hood I'd been famous as an eccentric in my block for stopping the younger kids from throwing rocks at the squirrels, for stopping them from frying snakes in cans or trying to blow up frogs with straws. Because my brother had died at the age of nine, his name was Gerard Kerouac, and he'd told me "Ti Jean never never hurt any living being, all living beings whether it's just a little cat or squirrel or whatever, all, are going to heaven straight into God's snowy arms so never hurt anything and if you see anybody hurt anything stop them as best you can" and when he died a file of gloomy nuns in black from St. Louis de France parish had filed (1926) to his deathbed to hear his last words about Heaven. And my father too, Leo, had never lifted a hand to punish me, or to punish the little pets in our house, and this teaching was delivered to me by the men in my house and I have never had anything to do with violence, hatred, cruelty, and all that horrible nonsense which, nevertheless, because God is gracious beyond all human imagining, he will forgive in the long end... that million years I'm asking about you, America.

And so now they have beatnik routines on TV, starting with satires about girls in black and fellows in jeans with snap-knives and sweatshirts and swastikas tattooed under their armpits, it will come to respectable m.c.s of spectacles coming out nattily attired in Brooks Brothers jean-type tailoring and sweater-type pull-ons, in other words, it's a simple change in fashion and manners, just a history crust—like from the Age of Reason, from old Voltaire in a chair to romantic Chatterton in the moonlight—from Teddy Roosevelt to Scott Fitzgerald... So there's nothing to get excited about. Beat comes out, actually, of old American whoopee and it will only change a few dresses and pants and make chairs useless in the livingroom and pretty soon we'll have Beat Secretaries of State and there will be instituted new tinsels, in fact new reasons for malice and new reasons for virtue and new reasons for forgiveness...

But yet, but yet, woe, woe unto those who think that the Beat Generation means crime, delinquency, immorality, amorality... woe unto those who attack it on the grounds that they simply don't understand history and the yearnings of human souls... woe unto those who don't realize that America must, will, is, changing now, for the better I say. Woe unto those who believe in the atom bomb, who believe in hating mothers and fathers, who deny the most important of the Ten Commandments, woe unto those (though) who don't believe in the unbelievable sweetness of sex love, woe unto those who are the standard bearers of death, woe unto those who believe in conflict and horror and violence and fill our books and screens and livingrooms with all that crap, woe in fact unto those who make evil movies about the Beat Generation where innocent housewives are raped by beatniks! Woe unto those who are the real dreary sinners that even God finds room to forgive... woe unto those who spit on the Beat Generation, the wind'll blow it back.

After Me, the Deluge

1969

What am I thinking about? I'm trying to figure out where I am between the established politicians and the radicals, between cops and hoods, tax collectors and vandals.

I'm not a Tax-Free, not a Hippie-Yippie—I must be a Bippie-in-the-Middle.

No, I'd better go around and tell everybody, or let others convince me, that I'm the great white father and intellectual forebear who spawned a deluge of alienated radicals, war protestors, dropouts, hippies and even "beats," and thereby I can make some money maybe and a "new Now-image" for myself (and God forbid I dare call myself the intellectual forebear of modern spontaneous prose), but I've got to figure out first how I could possibly spawn Jerry Rubin, Mitchell Goodman, Abbie Hoffman, Allen Ginsberg and other warm human beings from the ghettos who say they suffered no less than the Puerto Ricans in their barrios and the blacks in their Big and Little Harlems, and all because I wrote a matter-of-fact account of a true adventure on the road (hardly an agitational propaganda account) featuring an ex-cowhand and an ex-footballer driving across the continent north, northwest, midwest and southland looking for lost fathers, odd jobs, good times, and girls and winding up on the railroad. Yup, I'd better convince myself that these thinkers were not on an entirely different road.

But now, where will I turn? Oh, I know, I'll go to the "top echelons" of American Society, all sleeked up, and try to forget the ships'
crews of World War II who grew beards and long haircuts till a mission was finished, or the “disheveled aspect” of G.I. Joe in the foxholes, yair, the “slovenly appearance” of men and women in 1930’s breadlines, and understand that appearance does make the man, just like clothes, and go rushing to a Politico fund-raising dinner. House Appropriations Chairmen, assistants, Health Directors, Commission Chairman, assistants, Assistants to the Director of Regional Planning, Neighborhood Center Directors, Executive Presidents of Banks, Chairmen of Interior Subcommittees, Officials of the Department of Rehabilitative Services, Planners of the Preliminary Regional Plan, ethical Members of Rules Committees, House Insurance Committees, Utilities Commission entrepreneurs, Expressway Authority Directors, county news hacks, spokesmen, pleaders, applauders, aides and wives in organdy, $2500 worth of food and $5000 worth of booze and the caterer’s cut thrown in, for one “lunch,” tax-exempt, televised for a 15-second spot on the evening news to show how well they can put on the dog. At your expense. Here every handshake, every smile, every gibberous applause is shiny hypocrisy, is political lust and concupiscence, a ninnny’s bray of melody backed by a ghastly neurological drone of money-grub accompanied by the anvil chorus of garbage can covers being banged over half-eaten filet mignons which don’t even get to the dogs, let alone hungry children of the absent “constituency.”

