Famous Writers More or Less

The Beat Generation as a Literary Coterie

by

Christopher Graham Challis

Thesis Submitted to the Department of English
University of Leicester
For the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

UMI Number: U439544

All rights reserved

INFORMATION TO ALL USERS
The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send a complete manuscript
and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if material had to be removed,
a note will indicate the deletion.

UMI®
Dissertation Publishing

UMI U439544
Published by ProQuest LLC 2015. Copyright in the Dissertation held by the Author.
Microform Edition © ProQuest LLC.
All rights reserved. This work is protected against
unauthorized copying under Title 17, United States Code.

ProQuest®

ProQuest LLC
789 East Eisenhower Parkway
P.O. Box 1346
Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1346

THESIS
582395
14.8.79

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

X752992537

Acknowledgements

I wish to express my gratitude to the Sir Richard Stapley Memorial Trust for their valued financial assistance to me during the preparation of this thesis. I would also like to thank the staff of Leicester University library, particularly those on the Inter Library Loans desk, for their invaluable help in obtaining copies of obscure books and articles; G.S. Fraser and Dr. Paris Leary for their counsel, and those poets who have kindly allowed me to reproduce parts of their correspondence with me: Pete Brown; Adrian Henri; Roger McGough; Adrian Mitchell; Brian Patten and, especially, Mike Horovitz. Without the skill and patience of Mrs. Dorothy Brydges the preparation of the manuscript would have been immeasurably more difficult.

Finally, my debt of gratitude to Heather Dianne Anderson is considerable: without her support and forebearance this thesis would never have been written.

Later I'm back in New York sitting around with Irwin and Simon and Raphael and Lazarus, and now we're famous writers more or less, but they wonder why I'm so sunk now, so unexcited as we sit among all our published books and poems, tho at least, since I live with Memere in a house of her own miles from the city, it's a peaceful sorrow. A peaceful sorrow at home is the best I'll ever be able to offer the world, in the end, and so I told my Desolation Angels goodbye. A new life for me.

Desolation Angels

Contents

> We all talk among ourselves and we have common understandings, and we say anything we want to say . . . - what happens if you make a distinction between what you tell your friends and what you tell your Muse? The problem is to break down that distinction: when you approach the Muse to talk as frankly as you would talk with yourself or with your friends. So I began finding, in conversations with Burroughs and Kerouac and Gregory Corso, in conversations with people who I knew well, whose souls I respected, that the things we were telling each other for real were totally different from what was already in literature. And that was Kerouac's great discovery in On the Road. The kind of things that he and Neal Cassady were talking about, and finally discovered were *the* subject matter for what he wanted to write down. That meant, at that minute, a complete reversion (sic) of what literature was supposed to be, in *his* mind, and actually in the minds of the people that first read the book. Certainly in the minds of the critics, who had, at first attacked it as not being . . . proper structure or something. In other words, a gang of friends running around in an automobile. Which obviously is like a great picaresque literary device, and a classical one. And was not recognized, at the time, as suitable literary subject matter . . .

Allen Ginsberg, interview with Thomas Clark, Writers At Work The Paris Review Interviews (selected: Kay Dick) (1970), p. 262.

Chapter One

"Can You Call That a Generation?"

> I use the word "beat" for brevity and ask readers to note that it obscures as much as it illuminates.[1]

A thesis on a literary group or movement presents problems which a consideration of an individual does not. Some writers will be central, others peripheral: a group's lifespan can seldom be clearly defined. The practice of giving an easily memorable label to such a group can subtly influence those who actually read the books. Kenneth Rexroth and Norman Podhoretz, writing respectively about the "Mature Bohemians" and "The Know-Nothing Bohemians" create vastly different images whereas the subjects of their essays are almost identical.

The Beat Generation named itself, and not one of the strange proliferation of titles which followed was quite so evocative. Karl Shapiro, writing in the Fall 1957 issue of Prairie Schooner, only months after the controversy over Howl and the publication of On the Road, said

---

1. Ned Polsky, "The Village Beat Scene", Dissent, Vol. 8, (1961), p. 339.

> By now the San Francisco School of writers has been so widely publicised that any mention of it will seem old hat. Variously called the New Generation of Revolt, the Literary Underground, the Beat Generation, the Group, the Gang and Lord knows what . . . [1]

When this phenomenon was under its most intense discussion there was no agreement about its identity. No register of names or membership roll existed either. If the criterion for association with the San Francisco School (or the San Francisco Movement or Renaissance as it was variously called) was simply residence, and for Kenneth Rexroth, particularly, this often seemed to be the case, then it included Brother Antoninus and Robert Duncan, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg; the elderly and notorious Henry Miller and the young and emergent Gary Snyder. Such a label as "New Generation of Revolt" obviously excludes many such writers. Though Kerouac and Ginsberg may be seen as literary rebels, the lay brother William Everson (Brother Antoninus) and the serious, almost priestly, Robert Duncan can not.

