

Bukowski and madness

By David S. Calonne

The author is a professor of literature at the Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, MI. He is the editor of various important Bukowski-books and an internationally known Bukowski-scholar. In August 2010 he attended our symposium in Andernach and held the following address which we are proud to present here in his own transcription.

Charles Bukowski explored the question of madness as well as its relation to irrationality, surrealism, eccentricity, absurdity, black humor, violence, terror, suicide and randomness throughout his career. In his very first story "Aftermath of a Lengthy Rejection Slip," his editor tells "Mr. Bukowski" that his story is "so full of idolized prostitutes, morning-after vomiting scenes, misanthropy, praise of suicide etc. that it is not quite for a magazine of any circulation at all." "20 Tanks from Kasseldown" (1946) already portrays a defiant, heroic, romantic, Dostoyevskian character beset with intense mental suffering. In addition, his 1946-48 Matrix stories are populated by "crazy", estranged characters: "Love, Love, Love" depicts a young man living with his parents at age twenty-five who is sullen and unresponsive, while "The Reason Behind Reason," presents a disturbed player gripped by an existential crisis in the middle of the game. "Hard Without Music" describes Larry, a sensitive introvert who listens to classical music alone in his room and reluctantly is forced to sell his records to two nuns. (1) Thus in each case, Bukowski is already entering the realm of mental fragility, alienation and madness which would become a major aspect of his later work.

In 1957, Bukowski published eight poems as well as three short stories in Harlequin. "Death Wants more Death" is an exquisitely terrifying poem in which Bukowski begins to elaborate a complex web of symbols which would become controlling points of reference throughout his career. The spider the child encounters killing a fly "in my father's garage" (this detail is significant) which is a horrifying event to witness; "and almost like love:/the closing over,/the first hushed spider-sucking:/filling its sack/upon this thing that lived;/crouching there upon its back/drawing its certain blood/as the world goes by outside/and my temples scream." (2) The primal scream of madness appears and the poem also begins a recurring pattern of

insect and animal imagery in Bukowski's work in which Nature is depicted as "red in tooth and claw" as Tennyson famously noted. Ants, spiders, flies, roaches pullulate and infiltrate the seemingly safe human world and threaten the conventional bourgeois view of fairness, justice and (a favorite American bromide) "a level playing field" governing social reality. The telling details that the killing taking place in his "father's garage" and is "almost like love" makes the reader sense that this scene as a replaying of Bukowski's own victimization by his father. The universe is one, vast eating machine in which the larger, more powerful creature consumes the weaker one. This "natural fact" will also suffuse Bukowski's philosophy of love in which he often envisions the relationship between himself and women precisely along these lines. He seems himself frequently as the victim at the hands of the all-consuming female and he conceives the sexual dance as a kind of Todentanz—a dance which can lead to either life or death. The spider and its victim the fly recur repeatedly in Bukowski's later work.

Bukowski balances this serious theme in another poem from the Harlequin sequence "Essay on the Wine-Gnat" (uncollected) in which he humorously describes another insect—this time a gnat—as it hovers about the crazed, drunken poet whose language and spelling becomes increasingly inebriated as the poem progresses: "And the WINE-GNAT USUALLY FLIES LOW AROUND THE/BED, FAT, WITH HEAVY BELLY. IT CANNOT MAKE ALTITUDE./Goo' littl' wine gnat, I don' mine.../an' I don' care if he don't know,/I don't care if he don' know Brecht. Or A. Rimbaud./Or Rilke./Low around the bed./I don't cray...HE DON' KNOW RILKE HE DON' KNOW/LORCA/But, low around the bed,/HE knows ME, the GREAT POET./The gret, the great knat knows knmee, the grate/me, the/rilke SHOE-SHINING Twerp of Moderne CALIFORNIA/NEAR HOLLYWOOD." (3) He is crazy again, drunkenly so, but comically crazy. This is typical of Bukowski's tendency to balance tragedy with comedy in treating a particular theme. The outrageous use of capital letters will become typical of some of Bukowski's later short stories, and indeed the silly, self-deflating, absurd humor is the obverse anti-heroic side of the more romantic and daemonic image Bukowski projected.

