks for subscription cards as per my request. I'll see if I can mail them to fertile areas.

Little going here. Still hanging around the racetrack. Thousands and thousands of faces, nary a noble mug in the pack. Dante's Inferno multiplied by ten thousand thousand.

Stay with us. You are needed.

sure,

C. Bukowski



Hello Mr Packard:

I like your sample rejects. They're funny but, to, the recipients wouldn't laugh. I was a magazine editor twice (little mags) but happily for only a short period. But during those stretches I learned how precious and nasty and self-assured these poesy-dispensers can be. And the worse they wrote, the viler they were. I made the mistake, in the beginning, of sending out personal two or three page rejects explaining what didn't work for me, what I thought writing could and should be (with some luck). I remember one night writing a 5 page reject.

One lady sent me (in return) many pages of burning pink reply in which she listed all the magazines she had been published in and the names of the editors, plus all the places she had read her poetry (with dates) and she also told me she was in The Blue Book. She also called me a drunk and a leech. --now you know that anybody who calls anybody a "leech" is fundamentally fucked in the backwoods of their mind.. She also asked me, "Where have YOU been published, Mr. Bukowski? It seems to me that...." blah blah blah... Being married at the time and not feeling too good about it, I opened a pint and answered this lady with a 6-pager. She did not respond. Again.

There seems to be a lot of snobbery with people who write, even those who write well. What I consider special is a good plumber or auto mechanic, or a jack who can come through on the rail to get it at the wire when I have a few bob riding.

So, when you reject yours, it's always going to be a problem, they are going to believe it's for a wrong reason. There is hardly such a thing as a modest writer. Especially a modest bad writer. But if you only have to deal with them through the mails it's not so bad. It's the personal visits that are repelling: since you write, since they write, bingo, and therefore they expect something like a brotherhood or a sisterhood. I prefer cats as companions. I see enough people every day and the best thing about most of those is that they don't write.

Anyhow, a sample reject enclosed.

You got yourself one hell of a job.

yeah.



THIS IS A REJECTION SLIP, AND MOST OF WHAT WE RECEIVE MUST BE REJECTED OTHERWISE OUR MAGAZINE WOULD BE TEN MILES LONG AND NOBODY COULD AFFORD TO BUY IT EVEN IF WE COULD AFFORD TO PRINT IT.

TOO WE HAVE BEEN REJECTED AND WILL BE REJECTED AGAIN AND AGAIN. IN THIS BUSINESS YOU MUST EXPECT IT. AND WHEN IT HAPPENS YOU CAN EITHER QUIT OR WRITE BETTER OR TRY ANOTHER MAGAZINE.

IT'S TRUE THAT SOMETIMES A REJECTION IS UNWARRENTED. OUR OPINION IS NEITHER FINAL OR ANYTHING ELSE. IT'S ONLY OUR TASTE OR LACK OF IT. BUT WE CAN ONLY PROCEED AS BEST AS WE THINK WE MIGHT KNOW HOW.

IT'S GOOD THAT YOU DID TRY US AND ALLOW US TO READ YOUR WORK(S). FROM WHAT ARRIVES IN THE MAIL IS WHERE WE MUST GO. WITHOUT SUBMISSIONS WE WOULD BE HAPLESS AND HELPLESS. THIS REJECTION DOES NOT MEAN THAT WE WILL NOT LOOK AT FURTHER OF YOUR SUBMISSIONS IF YOU SO DESIRE TO TRY US AGAIN. SO THIS REJECTION IS PERSONAL AND YET NOT SO PERSONAL, AND IF YOU DO TRY US AGAIN AND WE FIND WE MUST, ONCE AGAIN, REJECT YOU, PERHAPS AT LEAST BY THEN WE WILL HAVE A NEW REJECTION FORM TO SEND YOU SO YOU WON'T BECOME TOO BORED AND UNHAPPY WITH US, OR PERHAPS THERE WILL, AT LAST, BE NO NEED FOR A REJECTION, WHICH WILL PLEASE YOU, WHICH WILL PLEASE US AND WHICH, WE HOPE, WILL PLEASE OUR READERS. OTHERWISE---

early August 1984

Hello Louise:

Thanks for the birthday card!

I see you still have those itchy feet. Remember those days of moving about with the printing press and the dogs? I don't remember how many different ~~places~~ places I came to see you and Jon. 3, maybe 4.

If Jon were around now he'd ~~probably~~ probably laugh at some of the luck I've had, and he'd also remind me that he was the FIRST to really find me and do something about it.

You people really sacrificed to get out that magazine and those books. There has been nobody like you ~~folks~~ since and there never will be.