Those who considered themselves part of the Beat Generation differ in their assessment of who else was part of the group. For Gregory Corso it was a very exclusive membership.

---

1. Karl Shapiro, "Romanticism Comes Home", Prairie Schooner, Vol. 21, (Fall 1957), p. 182.

> . . . All it was was four people. I don't know if you can call that a generation. Can you call that a generation? That's more a Madison Avenue thing. It was like here we were, speaking in our own voices, and the mass media couldn't control us, so they did the next best thing, they "discovered" us.[1]

This interview does not report any elaboration from Corso on this point, but the four he refers to are probably Ginsberg, Kerouac, Peter Orlovsky and himself, who were a unit at the time the public interest was first generated.

To John Clellon Holmes the term could have much wider application.

> THIS IS THE BEAT GENERATION (1952)
>
> Several months ago, a national magazine ran a story under the heading "Youth" and the subhead "Mother Is Bugged At Me". It concerned an eighteen-year-old California girl who had been picked up for smoking marijuana and wanted to talk about it. While a reporter took down her ideas in the uptempo language of "tea", someone snapped a picture. In view of her contention that she was part of a whole new culture where one out of every five people you meet is a user, it was an arresting photograph. In the pale, attentive face, with its soft eyes and intelligent mouth, there was no hint of corruption. It was a face which could only be deemed criminal through an enormous effort of righteousness. Its only complaint seemed to be: "Why don't people leave us alone?" It was the face of a Beat Generation.[2]

---

1. Bruce Cook, The Beat Generation, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, (1971), p. 146.
2. John Clellon Holmes, Nothing More to Declare, Andre Deutsch, London, (1968), p. 109.

In a subsequent essay written more than a dozen years later, Holmes applies the term more selectively. ". . my Beat Generation, like the Lost Generation before it, was primarily a literary group, and not a social movement;".[1] This writer was very much a part of the Beat Generation and the essay "The Name of the Game" gives a succinct definition of it, an analysis of its essence. "Beatness" was

> spiritual hunger, the metaphysical quest, the new consciousness . . . a conception shared to one degree or another by my crowd - Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Corso and a few others, like Snyder and Whalen, who turned up on the West Coast.[2]

This is the beginning of a proper definition of the terms "Beat Generation" and "The Beats". Two qualifications should be taken into consideration. Donald M. Allen's anthology The New American Poetry 1945-1960[3] showed an intention which needed discipline and careful selection to accomplish. The five groupings in the book identify the currents in American poetry during this fifteen year period. The Beat Generation as defined by Allen is identical to Corso's and his fifth group

---

1. Nothing More to Declare, p. 136.
2. loc.cit.
3. Donald M. Allen, The New American Poetry 1945-1960, Grove Press (New York) Evergreen Books (London) (1960).

> . . . includes younger poets who have been associated with and in some cases influenced by the leading writers of the preceding groups, but who have evolved their own original styles and new conceptions of poetry.[1]

The term "Beat Generation" as it will be used in this thesis refers to that group which consisted of Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, John Clellon Holmes and Neal Cassady. There was also a secondary, mostly younger group which subsequently developed and overlapped with the original, including writers like Gary Snyder, Lew Welch, Michael McClure, Ted Joans and Peter Orlovsky, which will not be considered in depth, although the criteria apply equally well. The Beat Generation was a distinct group with a cohesive factor which made them a coterie in the most precise sense of the word. Not only an attitude of mind but also a number of experiences in common, shared acquaintances and actions, gave the individuals the sense of being part of a group, and this is reflected in their writing and their common philosophy.

The Beat Generation had its origins in post war New York a decade before publication of its major works precipitated the publicity which gave

---

1. Ibid., p. xiii.

it its popular Bohemian image. 1956 was its last year in its original mould. Of the seven men who were the founders of the group, five were in New York during this period. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, after wartime service in France, was studying at the Sorbonne; Gregory Corso spent the years from 1947 to 1950 in prison. Four of them have published novels and poems about this time in their lives, the exception being Neal Cassady, whose single published volume[1] chiefly concerns his early life in another city well known to the Beats, Denver, Colorado. Most of these writers have received the individual critical and academic attention accorded major talents, but, for however short a time, they were members of a movement which had a profound influence on the subsequent development of each of them, an influence identifiable by common themes and references in their work.

Bruce Cook points out " . . . the Beat Generation was often said to be no more than a creation of the Luce publications"[2] but Time and Life created, if anything, the "beatniks", the followers, not the originals. When Corso, Ginsberg and Orlovsky were courting publicity to create interest in their readings in support of Big Table, their surrealistic

---

1. Neal Cassady, The First Third (1971).
2. The Beat Generation, p. 91.

responses to questions ensured that the reporting would be either baffled or condescending.