"The Rapist's Story" and "80 Airplanes Don't Put You in the Clear" are the most intriguing of the three short stories in the magazine and

again Bukowski seems careful to balance his more serious, dark imaginings with more playful, even lighthearted offerings for these two stories are worlds apart. "80 Airplanes" is a humorous tale involving Wein, Weib und Gesang and the biography of D.H. Lawrence, while "The Rapist's Story" contains several startling and revealing passages demonstrating Bukowski's early interest in exploring the liminal areas of insanity. When Bukowski's unnamed narrator begins to tell us how he has been—he thinks, but seems unsure—unjustly accused of raping a Mrs. Weber and her young daughter, he describes the cellar of Mrs. Weber's house:

Well, one day I was moseying around and I noticed the cellar door open. I had a little hangover of a sort and nothing to drink, and I thought, well, might as well be doing something, might help me forget my sorrows. It was one of those cloudy days when it looked like rain but it never did and you almost went crazy waiting for it but it just hung there and your mind kept saying, well, come on, come on, rain, but it never did. It just hung there.

I went down there and found an electric light. Click, it went on, and it stank the cellar-stink down there. It made you think of wet gunnysacks and spiders or say a human arm buried somewhere in the mud, a human arm with some of the sleeve around it, and if you lifted it out of the mud, a bunch of water bugs would run up and down its side, scurrying past each other in direct line paths, with now and then a bug or two shooting out of the constellation.

Constellation!

You didn't know I knew a word like that! You see, I am not just an ordinary vag. It's just that the grape has me down.

Well, anyhow, the cardboard was very wet and I figured I wouldn't get anything for it at all, but I decided to drag it all up out of there because maybe Mrs. Weber would pay me just to get rid of a mess like that.

I was afraid of spiders, though. I have always been afraid of spiders. It's a funny thing with me. I've always been afraid of

them and hated them. When I see a spider with a fly in the web, and the spider moving about swiftly, weaving like something mad and evil and dark, that movement there—I can't explain it. Oh, God, I'm getting off the track. I am accused of this rape. I'm accused of raping a ten-year-old girl and I am accused of raping her mother, and here I am talking about spiders.(4)

We return again to spider imagery, with the narrator describing his disgust for the cruel structure of Nature—Victimizer against Victim. He descends into the cellar, which may be seen as symbolic of the dark, dank recesses of the unconscious where the spooky and rejected aspects of human personality are hidden away. The "water bugs" running about invoke in him the sudden use of the word "constellation", which is startling for its poetic usage in this context as well as its allusion to stars and the transcendent in the frightening environs of the infernal cellar. As with the mad characters in Edgar Allen Poe, he now addresses the reader directly: "You didn't know I knew a word like that!"—suggesting a kind of labile personality which is constantly uncertain of itself and of the effect it is making on the audience. The story concludes with his incarceration and his claims of innocence, leaving the question of what occurred in suspension.

The early poems also begin to explore an area which Bukowski would make very much his own—a kind of psychological dissociation in which the integrity of the speaker's mental life begins to fracture. For example in "The Hunted", an uncollected poem which appeared in Quicksilver in 1958, we return to insect imagery, but now with an even more heightened sense of threat involved as the language breaks and divides into bizarre collocations of images: "the ants are coming across the arms of chairs at me;/a man climbs in the shell of the radio/...I am frightened, away from my sea,/and I am frightened up here, alone/like some godless monk stuck in a cell; I lift a glass and/drink the dog's pure nighthowl,/and the last of two eyes/like sun-banged webs thin into the structure before me/and a face looks out and drinks and smiles/behind the mouth of a howl/behind the dull thick snout with nostrils like plagues/behind a man tossed like a bone into a cat-scratched tomb."(5) Like Allen Ginsberg's title *Howl*, Bukowski turns here to canine imagery. The violent, spooky mood is emphasized by the use of plosive, guttural, dental and sybillant sounds in the monosyllabic hammering and repetition of "g", "t/d",

"s", p/b in "lift", "glass", "drink", "dog's", "pure", "banged," "webs".