I hope it's not too difficult for you in Slidell. The air is probably better for your lungs but I know you like the Quarter in N.O. You are a legend. I hope that some of the people know that.

I still typewrite, I like to think, better than ever...

And Linda and I send our love, as always.

yes, yes, yes, yes,

Hank
AJW

(213) 519-7279

PLEASE DON'T GIVE PHONE # TO
ANYBODY.

REMEMBERING YOU, I KNOW YOU
WOULDN'T... HA, HA ...

Love Again,

Hank

9-30-84

Hello Wm Packard:

You asked to see more work... if you can't find one here, no crime. I do from 4 to 20 a week. I can come by again and again, I am a revolving door of poetry... maybe a revolting door? Besides, you don't want to over-Bukowski the N.Y.Q.

Good that Carroll F. Terréll stands behind you. From the tone of his letter seems like he enjoys doing that.

'85 should be an EXCITING year if somebody doesn't push the button. Well, that would be exciting too but I'll opt for issues 26 and 7.

hold,



C. Bukowski



NOV. 16, 1984

O. E.

Hello Thorsten Schwartz:

You are near good old ANDERNACH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE TOWN. MY OLD UNCLE DIED THERE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO (MY MOTHER'S BROTHER) BUT I GOT TO SEE HIM ON BOTH OF MY TRIPS TO EUROPE. HE LIVED TO BE A FEW YEARS PAST 90. I'LL NEVER LAST THAT LONG.

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BE A POLICEMAN. WITHOUT SOME KIND OF LAW, MANY OF THE PEOPLE WOULD BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS.

I STILL WRITE AND DRINK AND GAMBLE. MY EDITOR PUBLISHES ABOUT A BOOK A YEAR. I ALWAYS HAD THE NEED TO WRITE BUT NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE THIS LUCKY.

NOW DON'T GET SHOT, AND GO EASY ON THE DRUNKS.

Colby

Yes,
Bob

John

3-19-85

Hello S. Clay:

Better check with Goodman before you start any illustration. Call collect but better wait a few days as it takes the mail longer to reach N.Y. shitty.

I'm afraid my romance with OUI is about over. The way they've published some of my stories, paragraphs all out of order, so forth, is discouraging. Also, in a recent story they changed the name I gave a character, Adolph Hilter to Adolph Hitler, which took the juice right out of the story. Sometimes I think they don't even know what I'm writing about. Also, I can't write OUI style. The enclosed story, for instance, is damn good writing but I doubt if they can discern that. My problem is that there seems no place to send my type of writing.

Maybe I'll turn into a cartoonist but the way Crumb writes about it, it doesn't seem like a very fertile territory.

Also, Goodman has a way of ringing me out of bed in the morning when I have the worst of hangovers, and the fellow seems to have no humor, I hear this slashing hard accent of survival-at-all costs and it shakes me. Maybe he's better than he sounds? I hope so....

About the only way I feel normal in this existence any more is at the racetrack or drunk.

Hope things are working better for you.

oh, hell yes,



4-4-85

Hi Steve Charish -

Sorry so slow to get these back.

This room is a MASS of paper, CRAP AND BOTTLES . . .

SORRY about your lost (STOLEN) PAINTING But my A** AIN'T PAINTING RIGHT NOW, MAYBE NEVER AGAIN. I HAD TO PUMP OUT A COUPLE HUNDRED AT A TIME IN 2 MONTHS . . .

YEAR AFTER YEAR . . .

IT TAKES FRON THE JOY OF IT.

O.K.

Ron

late August 1985



Hello Randy Yeo:

Thanks your letter and book...

I seem to get plenty of mail and it bothers me not to be able to answer everybody fully. If I did that there would be nothing left over for when the real action began--that dirty word: CREATION. I have no idea what somebody like Norman Mailer does. Although he did get to writing#some#somebody in jail, a killer, and he managed to get the killer out and the guy almost immedeately offed another#the#being## being. So what? So nothing, I guess...

Actually, I am not so ~~mad#on~~ hot on Fante, except for ASK THE DUST. Martin asked me to do a foreword to his book of short stories ~~bit#tje#~~ but there were some in there from the Sat. Eve. Post and Cosmo which were written more out of practice than from the gut so I had so say no. Writing film #scripts is what killed Fante, and ~~were#~~ worse, Mencken ~~advise#~~ advised him to do so.--(go Hollywood).

