

WHAT DO YOU WRITE ON A MACHINE

WHICH TYPES LIKE THIS
WHILE WHITCH TYPES LIKE THIS
WHILR YOUT YOUR ELECTRIC HAD HAS BEEN
IN YHR REPAIR IT REPAIR SHOT SHOP FOR O
VER A WEEK?

I thought it was bad working on
in the slaughterhouse slaughterhouse
slaughterhouse slaughterhouse
after not eating for two days.
this is bad too but not that bad.
what would you write on a machine which
acts like this?

I THINK WHAT MATTERS MOST IS THAT
WE MUST WE MUST STOP BEING LIM LIMPITED
LIMITED IN OUR ACTIONS.
I ATTEMPT TO BEHOLD MYSELF TO MY OWN
ACTIONS
AND NOW I AM DRANK RUNK DRUNK
battling this miserable machine
and I think of a few who could pull
it out working thisly and thusly,
mainly e.e. cummings, Hrm Hem and
Edna St. Vincent Millay

YET I SHOULD BE MAD ENOUGH TO LIVE
THROUGH THIS THIS, for after all, there
was a period of 4 or 5 years when I
didn't even have a typewriter and I
printed everything out in
long hand, AND THOUGH ITC MAE
CAME BACK, THE MAIN MATTER WAS THE
MATTER OF doing, which is mainly what I
am goind doing tonight?

don't tell me what a p9 poem is. I
don't don't know. THAT I APPLIED FOR
WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT I APPLIED FOR
A GUGGENHEIM ONCE AND I SHOULD HAVE
SHOU, D HAVE SHOUL SHOULD HAVE MY
BRAIN REAMED FOR THAT ONE.

still, you know, the look ad and shape
and ro form of these these words on this
paper look f better than any I have
seen for some time.

ALSO, WITH OUR NEW SCHOOL WE ARE
GOING TO NEED TO NEED WHAT THE
OLD SCHOOL NEEDED (speaking speaking
here from the male viewp;int viewpoint
while listen listening to Shostakovitch

WE ARE ALWAYS GOING TO NEED A
WOMAN TO KEEP US AWAY FROM SELF SELF-
LOVE

a woman to
a woman to tell us that
we don't know how to pull up a
venetion blind
properly wass wash dishss
dishes dishes

DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE
TREAT EACH CZ CAT PROPERLY FROM
THE OTHER

that we have no powers of
observation
that we wro drop food upon the
floor
UNKNOWINGLY
and fart and n snore in our sleep
sleep.

A MAN CONSTANTLY CRITIIZED UPON
CRITICIZED UPON TINY TURNS OF
EXISTENCE BEGINS TO DOUBT HIMSELF
continually ad and this a is a healthy
AND GREAT THING.

THIS IS OUR SCHOOL AND THIS IS
OUR WAY.

note the lovely and lucky gathering
of of these marks upon paper.

IT HAS VEEEN A BEEN IT HAS BEEN
A LONG LN LONG TIME SINCE ANUBODY ANY
BODY HAS OR BROKEN THROUGH TO ANYWHERE.

PICK up ### these pebbles and
crash them trough the narrowness of our
universe.

Charles Bukowski

ME AND MY BUDDY

I can still see us
together
back then
sitting by the river
while shit-
faced on the
grape
and playing with the
poem
knowing it to be
utterly useless
but something to
do
while
waiting

as the Emperors
with their frightened
clay faces
watch us as we
drink

Li Po crumbles his
poems
sets them to
flame
floats them down the
river.

"what have you
done?" I
ask him.

Li passes the
bottle: "they are
going to end
no matter what
happens"

I drink to his
knowledge
pass the bottle
back

sit tightly upon my
poems
which I have
jammed halfway up my
crotch

I help him burn
some more of his
poesy

it floats well
down
the river
lighting up the
night
as good words
should.