I’ll try to forget that the Hippie Flower Children out in the park with their peanut butter sandwiches and their live-and-let-live philosophy nevertheless are not too proud of being robbed of their simplified attempt at primitive dignity, but the banquet guests are proud, proud.

The banquet guests, the Politicos and their glistening entourage in glittering suits and dresses, paper-shufflers all, plutocrats salient with hind paws and forepaws together, last night’s nouveau riche, would be even prouder if they could get the “non-productive parasite Hippies” to get to work digging new roads and cooking and washing dishes at these fund-raising galas so the dirty punks could at least make cash contributions, or, at best, pay taxes to enable the paper-shufflers to order more paper and copying machines with which they now rampant could form a further “planning” committee (of three-year duration, on pollution, sex, think of anything dirty) while sitting back and admiring the view of their back lawn where all the trees that only God can make have been cut down along with the birds’ nests.

No, I think I’ll go back to the alienated radicals who are quite understandably alienated, nay disgusted by this scene, but I’ll have to try to overlook the fact that the “alienated” radicals and activist Yippies and SDS’ers who pretended holyly inside the Hippie Flower Movement of a few years ago till their colors withdrew into the basal portions of the photophores like the dwarf lizard’s have no better plan to offer the grief-stricken American citizenry but fund-raising dinners of their own, and if not for the same reasons, I’d better forget I’d be willing to bet for worse reasons.

Because so what if these brand new alienated radical chillum of Kropotkin and Bakunin don’t believe in Western-style capitalism, private property, simple privacy even of individuals or families, for instance, or in Jesus or any cluster of reasons for honesty; or in education of course, that is, the bigotry of classic historical scholarship which enables one to know one, the better to see what other ambitious vandals and liars did before; or don’t believe in government wrenched away by any others but themselves? Ah, so what if they don’t even believe in the written word which is the only way to keep the record straight?

Really, so what’s new if they would like to see to it that under Timothy Leary’s guiding proselytization no one in America could address a simple envelope or keep a household budget or a checkbook balanced or for that matter legible? In fact wouldn’t it be better if nobody at all could count change any more and of course forget how to read any kind of book, newspaper or document, the P.O.B.’s (The Print-Oriented-Bastards!), and stick to the psychedelic multi-media nude “Commune” dance at retardate happenings inside of giant plastic balloons, the better to cart the bran-eul fools off to camps when used? (Documented as insane, of course).

In fact, who cares, shucks, Toronto, that if Marshall McLuhan had wanted to be the biggest barbarizing influence in the globe he couldn’t have come up with a better idea (even if you can’t go to the toilet nowadays without having an affidavit on it) than that linear reasonableness of the printed word is out, and the jiggling behinds in back of placards are in? (Electronic All-Now mosaic dots on said behinds somewhat suspect).

Of course the alienated radicals, the would-be fund-raisers of the Peking-oriented Castro-jacketed New Left who hate be-necktie pluto-scraps so much because clothes don’t make the man, themselves won’t take LSD or STP acid (which stupefy the mind and hand for weeks on end) but will keep perfect records of their own, even incorporate tax-exempt Libertarian Foundations for vocal poets who are really agitational propagandists, why, the alienated radicals, they’ll be exuding
transactions maybe with the help of a relative who's a lawyer. Their anarchism extends just so far, after all. The relative wants to be a commissar too, hey. No sense starting trouble unless you get a "top job" straightening it out. Commissar of Chaos, say.

Addresses anyone? Red China's international propaganda and subversive apparatus is the Teh Wu (do-thus) section of Peking's overall Hai-Wai-Tiao-Cha-Pu espionage organization.

Russia: The Kremlin's KGB (State Security Committee) at 19 Stanislavskaya St. opposite the East German Embassy in Moscow.

Vietcong: propaganda headquarters near the late Ho Chi Minh's French mansion in center of Hanoi. This leaves everybody "poor peasants" except the bastard Party cadres who figured it all out, even if they have to compromise a little with the "bourgeois" now, although I wish I could tell them that the only bourgeois I ever knew was Paul Bourgeois, a rough-and-tumble French-Canadian Indian high-steeel worker on bridges who would tell them to go jump in the lake in St. Louis de Ha Ha.

O New World!—Yay, if joy were proponent of coin, what grand economy. It's much like: what do you think a parasite is thinking when he's sucking on the belly of a whale or the back of a shark? "Where did this big stupid brute get all that blood, not being a parasite like me? How come he's so strong and free, not knowing how to live like I do?"

So with human parasites feeding on their juicy national, personal, political, or racial host.