Writing is a good thing to stay with, even if it's just for yourself. I always wrote it for myself and I think it helped me stay alive in a better fashion during the dark, dank moments--which in each person's life will continue to occur. I am not in the game as a contest against other writers. When I read something good by ~~#~~another writer I rejoice.

all right, then,
hold,



Friday the 13th
1985

For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil:

But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edge sword.
Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

Proverbs, v. 3-5

Hello Carl:

Things here, in spite of the wedding, so forth, do not go well. Linda has physical and mental problems and there are days here, weeks of blackness and raving.

There are many books written about the problems of women --mostly after 40--and we are told to sympathize and understand their plight but I haven't seen any books written about what happens to men who live with these women. It's as if the women have claimed the areas of depression and madness and the men are simply supposed to endure. We too get our down moments and we wonder if it's all worth while ourselves. Women aren't the only ones with a leash of pain.

Western women are put too much on a pedestal in their youth and that's stupid because youth is not earned. And when the youth goes there is often little ~~left~~ but self-pity which too often takes the form of hatred. And the hatred lands most often on the nearest person--the man she is living with.

It effects my work and my work is one of my few joys.

But you have your Hades too, much more than mine, I'm sure. You have a health problem and a woman problem and you're still there. You've got the courage of a hundred lions, and it's earned. You are one of the few that I can look up to. Thank you, my grand friend.

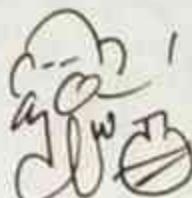
And meanwhile, also, for keeping me up#on all the good news(what luck that in spite of all, there still is some!) on Kiepenheuer and all the other things... I've misplaced your letter and am writing from memory but it looks as if the old Bukowski pot is still boiling, and thanks for mailing all the new books on. You and I are still in the fucking game, right? Hey, I even went down and put in for my Medicare the other day! 65 craggly years in the nasty fire, what?

Things very rough in this house the other night so had to leap in my car and drive to the night harness racing. Pulled in \$848.00. Last night same. Popped into car and won \$250.00. All around me people are going broke and I am cashing in tickets. I think the gods are sometimes laughing with me, although I think my system is a good one.... German Playboy asked for a story, I tapped one off: THE BULLY, about a visit to an X-girl friend in Arizona. They took it and it's also going to be published in the French Playboy.

If we can keep getting off the deck we'll make it unless we get knifed in the back as we sleep some night.... Ah, well, better men than I have felt the blade.

hold and hang on, hand on and hold,

Mark



I-8-86

Hello Arthur Feldman:

Thanks for the Xmas gift.... so worthy-tasting.... I've eaten them all!

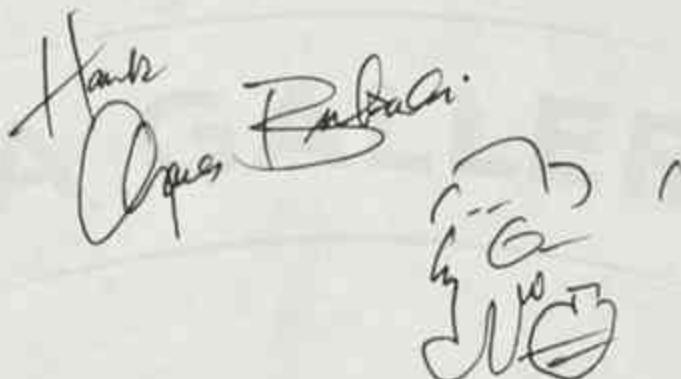
And always, thanks for your letters of warmth and encouragement.... I find it strange that people collect bits of my work... letters, and so forth... Once I'm done with a thing I lose interest and it's on to the next...

I think the typer is still biting into the paper all right and with some luck there might be 3 or 4 more books left in me.

John Martin tells me he is gathering a few poems together for a new book. As soon as he gets them to me I should come up with a title.

Meanwhile, may the gods treat you kindly,

yrs.,

Hank
Open, Barbara.


Bukowski,
1148 W. SANTA CRUZ ST.
SAN PEDRO, CALIF. 90731



SK



ARTHUR FELDMAN
53 THE ARCADE
CLEVELAND, OHIO
44114

3-4-86

Hello Richard Wolfe:

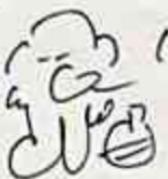
Thanks for your good letter but I'm going to be a prick and ask you not to send your books for signing. One reason is that I can't even keep up with my own crap-tasks that must always be done or they'll come and get you: traffic tickets, sundry bills, letters to answer, just the constant drone of triviality that must be constantly attacked, and, at times, under pressures from an unhappy home life when your companion harps and rails against nothings.... those hysteria binges when the female feels that life has only been terrible to her...

