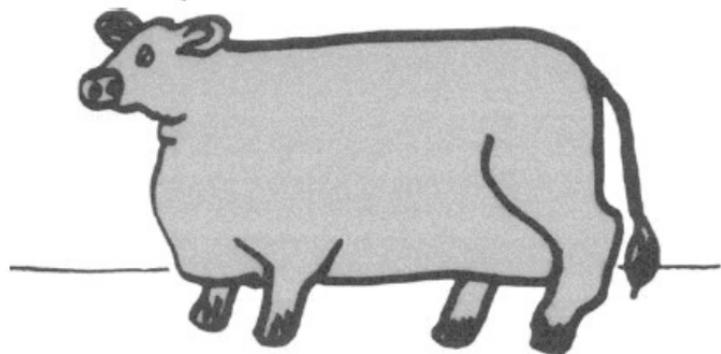




OR



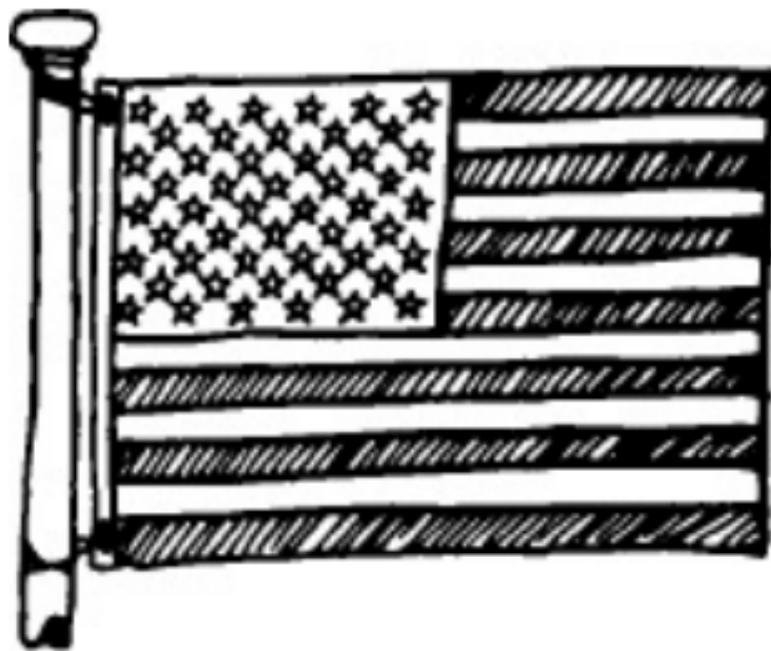
GOODBYE  
BLUE  
MONDAY!



I am programmed at fifty to perform childishly—to insult “The Star-Spangled Banner,” to scrawl pictures of a Nazi flag and an asshole and a lot of other things with a felt-tipped pen. To give an idea of the maturity of my illustrations for this book, here is my picture of an asshole:



Here is what their flag looked like:



If they studied their paper money for clues as to what their country was all about, they found, among a lot of other baroque trash, a picture of a truncated pyramid with a radiant eye on top of it, like this:



But some of the nonsense was evil, since it concealed great crimes. For example, teachers of children in the United States of America wrote this date on blackboards again and again, and asked the children to memorize it with pride and joy:

1492

The teachers told the children that this was when their continent was discovered by human beings. Actually, millions of human beings were already living full and imaginative lives on the continent in 1492. That was simply the year in which sea pirates began to cheat and rob and kill them.

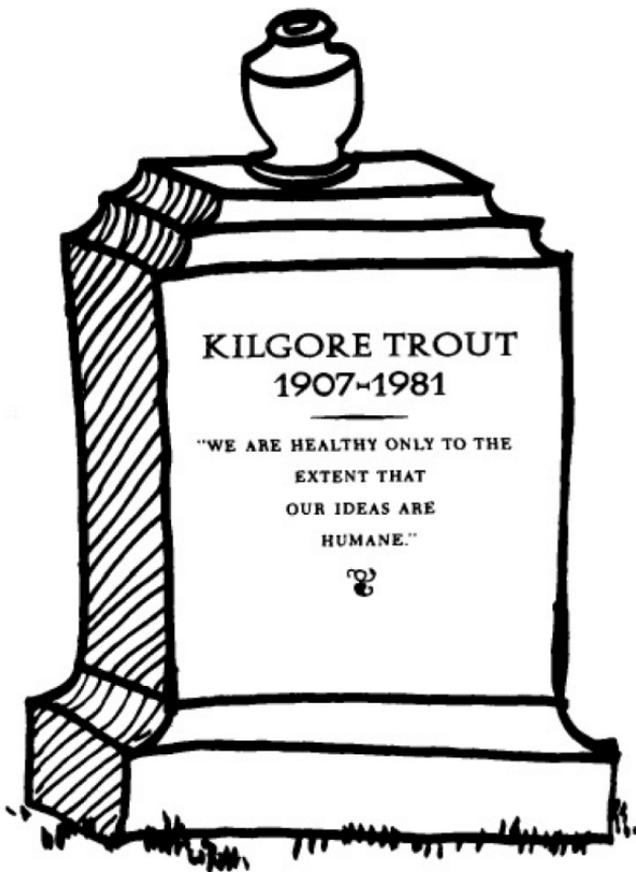
It was sort of an ice-cream cone on fire. It looked like this:



Bad chemicals and bad ideas were the Yin and Yang of madness. Yin and Yang were Chinese symbols of harmony. They looked like this:



He was by then recognized as a great artist and scientist. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences caused a monument to be erected over his ashes. Carved in its face was a quotation from his last novel, his two-hundred-and-ninth novel, which was unfinished when he died. The monument looked like this:







The sort of beaver which excited news photographers so much looked like this:

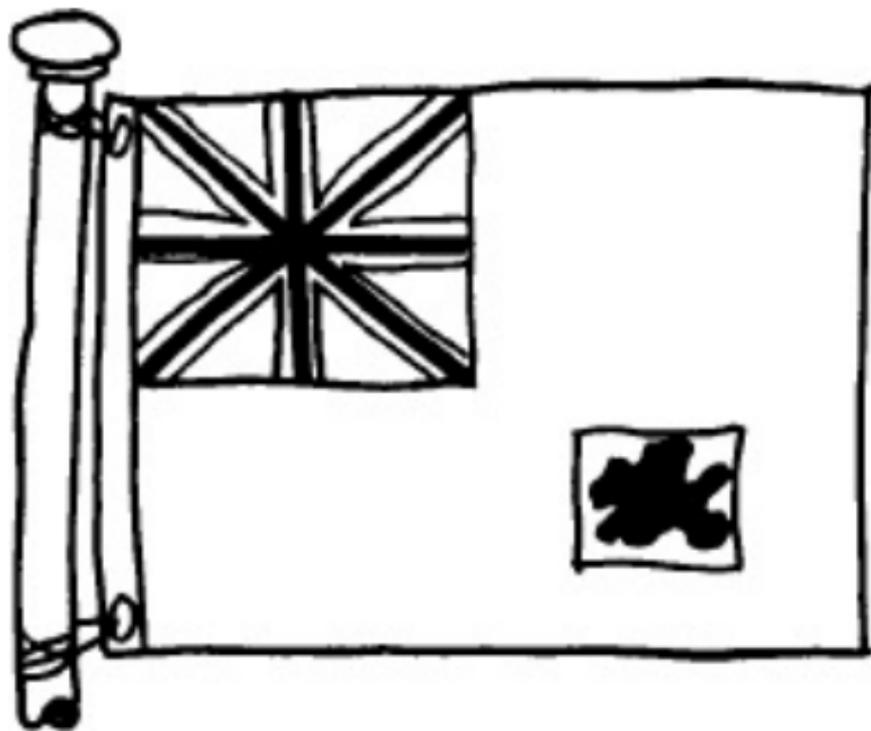


This was where babies came from.

