Allen Ginsberg

New York City

I reasonable reply Courtously
But fear being kicked in the balls or charged with possession of two Ears
When Law comes on like worst Creeps
Thank God I'm not a Criminal lest I suffer more than mere 1960 paranoia
I can't even commit a crime with a Clean Conscience any more.

Oct. 1960

SUBLIMINAL

One million editorials against Mossadeq and who knows who Mossadeq ¹
is any more?
Me a Democracy? I didn’t know my Central Intelligence was arming
fascist, noodnicks in Iran
This true story I got from High Sources Check yr local radio announcer.
All I remember’s nasty cartoons in N.Y. Mirror long-faced Mossadeq
blabbering in a military court in Persia
looking the opposite of a serious hair’d Central Intelligence Agent sipping
borscht cocktails at a Conservative egghead soirée
Whom I wanted for daddy Man of Distinction that year
I was working in Market Research.
Who threw poison onion Germs in Korea?
Do big fat American people know their Seoul from a hole in the ground?
Will Belgians ever get out of Congo so King Leopold’s ghost stop
screaming in Hell?
What Civilization the Uranium Addicts been selling us niggers?
The Mass Media have taken over Poetry U S A
Harold Ickes rushed upstairs to hear H.V. Kaltenborn on Pearl Harbor
Day.
That is an entity, a single public Consciousness, has come
But I am not sure it’s really me– “Don’t make waves?”
Hoover gets up Republican Convention 1960 says

¹Dr. Mohammed Mossadeq: Iranian premier who in 1951 nationalized the oil
industry and was then overthrown through C.I.A. efforts in 1953. He was given a public
trial where he wept aloud in court denouncing American intervention, and was mocked
by Time magazine for his tears. Official confirmation of U.S. intervention didn’t come
until 1974-5 revelation of scandalous C.I.A. activities, though it had been reported
unofficially in the press by the time of Mossadeq’s death in 1967.
“Communists beatnicks & eggheads” are America’s Number 3 Menace
What who me? Is I th’Egghead Communist beatnick?
Postmaster General Summerfield plastered obscene sex signs all over my
post office
brought Eisenhower a copy of Lady Chatterley’s Lover
Eisenhower he’s the President of the United States in the White House
with all the dirty words underlined Ike glances Shrikes agrees
“Terrible . . . we can’t have that.” Exact words quote deadpan my
Newsweek
Aint that a National Issue?
How’d an old Fuck like that run my Nation?
Who put him in then?
You you dirty son of a bitch I sound like Kenneth Rexroth paranoiac—
I asterisked the poetic words in my first book to get it printed
and U.S. government seized it when ship wafted it over from England
I bit his hand he dropped the case.
But Juvenile vice-cops grabbed it in Frisco my publisher had to go to jail
one afternoon
and Naked Lunch was banned in America up yours with a nude yellow
grapefruit
and I had to rush out to Chicago & ruin my stomach orating before
mobs
Because the University of Chicago was banning Naked Lunch plates
from its starving Body
U. of C. produces atom bombs & FBI men
and when I asked Columbia U why doncha invite Kruschev give a speech
in the Camp David Spirit type days
It said I quote “The State Department hasn’t asked us to,” giggling &
bashful like it had to pee
Columbia is very Historical, they even had Eisenhower for President.
They turn out the cream of the crop, fresh young faces that guide the
Nation
O My enemy Columbia University! How I would like to strangle you
with a giraffe’s footprint!
Master Kerouac was barred from the campus as an “unwholesome
element” in 1942
Enter the Silent Generation. It got a monkey on its back in Korea
and then went advertising, or camped back to Columbia to teach the
young.
It’s all subliminal either you get fucked or you don’t dearie
New York City

That's why American poetry stank for 20 years.
Not that this is poetry, it's just shoveling the Garbage aside for Eternity,
I'm taking a stand! Hot Dog!
It's what's known as being responsible even tho it's the sheerest nonsense.
Just moving my frankfurter!

Crap on all you Critics. You Norman Podhoretz, go screw the stars,
King of the Jews—
you Lionel Trilling get back on the Mystic wagon before Infinity chops
your head off,
and the rest of you, Nat Hentoff, dumb Vanden Haag, mute inglorious
L. Simpson, hypocritic Kazin, Brustein-Wechsler, Journalists
attacking Kerouac, Corso & myself, snoopers, creeps, hung up idiots,
Incompetents, sneaks & dumbbells, quacks,
here, have a piece of my immortality, I mention your names.
Some of these are my friends but I have been requested to exhibit a sense of
responsibility
& hitherto have been too tender & kind vain egotistical to answer public
attacks.
As for Time Life Daily News the liberal Post the Partisan Review
all Yellow Journalism take your filthy fathead hands off my genitals, I
am the Muse!
Go sniff the saintly footprints I left at Columbia!
The philistines are running America! Left right Center! Shoulder Arms! Onions!
Yes I want riots in the streets! Big orgies full of marijuana scaring the
cops!
Everybody naked fucking on Union Square to denounce the Military
Junta in San Salvador!
Why did we Cruify Mankind Upon a Cross of Gold?
Whatta matter our secret CIA plot to unseat Syngman Rhee
flopped & delayed till Korean students rioted & took over the scene?
That's a military secret I'm a prophet I know lots of military secrets
I think I'll tell a couple to the Universe and go to Jail
I've been investigating— I think I'll be unamerican a few minutes
See how it feels like— ckk! I just saw FBI
hiding behind my mother's skull.
This is a private matter between me & my conscience
Why those newspapers all staring at me like that?
Big eyes on the editorial pages searching my soul for secret affiliation
afflictions.
And pinocchio long noses in literary columns sniffing up my ass to smell
Immutability.
It's only laughing gas dearies. Stick that up your dirty old savings
account—
and big long mustache headlines waving at me in wet dreams &
nitemares!
O I just wish I were Mayakovsky! or even Neruda!
As it is I'll have to settle for reincarnation as a silly Blake.
Walt Whitman thou shdst be living at this Hour!
The average American Male & Female took over the ship of state
400 of them got smashed up over July 4 Weekend celebrating!
Democracy! Bah! When I hear that word I reach for my feather Boa!
Better we should have a big jewish dictatorship full of Blintzes:
Better a spade Fish queen run our economics than
Kennedy that tired old man whose eyes speed back & forth like taxicabs
rather reptilian what?—

