

Protest Poetry of the Twentieth Century in English: Sylvia Plath, Elizabeth Bishop and Charles Bukowsky

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I. Sylvia Plath: The Artistic Journey of a Goddess of Poetry

I.1 Introduction to her literary development.



"Bitch Goddess" is the name that applies on many occasions to Sylvia Plath. During her childhood, she had her first fall in life, which was very difficult for her, after the loss of her father when she was eight, whom she loved and hated at the same time. She gave him one of her most famous poems "*Daddy*"¹, which is reflected as an *Aryan and anti-Semitic* character because of their German origin.

Sylvia Plath was born in 1932 in the heart of a middle class family, this will force the rest of her life especially after the death of her father this will force the rest of her life to fend for herself and develop her worker and fighter character. Her first poem was published when she was 8 in the Boston Sunday Herald, the topic was "crickets and fireflies"³.

During her student days, she will enjoy a brilliant time in which she will give as much of herself. This will take her to one of her first victories: a scholarship in a girl's school, the Smith College of Northampton⁴

During this period, Sylvia starts writing disciplined which will end up being an obsession for perfection and the struggle to get all kinds of prizes and awards (to be taken to get a prize *Pulitzer*⁵ so posthumously). This effort and the obsession for perfection will take her to a huge state of depression, exacerbated by the controversy

between her personality and her literary vocation, and the debate between her two passions: writing and being a mother.

when she was 19, one summer afternoon, she leaves left a note to her mother in which she said: "I go for a long walk mom". She locked herself in her basement and she attempted suicide by taking sleeping pills, it was this that forced him to vomit and so save her own life.

In 1955 , she graduated as Summa Cum Laude⁶ which gave her a Fulbright scholarship to continue her studies in Cambridge, England. This change will take place in a gray and cold atmosphere in which she will continue to work with literary tradition. Moreover, at this time she will meet her great (and painful) love Ted Hughes.

She was so in love with him that they were married in 1956. After that, she will focus more on her husband's life than her own. She has to divide her time between housework and her literacy development, increasing thereby her liability.

From 1957 to 1959 she moved to the United States, where she worked as a teacher in the Smith College. In 1960, she became pregnant of her daughter Sylvia Plath Frieda and returned to England. Then, she had two more pregnancies, but only one of them succeeded in 1962, their second son Nick.

The Marriage of Sylvia and Ted would be increasingly worse. They went into a major crisis due to Ted's adventure with the Jewish writer Assia Wevill. this moment

reflected her second life crisis: her divorce, after which she stayed in London with her children.

In This situation, with gray days, she became a victim of the everyday. She took off her petticoats for washing dishes, mopping floors, dressing children, etc... The strong character of Sylvia and her obsession with literature, led her to carve out time she did not have. This caused a situation which I call as the third fall, reflected in her *final poem*⁷.

After sleeping all night and leaving two glasses of milk for their children on the table, she sealed the kitchen door, and she opened the gas valve, as the person who snatched her husband Assia Wevill. She was found with her head in the oven hours later. It was February 11, 1963.



1.2 Sylvia's Art of Poetry

From her first poem to the last, Plath reflects her entire life, in fact we could say that all her work was autobiographical, or at least the majority.

Subject to this view, and focus on the field of poetry, Plath will develop several changes along her work because of the great influences around her. First of all, her experiences as a child marked the lifetime of) all her work. In addition, it conditioned her personally:

Daddy

You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time--
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You--

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always knew it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

This is a clear example of the damage caused in her by the father figure, shown as a long shadow over her. Despite the time, she can not forget him. Sylvia emanated a clear sign of protest poetry in her Aryan origin in "Like a Jew".

Furthermore, the thirst for revenge is shown with the arrival of her husband to her life and "kill the father" with this substitution of parental love. The harshness with she remember her father is what we see in each of the verses but always supplied with love of nostalgia, of longing for what was and what forced her to become because of her character.

The use of metaphors is usual in Plath's work and it will be a great way to express her shortcomings in a very subtle but clear for the reader to be able to reach the same state of distress Plath suffered. We will be able to sample and understand the reason of her pain

Her second most powerful creation stage comes when Ted meets Sylvia. The influence of this husband-author would lead her poetry, as it happened with most of it and that would create a special tune with the work of her husband. On the other hand, setting back to the United States, she met a *group of poets*⁸ that marked forever the way she wrote. They would turn to the deeper waters of her poetry, using a very private confessional writing which would be a great support throughout her career:

Mushrooms

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam,
Acquire the air.

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless,

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth.
Our foot's in the door.

In this poem, Sylvia compares the lives of women and mushrooms, which grow in the most difficult situations. She makes a great reflection on her feminist spirit and the defense of women as being extremely hard and resistant to all the difficulties of life. This was something she will live in first person with her husband Ted.

It is a very hard poem if we analyze it in depth, everything we read is a confession and a loudly secret of Sylvia, which is sheltered safe from her husband and his hard character to it. This poem along with others, is included in the work *The Colossus*⁹, her greatest and juiciest work of poetry. Note that this work was done during the time she spent with Ted. Later, this was reflected in the poems of Plath and her husband's influence is quite noticeable, although there are poems like *Pursuit*¹⁰ that is completely dedicated to Ted. she compared him with an elegant and noble panther, even though she wrote this poem after their divorce.

The last step is clearly described in her work *Ariel*¹¹ absorbs all the work when you can see, it's a stampede into madness, a journey that marks an end which is declined by the her self-absorbed and openly life. This was the last stop we made before her death and thereby it expresses everything that led to it:

Ariel

Stasis in darkness.
Then the substanceless blue
Pour of tor and distances.

God's lioness,
How one we grow,
Pivot of heels and knees! ---The furrow

Splits and passes, sister to
The brown arc
Of the neck I cannot catch,

Nigger-eye
Berries cast dark
Hooks ---

Black sweet blood mouthfuls,
Shadows.
Something else

Hauls me through air ---
Thighs, hair;
Flakes from my heels.

White
Godiva, I unpeel ---
Dead hands, dead stringencies.

And now I
Foam to wheat, a glitter of seas. The child's cry

Melts in the wall.
And I
Am the arrow,

The dew that flies,
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red

Eye, the cauldron of morning.