We are also reminded of Edvard Munch's most famous painting *The Scream* in the lovely, tortured vision: "the last of two eyes/like sun-banged webs/thin out into the structure before me." Bukowski's protagonists are indeed isolated misfits, screaming or howling alone, and are very much like the "godless monk" here depicted, for they pursue in solitude the same spiritual enlightenment—through poetry, music, love, alcohol—which lead some men to spend their lives in monasteries. The religious person and the artist are both engaged in an interior, metaphysical quest for meaning and authenticity in a world dedicated to material and superficial values. The poem ends in a frightened question: "what do they want with me?/what the hell do they want/with me?" Bukowski's anti-heroes are indeed very similar to "godless monks": they live in solitude, yet in many ways are involved in a spiritual quest which finds parallels in the lives of those who choose to live in monasteries. They seek a kind of redemption—through alcohol, through love, through classical music, through poetry—from a fallen, inscrutable world. As in Nietzsche, "we have art so we will not perish from truth"—the terror and madness of the world can be redeemed through a great poem, painting, symphony.

Yet Bukowski is also able to hold madness and self-destruction away through examining them. He did often succumb to depression and despair and his letters testify to the temptation to "put the blade against my throat": he made several suicide attempts, once by turning on the gas in his apartment. Yet the triumph is that he is able to experience it and then step back and by writing about it, objectify it and also frequently make fun of it. It is the classic case of writing as therapy, as a way to release and learn to live with one's demons. We remember his famous saying: "Some people never go crazy. What terrible lives they must lead." And he also recalls Zorba the Greek, in which Nikos Kazantzakis portrays the uptight Englishman being taught to dance, being taught to accept the Dionysian insanity at the heart of the universe by learning to dance, by learning to go with the flow, by learning that Martin Heidegger called *Gelassenheit*—letting go.

Martin Sass, in his book *Modernism and Madness*, explores the ways modern writers and artists have described states of consciousness which in their depth and power have a kind of mystical resonance

which perhaps is sometimes indistinguishable from clinical "madness."⁽⁶⁾ Many writers know the landscape of madness intimately and their testimony is precious because they are able to clearly describe what they have seen during their descents into darkness. Bukowski, like Gerard Manley Hopkins, knew that "the mind, the mind has mountains/Sheer, no-man fathomed. Hold them cheap who ne'er hung there".⁽⁷⁾ One area of common ground with the Beats was Bukowski's own struggle with "madness". The Beat writers also made "madness" a central theme in their works. Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* begins: "I saw the best minds of my generation, hysterical, mad, looking for an angry fix", Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*'s final pages celebrates those who were "mad to live..." and William S. Burroughs *Naked Lunch* is a hallucinatory voyage into the realms of drug-induced craziness.

Bukowski's attitude towards insanity bore much in common with the "anti-psychiatry" figures of Sixties such as R.D. Laing, Thomas Szasz, Michel Foucault, Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. As Deleuze remarked in an interview about *Anti-Oedipus*: "People may criticize our book for being too literary, but... is it our fault that Lawrence, Miller, Kerouac, Burroughs, Artaud, and Beckett know more about schizophrenia than psychiatrists and psychoanalysts?"⁽⁸⁾ Bukowski is very much in accord with the anti-psychiatry movement as we see in a letter to Joseph Conte, Oct. 20, 1966: "the pyschiatrist (spell?) is the high-paid fuzz that makes up (lies) excuses for individuals who cannot understand a decadent & horrible & useless society (govt.) & a dec. & whore & useless life. He is paid to call these people crazy (insane) (physchotic—spell?) instead of the life & the way surrounding them. The pyschiatrist is the pretty-boy liar of a stabilized hell. As you must guess, I am drunk—but I mean what I say."⁽⁹⁾ For example, in the "Notes of A Dirty Old Man" episodes which Bukowski would later shape into a chapter for his novel *Women*, the narrator invokes a startling image when he is lost in the Utah woods. He recalls a suicidal moment over the cliffs of San Diego: suddenly four squirrels approach him and he becomes transfixed and in a sense cured from his urge toward self-destruction by the open, lovely vulnerability of their fearless, limpid, tender, brown eyes. Madness is averted by a moment heralding love's possibility. And Bukowski uses writing itself as a kind of therapy, to prevent himself from going mad: he seeks to entertain himself and his readers out of

depression through his tales of madness confronted, accepted and even celebrated as a necessary part of the evolution of the self.

