

I reasonable reply Courteously
But fear being kicked in the balls or charged with possession of two Ears
When Law comes on like worst Creeps
Thank God I'm not a Criminal lest I suffer more than mere 1960
paranoia
I can't even commit a crime with a Clean Conscience any more.

Oct. 1960

SUBLIMINAL

One million editorials against Mossadeq and who knows who Mossadeq¹
is any more?
Me a Democracy? I didn't know my Central Intelligence was arming
fascist, noodnicks in Iran
This true story I got from High Sources Check-yr local radio announcer.
All I remember's nasty cartoons in N.Y. Mirror long-faced Mossadeq
blubbering in a military court in Persia
looking the opposite of a serious hair'd Central Intelligence Agent sipping
borscht cocktails at a Conservative egghead soirée
Whom I wanted for daddy Man of Distinction that year
I was working in Market Research.
Who threw poison onion Germs in Korea?
Do big fat American people know their Seoul from a hole in the ground?
Will Belgians ever get out of Congo so King Leopold's ghost stop
screaming in Hell?
What Civilization the Uranium Addicts been selling us niggers?
The Mass Media have taken over Poetry U S A
Harold Ickes rushed upstairs to hear H.V. Kaltenborn on Pearl Harbor
Day.
That is an entity, a single public Consciousness, has come
But I am not sure it's really me— "Don't make waves?"
Hoover gets up Republican Convention 1960 says

¹ Dr. Mohammed Mossadeq: Iranian premier who in 1951 nationalized the oil industry and was then overthrown through C.I.A. efforts in 1953. He was given a public trial where he wept aloud in court denouncing American intervention, and was mocked by Time magazine for his tears. Official confirmation of U.S. intervention didn't come until 1974-5 revelation of scandalous C.I.A. activities, though it had been reported unofficially in the press by the time of Mossadeq's death in 1967.

"Communists beatniks & eggheads" are America's Number 3 Menace
 What who me? Is I th'Egghead Communist beatnick?
 Postmaster General Summerfield plastered obscene sex signs all over my
 post office
 brought Eisenhower a copy of Lady Chatterley's Lover
 Eisenhower he's the President of the United States in the White House
 with all the dirty words underlined Ike glances Shrieks agrees
 "Terrible ... we can't have that." Exact words quote deadpan my
 Newsweek
 Aint that a National Issue?
 How'd an old Fuck like that run my Nation?
 Who put him in then?
 You you dirty son of a bitch I sound like Kenneth Rexroth paranoiac—
 I asterisked the poetic words in my first book to get it printed
 and U.S. government seized it when ship wafted it over from England
 I bit his hand he dropped the case.
 But Juvenile vice-cops grabbed it in Frisco my publisher had to go to jail
 one afternoon
 and Naked Lunch was banned in America up yours with a nude yellow
 grapefruit
 and I had to rush out to Chicago & ruin my stomach orating before
 mobs
 Because the University of Chicago was banning Naked Lunch plates
 from its starving Body
 U. of C. produces atom bombs & FBI men
 and when I asked Columbia U why doncha invite Kruschef give a speech
 in the Camp David Spirit type days
 It said I quote "The State Department hasn't asked us to," giggling &
 bashful like it had to pee
 Columbia is very Historical, they even had Eisenhower for President.
 They turn out the cream of the crop, fresh young faces that guide the
 Nation
 O My enemy Columbia University! How I would like to strangle you
 with a giraffe's footprint!
 Master Kerouac was barred from the campus as an "unwholesome
 element" in 1942
 Enter the Silent Generation. It got a monkey on its back in Korea
 and then went advertising, or camped back to Columbia to teach the
 young.
 It's all subliminal either you get fucked or you don't dearie

That's why American poetry stank for 20 years.
Not that this is poetry, it's just shoveling the Garbage aside for Eternity.
I'm taking a stand! Hot Dog!
It's what's known as being responsible even tho it's the sheerest nonsense.
Just moving my frankfurter!
Crap on all you Critics. You Norman Podhoretz, go screw the stars,
King of the Jews—
you Lionel Trilling get back on the Mystic wagon before Infinity chops
your head off,
and the rest of you, Nat Hentoff, dumb Vanden Haag, mute inglorious
L. Simpson, hypocritic Kazin, Brustein-Wechsler, Journalists
attacking Kerouac, Corso & myself, snoopers, creeps, hung up idiots,
Incompetents, sneaks & dumbbells, quacks,
here, have a piece of my immortality, I mention your names.
Some of these are my friends but I have been requested to exhibit a sense
of responsibility
& hitherto have been too tender & kind vain egotistical to answer public
attacks.
As for Time Life Daily News the liberal Post the Partisan Review
all Yellow Journalism take your filthy fathead hands off my genitals, I
am the Muse!
Go sniff the saintly footprints I left at Columbia!
The philistines are running America! Left right Center! Shoulder Arms!
Onions!
Yes I want riots in the streets! Big orgies full of marijuana scaring the
cops!
Everybody naked fucking on Union Square to denounce the Military
Junta in San Salvador!
Why did we Crucify Mankind Upon a Cross of Gold?
Whatsa matter our secret CIA plot to unseat Syngman Rhee
flopped & delayed till Korean students rioted & took over the scene?
That's a military secret I'm a prophet I know lots of military secrets
I think I'll tell a couple to the Universe and go to Jail
I've been investigating— I think I'll be unamerican a few minutes
See how it feels like— eek! I just saw FBI
hiding behind my mother's skull.
This is a private matter between me & my conscience
Why those newspapers all staring at me like that?
Big eyes on the editorial pages searching my soul for secret affiliation
afflictions

And pinocchio long noses in literary columns sniffing up my ass to smell
Immutability.