Ariel is the culmination of Sylvia Plath's poetry, a poem that includes all the anguish she lived in her last years of life in which she lived alone for poetry. Perhaps she was too obsessive (normal in her), too pure, too naked, but she was always the "Bitch Goddess"



2. Societies and Geographies in Elizabeth Bishop's Poetry



2.1 Introduction

Born in 1911, we find a world-class poet who begins life with a big stumbling block. When he was 8 his father died, and in 1916 his mother was admitted in a psychiatric hospital with a serious mental illness. The word “orphan” is going to accompany him during the rest of his days, even though his mother would live, it was just a figure of speech to which he refers in the future.

He lived with his grandparents in Nova Scotia, a period later he eulogized them in his poems. A few years later he will be admitted in the *Walnut Hill School* in Natick, Massachusetts. In this school, and more specifically in its newspaper, he published his first poems and entered in the literary world of creation.

In 1929 he was admitted in the *Vassar College*, in which he will meet very good friends and his great influence both literary and personal, *Marianne Moore*. Since she discovered Bishop did not hesitate to advise. Bishop wanted to study medicine, but Moore advises, forces you to follow the poetic creation that was what she really loved.

Another major movement driven by Elizabeth Bishop was the creation of the magazine *Con Spirito*¹² (1933) along with several writers of the literary movement. In this literary magazine, Bishop could decide freely and untethered, and she became very strong as it began to make friends in the world of prose and poetry.

Just a year later, she met the great influence of her life, a poet who would accompany her for the rest of her life, mentioned above, *Marianne Moore*. The friendship of these two women will be reflected in the reference Bishop made to the poem of Moore *A Grave* in *At the Fishhouses*:

... the heavy surface of the sea,
swelling slowly as if considering spilling over,
is opaque, but the silver of the benches,
the lobster pots, and masts, scattered
among the wild jagged rocks,
is of an apparent translucence
like the small old buildings with an emerald moss
growing on their shoreward walls...¹³

The Treatment of the sea is common in both poems but the subtlety and romanticism that Bishop used can not be equated to the accident and harshness with which Bishop treats Moore.

Elizabeth's life has been governed by continuous trips and changes that have led to lead a perfect lifestyle for the cultivation of her experience which would later serve to

fully implement her autobiographical and confessional poetry. Around 1935, she moved to France, where he lived with her college friend, who helped her throughout her stay in this country, *Louise Crane*. Years later, Bishop will travel to Florida to share a house with Crane. This stage brought a prolific literary period, which would lead to the publication of his first book, *North & South*. At this time, she also met several people who would have a great importance in her writing career as *Robert Lowell*, *Randall Jarrell* and *James Merrill*, the latter would accompany her amicably in her last years.

Randall Jarrell wrote of *North & South*: "all his poems have been from the depths, I've seen".

At the same time, her friend Marianne Moore presented Bishop as a candidate to *Houghton Mifflin Prize*¹⁴ Award, which she won. These awards, including the *Pulitzer* for poetry in 1956, helped her to stay alive, as she had always been so poor. But it was a grant, the *Bryn Mawr College* in 1951, which was awarded \$ 2,500 in scholarship to travel, which allowed her to travel throughout South America, to Brazil. It lasts only two weeks, because she suffered an allergic reaction and stopped in this country to not get sick again, and ended up living there for 15 years (the happiest and hardest).

During her time in Brazil, she met one of her two great loves, *Lota de Macedo Soares*. Their affair lasted 15 years but it was a disaster due to the rampant alcoholism of her partner Lota ended up committing suicide in 1967, after Bishop returned to the U.S.

Her main work in Brazil, besides writing poems, was the translation. She translated into English several Brazilian writers such as *Octavio Paz*, *Joao Cabral de Melo Neto* and *Carlos Drummond de Andrade*.

But returning to the United States, where she spent the last years of her life, she learned how to live with her great passion for poetry, although she also worked as a teacher at various universities, including New York, Washington or Harvard. She shared her last years of life with *Alice Methfessel*, her second great love who inherited all the rights of the literary work of Bishop.

She died in Boston, due to a cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 68.

2.2 North & South (Geographical Mirror)

For Bishop, this book is an escape of those poetic stereotypes of the time in which confessional poetry was alone and it had a nostalgic and sad character. She decided to turn it into a book of geographic feelings and the beauty of the nature of the imagination.

All poems have, as regards, the elements of the sea, the earth, the human characters, animal life, and even surrealism (in most of the poems). *The Map* is her is a reference because of the great amount of aesthetic that contains, this first work of Elizabeth Bishop. this first work of Elizabeth Bishop:

The Map

Land lies in water; it is shadowed green.
Shadows, or are they shallows, at its edges
showing the line of long sea-weeded ledges
where weeds hang to the simple blue from green.
Or does the land lean down to lift the sea from under,
drawing it unperturbed around itself?
Along the fine tan sandy shelf
is the land tugging at the sea from under?

The shadow of Newfoundland lies flat and still.
Labrador's yellow, where the moony Eskimo
has oiled it. We can stroke these lovely bays,
under a glass as if they were expected to blossom,
or as if to provide a clean cage for invisible fish.
The names of seashore towns run out to sea,
the names of cities cross the neighboring mountains
-the printer here experiencing the same excitement
as when emotion too far exceeds its cause.
These peninsulas take the water between thumb and finger
like women feeling for the smoothness of yard-goods.

Mapped waters are more quiet than the land is,
lending the land their waves' own conformation:
and Norway's hare runs south in agitation,
profiles investigate the sea, where land is.
Are they assigned, or can the countries pick their colors?
-What suits the character or the native waters best.
Topography displays no favorites; North's as near as West.
More delicate than the historians' are the map-makers' colors.

North & South is composed of two distinct parts, in the first part we find the point of view of a young writer in New York and remains constantly of an imaginary daydream. In the second part, we find the center of attention in Florida, hence the name of South, its weakness before it and the great inequality between the humankind and the natural world.

Geographical Mirror is a phrase created during his visit to Nova Scotia after peer into that rocky landscapes filled with nature that approached to her mother.

2.3 A Cold Spring and its Successor Question of Travel

A Cold Spring is presented as a third of the above *North & South*, but in this, Elizabeth Bishop was away from the aesthetic and travels to the world of the personal, breaking her own aesthetic stereotype mines. This work is more dedicated to nature, but from a metaphysical point of view, existential, it goes beyond the mere sight of everything around her.