It is clear that Bukowski was following the precepts of the Surrealists in allowing his mind to drop into the unconscious and to transcribe what he found there. *Ecriture automatique*—or "automatic writing"—posited the idea that if you would simply follow the trail of the unconscious images as they arise to awareness, your writing would bear a more authentic relationship to inner, real being than the "rational" part of the mind does not have access to. In the prose poem "Portions from A Wine-Stained Notebook," (1960) we get typically Surrealistic passages such as: "your love is Cuba with a beard, a ten-penny press breathing rum; your love is baseball in a bow-tie playing mandolins to Brahms; your love is 14 cats kicking in my brain; your love is gin-rummy and sanctimonious freaks selling pamphlets on East First; your love is a tailor-made in a lonely jail; your love is the sinking of the ships, the torpedo of doubt; your love is wine and the painting and painting of Picasso; your love is a sleeping bear in the cellar of the Moulin Rouge; your love is a broken tower struck by the lightning of Eiffel; your love walks the hills and climbs the mountains and shoots Russians to the moon."⁽¹⁰⁾ "Cuba" here is wearing a "beard" (Fidel Castro?); "Baseball in a bow-tie playing mandolins to Brahms" calls to mind the Magritte painting of the violin with a bow-tie; and the repeated references to French culture—the Moulin Rouge, Eiffel Tower, Picasso's paintings—suggests an allusion to the flowering of Surrealism in Paris during the Twenties and Thirties.

An important story from 1964 entitled "Murder" from *Notes from Underground*, No. 1, was subsequently retitled "The Blanket" and included in *Erections*, . This swift, suspenseful tale illustrates Freud's idea of the *unheimlich* or "uncanny" as a blanket pursues a man, apparently with the intent to murder him. Freud traced the *unheimlich* theme in the German Romantic writer and musician E.T.A. Hoffman who "brought into German literature the theme of *die Tücke des Objekts*, the malice practiced by inanimate objects which thwart and frustrate people, especially those of high intellect."⁽¹¹⁾ The unnamed narrator seeks answers to the mystery of existence: "I am evidently a weak man. I have tried to go to the bible, the philosophers, to the poets, but for me, somehow, they have missed the point. They are talking about something else entirely".⁽¹²⁾ And the categories of conventional understanding of "sanity" and "insanity" are of no use

either: "Madness? Sure. What isn't madness? Isn't Life madness? We are all wound-up like toys...a few winds of the spring, it runs down, and that's it...and we alk around and presume things, make plans, elect governors, mow lawns....Madness, surely, what ISN'T madness?"(13)

Charles Rosen in his study of Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, Mendelssohn and Schumann, *The Romantic Generation* described E.T.A. Hoffman's influence on Robert Schumann and observed that in Hoffman's "stories, the world of everyday reality coexists with a hallucinatory world of delusion which gives significance to the former: the 'real' world has priority but it is unintelligible without the irrational and often absurd world of shadows, magic, and paranoia that is always present."(14) Several of the stories Bukowski would compose over the next decades would be in this Romantic tradition of the eruption of the "irrational" into the supposed "normality" of everyday, "sane" experience: the psychopathology of everyday life. "The Blanket" was likely in part an effort to exorcise the ghost of Jane Cooney—Bukowski's lover and muse for many years—who had died recently. At the conclusion the narrator wonders: "Maybe that blanket was some woman who had once loved me, finding a way to get back to death with her, or trying to love as a blanket and not knowing how..."(15)