About the only escape for me are drinking, gambling, typing... I'm glad they are there....

On Norse and Al Purdy, I've got to carp. I feel that after good beginnings neither of them has held. I don't know who to recommend. I'd like something to read myself...

Try to understand that the dogs are rather snapping at my heels and although this is rather standard process, it begins to wear, wear, wear....

every man is an island.

Balk


3-5-86

Hello John:

This stuff is hell.

What I am beginning to realize is that Black Sparrow can only publish what it wants to.

What is left over you still have in your backlogs.

It's like you have a freak monkey in a cage to display at your behest.

My energy is being mutilated for your ##### simple profit motive.

You keep holding back on me while my readers are in a rage for a taste of more.

My loyalty to you began as a fair and even matter.

All I want to do is to type this shit. And ##### you only allow the people to see maybe one-sixth of my energy.

This is murder. You are ##### killing me.

No poet in his time has been restricted as you are ##### #####
restricting me.

Also, it's bad for you to put out this fucking thing... it's a good poem.
under a strange press name and then tell me to tell them that I don't know
anything about it... I can't lie to help you make a quick buck..

let's get straight between us. Time is short and the typer is hot..

(Hake)

X

CARNEIRO

ay yes

3-26-86

Hello Wilson:

Sorry so late in answering. Has been a lot of shit on my horizon.

No, can't do the foreward, foreword.... just too much cock and cum even for me... I just don't really relate toward it, totally.

#***#

Regrets, man, but your stuff will move... You've got a good pen...

all best,

Bush



Not for
Distribution

9-16-86

Hello John:

Yes, it's a half-assed world, there are very few competent people doing what they claim they are able to do; most of them do the doing badly and it's accepted that way, from auto mechanics, dishwashers, heads of state and so forth. It's not going to change, the good and real people aren't going to suddenly arrive. I realize that, yet it does bother me, the waste of everything gnaws at me and won't let go.

Meanwhile, there's the quiet drink within the walls, at least, that's there.

Yr boy,

Haz
John Hazen

Nov. 15th, 1986

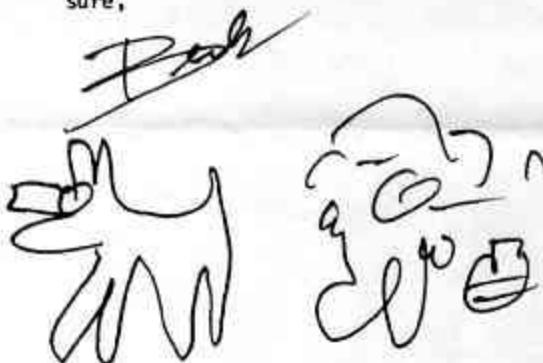
Hello Wm Backard:

Enclosed wine-letter on subject of WORKSHEETS. Perhaps not suitable for textbook. But you asked that I give it a shot, and I have.

Thanks great spread in #31. The issue looks good, well worth waiting for.

Hope your home-life is still in the PEACEFUL stage. Here, we muck ~~mess~~ it through.

sure,



1-15-87

Hello Carl -

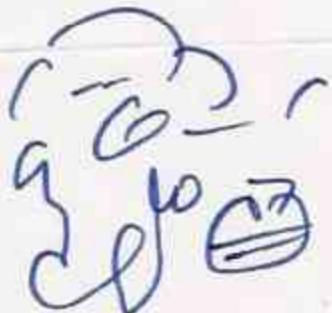
I LIKE THIS YUGOSLAVIA
THING. A REAL KICK!

GREAT WORK!

Yours, I MEAN . . .

YA,

Hank



P.S. - THESE COUNTERS BEEN AROUND
A COUPLE OF MONTHS, LOST
THEM IN MESS ON DESK.
FORGIVE WINE - SPILLS . . .

4-19-87

Hello Steve Fisher:

All right, send the books, I'll ~~sign~~ sign them. Guess if I didn't have any readers there's no telling where I'd be.

Been fairly fucked-up lately, giving interviews to help the movie BARFLY, drinking to get through ~~that~~ that and then drinking for other reasons, got pretty low down and out, now trying to pull it together. Doctor says I've had it. Frankly, he didn't look so good to me either.

all right,

Buk


Buk
p.o. box 132

San Pedro, Calif. 90731



Steve Fisher
1226 E. Lee St. #2
Tucson, Ariz. 85719

oooooooooooo

4-25-87

Hello Wm Packard:

Well, that movie which I scribed with my drunken ass, it made Cannes. But I'm not going with it. I seek a more noble air than those hotels full of pretenders. My theory is that if you mix enough people together you don't get soup or salad, you just get shit.