This is also reflected in her work *Question of Travel*. Elizabeth raised here questions based on everything a traveler needs to think and analyze in all his travels, but in a deeper way: “why did I come here?”, “why am I here?”... In this way Bishop show us her personality so eager that she had during her stay in Brazil. By this time, her relationship with *Lota* was a source of strength which fed Bishop to remain there and not to return to Florida with her tail between his legs:

Here is a coast; here is a harbor;
here, after a meager diet of horizon, is some scenery:
impractically shaped and--who knows?--self-pitying mountains,
sad and harsh beneath their frivolous greenery,

with a little church on top of one. And warehouses,
some of them painted a feeble pink, or blue,
and some tall, uncertain palms. Oh, tourist,
is this how this country is going to answer you

and your immodest demands for a different world,
and a better life, and complete comprehension
of both at last, and immediately,
after eighteen days of suspension?¹⁵

These are just a few verses of *Arrival at Santos*, but we can see the great influence of her stay in Brazil and the figure of the exiled or *expat*¹⁶ which Bishop felt. Here, she also found the humanity she had forgotten in the United States, the simple life and poverty as the protagonist. This situation led her to that position of depth that I mentioned before. She considered the reality around her without bandages that society imposed to people. Due to this changes, she worked in a rich poetry against the alienated society in *criticism and protest*.

2. 4. More Geographical poems



Geography III, was the last poetry book of Elizabeth Bishop. More autobiographical than the others, this book is considered as her best work. It is a collection of ten poems in which Bishop explores the nature of nostalgia for the realities of the past, present and future.

Loss and survival is a major theme in the work of Bishop. *One Art*¹⁷ set Bishop as a survivor of losses in a very ironic way. *In the Waiting Room*¹⁸ Bishop returns to her childhood and a frightening moment of defining the feminine. In the waiting room of a dentist, when she was seven, Elizabeth reads the *National Geographic*, while her aunt is talking to the dentist. Elizabeth sees a photograph of an African women with bare breasts. She Gasps at the same time she hears the cry of her Aunt *Consuelo* from the query. Bishop has a critical time for the races and female identity.

*The Moose*¹⁹ with female images, does alter the blood of Elizabeth. When on a trip by bus it suddenly stops because a female moose was in the middle of the road, a great symbiosis occurs between the passengers and the moose. We can see how, despite the differences, they are equally amazed.

2.5 Conclusion



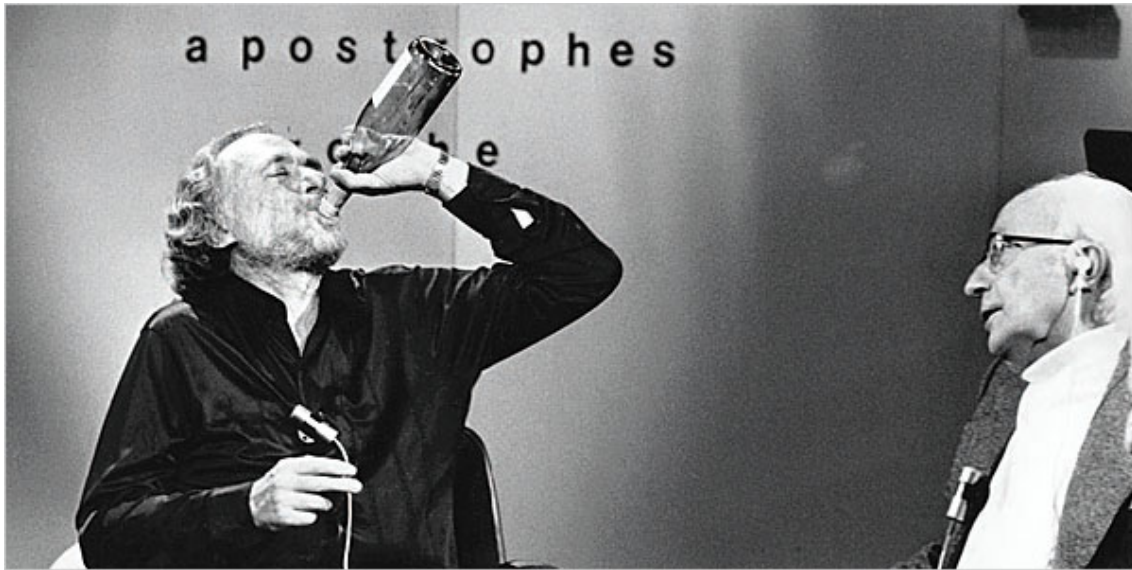
To Elizabeth Bishop, a poem is a perfect finished article and, through it continues to pursue a full life detached from her childhood, her traumas, and constantly promises wholeness through her poems, her words.

Bishop gives us a lesson of we can fly if we believe in ourselves, if we really look inside us During her time in Brazil, she gave voice to people and beings. She is able to see the world, her entire life, and understands that poverty and confusion are the real exile, the true distance. Even knowing that her pain is the same as that of those beings, she can recognize the pain of others as more important than her.

We recognize in her work the way we think and feel, and we put it in a dark place but this is what makes us, what shows us ourselves. It reminds us that we are able to live together, to think together, to reach our truths, to advance without wars, forgetfulness or neglect.

In conclusion, she propose a method of knowledge through life and their continued struggle.

3. The "Dirty Poetry" of a "Dirty Old Man" Charles Bukowski



3.1 Introduction

His controversial and tough personality, assumed in this figure, throughout its history, he has stood up to every stereotype image of poets and writers. His dizzying prose and dirty poetry describe a very difficult life situation Charles faced from an early age. In this research the focus is centered on his poetry but also the personal life of Charles Bukowski, and that was a point of inflection in a society fueled by hypocrisy and pretense.

"The best image that should be me, the true picture is just read what I wrote and not inventions off the books" ²⁰

At home they called him Henry (this artist with an epic rebel over most of the world population) as his father, but he was greatly annoyed by this name. Hank was the name for friends and acquaintances, but his narrative alter ego Henry Chinaski baptized him.

His strict and violent father, made references in his work *Ham on Rye*²¹ and *We Ain't Got No Money, Honey, But We Got Rain*²², His father created a childhood drama which led him to be against some values for the rest of his life. Next to this, at an early age, and at school, he was attacked by a case of acne that carried fear and rejection during his school years. he will take refuge in reading and also in creating a hatred that will be reflected on his college life and work.

His anarchic attitude he committed and his intellectual distance model for the social cause and caused an active protest movement into any church, any political party or otherwise that makes a fierce struggle against nationalism. This was reflected in *The American Flag Shirt*²³. These are two clear examples where we can see reflected the feelings previously mentioned, and of course versed.

*The Burning of the Dream*²⁴ “I wasn’t an intellectual or a political idealist” and *His Wife, The Painter*²⁵ “About church: the trouble with a mask is it never changes.”.

