

Route 1 - Box 327 AA,  
Englewood, Florida,  
January 1, 1963.

Dear Kit and Tommy,

How.

I thought 'twould be good to start the New Year right, ~~by~~ with a letter to the Fosters.

Do we owe apologies? Prombly so, for we certainly owe thanks.

Trouble is: Tonight I'm absolutely flat. And not from a hangover, either. My carousing last night amounted to this: Shorty went to bed about eleven. I sat going through old papers, looking for Flowerishes that get scattered among my notes. A few minutes ~~be~~ before 12, I turned on the TV, and solemnly inspected the image of the revelry at Times Square. Then, until two o'clock, I glumly read T. S. Eliot on Christianity and Culture, at which time I took about three sips of port, and went to bed. This morning, did some work on a ptikly unwieldy review. This afternoon, we took our usual four-mile walk on the beach. And this evening, with one bottle of beer at dinner, I grudgingly saw Wisconsin get beaten by U.S.C. in the Rose Bowl.

And now I'm magnificently zero.

But we found a quite satisfactory place here. Nothing btw. us and the beach but about 20 yards of an empty lot. Though it has been cold from the standpoint of swimming or being in the orange business, there has been a <sup>constant</sup> succession of profusely sunny days. We plan to stay until mid-March, when I <sup>I</sup> migrate north and do ten weeks at Penn State (one three-hour class a week).

At odd moments, I continue to try making up my mind about what to ~~discuss and from~~ throw out of the verses I have been collecting. I enclose a copy of the opening piece, which includes some bits you have already seen. (No need to return it, as I have other copies. But if there are any lines that particularly nauseate you, do let me know and I'll throw them out. I've already obliged other readers by cutting down an earlier draft. But unfortunately, as you will note, I have now added the mean notion of the words from Sandskritch. Does it work? Or should it be classed ~~in~~ with practical jokes like putting thumb tacks ~~in~~ point up on the seats of chairs?)

I guess the main trouble is that St. Paul walks away with the show. I have had to take out all the curses I had added. For I couldn't even play at hating with a perfect hate. In my unsaintliness, the worst I can see is pissants and morons. So I have finally thrown out all the transgressors and transgressions I had added to his list. In fact, I got into the damndest mess. For I wanted mine to be anti-climactic - and that's exactly what readers said they were. But might the puns on the Waste Land formula be the solution? Might they be anti-climactic in the other sense?

Meanwhile, felicitous novannuality to you both.

Sincerely,

K.B.



Introduction to What

I

Wandering by a canal  
Through meadows in a dream  
Then later  
Uninvited to a party,  
Asking  
"Where is the secret passage?"  
(which, when found,  
proved to be dirty and unusable -  
my coat dragging through the damndest places)

I must read more Schopenhauer  
(him saying in sum:  
"Will must blindly seek completion,  
"Life is sex, and Death excretion")

Remember how once snow-flakes  
Stood still in mid-air,  
The earth coming up to meet them?

~~How itayeh during snow storms~~

Yet I've been different  
Ever since I found  
That snow is crazy.



II

A guy, let's say,  
Starts out with curses  
(Not bloody -  
Domesticated)  
The threats of a mild fellow  
He'd do no worse  
Than knife you in the back  
In social warfare  
Hoping you'd find out  
(if he did a good enough job of it)  
- If he really did knock you down  
He'd be the first to pick you up.

There's a beginning for you  
That's how it goes.

All I ask  
Before I die  
All I ask is:  
Get that guy.

'Nthen we could be pals.

The world gets gradually sprayed  
With a hate-filled gospel of love;  
And the number of the Beast is  
Sex-Sexy-Sex;



And the fullness of the time of vengeance  
Draws near.

Drink up, mine enemy.

Quaff a beaker of burning wrath,  
While the whores of the press  
Publicly boast of their Constitutional right  
To be bought.

It's a wrangle

It's a tangle

It's a jingle jungle

#### JANGLE

This world of Mr. Seat-Up and Miss Seat-Down  
And their Ultimate Interminglings  
While everything flows  
(panta rhei to you)

But how face death bravely  
Unless it's exactly my kind?

#### III-a

loving poems, dreams, and similar psychanda

Living always on tenderhooks

thanking God who,

in his mysterious mercy,

taught the manufacture of pills

that man might have the gift of sleep



knowing that ailments  
cost more than a trip to Europe  
  
Respectful of primates  
both simian and ecclesiastical  
  
not yet psyched  
(his ego not yet massaged by an expert)  
  
to avoid malice  
praying that all his rivals  
be received forthwith into Heaven  
  
quick as a flask  
  
pointpinning the genuwine patriot as  
"One who swells with pride  
Each time a chunk of the public domain  
Gets handed to a private corporation."  
  
aware of the rat-race  
in all walks of life  
  
stumped by the pattern:  
"They started it  
By making us do it first."  
  
grieved that his native tongue  
has no rhymes for "rhythm" or "music"  
and rhymes "song" with "wrong"



asking "Why praise a man  
For sticking to his principles,  
If they are sticky?"