I haven't sent you any poems lately because you've got such a backlog on me, it's nearly damn nearly shameful.

Meanwhile, I get older. Maybe I ought to have myself frozen, then brought back in one thousand years? Suppose the guy at the switch forgot to defrost? And if he did, I'd finally get around to reading some poetry and find it to be the same old con and then I'd have to freeze up for another thousand.

Won \$421 at the track today, picked all 9 winners.

Then I came in and typed these tonight. A full day. But the miracle was this afternoon.

sure,

A handwritten signature of the name "Bob Dylan". The signature is fluid and cursive, with "Bob" on top and "Dylan" below it, enclosed in a small circle.

7-24-87

Hank Carl —

Without you we'd still be down
on Skid Row.

Thanks for your kind magic.

YA,
Hank



7-6-88

Hello Carl:

Thanks for sending tax papers again. I am really confused as to what the hell happened to the others.

2 skin cancer burnoffs so far. Will see him again July 11. I can't complain, got 2 skin cancer poems out of it.

The poems get in the way of the novel--others besides skin cancer wails - keep coming. Sometimes only the bottle and the poem will fit a situation, or a week of situations. Or weeks of.

Still up to page 173 on novel, pages no longer grip on clipboard. I think the writing is all right, although if and when the book comes out I may have further troubles. But our lawcourts are so stuffed here that sometimes before a case comes up it's 5 or 6 years, during which counters~~paper~~ fly about and papers and the lawyers get fat and rich while the clients go mad.

GARGOYLE, yes, they have been around a long time although the work they print seems rather smooth and lacking in gamble and nerve. Jay D. tells me, though, that you have come up with a roaring interview and I look forward to what Kool Karl from Mannheim comes forth with. I've always liked your angles on existence.

ROOMINGHOUSE, yes, but I still like what I am doing now. A clarity closer to the bone, I think. As long as I've been fucking with the ribbon I ought to have a touch with this thing.

Fischer must be having their problems.

Some Italian outfit sent a check to a Bank of America here in San Pedro. I don't bank there. Somehow they located me. Check was for \$58 and the bank charged me a \$25 fee.

"Suppose," I asked them, "that the check had been for \$20, then would I owe you \$5?"

"That is correct, sir," they told me.

stay in the fight, Heinz

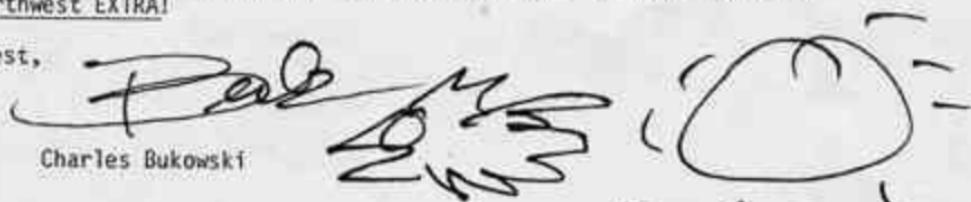
Hank

10-II-89.

Hello Dennis P. Eichhorn:

Glad you liked the poems. I agree, "only one Cervantes" is the best but the others aren't too far behind. Thanks for sending the issue. I look forward to appearing in Northwest EXTRA!

all best,



Charles Bukowski

A handwritten signature of the name "Bukowski" in cursive script, followed by a large, simple drawing of a head with a single wavy line for hair.

BUK

A handwritten signature of the name "BUK" in cursive script, positioned below the cartoon figures.

Hello Louise:

Of course, you have my permission to use all the things you mentioned in your letter in an attempt to showcase Jon's 4 STEPS TO THE WALL.

But will you not also need WORMWOOD'S permission to use THE OUTSIDER?

Also CITY LIGHTS permission to use the Clyde-June story?

I'm sure that these people will not hesitate to give your permission, in fact, they will be glad to. It's just the hassle of writing to them.

On the OPEN CITY interview, I'd say you can use it because OPEN CITY has folded and vanished.

Any photos of me and Jon or me add Jon and you, feel free to use.

And, Listen, thanks plenty for lending Neeli those photos for his book. You are still an angel.

I don't know of any other stories or poems that mention Jon. Wish I did.

But, Louise, you must realize that it is very hard to get somebody in Hollywood to take a screenplay. So much of that work is just insiders working with insiders. Also, prisons are much different today than in Jon's time. But nothing's the same as it ever was. Perhaps people want a look back. But even to get somebody to even READ a screenplay is a very long shot. Of course, I wish you all the luck. Jon was a great editor. But I wonder if Hollywood gives a damn about this? I'd hope so...but...

anyhow,
love,



and also from Linda....