In 1940, he began to write some stories and poems to be published which led him to think more seriously in writing, but, of course, he should eat every day at work and he had no luck.

He got several jobs from dishwasher to parking, low quality jobs that led him to a great state of depression. For Hank, there was only an escape, the withdrawal to alcoholism and staff negligence, leading him to madness and even to think about suicide. But in 1957, after leaving the hospital where he was admitted for a bleeding ulcer, he decided to devote himself to writing, although he could access to a permanent position in the post office. He would reflect this situation later in his work *Post Office*²⁶ (1971). Despite having an image of an irresponsible and uncivilized , biographers say that he did not spend all the money at the track which was just an amateur, and that we will see later and alcohol, he always paid his bills before leaving home to be blown away.

As usual, the dirty and womanizer soul of Bukowski had an aura that kept constantly about their marriages, and of course about sex that occupied a great place in his life, only allowed to his great loves. He met Jane Baker in 1947. She was the first, Bukowski was ten years older than her. She was the greatest memory in his works, in addition to being a teacher at the racetrack. In 1955, he meets Barbara Frey, an editor of a small literary magazine, which divorced in 1958. Frances was his partner and she was the mother of his daughter Navy, but in 1976 he met his lover Linda Lee, and he was her partner until her death in 1954.

3.2 "The peripheral Sexualities" of Charles Bukowski

In Bukowski's poetry there is an universal theme that arises in an autobiography, which he uses to relate facts and circumstances that have happened in all his years of experience, and almost all are realistic and voyeuristic in some sense, that is, as a spectator.

His poetry is a social poetry, protest poetry does for the loser and the homeless. It is also political beings in it appear that society despises and sustain life for him as hanging, homeless, waiters, hard workers, retirees without money, due to their crazy, intolerant neighbors and of course Prostitutes.

Bukowski was able to sense fraternity, feel the anger and then fall in misanthropic pessimism. One of its main aspects, the horse races, which were a ritual for him , a ceremony that saved him from the routine of work, alcohol hangover, is shown in *Ice for The Eagles*²⁷ "The Horses Were Real more than my Real father more than God. "

Music was a subject which Bukowski enjoyed daily. For him, it was a symbol of admiration instead of refinement. His great passion was classical music. In his poems we see references to the geniuses *Beethoven* and *Wagner*, the creator *Bruckner* and *Hugo Wolf*.

But the focus of this research is Bukowski and his sexual relationship with poetry, the art of making love and sex as an inspiration and the increase of the passion in his miserable life. Despite the lack of sex without love, Hank showed great passion for sex with love and the overwhelming aspect of the art of loving as it happened in his last years of life. He sought a more natural expression of sexuality, and he was frustrated by the way we love, cold and alienated. This was represented in its publications *NOLA*²⁸ which gave permission to use any kind of language, style and theme. Because to him, sex represented their tragicomedy, and he was a key author of the human sexual comedy.



Bukowski explored a variety of tabu areas, any form of sexual expression, perversion or deviation. During the existence of *Notes of a Dirty Old Man*²⁹, it encompassed the representation of child rape, castration, anal intercourse, three women and a man having sex with girls in high heels, the voyeurism, bestiality, sexual role games, fetishism, masturbation, necrophilia, sadism and violence. Part of the success of this column was possible because Bukowski said what no one dared.

The Girl Outside Supermarket

a very tall girl lifts her nose at me
outside a supermarket
as if I were a walking garbage
can; and I had no desire for her,
no more desire
than for a
phone pole.
what was her message?
that I would never see the top of her
pantyhose?
-
I am a man in his 50s
sex is no longer an aching mystery
to me, so I can't understand
being snubbed by a
phone pole.
I'll leave young girls to young
men.
-
it's a lonely world
of frightened people,
just as it has always
been.

In the first part of the poem, we see that Bukowski portrayed himself as old, dirty and tattered: "as if I were a walking garbage". It Shows a great melancholy for his years as a young boy that could not be loved for girls.

Below, it shows the value of sex, despite saying that it is no longer a mysterious thing "Sex is no longer an aching mystery". That shows how this has been in his life. It Refers to the advancing age he had, and he can no longer walk with young girls: "I'll leave Young girls to Young men ".

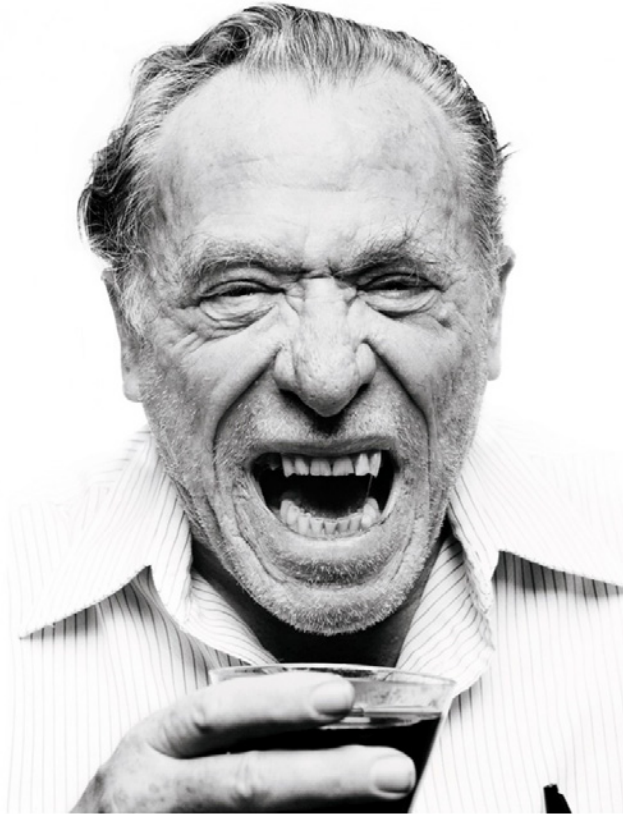
Finally, a critique of the world around him and he made representations to the distrust that people have generally: "it's a lonely world of frightened people, just as it has always been."