Dear Reader

I make no claims

Except to say:

Where go next?

Abounding and abiding in  
Foreboding - I'm gettn tired,  
It's as simple as that.

Finding no difference  
between suspicion  
and love of knowledge

A D.F.S.

(Doctor of Fee-Splitting)

lostly forlorn  
dejectedly cast down  
contritely worn  
innately to gloom inborn

Yet holding that  
What gets said  
With one less sound,  
Is by so much  
Toward beauty.



III-b

Inclined to bathe in bathos

Dreaming of betrothal in a brothel

While actually fighting

The battle of the bottle

Avowing acrostically:

"Let him who reigns

Resign."

Knowing that nothing

Is worth talking about

Except everything.

Looking upon all mankind

As brothers and sisters,

That is, in terms of

Fratricide and such.

Interested especially in the better of the new sciences:

Demonology, alchemy, toxicology, criminology, and of course

The new haruspicy, archaeology,

That prophesies old motives and ways of life

By systematic inspection of the entrails,

Studying ancient cultures' shit.

#



Slightly despising himself for sharing all the aims  
That the pitchmen of this trick set-up  
Tout as the glories of the profit system.

And above all  
Concerned with these particular summations:  
Yes, No, Maybe, Look, Huh? - and Please!

#### IV

On the theory of Rolling With the Punch,  
<sup>9</sup>  
~~to~~ view each mood

As aiming at similitude.

Thus, during a time of Wake-Wake, these beset me

("Several could stand to be upgraded," a Wall Street friend will  
write):

as worried as a bug crawling across the floor  
as fluttery as gas flames climbing on asbestos  
as hopeful as packing  
as true as a swat to the jaw  
(as clear as a cuss-word)  
as aware as a man who finds he's been framed  
as trusting as a sleepwalker  
as uneasy as at the top (or anywhere else, for that matter)  
as good-natured as an imbecile  
as honest as a bandage  
as frightened as a beard  
as mum as a can of something



as charming as a young female skeleton covered with live flesh  
as reliable as a bump on a log  
as rotten as a well-digested dinner  
as fertile as a weed-patch  
as fertile as a pesthouse  
as fertile as a neurosis  
as run-down as progress  
as crooked as you-know  
as friendly as all get out

To which I later added:

as solemn as a rump  
as non-committal as a ticket office (or a bed?)  
as promiscuous as money  
as sociable as a brush-off  
as democratic as a sewer  
as freedom-loving as an intercontinental ballistic missile  
as educated as one of Pavlov's dogs

Meet 'em halfway in premeditaysh,

By many guarding

Against each

V

Above all else remember:

Not just religion, but theology;

Not just theology, but theocracy.

To theocracy add the appropriate

Holy terrors and pious frauds -



Then you've caught up with politics,  
Be its grounding godlessly here  
Or Beyond the Behind the Beyond.

An enemy need but  
Make mistakes in copying -  
And history gets both born  
And reborn.

Yes, No, Maybe, Look, Huh? - and Please!

let a little line of letters form your code  
let a little line of letters clear your road  
let a little line of letters  
help to free you of your fetters  
make you best among your betters  
and defray your debts to debtors  
let a little line of letters light your load

Ah, unless love spurts like a gargoyle in a storm  
It grows stony  
Like with gazing on a Gorgon  
(this the first law of generation and corruption)  
Growing older, I think less vaguely of forgotten years  
When down the long shaft of springtime  
There blew a soft and playful ...

If we grow too old to love truth  
Might we still at least hate error?



And what is it when, sick deep inside,  
The oldster grumbled,  
"My guts have gone to pot"?

Yes, No, Maybe, Look, Huh? and Please!  
To which by all means add  
The deft poetess's  
NEVERTHELESS

Forth to go with girded loins,  
Upon your 'scutcheon, "Neenmoins."

## VI

There are resources of this nature  
To work around with:

Recovery from an illness  
Relief by excretion or the kill  
Release from a burden  
(Getting out from in under)  
Rain after drought (how eagerly it gets blotted up!)  
Warmth after cold or coolness when hot  
Finding one's way when lost  
Bathing (in water) (in air)  
Escape from a mean trap  
From doubt dejection privation  
To certainty joy enough  
Being fed when you need fed  
In sum, from pain to pleasure



(Turns for Beatitudes

And soon!