Female underpants looked like this:



Here is what the flag of Kilgore Trout's native island looked like:



Trout made the connection between his lone fan letter and the invitation, but he couldn't believe that Eliot Rosewater was a grownup. Rosewater's handwriting looked like this:

You ought to  
be President  
of the United  
States!

One mask looked like this:



The other one looked like this:



He planned to tell the people out there what he hoped to have in the way of a tombstone.

This was it:

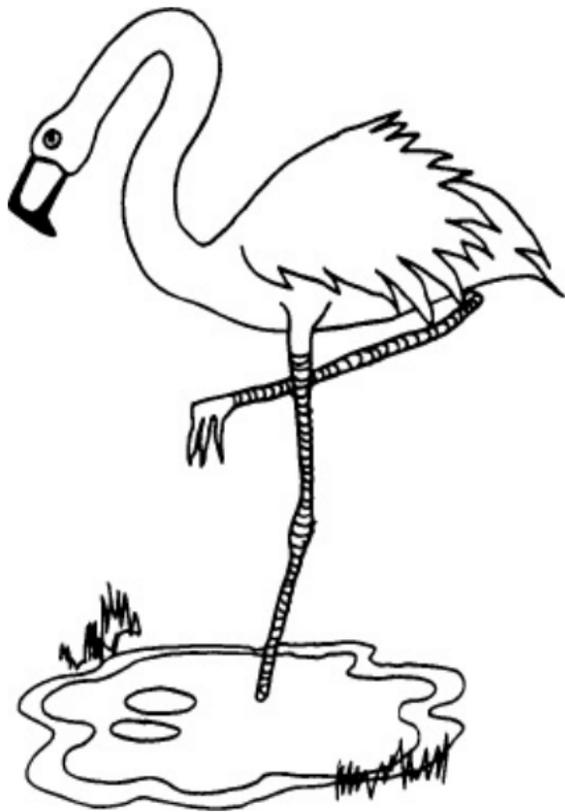


Harry LeSabre was entitled to talk about combat. He had been in actual combat in a war. Dwayne hadn't been in combat. He was a civilian employee of the United States Army Air Corps during the Second World War, though. One time he got to paint a message on a five-hundred-pound bomb which was going to be dropped on Hamburg, Germany. This was it:



Dwayne's bad chemicals made him take a loaded thirty-eight caliber revolver from under his pillow and stick it in his mouth. This was a tool whose only purpose was to make holes in human beings. It looked like this:





Dwayne shot the flamingo.

The jackets of *Plague on Wheels* and *Now It Can Be Told* both promised plenty of wide-open beavers inside. The picture on the cover of *Now It Can Be Told*, which was the book which would turn Dwayne Hoover into a homicidal maniac, showed a college professor being undressed by a group of naked sorority girls. A library tower could be seen through a window in the sorority house. It was daytime outside, and there was a clock in the tower. The clock looked like this:



The professor was stripped down to his candy-striped underwear shorts and his socks and garters and his mortarboard, which was a hat which looked like this:



There was a message written in pencil on the tiles by the roller towel. This was it:

What is  
the purpose  
of life?

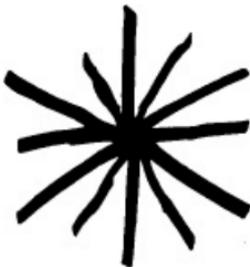


It intrigued Trout to know that he had only to flick the switch, and the people would start fucking and sucking again.

Trout wandered out onto the sidewalk of Forty-second Street. It was a dangerous place to be. The whole city was dangerous—because of chemicals and the uneven distribution of wealth and so on. A lot of people were like Dwayne: they created chemicals in their own bodies which were bad for their heads. But there were thousands upon thousands of other people in the city who bought bad chemicals and ate them or sniffed them—or injected them into their veins with devices which looked like this:



Sometimes they even stuffed bad chemicals up their assholes. Their assholes looked like this:



So the black machines had to get out of there, or starve to death. They came to cities because everyplace else had signs like this on the fences and trees:



One of them, Jose Mendoza, was a fairly good painter. So he painted the emblem of their new gang on the backs of the members' jackets. This was it:



Around the toilet seat was a band of paper like this, which he would have to remove before he used the toilet:



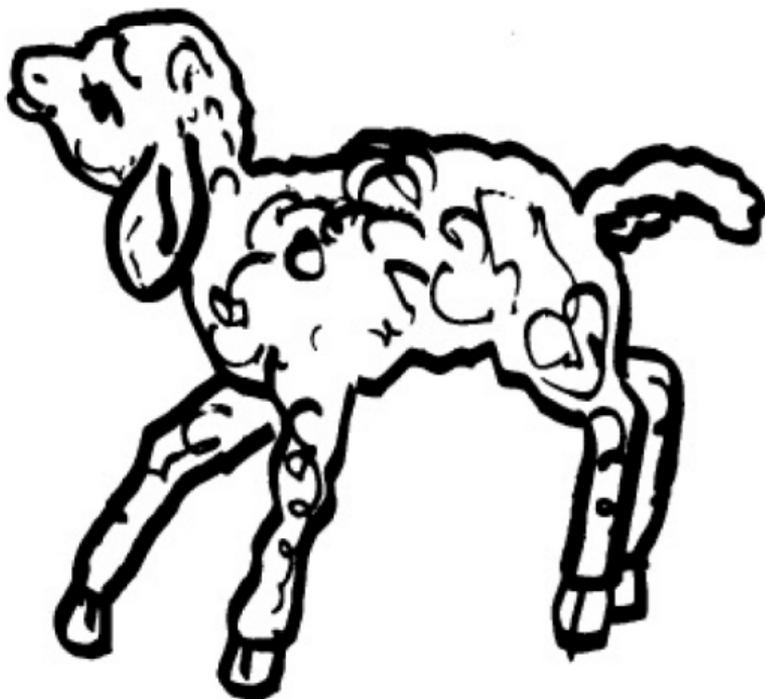
There was a sign hanging on the inside doorknob, which Dwayne now hung on the outside doorknob. It looked like this:



Dwayne pulled open his floor-to-ceiling draperies for a moment. He saw the sign which announced the presence of the Inn to weary travelers on the Interstate. Here is what it looked like:



A lamb was a young animal which was legendary for sleeping well on the planet Earth. It looked like this:



The chimpanzee wore a little blue blazer with brass buttons, and with the seal of the President of the United States sewed to the breast pocket. It looked like this:



They stopped at a diner. Here is what the sign in front of the diner said:



So they ate.



Trout wondered what a child who was just learning to read would make of a message like that. The child would suppose that the message was terrifically important, since somebody had gone to the trouble of writing it in letters so big.