The Shower

we like to shower afterwards
(I like the water hotter than she)
and her face is always soft and peaceful
and she'll wash me first
spread the soap over my balls
lift the balls
squeeze them,
then wash the cock:
"hey, this thing is still hard!"
then get all the hair down there,-
the belly, the back, the neck, the legs,
I grin grin grin,
and then I wash her. . .
first the cunt, I
stand behind her, my cock in the cheeks of her ass
I gently soap up the cunt hairs,
wash there with a soothing motion,
I linger perhaps longer than necessary,
then I get the backs of the legs, the ass,
the back, the neck, I turn her, kiss her,
soap up the breasts, get them and the belly, the neck,
the fronts of the legs, the ankles, the feet,
and then the cunt, once more, for luck. . .
another kiss, and she gets out first,
toweling, sometimes singing while I stay in
turn the water on hotter
feeling the good times of love's miracle
I then get out. . .
it is usually mid-afternoon and quiet,
and getting dressed we talk about what else
there might be to do,
but being together solves most of it
for as long as those things stay solved
in the history of women and
man, it's different for each-
for me, it's splendid enough to remember
past the memories of pain and defeat and unhappiness:
when you take it away
do it slowly and easily
make it as if I were dying in my sleep instead of in
my life, amen.

These situations were present in the daily life of Hank, or at least in his mind. As I already mentioned, the poetry of Charles, is a realistic poetry and scenes of the everyday life and therefore sex were present. In this case, in addition to showing a large and passionate sex scene, there is a critique of society: "for me, it's splendid enough to remember past the memories of pain and defeat and unhappiness".

But, on the other hand, he was a weak person, hidden behind dirt, this is clearly showed in this part of the poem “when you take it away do it slowly and easily make it as if I were dying in my sleep instead of in my life, amen.”.



3.3 Final Appreciation of the “Dirty Old Man”

Charles has a great poetic work, but despite that, Notes of a Dirty Old Man is his best work and his confessional realistic routine.

This work consists of a series of underground newspaper publications in which Bukowski used a crude humor and he described things in the way he saw them. His life

was the main theme and characters that appeared were his wife, newspaper writers, the stranger that is in the street and invites him to dinner, etc.. These publications are companions as the prostitute on duty the relative who let him stay at home without paying rent because she loved the writings of Bukowski. he never understood or liked people.

Again, alcohol is present in all your his notes, and the alcohol enhanced the sex. Along these notes rescued from *Essex House*³⁰, it was found part of a wine-stained notebook where Bukowski showed a deeper look at life. This is an extended version of the release notes, which shows a short autobiography that begins in childhood with his abusive father, through drinking contests and games, until his literary success.

Bukowski, a great man.

NOTES

1. Plath, Sylvia . *Daddy*. The Collected Poems. New York: Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2008. p.222
2. *Boston Sunday Herald*: newspaper, whose main market is Boston, Massachusetts, United States, and around. The project started in 1846 and is one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. It has won eight Pulitzer Prizes in its history, including four for editorial writing and three for photography before being converted to tabloid format in 1981.
3. First poem of Sylvia Plath published y Boston Sunday Herald. She is 8 years old. 1941.

Hear the Crickets Chirping

Hear the crickets chirping
In the dewy grass.
Bright little fireflies
Twinkle as they pass.

4. The Smith College is a female private U.S. located in Northampton, Massachusetts. Founded as such in 1871. Started in 1875 with 14 students and 6 faculty. Sophia Smith inherited the wealth from his family when she was 65, and decided to found a women's college to meet what she considered her moral obligation. When dying Mrs. Smith, was able to fulfill her will. Some of the famous women who received the Smith College are: Gloria Steinem, Julia Childs, Sylvia Plath, Betty Friedan, Madeleine L'Engle, Yolanda King, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Nancy Reagan, among others. Today 2,600 students a great ethnic diversity and racial attending Smith College. (<http://catalog.smith.edu>)
5. In 1982, Plath was the first poet to win a posthumous Pulitzer Prize (for *The Collected Poems*).
6. Stone, Jon R. *Latin for the Illiterari*. London, New York: Routledge, 1996.

Cum laude (Latin for "with praise, laureate") is a Latin phrase used to indicate the level of performance with which we have obtained a university degree maximum, usually to doctorate. *Summa Cum Laude* 'with high praise' (exceptional), is the recognition by a rare performance, expected only bright students.

7. Plath, Sylvia . *Edge*. The Collected Poems New York: Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2008. p.272

Edge

The woman is perfected.
Her dead
Body wears the smile of accomplishment,
The illusion of a Greek necessity
Flows in the scrolls of her toga,

Her bare
Feet seem to be saying:
We have come so far, it is over.
Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,
One at each little
Pitcher of milk, now empty.
She has folded Them back into her body as petals
Of a rose close when the garden
Stiffens and odors bleed From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.
The moon has nothing to be sad about,
Staring from her hood of bone.
She is used to this sort of thing.
Her blacks crackle and drag.

8. *Robert Lowell, Anne Sexton and W.S. Merwin*

9. *The Colossus and Other Poems* is a poetry collection by Sylvia Plath, first published, by William Heinemann, in 1960.

10. Plath, Sylvia . *Pursuit*. The Collected Poems New York: Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2008. p.22

Pursuit

There is a panther stalks me down:
One day I'll have my death of him;
His greed has set the woods aflame,
He prowls more lordly than the sun.
Most soft, most suavely glides that step,
Advancing always at my back;
From gaunt hemlock, rooks croak havoc:
The hunt is on, and sprung the trap.
Flayed by thorns I trek the rocks,
Haggard through the hot white noon.
Along red network of his veins
What fires run, what craving wakes?

Insatiate, he ransacks the land
Condemned by our ancestral fault,
Crying: blood, let blood be spilt;
Meat must glut his mouth's raw wound.
Keen the rending teeth and sweet
The singeing fury of his fur;
His kisses parch, each paw's a briar,
Doom consummates that appetite.
In the wake of this fierce cat,
Kindled like torches for his joy,
Charred and ravened women lie,
Become his starving body's bait.

Now hills hatch menace, spawning shade;
Midnight cloaks the sultry grove;
The black marauder, hauled by love
On fluent haunches, keeps my speed.
Behind snarled thickets of my eyes
Lurks the lithe one; in dreams' ambush
Bright those claws that mar the flesh
And hungry, hungry, those taut thighs.
His ardor snares me, lights the trees,
And I run flaring in my skin;
What lull, what cool can lap me in
When burns and brands that yellow gaze?

I hurl my heart to halt his pace,

To quench his thirst I squander blood;
He eats, and still his need seeks food,
Compels a total sacrifice.
His voice waylays me, spells a trance,
The gutted forest falls to ash;
Appalled by secret want, I rush
From such assault of radiance.
Entering the tower of my fears,
I shut my doors on that dark guilt,
I bolt the door, each door I bolt.
Blood quickens, gonging in my ears:

The panther's tread is on the stairs,
Coming up and up the stairs.