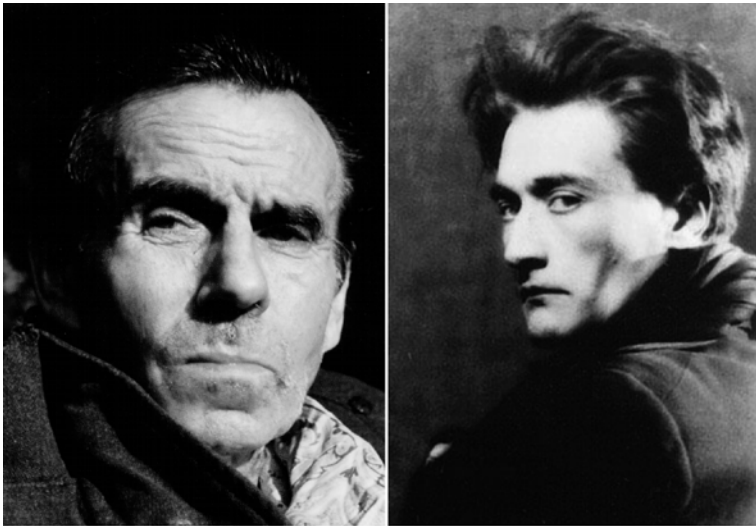
This frustration with the "answers" to the riddle of existence provided by intellectuals is also reflected in Bukowski's reading of Antonin Artaud. He wrote an enthusiastic review of *Artaud Anthology* which appeared in the *Los Angeles Free Press* on April 22, 1966:

Artaud says, 'I, myself, spent nine years in an insane asylum and never had any suicidal tendencies, but I know that every conversation I had with a psychiatrist during the morning visit made me long to hang myself because I was aware that I could not slit his throat.'

Artaud speaks strongly because he is one of those rare Artists who did not bother to fool himself or anybody else. His clarity, his hard brittle lines, his disgust with the Lie, are nothing but the results of a man squeezed to pieces by Life, by the massive horror of the realization that his fellow men, his fellow Artists were, in a sense, only 'pigshit.'

When a truly great man comes along there is nobody to understand his simplest statement—the masses are a nightmare of Life, Artists and intellectuals are a worse nightmare than the masses (for here in the last chance to understand he sees that the so-called best brains and spirits understand nothing—understand LESS, actually, than the masses).(16)

Along with Jean Genet and Celine, Artaud was a significant figure in French literature who shared Bukowski's conception of madness as well as his view of the artist.



Two favorite French 'madmen': Céline, Artaud

His writing style also began to slowly change as the social currents and Zeitgeist impacted him. For example, in masterful uncollected poem "the faces are gnawing at my walls but have not yet come in...." which appeared in Entrails in 1967, Bukowski documents the psychological dissociation we have observed earlier as the opening lines demonstrate: " the yellow walls have faces divided into blocks and out/of ice-cube windows/the world wanders by—sticks and hints of world/in dress and in face/moving along the cement/stuck there, moving there,/people, heads arms eyes asses,/killers punks another madman another banker/a torturer of animals,/they go

by..."(17) It is as if the world has broken into millions of discrete pieces and are being observed silently by the poet through the window. One is reminded of Hart Crane's beautiful lyric: "As silently as a mirror is believed/Reality plunges in silence by" from White Buildings.

Each following line contains yet other discrete images: yellow walls, an old woman, a butterfly, the mailman. Yet as the poem progresses, he lets his mind wander over forbidden topics in a radically new way: the idea of murdering the mailman, oral sex, masturbation, rape. Yet these taboo topics are balanced by the incursion of the absurd and by the black humor like manner in which they are recounted: the speaker falls drunk into the fireplace naked while listening to Wagner and is transformed by the soot into blackfaced Al Jolson singing "MAMMY"; he bleeds from the injuries from the fall but "I was laughing in my yellow walls." He acknowledges that is "health is so fad that my health doesn't give a/fuck." He gets in the tub the next morning "and I floated down in there/thinking, well, not everybody can do this and I am not/even in a madhouse, in fact, not anybody is even bothering/me, and then I rubbed soap on my cock, /dreameed a rape in my mindmovie and/jacked off." Thus Bukowski attempts to follow consciousness as it allows American fragmented reality of the times to impinge upon it, even undergoing transformation, metamorphosis, shape-shifting in a kind of shamanistic journey out of the self into what Jim Morrison called "break on through to the other side." (18) At the close he refers to creating a "mind-movie", a perfect term to describe aspects of the psychedelic, hallucinogenic Sixties.