And then, pretending to be a child by the roadside, he read the message on the side of another truck. This was it:



Dwayne fiddled with his lapel for a moment, felt a badge pinned there. He unpinned it, having no recollection of what it said. It was a boost for the Arts Festival, which would begin that evening. All over town people were wearing badges like Dwayne's. Here is what the badges said:



The young black jailbird could see the name any time he wanted to, written in lights on the inside of his skull. This is what it looked like:



And then he saw the most unbelievable thing of all: His sales manager, Harry LeSabre, came toward him leeringly, wearing a lettuce-green leotard, straw sandals, a grass skirt, and a pink T-shirt which looked like this:



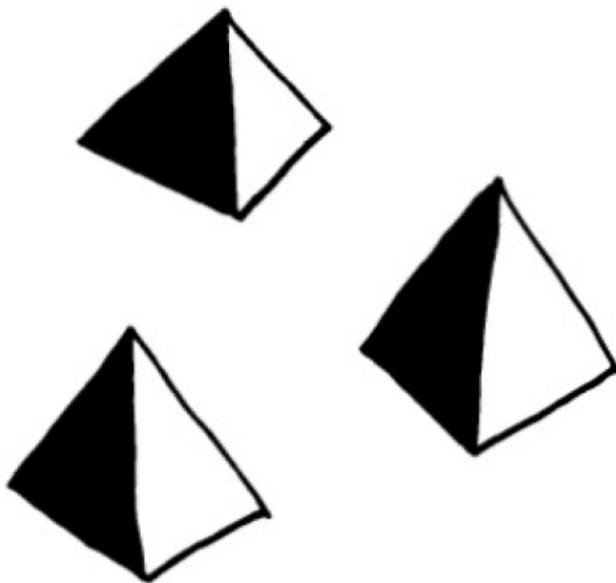
Kilgore Trout was far away, but he was steadily closing the distance between himself and Dwayne. He was still in the truck named *Pyramid*. It was crossing a bridge named in honor of the poet Walt Whitman. The bridge was veiled in smoke. The truck was about to become a part of Philadelphia now. A sign at the foot of the bridge said this:



Now that Trout lived in Cohoes, the only person he called by name was a red-headed Cockney midget, Durling Heath. He worked in a shoe repair shop. Heath had an executive-type nameplate on his workbench, in case anybody wished to address him by name. The nameplate looked like this:



A pyramid was a sort of huge stone tomb which Egyptians had built thousands and thousands of years before. The Egyptians didn't build them anymore. The tombs looked like this, and tourists would come from far away to gaze at them:



All over the State, nailed to trees and fence posts, were arrow-shaped signs, which pointed in the direction of the cave and said how far away it was—for example:



Here was the text of the sign Dwayne read:

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY  
TO WORK HERE, BUT IT SURE HELPS!**

There was a picture of a crazy person to go with the text. This was it:



Francine wore a button on her bosom which showed a creature in a healthier, more enviable frame of mind. This was the button:



Dwayne remembered the first trip the family took to see it. His father ripped a Nigger sign off the Nigger mailbox, and he threw it into a ditch. Here is what it said:



Choo-choo trains and steamboats and factories had whistles which were blown by steam when Dwayne Hoover and Kilgore Trout and I were boys—when our fathers were boys, when our grandfathers were boys. The whistles looked like this:



A dinosaur was a reptile as big as a choo-choo train. It looked like this:

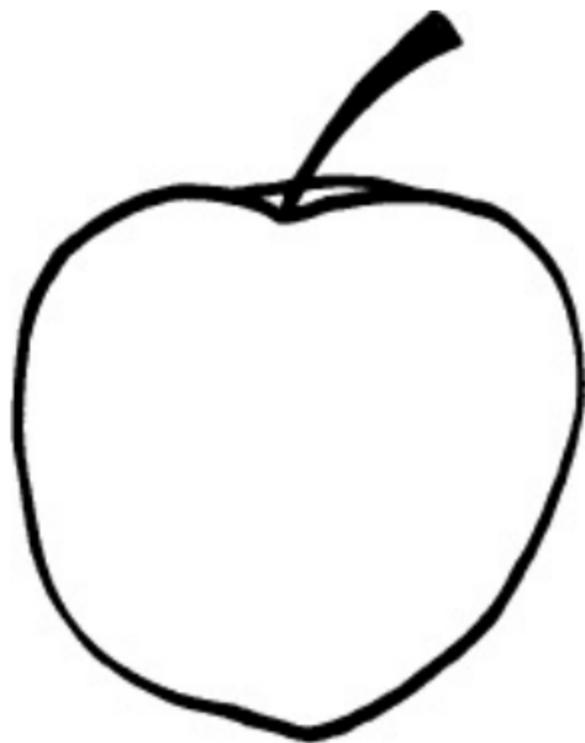


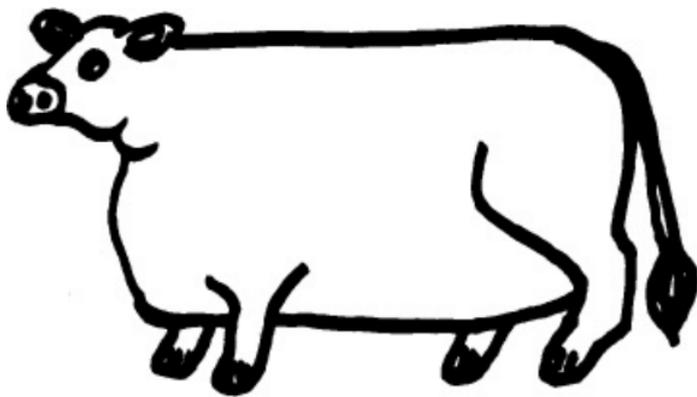
It had two brains, one for its front end and one for its rear end. It was extinct. Both brains combined were smaller than a pea. A pea was a legume which looked like this:



Coal was a highly compressed mixture of rotten trees and flowers and bushes and grasses and so on, and dinosaur excrement.

An apple was a popular fruit which looked like this:

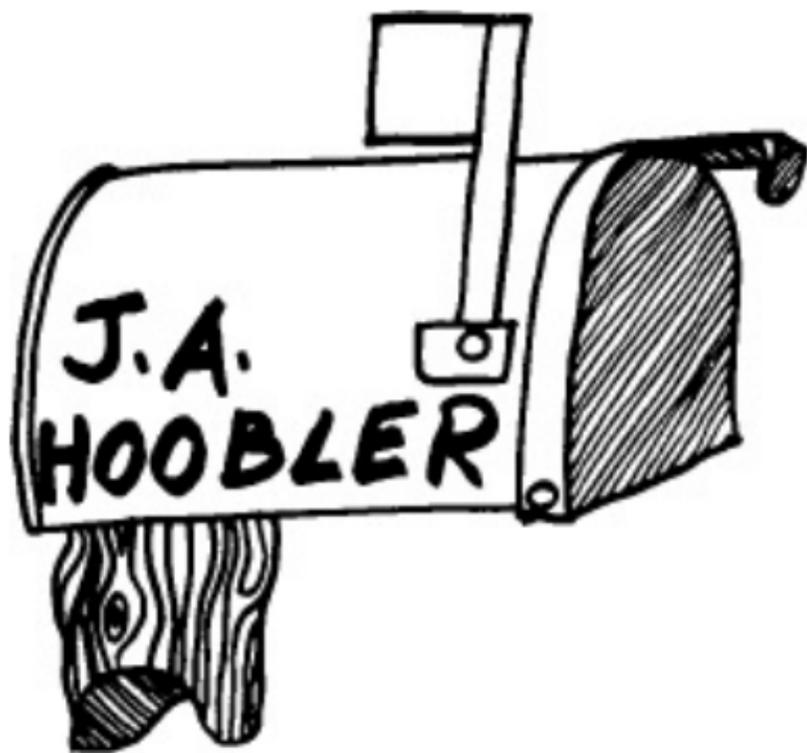




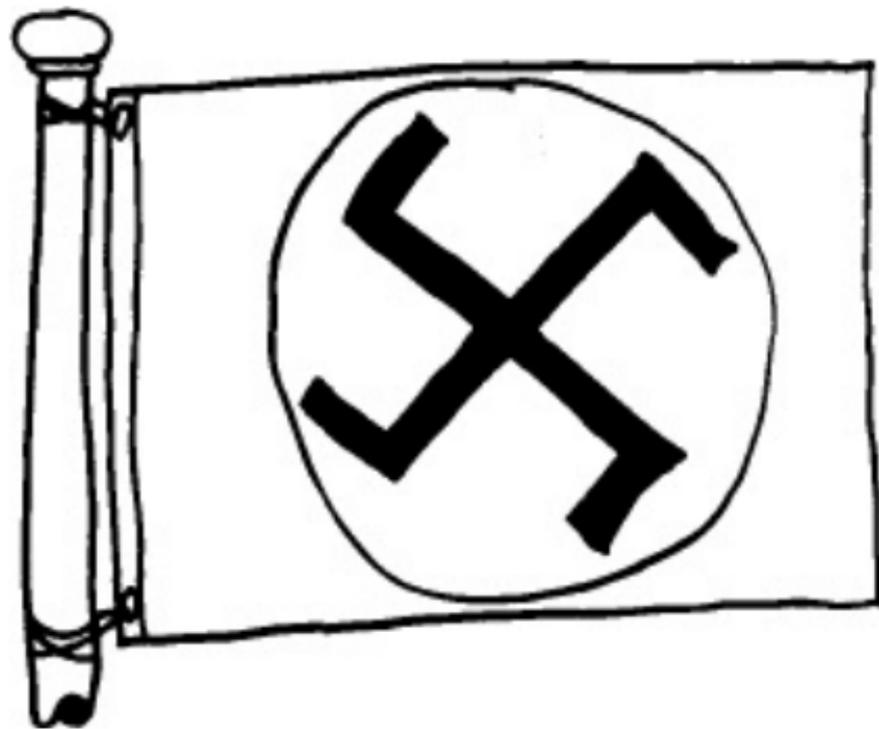
The animal was killed and ground up into little bits, then shaped into patties and fried, and put between two pieces of bread. The finished product looked like this:



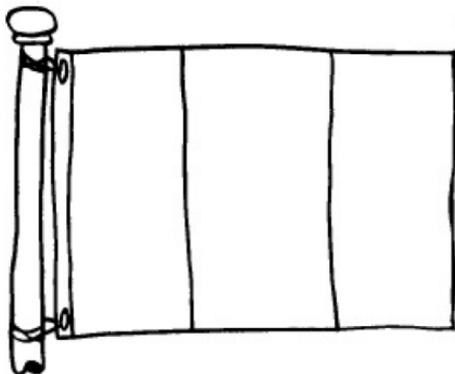
“There’s another one,” he said, indicating a mailbox which looked like this:



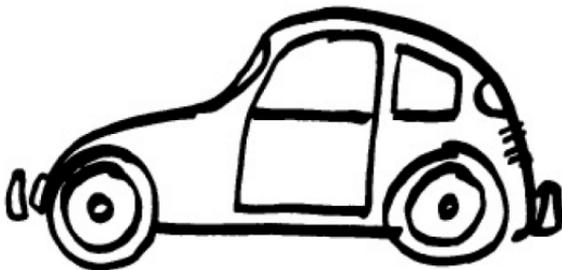
When the Germans were full of bad chemicals, their flag looked like this:



Here is what their flag looked like after they got well again:



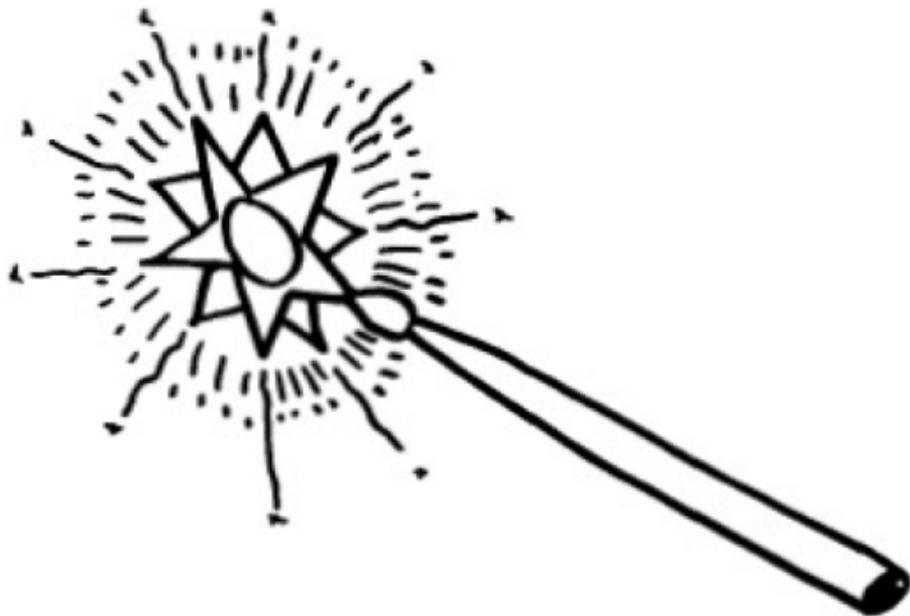
After they got well again, they manufactured a cheap and durable automobile which became popular all over the world, especially among young people. It looked like this:



People called it “the beetle.” A real beetle looked like this:



Patty Keene actually imagined Dwayne's waving a magic wand at her troubles and dreams. It looked like this:



The marble football looked like this:

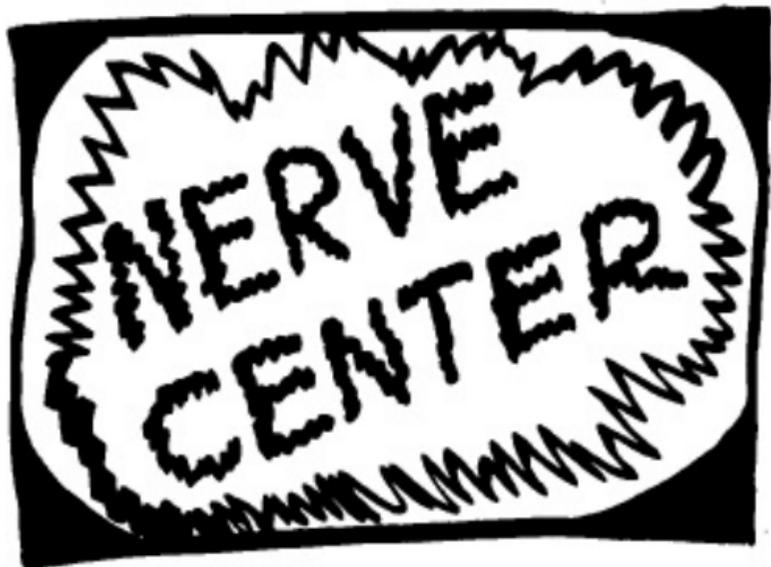


Kilgore Trout had a penis seven inches long, but only one and one-quarter inches in diameter. This was an inch:



Francine had a sign on the wall over her desk, which had been given to her as a joke at the automobile agency's Christmas party at the new Holiday Inn the year before.