11. Plath, Sylvia . *Ariel*. New York: Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2008. p.239
12. Bishop, Elizabeth & Hicok, Bethany. *Comtemporary Literature Vol.40*, No.2. Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press. 1999. p. 286-310.

The rebel literary magazine of Elizabeth Bishop and some of her fellow students (Eleanor and Eunice Clark, Frani Blough, Margaret Miller, and probably Muriel Rukeyser) started at Vassar in February 1933.

13. Bishop, Elizabeth, poetry. *At The Fishhouses* . New York: The New Yorker, August 9, 1947. p.30

At The Fishhouses

Although it is a cold evening,
down by one of the fishhouses
an old man sits netting,
his net, in the gloaming almost invisible,
a dark purple-brown,
and his shuttle worn and polished.
The air smells so strong of codfish
it makes one's nose run and one's eyes water.
The five fishhouses have steeply peaked roofs
and narrow, cleated gangplanks slant up
to storerooms in the gables
for the wheelbarrows to be pushed up and down on.
All is silver: the heavy surface of the sea,
swelling slowly as if considering spilling over,
is opaque, but the silver of the benches,
the lobster pots, and masts, scattered
among the wild jagged rocks,
is of an apparent translucence
like the small old buildings with an emerald moss
growing on their shoreward walls.
The big fish tubs are completely lined
with layers of beautiful herring scales
and the wheelbarrows are similarly plastered
with creamy iridescent coats of mail,
with small iridescent flies crawling on them.
Up on the little slope behind the houses,
set in the sparse bright sprinkle of grass,
is an ancient wooden capstan,
cracked, with two long bleached handles
and some melancholy stains, like dried blood,
where the ironwork has rusted.
The old man accepts a Lucky Strike.

He was a friend of my grandfather.
We talk of the decline in the population
and of codfish and herring
while he waits for a herring boat to come in.
There are sequins on his vest and on his thumb.
He has scraped the scales, the principal beauty,
from unnumbered fish with that black old knife,
the blade of which is almost worn away.

Down at the water's edge, at the place
where they haul up the boats, up the long ramp
descending into the water, thin silver
tree trunks are laid horizontally
across the gray stones, down and down
at intervals of four or five feet.

Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,
element bearable to no mortal,
to fish and to seals . . . One seal particularly
I have seen here evening after evening.
He was curious about me. He was interested in music;
like me a believer in total immersion,
so I used to sing him Baptist hymns.
I also sang "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."
He stood up in the water and regarded me
steadily, moving his head a little.
Then he would disappear, then suddenly emerge
almost in the same spot, with a sort of shrug
as if it were against his better judgment.
Cold dark deep and absolutely clear,
the clear gray icy water . . . Back, behind us,
the dignified tall firs begin.
Bluish, associating with their shadows,
a million Christmas trees stand
waiting for Christmas. The water seems suspended
above the rounded gray and blue-gray stones.
I have seen it over and over, the same sea, the same,
slightly, indifferently swinging above the stones,
icily free above the stones,
above the stones and then the world.
If you should dip your hand in,
your wrist would ache immediately,
your bones would begin to ache and your hand would burn
as if the water were a transmutation of fire
that feeds on stones and burns with a dark gray flame.
If you tasted it, it would first taste bitter,
then briny, then surely burn your tongue.
It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:
dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,
drawn from the cold hard mouth
of the world, derived from the rocky breasts
forever, flowing and drawn, and since
our knowledge is historical, flowing, and flown.

14. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt is an educational in the United States. Headquartered in Boston, it publishes books.. This educational company awarded a prize to Elizabeth Bishop.
15. Bishop, Elizabeth, poetry. *Arrival At Santos*. New York: The New Yorker, June 21, 1952. p.24.

16. *Expat*: Elizabeth Bishop became a expat when she was in Brazil because she was one of the major criticisms in her life to her country of origin.
17. Bishop, Elizabeth, poetry. *One Art*. New York: The New Yorker, April 26, 1976. p.40.

One Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster

18. Bishop, Elizabeth, poetry. *In the Waiting Room*. New York: The New Yorker, July 17, 1971. p.34.

In the Waiting Room

In Worcester, Massachusetts,
I went with Aunt Consuelo
to keep her dentist's appointment
and sat and waited for her
in the dentist's waiting room.
It was winter. It got dark
early. The waiting room
was full of grown-up people,
arctics and overcoats,
lamps and magazines.
My aunt was inside
what seemed like a long time
and while I waited I read
the *National Geographic*
(I could read) and carefully
studied the photographs:
the inside of a volcano,
black, and full of ashes;
then it was spilling over
in rivulets of fire.
Osa and Martin Johnson
dressed in riding breeches,
laced boots, and pith helmets.

A dead man slung on a pole
--"Long Pig," the caption said.
Babies with pointed heads
wound round and round with string;
black, naked women with necks
wound round and round with wire
like the necks of light bulbs.
Their breasts were horrifying.
I read it right straight through.
I was too shy to stop.
And then I looked at the cover:
the yellow margins, the date.
Suddenly, from inside,
came an *oh!* of pain
--Aunt Consuelo's voice--
not very loud or long.
I wasn't at all surprised;
even then I knew she was
a foolish, timid woman.
I might have been embarrassed,
but wasn't. What took me
completely by surprise
was that it was *me*:
my voice, in my mouth.
Without thinking at all
I was my foolish aunt,
I--we--were falling, falling,
our eyes glued to the cover
of the *National Geographic*,
February, 1918.

I said to myself: three days
and you'll be seven years old.
I was saying it to stop
the sensation of falling off
the round, turning world.
into cold, blue-black space.
But I felt: you are an *I*,
you are an *Elizabeth*,
you are one of *them*.
Why should you be one, too?
I scarcely dared to look
to see what it was I was.
I gave a sidelong glance
--I couldn't look any higher--
at shadowy gray knees,
trousers and skirts and boots
and different pairs of hands
lying under the lamps.
I knew that nothing stranger
had ever happened, that nothing
stranger could ever happen.

Why should I be my aunt,
or me, or anyone?
What similarities--
boots, hands, the family voice
I felt in my throat, or even
the *National Geographic*
and those awful hanging breasts--
held us all together
or made us all just one?
How--I didn't know any
word for it--how "unlikely". . .
How had I come to be here,
like them, and overhear
a cry of pain that could have

got loud and worse but hadn't?

The waiting room was bright
and too hot. It was sliding
beneath a big black wave,
another, and another.

