

\$1

BIG TABLE 1

THE COMPLETE CONTENTS OF THE SUPPRESSED WINTER 1959 CHICAGO REVIEW

JACK KEROUAC

OLD ANGEL MIDNIGHT

EDWARD DAHLBERG

THE GARMENT OF RA

FURTHER SORROWS OF PRIAPUS

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

NAKED LUNCH

AND POWER, ARMY, AND POLICE BY GREGORY CORSO

GREGORY CORSO

THREE POEMS

P O W E R

for Allen Ginsberg

We are the imitation of Power
Every man is to be doubted
There is no mouth no eye no nose no ear no hand enough
The senses are insufficient
You need Power to dispel light
Not the closing of an eye

Since I observe memory and dream
And not the images of the moment
I am become more vivid
And need not open the eye to see
With me light is always light
How powerful I am to imagine darkness!

Since I depend on heroes for opinion and acceptance
I live by proper truth and error
SHAZAM!
O but how sad is Ted Williams gyped and chiseled
All alone in center field
Let me be your wise Buck Rogers!

Since I contradict the real with the unreal
Nothing is so unjust as impossibility
Outstepping myself as a man in Azerbaijan
I forge a rocket lion
And with a heart of wooing mathematics soar to passion a planet

O but there are times SHAZAM is not enough
There is a brutality in the rabbit
That leads the way to Paradise—far from God
There is a cruelty in the fawn
Its tiger-elegance gnawing clover to the bone

I am a creature of Power
With me there is no ferocity
I am fair careful wise and laughable
I storm a career of love for myself
I am powerful humancy in search of compassion
My Power craves love Beware my Power!

Know my Power
I resemble fifty miles of Power
I cut my fingernails with a red Power
In buses I stand on huge volumes of Spanish Power
The girl I love is like a goat splashing golden cream Power
Throughout the Spring I carried no Power

But my mission is outrageous!
I am here to tell you various failures of God
The unreasonableness of God
There is something unfair about this
It is not God that has made Power unbearable it is Love
Love of Influence Industry Firearms Protection
Man protected by man from man this is Love
Good has no meaning and Sympathy no message this is Love
THINK signs will never give way to DREAM signs this is Love
We are ready to fight with howitzers! this is Love
This has never been my Love
Thank God my Power

Who am I that sing of Power
Am I the stiff arm of Nicaragua

Do I wear green and red in Chrysler squads
Do I hate my people
What about the taxes
Do they forgive me their taxes
Am I to be shot at the racetrack—do they plot now
My monument of sculptured horses is white beneath the moon!
Am I Don Pancho Magnifico Pulque no longer a Power?

No I do not sing of dictatorial Power
The hail of dictatorship is symbolic of awful Power
In my room I have gathered enough gasoline and evidence
To allow dictators inexhaustible Power

I *Ave* no particular Power but that of Life
Nor yet condemn fully any form of Power but that of Death
The inauguration of Death is an absurd Power
Life is the supreme Power
Whoever hurts Life is a penny candy in the confectionary of Power
Whoever complains about Life is a dazzling monster in the zoo of
Power

The lovers of Life are deserved of Power's trophy
They need not jump Power's olympics nor prove pilgrimage
Each man is a happy spy of Power in the realm of Weakness

Power
What is Power
A hat is Power
The world is Power
Being afraid is Power
What is poetry when there is no Power
Poetry is powerless when there is no Power
Standing on a street corner waiting for no one is Power
The angel is not as powerful as looking and then not looking
Will Power make me mean and unforgettable?

Power is underpowered
Power is what is happening
Power is without body or spirit
Power is sadly fundamental
Power it attained by Weakness
Diesels do not explain Power
In Power there is no destruction
Power is not to be dropped by a plane
A thirst for Power is drinking sand
I want no song Power
I want no dream Power
I want no driven-car Power
I want I want I want Power!

Power is without compensation
Angels of Power come down with cups of vengeance
They are demanding compensation
People! where is your Power
The angels of Power are coming down with their cups!