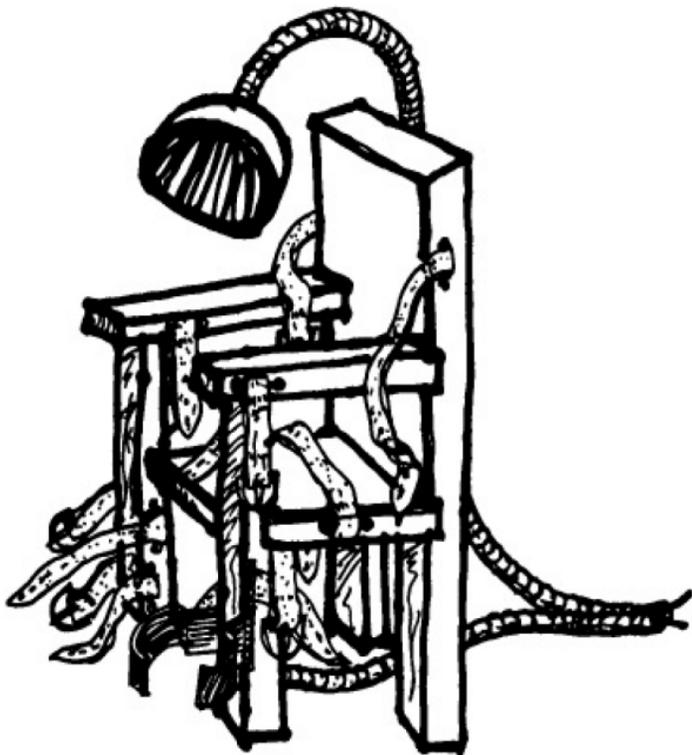
It spelled out the truth of her situation. This was it:



Dwayne and Francine headed for Shepherdstown in separate cars, so as not to call attention to their love affair. Dwayne was in a demonstrator again. Francine was in her own red GTO. GTO stood for *Gran Turismo Omologato*. She had a sticker on her bumper which said this:



“When was the last time they used the electric chair?” said Francine. She was asking about a device in the basement of the prison, which looked like this:

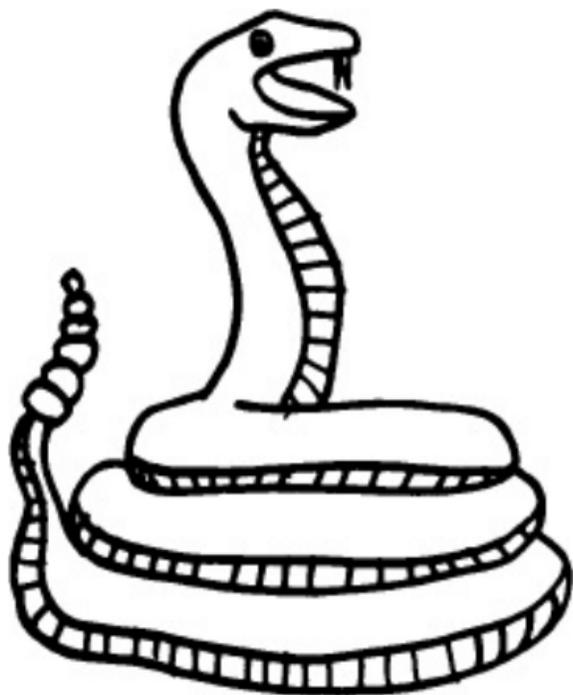


A chicken was a flightless bird which looked like this:



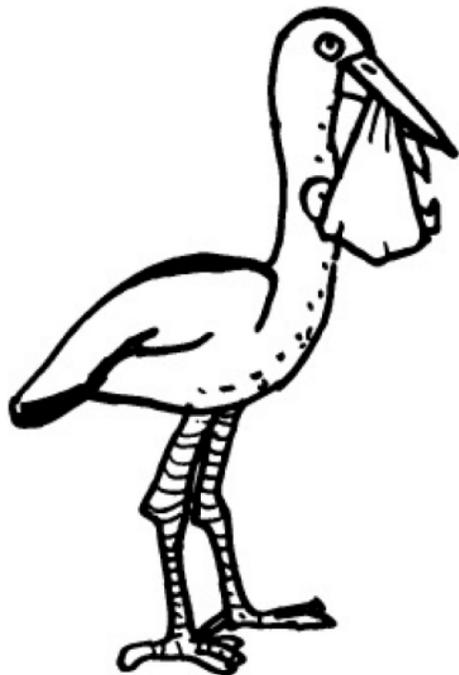
The idea was to kill it and pull out all its feathers, and cut off its head and feet and scoop out its internal organs—and then chop it into pieces and fry the pieces, and put the pieces in a waxed paper bucket with a lid on it, so it looked like this:





The Creator of the Universe had put a rattle on its tail. The Creator had also given it front teeth which were hypodermic syringes filled with deadly poison.

And there were actually pictures of storks delivering babies on birth announcements and in cartoons and so on, for children to see. A typical one might look like this:



“Everything you’re not supposed to do to a car, they did to a car,” Dwayne said to Francine. “And I’ll never forget the sign on the front door of the building where all that torture went on.” Here was the sign Dwayne described to Francine:



Kilgore Trout, hitchhiking westward, ever westward, had meanwhile become a passenger in a Ford *Galaxie*. The man at the controls of the *Galaxie* was a traveling salesman for a device which engulfed the rear ends of trucks at loading docks. It was a telescoping tunnel of rubberized canvas, and it looked like this in action:



And then Trout saw that a simple fire extinguisher in the *Galaxie* had this brand name:



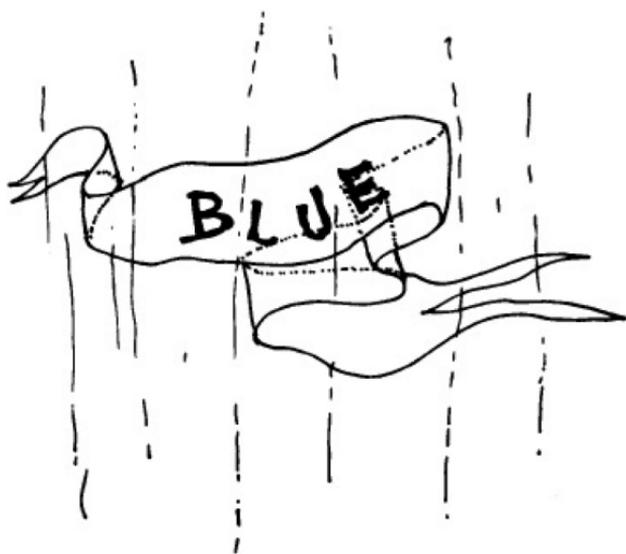
Trout looked out at the countryside, which was smeared by high velocity. He saw this sign:



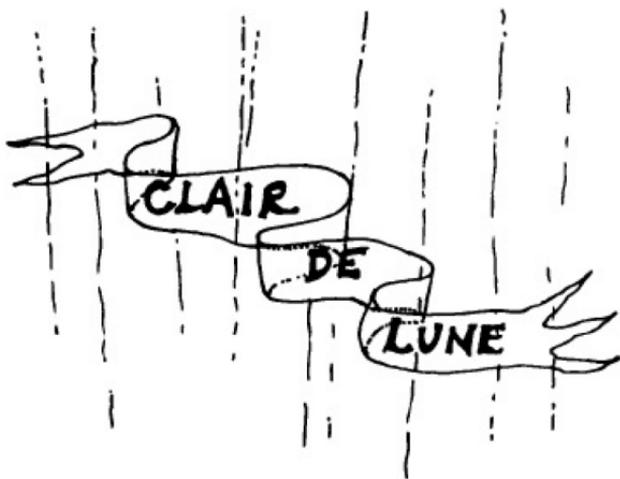
Here is what The Man's tombstone on the virgin planet looked like at the end of the book  
by Kilgore Trout:



His heart slowed. His respiration nearly stopped. A single word floated by in the depths. It had somehow escaped from the busier parts of his mind. It wasn't connected to anything. It floated by lazily, a translucent, scarf-like fish. The word was untroubling. Here was the word: "Blue." Here is what it looked like to Bunny Hoover:



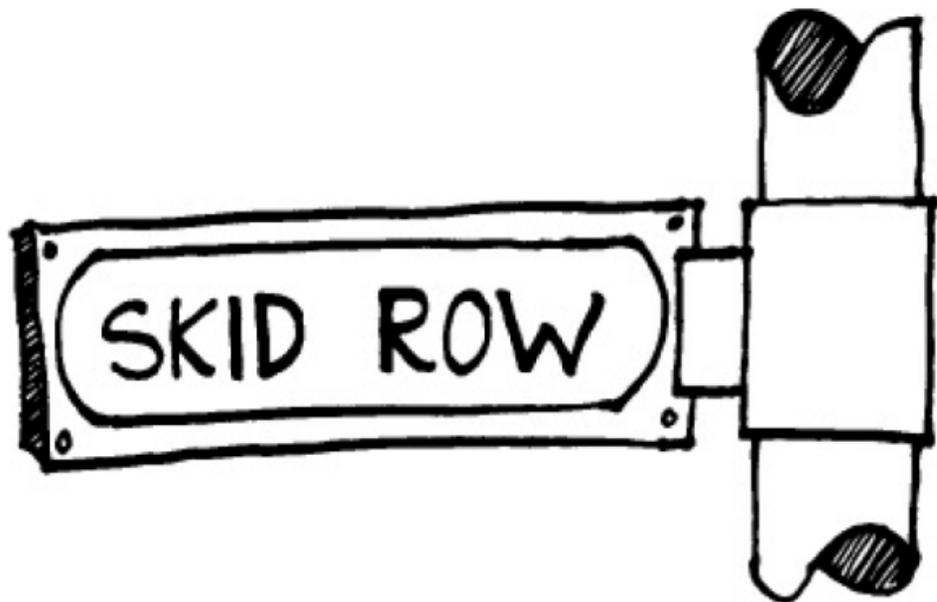
And then another lovely scarf swam by. It looked like this:





The Opera House used to be the home of the Midland City Symphony Orchestra, which was an amateur group of music enthusiasts. But they became homeless in 1927, when the Opera House became a motion picture house, *The Bannister*. The orchestra remained homeless, too, until the Mildred Barry Memorial Center for the Arts went up.

Kilgore Trout wrote a story one time about a town which decided to tell derelicts where they were and what was about to happen to them by putting up actual street signs like this:



The *Galaxie* in which Kilgore Trout was a passenger was on the Interstate now, close to Midland City. It was creeping. It was trapped in rush hour traffic from Barrytron and Western Electric and Prairie Mutual. Trout looked up from his reading, saw a billboard which said this:



On each table was a bowl of dry-roasted peanuts, too, and a sign which allowed the staff to refuse service to anyone who was inharmonious with the mood of the lounge. Here is what it said:



Here would be a good tombstone for Wayne Hoobler when he died:



The dairy at the prison provided milk and cream and butter and cheese and ice cream not only for the prison and the County Hospital. It sold its products to the outside world, too. Its trademark didn't mention prison. This was it:



where I spent the night before. I wore them in the darkness now. They looked like this:



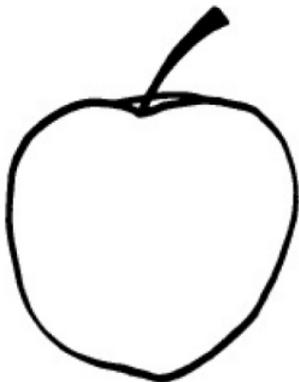
The tractor was pulling two trailers instead of one. Here was the message the owners of the rig saw fit to shriek at human beings wherever it went:



What is time? It is a serpent which eats its tail, like this:



This is the snake which uncoiled itself long enough to offer Eve the apple, which looked like this:



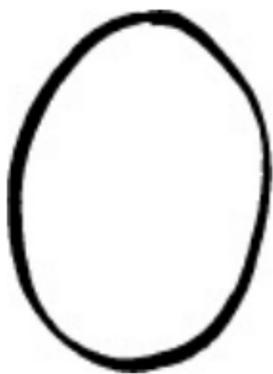
This man, who was white, had all the medals Harold Newcomb Wilbur had, plus the highest decoration for heroism which an American soldier could receive, which looked like this:



A truck sizzled by on the Interstate, seemed to cry out in pain to Wayne, because he read the message on the side of it phonetically. The message told Wayne that the truck was in agony, as it hauled things from here to there. This was the message, and Wayne said it out loud:



I drew the Earthling symbol for *nothingness*, which was this:



I drew the Earthling symbol for *everything*, which was this:



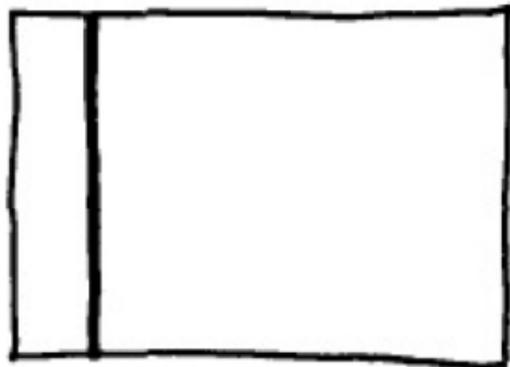
Dwayne Hoover and Wayne Hoobler knew the first one, but not the second one. And now I drew a symbol in vanishing mist which was bitterly familiar to Dwayne but not to Wayne. This was it:

DRĀNO

And now I drew a symbol whose meaning Dwayne had known for a few years in school, a meaning which had since eluded him. The symbol would have looked like the end of a table in a prison dining hall to Wayne. It represented the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. This ratio could also be expressed as a number, and even as Dwayne and Wayne and Karabekian and Beatrice Keedsler and all the rest of us went about our business, Earthling scientists were monotonously radioing that number into outer space. The idea was to show other inhabited planets, in case they were listening, how intelligent we were. We had tortured circles until they coughed up this symbol of their secret lives:

$\pi$

And I made an invisible duplicate on my Formica tabletop of a painting by Rabo Karabekian, entitled *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*. My duplicate was a miniature of the real thing, and mine was not in color, but I had captured the picture's form and the spirit, too. This is what I drew.



A black male dishwasher stepped out of the kitchen of the Inn now for a Pall Mall cigarette and some fresh air. He wore a large button on his sweat-soaked white T-shirt which said this:

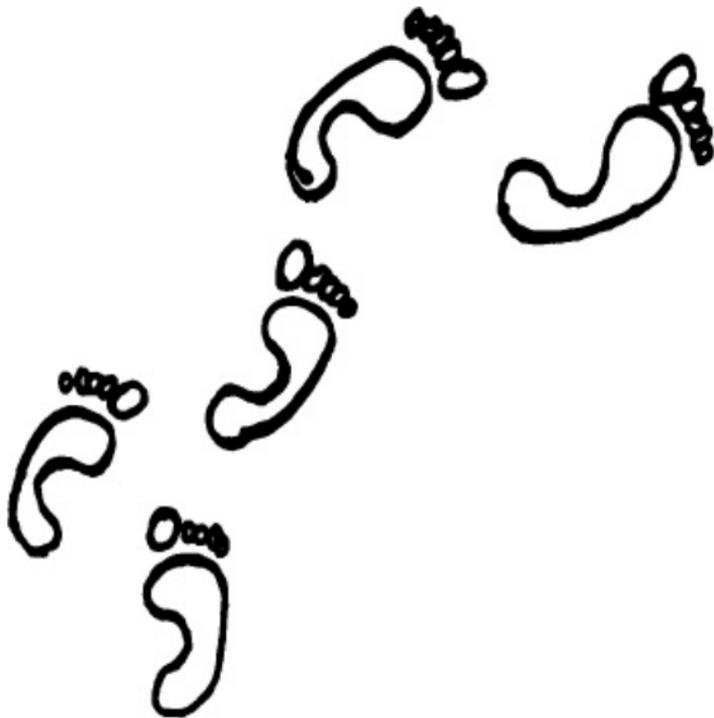


Mary Alice was also the Queen of the Festival of the Arts. The cover of the program showed her in a white bathing suit, with her Olympic Gold Medal hanging around her neck.