Then I was back in it.
The War was on. Outside,
in Worcester, Massachusetts,
were night and slush and cold,
and it was still the fifth
of February, 1918.

19. Bishop, Elizabeth, poetry. *The Moose*. New York: The New Yorker, July 15, 1972. p.27.

The Moose

For Grace Bulmer Bowers

From narrow provinces
of fish and bread and tea,
home of the long tides
where the bay leaves the sea
twice a day and takes
the herrings long rides,

where if the river
enters or retreats
in a wall of brown foam
depends on if it meets
the bay coming in,
the bay not at home;

where, silted red,
sometimes the sun sets
facing a red sea,
and others, veins the flats'
lavender, rich mud
in burning rivulets;

on red, gravelly roads,
down rows of sugar maples,
past clapboard farmhouses
and neat, clapboard churches,
bleached, ridged as clamshells,
past twin silver birches,

through late afternoon
a bus journeys west,
the windshield flashing pink,
pink glancing off of metal,
brushing the dented flank
of blue, beat-up enamel;

down hollows, up rises,
and waits, patient, while
a lone traveller gives
kisses and embraces
to seven relatives
and a collie supervises.

Goodbye to the elms,
to the farm, to the dog.
The bus starts. The light
grows richer; the fog,
shifting, salty, thin,
comes closing in.

Its cold, round crystals
form and slide and settle
in the white hens' feathers,
in gray glazed cabbages,
on the cabbage roses
and lupins like apostles;

the sweet peas cling
to their wet white string
on the whitewashed fences;
bumblebees creep
inside the foxgloves,
and evening commences.

One stop at Bass River.
Then the Economies
Lower, Middle, Upper;
Five Islands, Five Houses,
where a woman shakes a tablecloth
out after supper.

A pale flickering. Gone.
The Tantramar marshes
and the smell of salt hay.
An iron bridge trembles
and a loose plank rattles
but doesn't give way.

On the left, a red light
swims through the dark:
a ship's port lantern.
Two rubber boots show,
illuminated, solemn.
A dog gives one bark.

A woman climbs in
with two market bags,
brisk, freckled, elderly.
"A grand night. Yes, sir,
all the way to Boston."
She regards us amicably.

Moonlight as we enter
the New Brunswick woods,
hairy, scratchy, splintery;
moonlight and mist
caught in them like lamb's wool
on bushes in a pasture.

The passengers lie back.
Snores. Some long sighs.
A dreamy divagation
begins in the night,
a gentle, auditory,
slow hallucination. . . .

In the creakings and noises,
an old conversation
--not concerning us,

but recognizable, somewhere,
back in the bus:
Grandparents' voices

uninterruptedly
talking, in Eternity:
names being mentioned,
things cleared up finally;
what he said, what she said,
who got pensioned;

deaths, deaths and sicknesses;
the year he remarried;
the year (something) happened.
She died in childbirth.
That was the son lost
when the schooner foundered.

He took to drink. Yes.
She went to the bad.
When Amos began to pray
even in the store and
finally the family had
to put him away.

"Yes . . ." that peculiar
affirmative. "Yes . . ."
A sharp, indrawn breath,
half groan, half acceptance,
that means "Life's like that.
We know *it* (also death)."

Talking the way they talked
in the old featherbed,
peacefully, on and on,
dim lamplight in the hall,
down in the kitchen, the dog
tucked in her shawl.

Now, it's all right now
even to fall asleep
just as on all those nights.
--Suddenly the bus driver
stops with a jolt,
turns off his lights.

A moose has come out of
the impenetrable wood
and stands there, looms, rather,
in the middle of the road.
It approaches; it sniffs at
the bus's hot hood.

Towering, antlerless,
high as a church,
homely as a house
(or, safe as houses).
A man's voice assures us
"Perfectly harmless. . . ."

Some of the passengers
exclaim in whispers,
childishly, softly,
"Sure are big creatures."
"It's awful plain."
"Look! It's a she!"

Taking her time,
she looks the bus over,
grand, otherworldly.
Why, why do we feel
(we all feel) this sweet
sensation of joy?

"Curious creatures,"
says our quiet driver,
rolling his r's.
"Look at that, would you."
Then he shifts gears.
For a moment longer,

by craning backward,
the moose can be seen
on the moonlit macadam;
then there's a dim
smell of moose, an acrid
smell of gasoline.

20. Pivano, Fernanda, interview to Bukowski. *What I enjoy the most is scratching my armpits*. Anagrama, 1983, p.51.
21. Bukowski, Charles. *Ham on Rye*. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Books, September 1, 1982.
22. Bukowski, Charles. *We ain't got no money honey but we got rain*. California: Black Sparrow Press, 1990.
23. Bukowski, Charles, poetry. *The American Flag Shirt*. The pleasures of the Damned. New York: Ecco, 2007. p. 222.

The American Flag Shirt

now more and more
all these people running around
wearing the American Flag Shirt
and it was more or less once assumed
(I think but I'm not sure)
that wearing an A.F.S. meant to
say you were pissing on
it
but now
they keep making them
and everybody keeps buying them
and wearing them
and the faces are just like
the American Flag Shirt—
this one has this face and that shirt
that one has that shirt and this face—
and somebody's spending money
and somebody's making money
and as the patriots become
more and more fashionable
it'll be nice
when everybody looks around
and finds that they are all patriots now
and therefore
who is there left to
persecute
except their
children?

24. Bukowski, Charles, poetry. *The Burning Of The Dream*. The pleasures of the Damned. New York: Ecco, 2007. p. 401.

The Burning Of The Dream

the old L.A. Public Library burned
down
that library downtown
and with it went
a large part of my
youth.

I sat on one of those stone
benches there with my friend
Baldy when he
asked
"you goona join the
Abraham Lincoln
Brigade?"

"sure," I told
him.

but realizing that I wasn't
an intellectual or a political
idealist
I backed off on that
one
later.

I was a reader
then
going from room to
room: literature, philosophy,
religion, even medicine
and geology

early on
I decided to be a writer,

I thought it might be the easy
way
out
and the big boy novelists didn't look
too tough to
me.
I had more trouble with
Hegel and Kant.

the thing that bothered
me
about everybody
is that they tok so long
to finally say
something lively and/
or
interesting.
I thought I had it
over everybody
then.

I was to discover two
things:

(a) most publishers thought that
anything

boring and something to do with things
profound
b) that it would take decades of
living and writing
before I would be able to
put down
a sentence that was
anywhere near
what I wanted it to
be.

meanwhile
while other young men chased the
ladies
I chased the old
books.
I was a bibliophile, albeit a
disenchanted
one
and this
and the world
shaped me.