Charles Bukowski

THE EMPTIES

we emptied wine bottles of the worst brands as if they were
thimbles
and our 4 a.m. battles had us evicted from apartment after
apartment all over the city
and one of our worst problems was the disposal of the
empties,
we were afraid the landlord would get the tip-off from the
trashcans that there were drunks upon his premises
so we snuck some of the empties into trashcans of other
apartment houses
but we still had leftovers
so we stored them inside our place
in cartons and bags until we were surrounded by
these
until finally
upon the night of nights
(and it happened often)
we'd sneak the bags and boxes
down the back stairway and
into the old car
(luckily, a sedan)
and we'd get in
the whole floor in the back
stacked
bag and box upon bag and box
and the whole back seat jammed with
boxes and sacks of empties
rising up against the back window
so visibility was almost
impossible
while in the front seat
between us
sat boxes and bags of
empties
and also upon the floor
where they often shifted and fell
getting in the way of the
clutch, the brake, the gearshift
while, of course, between us we also had
a couple of fulls
at the ready . . .
such a clinking and clanking of empties
in the moonlight!

. . . driving slowly up into Baldwin
Hills
terrified that the police might stop
us
and give us a life sentence
or at least a couple of years in a
madhouse,
we'd make it up there
along the side roads
in that old car
we knew could quit at any
moment
we'd cut off the headlights
and drive in among the silent sucking
oilwells standing there and working away
indifferent to us
we'd get to where the road got
both rocky and muddy
and I'd say,
"THIS IS IT!"
then
as if the very searchlights of
hell were upon me
I'd leap out and begin throwing
sacks and boxes of empties into the
pumping dark moonlight,
hearing tumbles and crashes
the familiar sound of breaking glass as
per our 4 a.m. battles
I'd grab for more and more,
sweating, dizzy and sick
I'd hurl the empties into the
night
until the entire car was
cleaned out.
then
she would look at the mounds of
glass and say,
"Jesus Christ, did we we drink all
that?"
I'd survey the mass and the thought of
that would always make me
vomit
then she'd open the door and vomit
out the side
then

I'd get in
take a new hit
start the car and
we'd roll out of the hills
in an attempt to find our way back to
the Westlake district,
it took some gas, more than we could
afford

but it felt very good to get rid of
all those empties
I'd cut the engine
to save on fuel
and we'd glide down out of the
hills
being passed by the proper
people
she'd hand me another
hit
and I'd pass it back
then
she'd say,
"Geez, don't you feel
better?"
and I'd answer, "yeah, how much
we got left?"
she'd hold up the
bottle: "enough to get us
in."

it was a victory that
only those in the know could
appreciate.
"I think we got 3 bottles at the
apartment," I'd say.
"maybe 4, maybe 5," she'd
say,
and we'd head back toward our
place,
a place we hoped would be ours
for a while . . .
we'd done what we could to appear to be
decent citizens
although we knew that our time was
limited--
in all manners and ways

we tried to keep it going
even though we knew they would never
understand, nor did we ever
expect them
to.

Charles Bukowski

DO YOU THINK HEMINGWAY OR CELINE WOULD ACT LIKE THIS?

"Yes, Chinaski, we are one of your main publishers over here, I am phoning
from _____."

"yes?"

"I phoned you once before, remember?"

"no."

"it was about a title for one of your books. the english title would not
translate well and you were very helpful, you gave us another title."

"uh."

"well, there's a book fair in Los Angeles and my publisher is coming with
me, I'm the editor and we'd like to visit you."

"I don't have visitors."

"you don't have visitors?"

"no."

"well, we are coming to the book fair and we thought we'd drop by."

"listen, I'm not a snob, and I'm not playing genius, I just don't like to sit around and talk--talking has nothing to do with writing, only writing has to do with writing."

"but you must talk to people sometime...."

"not that way."

"well, you could listen to us talk..."

"you can do that without me around."

"well, we could just drink then."

"I hear that plenty."

"we will come anyhow."

"no, I am honored that you publish me but that's it. I type words on a sheet of paper and then that's over and I type more words on a sheet of paper, and that's all there is, don't you understand?"

"we would come by, we would not stay long."

"it's best my way, that you won't stay at all."

"we will phone you when we arrive in town."

"don't phone."