4-23-90

← SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

Hello Wm Packard:

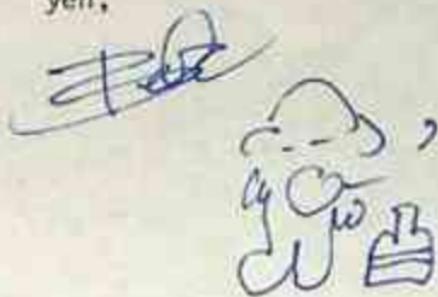
My big brown-yellow cat has been prowling this room. He's waiting for me to get out of this chair where I type. It's often his sleeping place. All right, he can have it. My ass is beat from 3 months of 80 mile round trips to the racetrack. Just that mass of faces out there is horrifying. I think, doesn't anybody else see what I see? I don't think that they do, otherwise they would run out of there screaming.

Some things don't change.

I'm a godless monk.

What a laugh.

yeah,



8-18-90

Hello Ace -

It's GREAT THAT THEY
ARE still INTERESTED IN US.

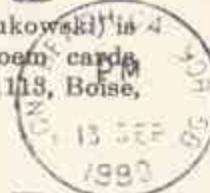
LET'S HOPE THE WORK
LASTS just A LITTLE WHILE
Longer,

YEAH,

Hank



"The Cage" (© 1987 by Charles Bukowski) is 4
ninth in a series of letterpressed poem cards
from Limberlost Press, HC 33, Box 1113, Boise,
Idaho 83706.



Hello Scott:

THANKS FOR GAMBLING ON
MY SCRIBBLINGS.

I AM MULLING YOUR
MACINTOSH SUGGESTION,
MAYBE I'LL MAKE IT AN
XMAS PRESENT TO MYSELF.

RIGHT NOW CAUGHT UP
IN OTHER NONSENSE.

YEAH, FANTE'S NOT BAD
ONLY WISH HE HAD BEEN
A BIT MORE MAD.

Bukz

Scott Harrison
415 S. EL MOLINO #5
PASADENA, CALIF.
91101

The Cage

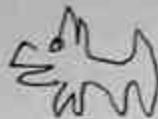
all this
after acting
as if
the asylum house screams
had nothing
to do
with you

in fields of
non-tender doom
your skeleton
your skull
will
one day
flop
in
unwound
dismal
nullity.

Charles Bukowski

Dec. 23, 1990

Hello Mr Packard:



No, you're not down, maybe I'm down, sometimes I feel like my skivvies are down around my ankles and my butt is a target for hyena turds.

Listen, your Pinocchio is awful hard on the poets. I thought I was hard on the poets. Well, I'm glad I got by him. And he's right on WAITING. Only if the octopus has you in its tentacles you can't wait too long.

On WAITING I know what he means. Too many writers write for the wrong reasons. They want to get famous or they want to get rich or they want to get laid by the girls with bluebells in their hair. (Maybe that last ain't a bad idea).

When everything works best it's not because you chose writing but because writing chose you. It's when you're mad with it, it's when it's stuffed in your ears, your nostrils, under your fingernails. It's when there's no hope but that.

Once in Atlanta, starving in a tar paper shack, freezing. There were only newspapers for a floor. And I found a pencil stub and I wrote on the white margins of the edges of those newspapers with the pencil stub, knowing that nobody would ever see it. It was a cancer madness. And it was never work or planned or part of a school. It was. That's all.

And why do we fail? It's the age, something about the age, our Age. For half a century there has been nothing. No real breakthrough, no newness, no blazing energy, no gamble.

What? Who? Lowell? That grasshopper? Don't sing me crap songs.

We do what we can and we don't do very well.

Strictured. Locked. We pose at it.

We work too hard. We try too hard.

Don't try. Don't work. It's there. It's looking right at us, aching to kick out of the closed womb.

There's been too much direction. It's all free, we needn't be told.

Classes? Classes are for asses.

Writing a poem is as easy as beating your meat or drinking a bottle of beer. Look. Here's one:

flux
mother saw the sacking,
my wife told me.

ah, I said.

and that was
just about
the shape of things
tonight.



2/2/91 11:07 PM

Hello Scott Harrison:

You're embarrassing me by sending these rare old magazines that you claim you more or less stumble upon. Thank you plenty, but stop.

They do bring the memories. MIDWEST was a strange little magazine. If I remember it right, Cuscaden took everything I sent him. These 2 poems in Summer 1964 seem windy but I can lay some of that off on the drinking. Then too, I sometimes like to let the lines have their head, damn everything else.