I am the ambassador of Power
I walk through tunnels of fear
With portfolios of Power under my arm
Look at me
The appearance of Power is there
I have come to survey your store of Power—where is it
Is it in your heart your purse
Is it beneath your kitchen sink
Beautiful people I remember your Power
I have not forgotten you in the snows of Bavaria
Skiing down on the sleeping villages with flares and carbines
I have not forgotten you rubbing your greasy hands on aircraft
Signing your obscure names on blockbusters

No! have not forgotten the bazooka you decked with palm
Fastened on the shoulder of a black man
Aimed at a tankful of Aryans
Nor have I forgotten the grenade
The fear and emergency it spread
Throughout your brother's trench
You are Power beautiful people

In a playground where I write this poem feeling shot in the back
Wanting to change the old meaning of Power
Wanting to give it new meaning my meaning
I drop my unusual head dumb to the true joy of being good

And I wonder myself now powerless
Staggering back to the feeble boys of my youth
Are they now lesser men in the factories of universe
Are they there compressing the air
Pumping their bully profanations through long leafy tubes
I see them perched high on the shelves of God
Outpecking this offered hemisphere like a crumb—
O God! what uttered curse ushers me to them
Like a prisoner of war . . .
Be those ominous creaks of eternity their sad march?

How powerless I am in playgrounds
Swings like witches woosh about me
Sliding ponds like dinosaur tongues down to my unusual feet
To have me walk in the street would be *both* unusual

—1956

1958—

Power is still with me! Who got me hung on Power?
Am I stuffed in the grizzly maw of Power's hopped-up wheel
Will I always be like this head in legs out

Like one of Ulysses men in the mouth of Polyphemus
Am I the Power drag? Me the Power head?
Just what Power am I for anyway!
The seized bee in a blaze of honey Power—
The spider in the center of its polar veil
With a fly-from-another-world Power—
Good noon nap on adoration lap with all cozy cruelty Power—
Towering melt like an avalanche of glass never ending chirring
Power—
Stooped and hushed Chronicleleer of Spenserian gauderies
Is surely maybe my Power—
Whenever I play the fiery lyre with cold-fingered minstrelry
A luscious Power gives me a heavened consequence good as
sunlight—
Awful blank acreage once made pastoral by myths
Now abandoned to mankind's honest yet hopeless
Anthemion-elixir is in need of my Power—
But the Power I have I built with my own help!
That bad wolf approach in dim-divine disguise Power
All mine! All illumination sheep Power!
That woodsy savant fetch-eyed scarce perspective from
Balm-volumed epics that prouds shy fantasy my Power!
That hand-grenade humor dropped down the hatch
Of an armoured suit my proposed bit come doomsday Power!
O joy to my human sparkle Power!
Joy to its march down the street!
Ha! The envy of diamonds in the windows!
The child of Power is laughter!

October you fat month of gloom and poetry
It's no longer your melodious graveyard air
Your night-yanked cypresses
Your lovely dead moon
It is October of me! My Power!

Alive with a joy a sparkle a laugh
That drops my woe and all woe to the floor
Like a shot spy

A R M Y

Thrice I've seen the two-gunned ghost of Patton
waxing wars in the backroom whitehaired and mad
his fat thumbs pressing violence with schoolboy gaud.
He hates God he has alchemy cannons aimed at Him!
Badgered angels (wine-soaked rags) slaughtered by his orders
by his battalions of exorbitant drunks
hang (not as sweet Alexander would have it hang)
like rags in the bombblotched air of God.
Yet . . . those who die most courteous
do become the dreadful applause in any great decline.
Remember,
trembling aristocracies doomed
laughed to slay flies.

I think of war mythical wars
flowing from the wrinkled mouths of bards
wars that defile tears
uplift horrible iniquities
plunge complaints in noble speech
turn white the infant hair of the world
wars that go mad
that banish the leaking ox the stuck pig the pinned swan
wars that drink blackberries
wars that pee behind the hideous shack of Farm
wars wars wars
war: A blessed hour
stole from the heaven of God.

I left the imagination army
stricken by the penitential muster
over my shoulder a swollen gun—
I made my way to instant wars
my medals were laughing faces
in my hand I held a diploma of Rifle
Ah what war next? I stood on the threshold
my army-gloved hand, its woeful knock,
provoked the door of Peace;
Athene requests my unbecoming.

I stepped upon an old bombardment
my path pyloned by dark meditative Generals.
"So!" I cried, "So this is the sadness of Generals!"
I sat awhile in the arms of Eisenhower and slept
and dreamed a great bomb had died,
its death rattle made Stentor
in the breast of my human bed.

I ran down the bombarded fetch of war
North of Rzhev
in the bend of the Don
on the hump of Stalingrad
outrunning the German General Staff
fled from Rostov (confused)
the only exit the Kerch Straits
now where? now where?
Beyond the Crimea
—a lonely dark wet wicker basket.
O the basins of the Don
the Volga
the great bend of the Don
Generals Vatutin Golikov Kuznetsov
Leliushenko

How can I love the Army?

Doves honk it wicked!

Nothing I know wishes a young man die

(perhaps Army)

One concise bullet aimed at the heart

can never separate youth from youth

(perhaps Army can)

Even with all its helmets

who can love the Army?