"you don't understand, we adore you, we revere you, we love you."

"if you love me, leave me alone."

"my publisher was sure he could meet you..."

"listen, when you phoned I had a bottle in my hand and I was going upstairs to type and now I am going to go ahead and do that..."

"do you think Hemingway or Celine would act like this?"

"I don't know. they're dead, I have work to do."

I hung up.

I took the bottle and walked up the stairway and I didn't feel like a son of a bitch at all--or a genius or a snob, although I might have been all three.

anyhow, I got the cork out, poured a goblet of the good red, slipped a piece of paper into the machine, lit one of my mangalore ganesh beedies, turned the radio on to KPFK, took a hit of the red, and this is what I typed on the first page after answering the telephone, and it may not be immortal but it sure beats chattering about it or anything related to it, those bodies in their chairs, trying to think of things to say--this beats that any day, and now I'm going to put in another sheet of paper and do it all over again.

Charles Bukowski

THE PRIVATIZATION OF THE PARTS

You're not going to like this one
but I'm going to write it
anyhow.

writing a screenplay that is
made into a movie is not
good.

movies get tentousandfold
more attention
than they
should.

it brought me a minor
fame.

at first when I was approached
in public places
I would answer questions
quietly
then walk
off.

but I found out that this
disturbed my motherfucking
thought process.

that they had done was
to give me a name and
a place, a
position.

I didn't want to think
of myself as anything more than
a body moving about or
not.

so it has happened at
racetracks, gas stations and
other public places of
late

I have been approached
and it always seems like
the same voice:

"excuse me, but are
you . . ."

"no," I will say, "I am
not," and I will move
off.

it is only an attempt
at the privatization of my
parts.

thank god I am not truly
famous and thank god
that you are
not either.

Charles Bukowski

THE PROCLAIMERS

it could be a curious time in our culture
but more and more I meet people who tell me,
"I am a writer," or "I am a painter," or "I am an
actor."

there are more writers, painters, actors
now than there have ever been.

if only there were more and better
writings, paintings and
performances.

I have been writing for 55 years
but I don't tell people,
"I am a writer."

what I do know is that
most of the time
I am not

even as I am typing this
and
especially
now.

Charles Bukowski

A SUMMING UP

sick for two days
after a 4 a.m. drinking bout
of countless bottles
consumed

many men your age are already
dead
or if not dead
then
witless and
wasted

you know that
the booze will
escape you
right to your grave
and your typer will rattle
no more

which would hardly be a
world wide
catastrophe

but there's so little
going on
on the poetry front
that
it would seem a heinous
act to
cash-out
and leave the game
totally to
the
suckbutts

so next time
you drink
hold it to
one or two bottles
and retire at
2 a.m.
as you used to
do
as a young
man

there's need for
more
rattling of the
typer

for words that
smoke
their bellies full of
fire

laughing at the heedless
happenstance.

Charles Bukowski

I THINK OF SNAILS CRAWLING
TOWARD THE TWILIGHT

after a while what the others have done before you no longer matters

22222222222222222222222222222222

you finally have to hack through alone

the wreckage of failed loves and years behind you--

nothing dramatic about that

it's just a refuse heap

33333333333333333333333333

and all you've learned from all that is to endure

and that calling may not even come from courage

death is the easiest

lights out

but meanwhile this going on

enduring

4444444444444444444444444444

I do not like what they have put upon us

I did not like it when I was very young

55555555555555555555555555

and old now there is no change

just that hell is more and more familiar

666666666666666666666666666666666666

Charles Bukowski

THE APPARITIONS

I thought I saw the one with the long hair
standing by the coffee stand.
she had on dark shades.
I ducked and got on the escalator
and went down to the first
floor and mingled with the
crowd.

a few days later
I thought I saw the redhead.
it looked like her ass from behind
and when her head turned
it looked like the same
face.

I changed floors again,
went all the way over to the
clubhouse.

it might all be my imagination
that I am seeing 2 of these women
that I once thought I couldn't
live
without.

but
at least
I'm not seeing
the other
5.

Charles Bukowski