It's only laughing gas dearies. Stick that up your dirty old savings
account—

and big long mustache headlines waving at me in wet dreams &
nitemares!

O I just wish I were Mayakovsky! or even Neruda!

As it is I'll have to settle for reincarnation as a silly Blake.

Walt Whitman thou shdst be living at this Hour!

The average American Male & Female took over the ship of state
400 of them got smashed up over July 4 Weekend celebrating!

Democracy! Bah! When I hear that word I reach for my feather Boa!

Better we should have a big jewish dictatorship full of Blintzes:

Better a spade Fish queen run our economics than

Kennedy that tired old man whose eyes speed back & forth like taxicabs
rather reptilian what?—

O Nixon's tired eyes! & Kennedy's hurried glance! O that America
should be hung up on these two idiots while I am, alive!

It's silly but it's serious. What is truth? said Pilate

Washing his hands in an atom bomb.

If you don't think the Chinese don't hate us, you're just not Hep.

Get with it, Big Daddy, I been to South America

Like, it swings there, everybody gets high on Starvation

Like get with it Cat, you better stash your wheat,

I hear the sirens of the Fuzz downstairs in the subconscious

and dont you know, like, Alice Red Gown she got *Reasons*.

Now where was It I sent my extra little army in 1917?

I lost it somewhere in my bloomers— O there it is fighting with General
Wrangle in Siberia

Heavens! What a bad show— you better tell General MacArthur
shit or Get off the Pot.

And that Invasion

of Mexico was such a camp! I never had
such a good time fucking all them bandits and learning how to dance La
Cucaracha!

Let's spend our 50th Wedding anniversary there in Prince Maximilian's
Palace.

What'd you say about my United Fruit? Don't be Nasty you lower class
piece of trade.

I'll show you who's Miss Liberty or Not—
 I got what it takes! I got the 1920's (Snap yr fingers kid!)
 I got Nostalgia of Depression! I got N.R.A.!
 I got Roosevelt I got Hoover I got Willkie I got Hitler I got Franco I got
 World War II!
 I got the works (cha! cha!) I got the atom bomb ¹
 I got Cancer! I got Fission! I got legal Prohibition!
 I got the Works! I got the Fuck law! I got the Junk Law! I got hundred
 billion bucks a year!
 Yassah! Yassah! I got Formosa! (Catch me man) I got Chiang Kai-shek!
 and I got my Central Intelligence getten rid of him right now!
 I got a million planes flying over Siberia! I got
 10,000,000 upstanding young americans chargin' on the ricefields of
 China
 Jazzin and waltzen and shootin and hollering all day!
 Whoopee! I got crosseye yellow cities in every corner of the world.
 I got the old umph! I got my Guantánamo! I even got my old Marines!
 You'd think I was an old thing way back from the 19th Century
 With Isadora Duncan Oscar Wilde & the Floradora Sextette!
 But I still got my old man, my handsome lovin blond Marines!
 I'm Miss Hydrogen America! I'm Mae in Cobalt West! I'm the Sophie
 Tucker of Plutonium Forever!
 I'm the red Hot Mama of Tomorrow! Aint nobody gonna burn down
 my Miami Hotels!
 Didn't they cost 10 million dollars and I hired the best Architects!
 I even built a couple in Havana where the livin's cheap.
 Nosiree I'm up to date I hadda face lift and got a hot new corset in Los
 Alamos
 and some airlift brassieres outa Congress and some gold pumps in Texas!
 and I gotta boyfriend he's a millionaire tax collector from Hollywood!
 He's the artistic type!
 I'm gonna make whoopee next ten years before I blow my gasket,
 I'm gonna take on the whole American Legion in one night
 Just like that cute little Presidential Candidate Kennedy Fellow! (He's
 the intellectual type)
 I'm gonna make the Rosicrucians scream!

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¹ This and neighbor lines formed basis for some of A.G.'s soundtrack commentary in Jonas Mekas' 1962 film, *Guns of the Trees*.

Ah, how sad to get hung up in this way, like on Hungary.
 Belinski worried about Russia in 1860! And Dostoyevsky's hero really
 worried about socks.
 It'll all pass away and then I'll be answerable to gloomier onions, we'll all
 weep.
 I shouldn't waste my time on America like this. It may be patriotic
 but it isn't good art. This is a warning to you, Futurists, and you Mao
 Tse-tung—...

Nov. 1, 1960

I write this type poetry on Heroin
 O Capitalists & Communists you shd get in bed with me
 bring your pencils & notebooks
 lie there snorting out revolutions and epidemics famines and excess grain
 production
 Gold standards and Ezra Pound hamming it up in the Puzzle Factory—
 Is anyone really a fink?
 My contention is not original sin or stutterless Billy Budds
 We all eat germs & die
 It's like America's so dumb
 It's like Eisenhower was so dumb, so dumb Truman, so dumb Stalin
 Hitler rushing into a war with Russia
 Silly but the psychopathic bourgeoisie figured he knew what he was
 doing
 Just like America figures Somebody Up There Loves Me
 and knows what he's doing—
 aided by Divine Intuition plus Secret Service Corps of trained Univacs
 to figure the waves of Time and the exact dot point of germy stress
 but they just aren't that SMART
 I'm smarter than Eisenhower
 tho he has greater sources of Information
 I have greater aptness at Awareness to
 Widen the area of consciousness of the Universe—
 I know when the plum blossoms are falling
 I know when I am pushing does he?
 He whoever, Castro, Kennedy, whoever Elected King—
 Not running for election I have time to take Heroin
 and lay in my bed and figure it out—
 What's happening who's starving where who's got the gelt . . .