A wonderful, uncollected poem written on June 14, 1973, "panties", illustrates Bukowski at his most brilliant:

I laid under the pooltable with a
baseball bat and when the first one came
in I got him
and when the next one came in
I got her too.
I rolled up her dress and looked at her
panties and got under the pooltable
again
and I got the next guy
a guy with very big ears.
I put him and her in the closet

and then went to the back porch and
ripped the motor out of the washing
machine.

I
shot the cat
stole a Webster's dictionary
and a green apple.

I had always wanted to go to Spain
and wondered what I was doing
in the middle of
Georgia.
some songs have no
meaning.

there was a hammock in the yard
between two trees. I
climbed in and
looked at the sky and
bit into the apple. The
phone rang but I
didn't answer the phone. Then I
heard two
sirens. I
got out of the hammock,
climbed the back fence and
walked through that yard.
when I got out front I
turned left and
walked down the street. I
needed the exercise, that's what
the doctor had told me.(19)

Here causality is broken at every link in the chain. The poem begins with the narrator inexplicably striking people randomly with a baseball bat as he hides beneath a pool table. Each action is followed by another equally random action. He now looks at the panties of the woman and continues his cartoon-like violent rampage by hitting another "guy with very big ears." The unnecessary detail of the man's "big ears" adds another element of farce to the proceedings. After placing one of the men with the woman in a closet: why a closet?—

another arbitrary choice. We are in a universe ruled by randomness. The first stanza closes with a sequence of five uninterrupted completely unrelated actions: he goes to the "back porch", removes the motor from a washing machine, shoots a cat, steals a dictionary as well as a green apple. The only connecting link in the chain of causality is that four of these actions following his exit to the porch continue the initial violent narrative of randomly hitting people by being either violent or transgressive.

The second stanza now makes a complete shift of tone and subject matter. We are now voyaging in geographical space to Spain and the narrator wonders why he is "in the middle of Georgia." The next non-sequitur — "some songs have no/meaning" — can be read as completely unrelated to what has proceeded, or it can be seen as a commentary on what has happened so far in the poem — thus "the story of this poem thus far has no meaning." The third stanza now shifts to the backyard as our narrator lies in a hammock and bites into his stolen apple. Close interpreters may find some possible allusion to the Tree in the Garden and the eating of the Apple. Suddenly the phone rings but equally suddenly he chooses not to answer the phone. Sirens now invade his peaceful time in the hammock and this seems the summons to enter into another sequence of random behaviors: he exits his hammock, climbs the fence in back, walks through the next yard, goes to the front of that house, turns left and proceeds down the street. All this physical activity is suddenly validated by the comment that his doctor had recommended that he exercise and the poem is over.

It is a bravura performance, and effortlessly transcribing a sequence of events from the completely neutral vantage point of a disconnected consciousness. Events have been deprived of their accustomed framework of "meaning" by telling the story without the customary elements of plot construction: there is no "point of view," the name and motivation of the character are unspecified, the "reason" for his actions is at no point given. This concern with random behavior is a recurring theme in Bukowski's work. Here it is portrayed comically, yet in other works of course the theme of madness and violence — such as "The Fiend" — the treatment of the theme is intense and tragic.

Finally, in his later career, Bukowski continued his exploration of madness as in his poem "overhead mirrors" from *War All the Time* (1984) which describes his time in East Hollywood when he was