On the SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW, Winter, 1958, I was also drinking heavily. My first marriage was over, or getting there. Some table of contents. My ass is in there with William Saroyan, e.e. cummings, William Carlos Williams and Bertrand Russell. Quite a gang. Thank you again. So curious, so odd, so sentimental to see this one.

On this computer, well things seem to take on a freshness and an excitement. I'm at the thing almost every night. It may sound over-dramatic to say it but it feels like a rebirth. In a month this baby has pumped out dozens of poems and a couple of pieces of prose. The convenience is unbelievable. Everything gets easier, the words light up and dance. What a toy, what a lark! It makes me think, what could follow the computer? This thing even corrects my spelling, has a word finder, a dictionary and a realm of hidden matters that I have yet to discover. I had no idea this would be so refreshing.....

I still have a bad typing touch but I've always had that. No matter.

May the days and nights be kind to you.

sure,



2/22/91 11:22 PM

Hello Carl:

Great show with Nemo of the Czechs!
Rather unbelievable!

I do hope you're feeling better... and better. Try to take good care of yourself.

It's been a long journey for all of us. Some god damned thing or other always after our asses!

Well, we're still here. I'm typing like mad. Only hope that it's all right.

hold on, hang in, hang tough,



8/1/91 11:43 PM

Hello Carl:

Thanks for doing all the dirty work here on these forms.

Hope you are o.k., working well, seeing a babe now and then, drinking some good wine and being Mannheim's main citizen.

I'll be 71 soon. If I make it. Jesus Christ, all the thing's I've done to myself, I shouldn't be here. Guy doing tombstone book, he asks various people what they might put on theirs. Mine came out:

WELL, I DIDN'T LIKE IT
ANYHOW

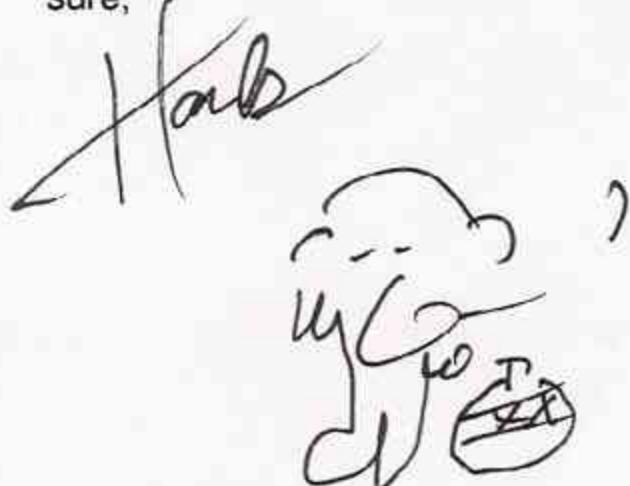
Still pumping out the poems full blast. Martin says it has been my most productive year. And the stuff, I think, is all right. Also working on a novel, PULP, "dedicated to bad writing". It's a detective story to end all detective stories, I hope.

In a rut here, every day the same: track, pool, spa, computer.

you keep it going and come on over here so we can lift a few for old times sake and for new times sake.

it's gonna be good, you take care of yourself....

sure,



P.S. - THE BEDROOM WAITS. AND I'LL PICK YOU
UP AT AIRPORT.

9-4-91

Hello Ed Smith:

Sure, SURE #2 looks good, thank you. Yes.

Well, I don't have a \$45,000 swimming pool, although I will admit my guilt in owning one. Linda twisted my arm and my ~~MIND~~ for ten years before I gave in... (Computer in for repairs, still learning how to type again).

W#

Would say that ~~drawing~~ drawing on page 50 has no resemblance to me. Linda and I had a good laugh over it.

Like you, I have too much going on. I look around and the night is over and there's still more to do. I call it, "fighting for the minute."

Yes, quite a fancy SURE #2. I realize all the work that goes into it. And ~~several~~ some of the crazy ~~ad~~ and perhaps sickening submissions you must get. I get some strange and offbeat letters.... in the mail... but so does Charles Manson.

Well, thanks for your work with all this. It makes a curious and odd and strange and funny magazine. I am honored.

hold,

and hello to Mike....

yrs,



2/25/92 1:01 AM



Hello Joe

You ever going to tell me your LAST name? You never use it. I'd phone Red and ask him but he'd ask me to drive out and sign some books for him, which I will do eventually but right now my confused ass is behind on everything except getting out to the racetrack.