(Army)

Army walks the battlefield and does not retreat

Army kneels before the boys who fell and

revels in the fragrance of their gunpowdered mouths

Army likes to hieroglyph the ground

with fragments of lyric youth.

How can I love the Army?

From foxhole illusion where I sit

secretly drawing pictures of my mother

I know I am but a stupid boy waiting to be shot

Yet no thing I know in man wishes me die.

They said shoot the young boy and I did.

I would like to have shot him at a distance

They had me put the pistol to the back of his head

I cried

but the army summoned the brass band

(its prestige and morale supply)

and soon my sobs became song.

That war gives me chance

to breathe air appreciately

is wonderful

That I may die with all my beautiful hair

is not forbidden
That I no longer dream of Jane or my cats
but of Flying Fortresses
is forgivable
That I can tear the faces of youth
That I can char their heads
That I can give them smoking knees
That I can

Army you dirty rotten—O my heart!
I know you'd like me to make friends
with my fellow soldiers
but I'll not!
Tonight when attack screams us back into infancy
I'd not like to hear them bullet-torn tell me:
"Death is a consuming blackness" how dull!
I've heard that in all your other wars.
How sad the first buddy I took by the hand in death
who, in words of blood, said:
"That a soldier can't die a unique death is lamentable"

Rommel leads Hollywood across the Sahara
Montgomery flees!
Zhukov clumps like the baths of Caracalla into Berlin
Rundstedt hides in the bombed opera house
his shiny boots gathering dust in the back room of Gigli
Guderian examines with tears in his drooping swastika eyes
Ukrainian pitchfork wounds in his mistress tanks
Eisenhower yanks out appendix
thus to lead healthy wealthy and wise the whole shebang!
And miles and miles away Shades MacArthur
wets his knees in tropic water
the mangled children of Buddha floating pass his eagled belly
button.

Battalions! Platoons! Garrisons!
In everywhere they go they war
hand in hand
their promises mutual
their hearts faulty
In everywhere they go they kill
some carry diaries
some, poems
everyone reads a sacred prayer
Army's sacred prayer
Holy be to Papa Patton who leads us
into the poolrooms and brothels of War!
Holy be to Papa Patton, he'd never fight Nebuchadnezzar!
He leads us fatherly martherly gartherly into
Death! Death! Death! Death! Death!
Bullets in our blue eyes, holy be to Patton!
Grenades in our bellies, Patton!
Tanks over our bright blond hair!
O Harpo Death and thy clanking harp, hear!
Holy be to Patton he gives hills to Death!
Army! Army! Army! Army!

P O L I C E

Yes! one momentflash BANG—and boiling boywar
One moment be it gang or burglary or rooftop sleep
torches a solitary shattered surprise—just one moment
a whiff only, a boybelly ripped by 38 divinity—
The desk sergeant goes mad to place pennies on the eyes
to hear at night in sleep dizzy hyenas moaning aerial laughter
Starmeat, them cops'd eat starmeat; take a seat by God

Sit by God, they' sit and order more of themselves—
Horned Reality it's snout ringed with tokens of fear
pummeling child's jubilee, man's desire,
was never meant in the dove-model of things—
Police will shrink crisp thank new worlds O God
O corrupter shrink! shrivel as would a stabbed leech
Shrivel with you all your billioned bluecoats brassbuttons
clear smooth the earth
—hosannah the swimming feet of Beauty

Though anger does not remain the countenance of a dreamer
nor vengeance the dream
the thought of beauty encourages

Tell me of police heaping hill-berries
sticking fingers in stone ears—giggling happy dangers
Police! bare heaven lugs away dark dereliction!
Men sin on snow, their souls acrid
the death they cast returns;
the critch of electric chair tames the beast,
and rain pindells its hock-head fate
a bolt strikes the heart no less extravagante—
Death! jump while the skully pie-wagon rolls
Prat on the monotony-backs of cops and robbers
crash their lips together—kiss!
Death! send forth thy compassionate mother to yank
the billy out of the hand—
Life! St. Francis all police!
Demand golden stoolpigeons on their shoulders!
Black Seraph stigmatize John Law!
John Law kneel in the midst of God!—

Sun on the brush
Beasts in the cave
Sleeping snakes
Temptation clowns

Thin trees
 Tiny mushrooms
 Ah but Death's wheeled-skull rolls
 Youth and the breakers of life look up forever
 Raptured sound fountains twinkling lemons
 O all that policelight!
 Kneel, too, delinquency!
 Kneel to God midst His making!—
 Mossy badges
 Gnarled nightsticks
 Dry 38's
 Forever delinquency look up!
 Who does John Law refuse? No one.
 Law never takes away the sun.
 Enter Law's chamber; brag old snowballs to Law;
 Law can make winter eternal
 Spring temporary; yes, consider Law.
 Law will sanctify all you've done.
 Law is not only charity, Law is magic!
 Love Law. Follow Law, obey!
 Bang on Law's door.
 Every inch of Its room is covered with floor.
 Children present Law a bombsite!
 Afford Law a bomb.
 Give Law churches factories railways!
 Restore terribleness unto Law's eyes!
 Children, the fault is yours! Yourselves restore!
 All is lamb-agony! The bleat is Law's!