buying cheap cocaine and sniffing it along with drinking beer and scotch. He became increasingly depressed and told his neighbor (Brad Darby) who brought him something in a pink bottle to calm him down. What follows is a description of what might be called a full-scale "panic attack." During the night he becomes severely agitated and "at times I/got up/and walked around/turned the radio off and on,/flushed the toilet/now and then, ran all the faucets in the place,/then shut them off, turned the lights off and/on, got back on the bed, rested but not too long,/ got up, sipped water out of the tap,/sat in a chair and took some coins/out of my pocket and counted them: 25, 26, 27/cents." (20) The poem catches masterfully the experience of time standing still while extreme nervous exhaustion and panic overwhelm the psyche. One is reminded of C.J. Jung who underwent a mental crisis in his late thirties and attempted to return to reality by repeating to himself: "I am Carl Gustav Jung. I teach at the University. I have a wife and children...." Bukowski's frenetic activity here is a way to keep in motion so he will not collapse into insanity. The next night he drinks beer, vodka and takes "one little/yellow pill" and listens to music, smokes "two bombers/drank 18 or 19 beers" and returns home. He sleeps, awakens without vomiting, walks the streets and buys a newspaper and returns to "read it/fascinated, finally, with what the/other people/were doing." (21) The poem is a *saison en enders*, but he is able to return to the living, finally able to read about other peoples' lives now that he has emerged safely from the labyrinth of his own struggle with madness. So too throughout his career, we can observe how Bukowski lit a torch through this labyrinth, enabling those of us who come after him to find our way perhaps with a bit more ease when the going gets tough, when we need to cross the room without burning, when we need a bit of courage as we ourselves walk through the fire.

NOTES

1. The early stories have been collected in David Stephen Calonne, ed., *Portions from a Wine-Stained Notebook*. San Francisco: City Lights, 2008; and *Absence of the Hero*. San Francisco: City Lights, 20010.
2. "Death Wants More Death," *Roominghouse Madrigals*
3. "Essay on the Wine-Gnat," *Harlequin*, Vol. 2. No. 1, 1957, p. 3.
4. "The Rapist's Story," *Absence of the Hero*, pp. 16-17.
5. "The Hunted," *Quicksilver*, Vol. 11, no. 2, 1958, p. 13.
6. Louis A. Sass, *Madness and Modernism: Insanity in the Light of Modern Art, Literature and Thought*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1992.

7. Gerard Manley Hopkins, "No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief", in *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Fourth Edition, ed. W.H. Gardner and N.H. MacKenzie, London: Oxford University Press, 1970, p. 100.
8. Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations: 1972-1990*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1995, p. 23. Also see Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*.
9. Charles Bukowski, *Living on Luck: Selected Letters 1960s-1970s*, Volume 2, ed. Seamus Cooney. Santa Rosa, Black Sparrow Press, 1995, p. 70. To Fernanda Pivano, Bukowski remarked: "I feel perfectly normal in my own mad way...If I went to a psychiatrist and found out where all my wires crossed, and got all my wires straightened out, why, I think I'd start patting children on the head, and smiling at apple trees, then go upstairs to type. I'd write crap that nobody would ever read, because it would be what everybody else was saying or doing or pretending to say and do. When I go up to write, it is what I am now. Untampered with." See Charles Bukowski, *Laughing with the Gods*, interview by Fernanda Pivano. Northville: Sun Dog Press, 2000,, 49-50. And "I wouldn't let them [analyze me]. Because they might take away my good luck....Because they'd make me normal and like them. Then I couldn't write, I couldn't sleep." Ibid, p. 116; "The well balanced individual is insane", *Notes of A Dirty Old Man*, p. 207; "Some people never go crazy. What truly horrible lives they must lead" *The Movie: "Barfly"*, p. 27.
10. "Portions from a Wine-Stained Notebook," in *Portions from a Wine-Stained Notebook*, p. 30.
11. Sigmund Freud, "The Uncanny" in *The Uncanny*, trans. David McClintock, with an Introduction by Hugh Haughton. New York: Penguin, 2003, pp. 123-162. *Deutsche Erzählungen/German Stories: A Bilingual Anthology*, trans. and ed. Harry Steinhauser. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984, p. 110.
12. "The Blanket" in *Tales of Ordinary Madness*, p. 232.
13. Ibid., p. 238.
14. Charles Rosen, *The Romantic Generation*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1998, p. 648.
15. "The Blanket", pp. 237-38.
16. Bukowski, review of Artaud Anthology in *Portions*, p. 52.
17. "the faces are gnawing at my walls but have not yet come in," *Entrails*, No. 4, July-August, 1967, p. 48.
18. Ibid.
19. "panties," *Everyman*, 1974.
20. "overhead mirrors," in *War all the Time: Poems 1981-1984*. Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1984, p. 237.
21. Ibid, pp. 238-9.