I lived in a plywood hut
behind a roominghouse
for \$3.50 a
week
feeling like a
Chatterton
stuffed inside of some
Thomas
Wolfe.

my greatest problem was
stamps, envelopes, paper
and
wine,
with the world on the edge
of World War II.
I hadn't yet been
confused by the
female, I was a virgin
and I wrote from 3 to
5 short stories a week
and they all came
back
from The New Yorker, Harper's
The Atlantic Monthly.
I had read where
Ford Madox Ford used to paper
his bathroom with his
rejection slips
but I didn't have a
bathroom so I stuck them
into a drawer
and when it got so stuffed with them
I could barely
open it
I took all the rejects out
and threw them
away along with the
stories.

still
the old L.A. Public Library remained
my home
and the home of many other

bums.
we discreetly used the
restrooms
and the only ones of
us
to be evicted were those
who fell asleep at the
library
tables—nobody snores like a
bum
unless it's somebody you're married
to.

well, I wasn't quite a
bum. I had a library card
and I checked books in and
out
large
stacks of them
always taking the
limit
allowed:

Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence
e. e. cummings, Conrad Aiken, Fyodor
Dos, Dos Passos, Turgenev, Gorky,
H.D., Freddie Nietzsche,
Schopenhauer,
Steinbeck,
and so
forth...

I always expected the librarian
to say, "you have good taste, young
man. . ."

but the old fried and wasted
bitch didn't even know who she
was
let alone
e.

but those shelves held
tremendous grace: they allowed
me to discover
the early Chinese poets
like Tu Fu and Li
Po
who could say more in one
line than most could say in
thirty or
a hundred
Sherwood Anderson must have
read
these
too.

I also carried the Cantos
in and out
and Ezra helped me
strengthen my arms if not
my brain.

that wondrous place
the L.A. Public Library
it was a home for a person who had had

a
home of
hell
BROOKS TOO BROAD FOR LEAPING
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
POINT COUNTER POINT
THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER

James Thurber
John Fante
Rabelias
de Maupassant

some didn't work for
me: Shakespeare, G. B. Shaw,
Tolstoy, Robert Frost, F. Scott
Fitzgerald

Upton Sinclair worked better for
me
than Sinclair Lewis
and I considered Gogol and
Dreiser complete
fools

but such judgments come more
from a man's
forced manner of living than from
his reason.

the old L.A. Public
most probably kept me from
becoming a
suicide
a bank
robber
a
wife-
beater
a butcher or a
motorcycle policeman
and even though some of these
might be fine
it is
thanks
to my luck
and my way
that this library was
there when I was
young and looking to
hold on to
something
when there seemed very
little
about.

and when I opened the
newspaper
and read of the fire
which
destroyed the
library and most of
its contents

I said to my
wife: "I used to spend my
time
there. . ."

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER
THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE LYING TRAPEZE
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN.

25. Bukowski, Charles, poetry. *His Wife, The Painter*. The pleasures of the Damned. New York: Ecco, 2007. p. 4.

His Wife, The Painter.

There are sketches on the walls of men and women and ducks,
and outside a large green bus swerves through traffic like
insanity sprung from a waving line; Turgenev, Turgenev,
says the radio, and Jane Austin, Jane Austin, too.

"I am going to do her portrait on the 28th, while you are
at work."

He is just this edge of fat and he walks constantly, he
fritters; they have him; they are eating him hollow like
a webbed fly, and his eyes are red-suckled with anger-fear.
He feels hatred and discard of the world, sharper than
his razor, and his gut-feel hangs like a wet polyp; and he
self-decisions himself defeated trying to shake his
hung beard from razor in water (like life), not warm enough.
Daumier. Rue Transonien, le 15 Avril, 1843. (lithograph.)
Paris, Bibliotheque Nationale.

"She has a face unlike that of any woman I have ever known."

"What is it? A love affair?"

"Silly. I can't love a woman. Besides, she's pregnant."

I can paint- a flower eaten by a snake; that sunlight is a
lie; and that markets smell of shoes and naked boys clothed,
and that under everything some river, some beat, some twist that
clammers along the edge of my temple and bites nip-dizzy. . .
men drive cars and paint their houses,
but they are mad; men sit in barber chairs; buy hats.
Corot. Recollection of Mortefontaine.

Paris, Louvre.

"I must write Kaiser, though I think he's a homosexual."

"Are you still reading Freud?"

"Page 299."

She made a little hat and he fastened two snaps under one
arm, reaching up from the bed like a long feeler from the
snail, and she went to church, and he thought now I h've
time and the dog.

About church: the trouble with a mask is it
never changes.

So rude the flowers that grow and do not grow beautiful.
So magic the chair on the patio that does not hold legs
and belly and arm and neck and mouth that bites into the
wind like the ned of a tunnel.

He turned in bed and thought: I am searching for some
segment in the air. It floats about the peoples heads.

When it rains on the trees it sits between the branches
warmer and more blood-real than the dove.

Orozco. Christ Destroying the Cross.

Hanover, Dartmouth College, Baker Library.

He burned away in his sleep.

26. Bukowski, Charles. *Post Office*. Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Books, 1971.
27. Bukowski, Charles, poetry. *Ice for the Eagles*. The pleasures of the Damned. New York: Ecco, 2007. p. 123.

Ice for the Eagles

I keep remembering the horses
under the moon
I keep remembering feeding the horses
sugar
white oblongs of sugar
more like ice,
and they had heads like
eagles
bald heads that could bite and
did not.

The horses were more real than
my father
more real than God
and they could have stepped on my
feet but they didn't
they could have done all kinds of horrors
but they didn't.
I was almost 5
but I have not forgotten yet;
o my god they were strong and good
those red tongues slobbering
out of their souls.

28. *NOLA*: *NOLA Express* (1967) was born in New Orleans as part of the Underground press movement. Founded by two young poets, Darlene Chief Robert Fife and ready to fight against U.S. imperialism, racism and materialism.
29. *Notes For a Dirty Old Man*: *Notes for a dirty old man*, was published in *NOLA Express*, with illustration Francisco McBride. *The Fuck Machine*, like he was called to Bukowski, was considered sexist, pornographic, and caught the attention of everyone. Bukowski's presence in *NOLA* publications attracted a large number of followers.
30. *Essex House*: *Essex House* was the publisher who rescued many complete articles and stories of Charles Bukowski, also was responsible for publish.

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