So who cares anyhow that if it hadn't been for Western-style capitalism so-called (nothing to do with the black market capitalism in jeeps and rice in Asia), or Laissez-Faire, free economic byplay, movement north south east and west, haggling, pricing, and the political balance of power carved into the U.S. Constitution and active thus far in the history of our government, and my perfectly recorded and legitimatized U.S. Coast Guard papers, just as one instance of arch (non-anarchic) credibility in our proveable system, I wouldn't have been able or allowed to hitchhike half broke through 47 states of this union and see the scene with my own eyes, unmolested! Who cares, Walt Whitman?

But now, I'll have to switch and become a "war protestor" and stick to my guns and try to insult the Military-Industrial Complex for safeguarding our offensive weapons inside of an electronic armory instead of leaving them out in the rain. I'll try to forget old armory raids. Maybe Jerome Weisner of M.I.T. already does. At least I can always yell "ABM system too expensive!" but who'm I going to blame, Military

Industrial Complex? or Industrial Military Complex? or Industrial Civilian Military Labor Academic Complex? or ... or maybe, yippee! no national right at all to be granted to the United States to defend itself against its own perimeter of enemies in its own bigger scale, that's best. Advised by the pacifists who faced Genghis Khan. By international pacifist demonstrators who now face further demonstrations by Chairman Mao's IBM warheads.

Or I can always try to see aggression by the U.S. in Vietnam as different from other armies' "defensive ripostes" and "counterfoils" and the good old brisk reply to "blind hatred": a "lesson" not an attack.

I'll try to see the difference between bombing of "civilians" in one town and bombing of "women and children" in another and "reprisals" instead of raids, and, elsewhere on our map, rocket "warnings" on the very ricepot rooftops of Saigon and Hue by the Viet Cong and brutal U.S. Imperialist bombings of Ho Chi Minh trail and rails round Hanoi.

Then I'll get a Ph.D. in the distinguishing of this ideological difference, become expert, disinterested, warm, the diploma being mailed to me by General David Dellinger in Hanoi as a sign I should be grateful and I've done my duty and the word is out I need never be ashamed of myself again, because I'm one of the "kids" who's been out there just like them "doughboys in the trenches Over There," like "our boys in the war effort," yes, "one of the kids down there in the Park" in Chicago 1968 as seen from a quiet thirdfloor suite by Martini-mittted Protest Leaders who look pretty shipshape and pretty presentable as generals go (although I still think I look silly with that billyclub sticking out of my ear which is also smeared with a bag of you-know-what).

Warm human beings everywhere. In Flanders Field they're piled ten high.

The Mekong, it's just a long, soft river.

I'll do this, I'll do that—

You can't fight City Hall, it keeps changing its name—

Ah Phooy on 'em—you pays your taxes and you passes to your grave, why study their "matters"? Let them present their problematical matters before the zoning board, or present complaint six on matters before the kidnapped Dean (problem planning committees for planning problem solutions) 'cause "I've got," as Neal Cassady said, "my own lil old bangtail mind."

I think I'll drop out—Great American tradition—Dan'l Boone, U.S. Grant, Mark Twain—I think I'll go to sleep and suddenly in my deepest inadequacy nightmares wake up haunted and see everyone in the world
as unconsolable orphans yelling and screaming on every side to make arrangements for making a living yet all bespattered and gloomed-up in the nightsoil of poor body and soul all present and accounted for as some kind of sneakish, craft gift, and all so lonered.

Martin Heidegger says, "Why are there existing essential things, instead of nothing?" Founder of Existentialism, never mind your Sartre, and also said: "And there is no philosophy without this doozie as a starter." Ever look closely at anybody and see that particularized patience all their own, eyes hid, waiting with lips sewn down for time to pass, for something to lift them up, for their yesterday's daily perseverance to succeed, for the long night of life to take them in its arms and say, "Ah, Cherubim, this silly stupid business . . . What is it, existence."

A lifelong struggle to avoid disaster. Idiot PTA's and gurus call it Cre-a-tive? Politics, gambling, hard work, drinking, patriotism, protest, pooh-poohings, all therapeutic shifts against the black void. To make you forget it really isn't there, nor you anywhere.

It's like saying, if there are no elephants in the room, then you can safely say the room is empty of elephants. Ah, your immemorial golden ashes shall seem to be scattered anywhere in Paradise.

All caught in the middle.

Ah! I know what I'll do, I'll be like Andy Capp the British comic strip character and go to the rub-a-dub-dub for a bout-a-doubt (Cockney lingo for "pub" and "stout"). After all, doubt parades a lout. And I'll yell "WHAT I NEED IS LESS PEOPLE TELLIN' ME WHAT I NEED!" (Copyright 1969 by Smythe).

So I'll be "generous with the liberality of poets, which is conservative to the bone." (Copyright 1969 by Donald Phelps).

“No cede malis” (cede not to malfortune) (don't give in to bad times). (Copyright 130 A.D. by Juvenal).

Some deluge.