O Nixon's tired eyes! & Kennedy's hurned glance! O that America
should be hung up on these two idiots while I am, alive!
It's silly but it's serious. What is truth? said Pilate
Washing his hands in an atom bomb.
If you don't think the Chinese don't hate us, you're just not Hep.
Get with it, Big Daddy, I been to South America.
Like, it swings there, everybody gets high on Starvation
Like get with it Cat, you better stash your wheat,
I hear the sirens of the Fuzz downstairs in the subconscious
and dont you know, like, Alice Red Gown she got Reasons.

Now where was I: I sent my extra little army in 1917?
I lost it somewhere in my bloomers— O there it is fighting with General
Wrangle in Siberia
Heavens! What a bad show— you better tell General MacArthur
shit or Get off the Pot.

And that Invasion
of Mexico was such a camp! I never had
such a good time fucking all them bandits and learning how to dance La
Cucaracha!

Let's spend our 50th Wedding anniversary there in Prince Maximilian's
Palace.

What'd you say about my United Fruit? Don't be Nasty you lower class
piece of trade.
New York City

I'll show you who's Miss Liberty or Not—
I got what it takes! I got the 1920's (Snap yr fingers kid!)
I got Nostalgia of Depression! I got N.R.A.!
I got Roosevelt I got Hoover I got Willkie I got Hitler I got Franco I got
   World War II!
I got the works (cha! cha!) I got the atom bomb ¹
I got Cancer! I got Fission! I got legal Prohibition!
I got the Works! I got the Fuck law! I got the Junk Law! I got hundred
   billion bucks a year!
Yassah! Yassah! I got Formosa! (Catch me man) I got Chiang Kai-shck!
   and I got my Central Intelligance gotten rid of him right now!
I got a million planes flying over Siberia! I got
   10,000,000 upstanding young americans chargin' on the ricefields of
   China
Jazzin' and waltzen and shootin' and hollering all day!
Whoopee! I got crosseye yellow cities in every corner of the world.
I got the old umph! I got my Guantánamo! I even got my old Marines!
You'd think I was an old thing way back from the 19th Century
With Isadora Duncan Oscar Wilde & the Floradora Sextette!
But I still got my old man, my handsome lovin' blond Marines!
I'm Miss Hydrogen America! I'm Mae in Cobalt West! I'm the Sophie
   Tucker of Plutonium Forever!
I'm the red Hot Mama of Tomorrow! Aint nobody gonna burn down
   my Miamni Hotels!
Didn't they cost 10 million dollars and I hired the best Architects!
I even built a couple in Havana where the livin's cheap.
Nosiree I'm up to date I hadda face lift and got a hot new corset in Los
   Alamos
   and some airlift brassieres outa Congress and some gold pumps in Texas!
   and I gotta boyfriend he's a millionaire tax collector from Hollywood!
   He's the artistic type!
I'm gonna make whoopee next ten years before I blow my gasket,
I'm gonna take on the whole American Legion in one night
   Just like that cute little Presidential Candidate Kennedy fellow! (He's
   the intellectual type)
I'm gonna make the Rosicrucians scream!

¹ This and neighbor lines formed basis for some of A.G.'s soundtrack commentary in
   Jonas Mekas' 1962 film, Guns of the Trees.
Ah, how sad to get hung up in this way, like on Hungary.
Belinski worried about Russia in 1860! And Dostoyevsky’s hero really worried about socks.
It’ll all pass away and then I’ll be answerable to gloomier onions, we’ll all weep.
I shouldn’t waste my time on America like this. It may be patriotic but it isn’t good art. This is a warning to you, Futurists, and you Mao Tse-tung—...

Nov. 1, 1960

I write this type poetry on Heroin
O Capitalists & Communists you shd get in bed with me
bring your pencils & notebooks
lie there snorting out revolutions and epidemics famines and excess grain production
Gold standards and Ezra Pound hamming it up in the Puzzle Factory—
Is anyone really a fink?
My contention is not original sin or stutterless Billy Budds
We all eat germs & die
It’s like America’s so dumb
It’s like Eisenhower was so dumb, so dumb Truman, so dumb Stalin
Hitler rushing into a war with Russia
Silly but the psychopathic bourgeoisie figured he knew what he was doing
Just like America figures Somebody Up There Loves Me and knows what he’s doing—
aided by Divine Intuition plus Secret Service Corps of trained Univacs to figure the waves of Time and the exact dot point of germ stress but they just aren’t that SMART
I’m smarter than Eisenhower
tho he has greater sources of Information
I have greater aptness at Awareness to
Widen the area of consciousness of the Universe—
I know when the plum blossoms are falling
I know when I am pushing does he?
He whoever, Castro, Kennedy, whoever Elected King—
Not running for election I have time to take Heroin and lay in my bed and figure it out—
What’s happening who’s starving where who’s got the gelt...