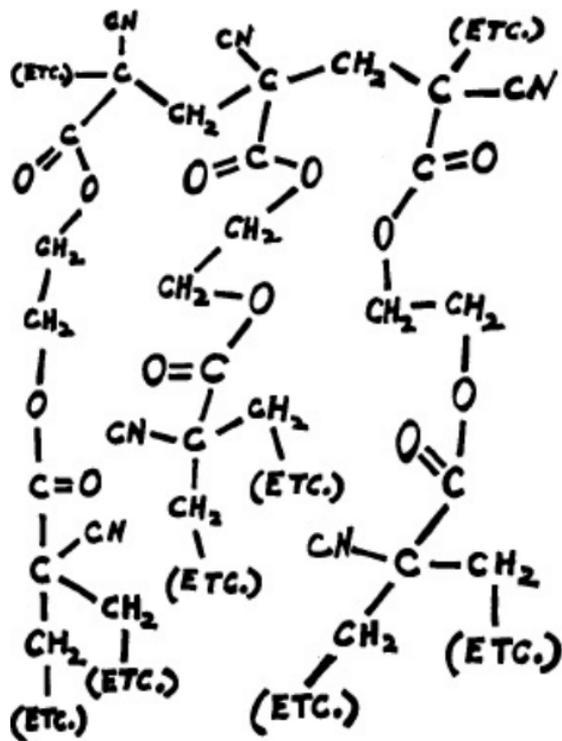
The medal looked like this:



Listen: Kilgore Trout climbed out of the trough and onto the asphalt desert which was the parking lot. It was his plan to enter the lobby of the Inn on wet bare feet, to leave footprints on the carpet—like this:



But Trout was no walking printing press. His feet left no marks on the carpet, because they were sheathed in plastic and the plastic was dry. Here was the structure of the plastic molecule:



The proper ending for any story about people it seems to me, since life is now a polymer in which the Earth is wrapped so tightly, should be that same abbreviation, which I now write large because I feel like it, which is this one:

The image shows the letters 'ETC.' in a large, bold, hand-drawn, and shaded font. The letters are thick and have a three-dimensional appearance with cross-hatching and stippling for shading. The 'E' is a simple block letter with a textured bottom. The 'T' has a thick vertical stem and a wide, flat top with a shaded underside. The 'C' is a thick, rounded letter with a shaded interior. A small, solid black circle serves as the period at the end of the word.

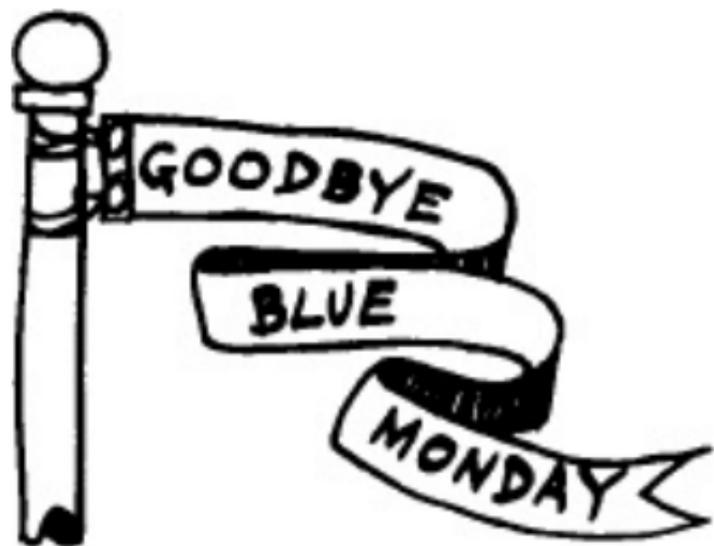
“Over at Shepherdstown, though,” he went on, “the white people got smart quick. They didn’t want Niggers in their town, so they put up signs on the main roads at the city limits and in the railroad yard.” Dwayne’s stepfather described the signs, which looked like this:



I went easy on him, didn't wave, didn't stare. I kept my glasses on. I wrote again on my tabletop, scrawled the symbols for the interrelationship between matter and energy as it was understood in my day:

$$E = Mc^2$$

The emblem consisted of a Greek goddess on an ornate chaise longue. She held a flagstaff from which a long pennant streamed. Here is what the pennant said:



One of Fred's ads was on a billboard outside the main gate of the defunct Keedsler Automobile Company, which the Robo-Magic Corporation had taken over. It showed a high society woman in a fur coat and pearls. She was leaving her mansion for a pleasant afternoon of idleness, and a balloon was coming out of her mouth. These were the words in the balloon:



OFF TO THE BRIDGE  
CLUB WHILE MY  
ROBO-MAGIC  
DOES THE WASH!  
GOODBYE, BLUE  
MONDAY!

Another ad, which was painted on a billboard by the railroad depot, showed two white deliverymen who were bringing a Robo-Magic into a house. A black maid was watching them. Her eyes were popping out in a comical way. There was a balloon coming out of her mouth, too, and she was saying this:



FEETS, GET MOVIN'! DEY'S  
GOT THEIRSELVES A  
ROBO-MAGIC!  
DEY AIN'T GONNA BE  
NEEDIN' US 'ROUN'  
HERE NO MO'!

And I sat there in the cocktail lounge of the new Holiday Inn, watching Dwayne Hoover stare into the bosom of the shirt of Kilgore Trout. I was wearing a bracelet which looked like this:



Let's see, let's see. Oh, yes—I have to explain a jacket Trout will see at the hospital. It will look like this from the back:



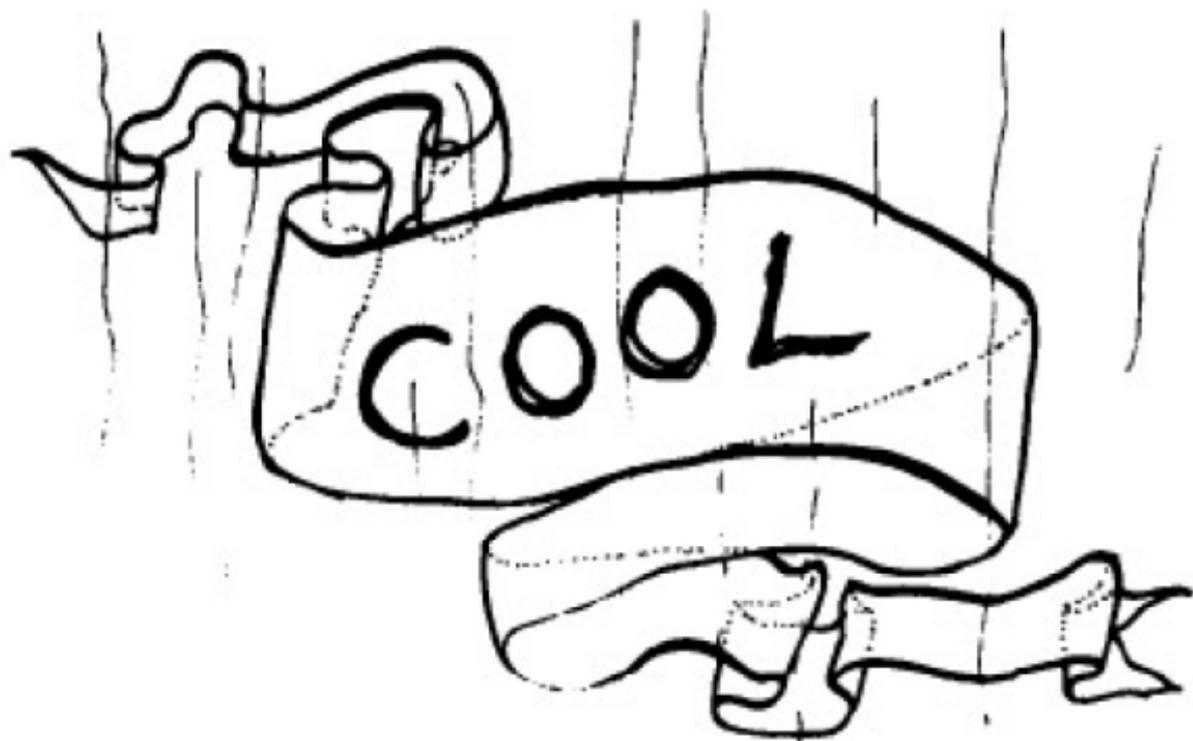
But the black people wouldn't call that school by its proper name, either. On the day it opened, there were already young black people wearing jackets which looked like this from the back:



This last word was set in extra-large type and had a line all to itself, so it looked like this:

**Y-O-U**

This phosphorescent scarf floated by:



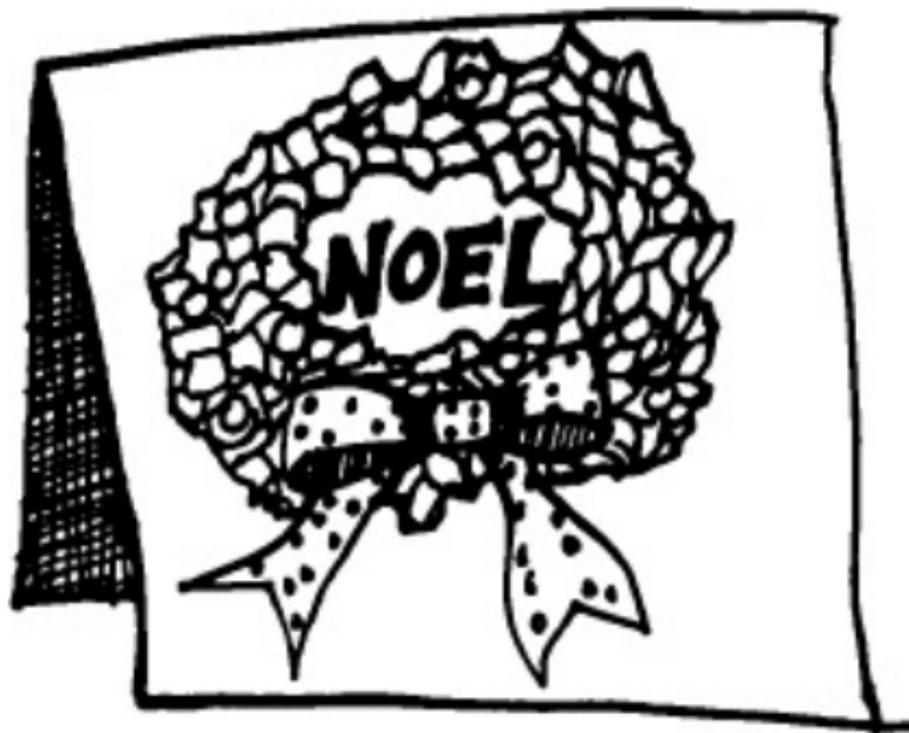
Dwayne didn't kill anybody on his rampage, but he hurt eleven people so badly they had to go to the hospital. And on the map in the newspaper there was a mark indicating each place where a person had been injured seriously. This was the mark, greatly enlarged:



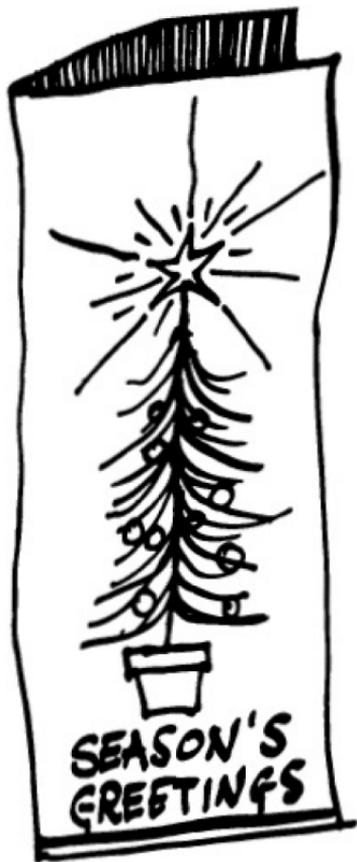
The inside of Wayne's head lit up in recognition of that dream, lit up with an electric sign which gave a childish name to the dream—like this:



Dwayne's most recent Christmas card to Newbolt Simmons looked like this:



Newbolt Simmons' most recent Christmas card to Dwayne looked like this:



Kilgore Trout did not choose to lie down in *Martha*. He settled into a leather bucket seat behind Eddie Key. Key asked him what was the matter with him, and Trout held up his right hand, partly shrouded in a bloody handkerchief, which looked like this:



Dwayne actually lost money on the transaction, making adjustments and replacing parts in an attempt to mollify Breedlove. But Breedlove was inconsolable, and he finally painted this sign in bright yellow on his trunk lid and on both doors:

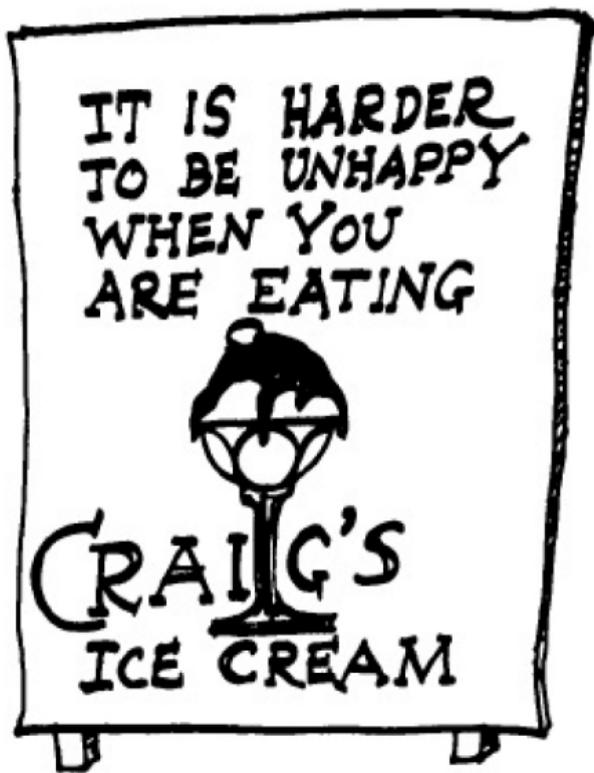
THIS CAR  
IS A LEMON!



So Dwayne Hoover now extended his right hand to Breedlove, and Breedlove without thinking anything about it took that hand in his own. They linked up like this:



*Martha* began to move. Kilgore Trout saw a sign he liked a lot. Here is what it said:



Kilgore Trout now peeled strips and patches of plastic from his burning shins and feet in the ambulance. He had to use his uninjured left hand.

**ETC.**

A small hand mirror floated by. It was a *leak* with a mother-of-pearl handle and frame. I captured it easily, held it up to my own right eye, which looked like this:



Here was what Kilgore Trout cried out to me in my father's voice: "*Make me young, make me young, make me young!*"

**ETC.**