With the enemy to <sup>rat</sup> ~~be~~ henceforth in eternal torment)

happiness, noble birth, many and good friends, wealth, many and good children, mellow old age, health, beauty, strength, stature, athletic prowess, good reputation, good fortune, virtue, freedom, education, justice, courage, benevolence, philanthropy (says Aristotle, on the springs of the desirable)

aluminum ware, household appliances, auto accessories, band instruments, bathroom accessories, china ware, cleaning supplies, clothing, cosmetics, deodorants, farm equipment, fertilizers, furniture, guns, heating equipment, household appliances, lawn equipment, lighting fixtures, office equipment, optical goods, paints, paper, photographic supplies, plumbing supplies, sporting goods, television, tires, toys, vacuum cleaners, ventilating equipment, washing machines, yard goods, youth furniture, zippers, zithers (says the mail order catalogue)

and a twenty-billion-dollar trip to the moon (says Kennedy)

Yours for The Light, the Doctrine, the Rebirth, the Promise, the Great Praiseworthy, the Over-Flowing Through Sheer Abundance, The Beginning-and-End-in-One, The Unfolding, The Homecoming, The Perfect Turn From Estrangement, the Revelation, the Moment Within the Moment (drawn out forever), the Ultimate, the Crossing, the Looking Back Into the Future and Forward Into Pastness, the Single Irreplaceable Meeting (the one-time miraculous combination,



the very best of good luck), the Dirt Made Pure, The Flash of Blinding Super-Night, the Succession Jammed Together, the Forum of Sheer Form:

The Welling-Forth of Absolute Springtime, the Flowering in Winter, the Motionless Revolving, the Doctrine Without Dogma, the Law Without Lawyers, the Word Sans Syllables, the Grant Without Strings Attached, the King's Cameleopard or Royal Nonesuch (Ladies and children not admitted)

The sunrise at sundown, the New Forever Now

## VII

You awful person,  
How much you taught me,  
You slovenly, poverty-stricken bastard,  
You dirty guide,  
You pilferer,  
Crowding us into corners,  
Cornering us in crowds

Hark, while I plunder harshnesses from the Thirteenth Apostle. Bah! There are those greedy of filthy lucre, blind of heart, alienated from truth, heady, highminded, lascivious, slothful in business, of cunning craftiness, given up to uncleanness, the double-tongued, those of darkened understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, deceitful workers, ministers of sin, transgressors, false apostles, adulterers, those given to idolatry, witchcraft,



hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, those who do not cast down imaginations, those who do not give cheerfully, those filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backsliders, backbiters, the despiteful, the proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, adulterers, blasphemers, menstealers, liars, perjured persons, slanderers, brawlers, purloiners, thieves, traitors, those with the mouth full of cursing and bitterness, railers, drunkards, those of feet swift to shed blood, (destruction and misery are in their ways), trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, apostates, subverters, heretics (such as are condemned of themselves), lovers of their own selves, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, extortioners, persecutors, partakers of other men's sins, those who wrong and defraud their brethren, those marked by filthiness, foolish talk, and jesting (rather than giving thanks).

In this realm of strife and vainglory, of much filthy communication among rulers of the darkness of this world, with its spiritual wickedness in high places, where novices are lifted up with pride, and men of corrupt minds, reprobates (teachers of the law, who do not understand what they say), exhort servants to be disobedient to their own masters and to answer back, many are puffed up, and have swerved aside into vain jangling, not avoiding foolish questions, and contentions, and vain, unprofitable strivings



about the law, giving heed rather to fables and endless genealogies, proud, knowing nothing but doting about questions and strifes of words (perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds from which come envy, strife, railings, and evil surmisings), ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

There are the effeminate, abusers of themselves with mankind, men leaving the natural use of women, and burning in their lust toward other men. And there are others which creep into houses, and lead away captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts.

And of women, there are wives who are not grave, not faithful in all things; they are idlers, tattlers, busybodies, wandering about from house to house speaking things which they ought not; and there are young widows that wax wanton, and women who do not learn in silence with all subjection, or who would teach, or usurp authority over a man, and are not silent.

In sum, there are the foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another for their envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, after hardness and impenitent heart, treasuring up unto the self wrath against the day of wrath, and thus, condemning themselves in judging others.

~~while mutes with mud on their shoes lead  
the superior gazettes with verses that~~



~~delicately plumb the innermost closets of~~

~~Soul-~~

~~Tul Slogans.~~

*Yours for timorous  
under the sign of  
stentorianism*

NEVERTHELESS

Yes, No, Maybe, Look, Huh? and Please!

Let joy be unconfined.

The rest is rest in silence

While on the underside of nowhere

Jes like nothin at all

It stands y-writ:

(Caetera desunt)

*danga diadam  
shanty shanty  
shanty shanty*

*KoE*