The t-shirts are great! Beautiful! Works of art, I feel like framing them. Mine fits fine but Linda who weighs in at around 107 (I'm twice that much) has a little room in her's but loves it, says she'll use it as a nightgown or something. I told her you only made them beer-drinking size.

Anyhow, man, I am honored. Thanks plenty and plenty more!

yes, yes, yes,



7/17/92 11:55 PM



Hello Eichhorn:

How many times they spell your name with one "h"?

I'm glad I got the poems past you.

I did fuck up, though. Left out the quotation marks. In "hot night".

Line should read:

"oil and gas," says the man on the radio,
"for the nation's energy needs."

That's what he said.

Here, it's another hot night. Sitting in my shorts, sucking on the beers. Sometimes it's the only thing to do: sit there and let it all pass over you. There's nothing anywhere. No use looking. The less you see, the more you know. Knowing meaning a gentle relief, nothing more.

o.k., baby,



10/13/92 12:05 AM

Hello Louise:

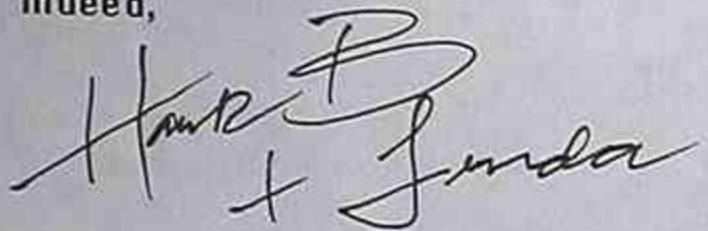
Well, I'm a louse. I've put off writing you not because I didn't want to but because I let other things get in the way, stupid and ordinary things, dull things and some things that had to be done just to do them. Life gets in the way but that's no excuse. SO--I HOPE TO HELL YOU SURVIVED THE HURRICANE. Please write, if you have. Or if you're too pissed at me to write, well, I don't blame you.

We've had a few happenings around here. Earthquake. Riot. I had a cataract operation on right eye. See better now even if I can't understand most of what I see. I still write. Working on a novel, PULP. A detective story. I should finish it. Linda's o.k. and sends her love. We now have 9 cats. The strays arrive and we can't turn them away. We've got to stop. Damned cats get me up early in the morning to let them out. If I don't, they start ripping up the furniture. But they are wonderful and beautiful animals. Cool. I now where the expression "cool cat" comes from now.

Anyway, enough of this. Hope you're all right. I'm 72 now. I should have been dead decades ago. Still go to the track everyday. And drink. But not as much. Pains in my right arm now. But basically I'm pretty sound physically but my fighting days are over. Except with the writing.

If you're there, hold on. Those days and nights with you and Jon were and are unforgettable.

indeed,

Harry B.
+ Linda

John Martin
10610 Rose Avenue
Los Angeles
California 90034

October 19, 1965

Dear Bukowski:

Jon Webb gave me your address recently, and said to go ahead and write to you. I want to ask you about some of your books, but first (and most important) let me say that I think you are a most important and marvelous poet. I have It Catches and Crucifix, plus some magazines with stray poems, and all are a neverending source of wonder and delight to me. This kind of poetry is rare indeed.

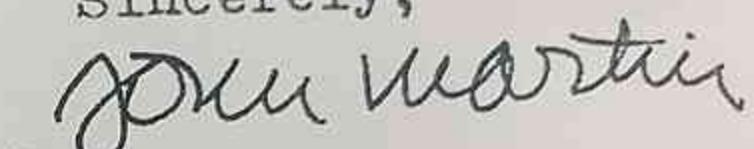
So you get the message, and I won't embarrass you further. I have looked long and in vain for your early books: Flower, Fist, Long Shot Pomes, Run With The Hunted, and the magazine published (in Florida?) with the poems and drawings. Do you have copies of any of them? I'd like very much to buy copies from you if you do. Also, in a mimeographed magazine called Blitz I read where you have a new book due (I didn't make a note of the title). Can I get one from you? If you don't mind, I'd like to buy these things signed. (Jon Webb was good enough to get you to inscribe my copy of Crucifix, if you recall.) And do you have any books not listed here that I don't know about?

What is Webb doing now? I sent him a carton of office supplies he needed in Santa Fe (I run an office supply company) and he said that he and his wife might have to move on to another city because there was no local typographer, and this despite the fact that Santa Fe was in every other way an ideal place for him to settle down in and publish The Outsider. Jon has had such a long run of bad luck that

I hope things have taken a better turn for him, and that he's been able to work out his problems and get located.

Best wishes to yourself, and keep the good poems coming. Let me hear from you when you get the chance!

Sincerely,

John Martin