 O Police! debauched of boywar,
 boybites on your flatfeet,
 there is no lasting killer, all is figurative kill;
 and murder washes away, flooddeath, deluge,
 the dead the sad permanence the durable sadness—

Weep your shrill tears O police!
Blow your whistled requiems;
bark at human promise.

Green purged gatey plumed discolored Youth
who dumped you down the sewer like a petty gangster's gun?
The boys are in heaven, they are sad, there is no sadness there;
is there no sadness to tell?
The boys are swimming in the ocean of heaven,
can police reach their play?
But police too must go to heaven!
That's why the boys are sad
so sadly dancing
so tiredly kissing God—

Cop! forgive the cop-killer!
The mercies of man rivet heaven to earth—
Yes yes O cop go out into a field alone & see & know & feel!
There is no cop-killer in Beauty—
The Mad Dogs! The Esposito brothers! I was 11 years old
And my father only read the Daily News the Daily Mirror
and it was my mission to buy them
and I sat on the fourth landing of my building
and looked at the Espositos on the front page
their knees on the railway station ground
their white shirts up to their breasts
their handcuffed hands wringing like Christ crucified in the air
the mad dog tears in their eyes
the foam
and surrounding them the great cops of determination
and before them the great black train of determination
and in the train past wooded deer-second upstate New York
with its twin lakes and rush rivers and little summer towns
the electric chair—

I trembled on that landing and vowed I'd never be
those Esposito brothers but came close
and ran to my father and gave him his daily read
and he read with excitement for-granting it part of his afterwork
day—

I knew then nothing could save the Mad Dogs
And I knew with certainty that nothing could save any man
when I saw Rosalind Russell a female reporter
record for the Chicago Chronicle the death of a gas-chamber
man—

Newspapers and films abandon the doomed
that even children cast their innocence to agree
—anyway I did at that age agree.

My father's indifference, Rosalind Russell's stardom,
the great big circulation of the News, the Mirror,
I praised the police their backing, their fame—

Six patrol cars in all I've sat
on my way to the Tombs
Every contact with police I've had resulted in months, years—
Yet now, last night, fifteen cops
all guarding a poetry reading
in which I was to read—

Henry Hudson screamed on the Half-Moon:

"Police are a necessary evil!"

I dreamed a cop, an old cop,
a whitehaired cop bowed sad on a sofa
knowing in his years he carried a gun
a gun to stop the breath of a breathing being
a gun to cause man to push up daisies forever—
And when that realization mowed him down on the sofa
—he wept to know man

THE POCKET POETS SERIES

- PP#9 Jacques Prévert, Selections from PAROLES \$1.00
PP#8 Gregory Corso, GASOLINE 95¢
PP#7 William Carlos Williams, KORA IN HELL:
IMPROVISATIONS \$1.25
PP#6 Denise Levertov, HERE AND NOW 75¢
PP#5 Marie Ponsot, TRUE MINDS 75¢
PP#4 Allen Ginsberg, HOWL And Other Poems 75¢
PP#3 Kenneth Patchen, POEMS OF HUMOR & PROTEST 75¢
PP#2 Kenneth Rexroth (trans.), THIRTY SPANISH POEMS OF
LOVE & EXILE 75¢
PP#1 Lawrence Ferlinghetti, PICTURES OF THE GONE WORLD 75¢

In preparation:

- Robert Duncan, SELECTED POEMS
Jerome Rothenberg (trans.), NEW YOUNG GERMAN POETS
Nicanor Parra, THE VICES OF THE MODERN WORLD

Distributed nationally to bookstores by the Paper Editions Corporation.

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco 11

J A C K K E R O U A C ' S

LATEST NOVEL

THE

DHARMA BUMS

"Compared to almost any other writers . . . Kerouac is here and alive and they are far off and half dead. He writes as he lives — independently and uncompromisingly."

—LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*

\$3.95

The Viking Press, 625 Madison Ave., New York 22

