

Charles Bukowski, 5124 DeLongpre Ave, Los Angeles, California 90027, 'd sent two poems along with his letter in K10, and here is another to enrage those who have answers and to placate those who don't believe in answers. A lot of Bukowski I don't go with, but he keeps KAURI from being monolithic. A recent letter from him adds, 'I suppose you'll get a reaction to letter and poem, the reaction being mainly "we've got to organize to get what we believe is just." but I'm out of the argument now, let them have their counter-shots. I will be doing something else like studying a fly on a curtain.' Henry Miller wrote Bukowski a letter and here is Buk's reply:

I AM AFRAID THAT I WILL CONTINUE TO DRINK MYSELF TO DEATH
FOR THESE SMALL REASONS MENTIONED HERE AND FOR OTHER REASONS
THAT NEITHER OF US HAS TIME FOR BECAUSE I HAVE NEED TO GET
DRUNK NOW--

I am mad like a dead angel.

a great man of artistic renown writes me from Beverly Hills:
"don't drink yourself to death. especially, don't drink while
you are writing--it'll ruin your inspiration."

my nights would be hell and my days unbearable without
drink.

the streetwalkers, the whores, the one-night stands the
one-week stands the

one-month stands the

winos the mothers the

non and wanting-to-be more-than-anything else

mothers, and meanwhile

my sad wand working in and out

under a piss- and rain-stained ceiling of
poverty and soul

o, the dope-heads

the poetesses the dabblers in paint and
life

the free-thinkers the liberals the bibliophiles the

members of poetry clubs the lazy-ass suckers of a workingman's
bones

the dirty bras the half-love the glass vase lies

the robbings of my drunken wallet

the screaming at my drunken name the vindictiveness

just for the hell of vindictiveness and nothing else to
do

the pitiful stockings hanging in the
shower

her round white innocent feet their round white

innocent feet their not so round white not so innocent
butts.

the Thanksgiving dinners

the Christmas trees standing there green and full of balls and
light and color

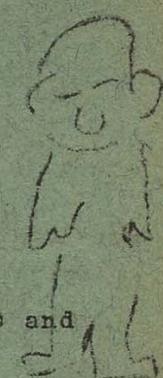
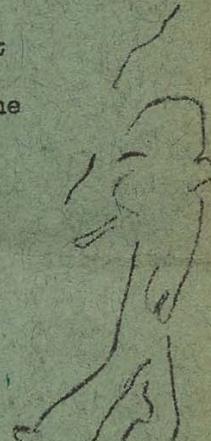
those are the nights when they fuck like near-virgins
again

the starvation

the nights full of sacks of bottles dumped into

oilwell hills so

the landlord won't know--only



Bukowski continued here..

the dog in the back seat
knows only God Who supplies the
stuff like

liquorstore credit
the teeth in the glass
a letter (at last! she loves me!) from a pregnant
daughter in Iowa, and who is the father who is the
Father? Virgin Mary. Sunday Mass. Purity purity
and more to
drink

and hairnets bobbypins safetypins
shit-stained drawers upon the floor and love-notes upon the
dresser

sleeping with other men
old men, dwarfs, imbeciles, janitors, brain-damage
cases, mother's boys, chess players, dog-lovers, pipe-smokers,
piano players, bookies, homosexuals, half-ass intellectuals,
priests...

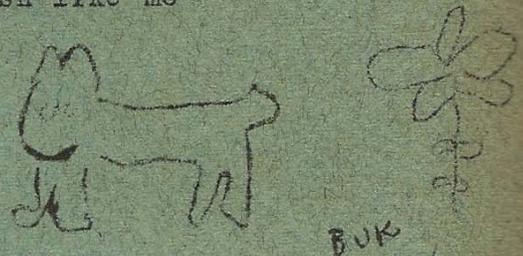
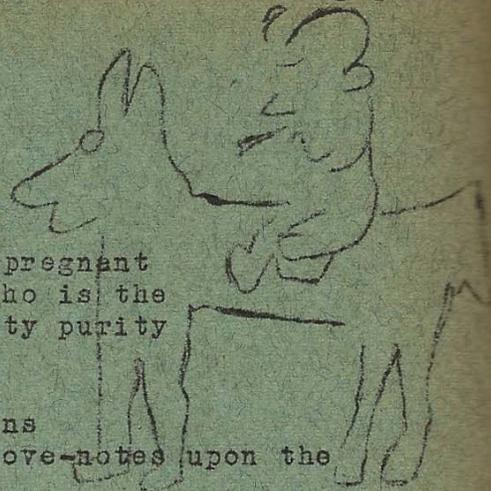
all and any nights ending up with a phonecall from the
drunktank
and my poor car mashed into stone somewhere
again and again
dripping twisted mandolin thing
it really loved
me

more women more women
rooms like a deck of cards coming on each card a
bad one stuffed on in forever
these moments of strangeness
hospitals death cats goldfish goldfish like me
even turtles even roses in a vase
somehow or

boiled corn with butter, ah, or
even a stageplay and almost always the
Sunday
funnies, the landlord's knock,
diarrhoea

but it is essentially the violation of
everything like hooking a golfball into the sea or
being boiled alive like a
crab

I am sad like a dead angel.



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