> . . . Allen Ginsberg . . . author of a celebrated, chock-full catalogue called HOWL . . . recognized leader of the pack of oddballs who celebrate booze, dope, sex and despair and who go by the name of Beatniks.
>
> At length Poet Ginsberg arrived, wearing blue jeans and a checked black-and-red lumberjacking shirt with black patches at the elbows. With him were two other shabbily dressed Beatniks. One was Ginsberg's intimate friend, a mental hospital attendant named Peter Orlovsky, 25, who writes poetry (I talk to the fire hydrant, asking: "Do you have bigger tears than I do?") the other was Gregory Corso, 28, a shaggy, dark little man who boasts that he has never combed his hair - and never gets an argument . . .
>
> "I'm Peter Orlovsky", said Peter Orlovsky. "I'm very fine and happy and crazy as a wild flower."
>
> "I'm Allen Ginsberg", said Allen Ginsberg, "and I'm crazy like a daisy".
>
> "I'm Gregory Corso", said Gregory Corso, "and I'm not crazy at all."[1]

Unconventionality has obvious appeal for the natural rebelliousness of every younger generation, and so the Beats came to have followers who did not realise that the events chronicled in On the Road and Howl had taken place in the previous decade, and the Beats, like some contemporary musicians and film actors, caught the spirit of their times. There has

---

1. TIME Vol. 75 (Feb. 9th 1959), p. 14.

been some confusion over this point, with originators and disciples often seen as less distinctly separate than they really were. However much the hitch hiking and drug taking may have been emulated, the Beat Generation began with a community of experience and belief more interesting and more important than those aspects of it which gave it its notoriety.

Chapter Two

"The abuse he's taken is disgusting" - Some Aspects of Critical Opinion

The initial hostility the Beats received from the critics was enough to swamp any but the most resilient new movement. Comment since has more often been remarkable for misinterpretation or malice than for constructive analysis. Informed and enthusiastic articles, like Gilbert Millstein's review of[1] On the Road[2] remain the exception, and these are often partisan, like Ginsberg's piece on The Dharma Bums.[3]

> Dharma Bums is a late and recent book, he's weary of the world and prose. Extraordinary mystic testament, however, and record of various inner signposts on the road to understanding of the Illusion Of Being.
>
> The sentences are shorter (shorter than the great flowing inventive sentences of Dr. Sax), almost as if he were writing a book of a thousand haikus - Buddhist Visionary at times. He's had an actual religious experience over a prolonged period of time. This book puts it, for convenience, in the form of a novel about another interesting friend. The passages of solitary meditation are the best I'd say. The wildest sentence, perhaps:
>
> "Suddenly came the drenching fall rains, all-night rain, millions of acres of Bo-trees being washed and washed, and in my attic millenial rats wisely sleeping."

---

1. Gilbert Millstein, "Books of the Times", New York Times, (5th September, 1957), p. 27.
2. Jack Kerouac, On the Road, (1957).
3. Jack Kerouac, The Dharma Bums, (1958).

> Now that's a very strange sentence, an oddly personal associative jump in the middle of it to the eternal rats.[1]

At one point in the sections of Desolation Angels[2] which were written with hindsight Jack Duluoz looks forward to Irwin Garden's vision of success in New York City with some trepidation.

> "Ah Jack", tenderly, putting his head against mine, "poor Jacky, tortured Jacky - all bugged and alone in an old maid's cell - Come with us to New York and visit museums, we'll even go back and walk over the Columbia campus and tweak old Schnappe in the ear - We'll present Van Doren with our plans for a new world literature - We'll camp on Trilling's doorstep till he gives us back that quarter." (Talking about college professors.)
>
> "All that literary stuff is just a drag."
>
> "Yes but it's also interesting in itself, a big charming camp we can dig - Where's your old Dostoevsky curiosity? You've become so whiney! You're coming on like an old sick junkey sitting in a room in nowhere. It's time for you to wear berets and suddenly amaze everybod' who's forgotten you're a big international author even celebrity - we can do anything we *want*!" he yelled. "Make movies! Go to Paris! Buy islands! Anything!" . . .
>
> "Irwin if you'd really seen a vision of eternity you wouldn't care about influencing American Civilisation."
>
> "But that's just the point, it's where I at least have some authority to speak instead of just state ideas and sociological hang-ups out of handbooks - I have a Blakean message for the Iron Hound of America."

---

1. Allen Ginsberg, "The Dharma Bums, A Novel by Jack Kerouac" The Village Voice Reader, Daniel Wolf and Edwin Fancher, (eds.), (1962), p. 342.

2. Jack Kerouac, Desolation Angels, (First published 1965, edition used English paperback edition, 1968).

> "Whoopee - and whattya do next?"
>
> "I become a big dignified poet people listen to - I spent quiet evenings with my friends in my smoking jacket, perhaps - I go out and buy everything I want in the supermarket - *I have a voice in the supermarket!*"
>
> "Okay?"
>
> "And you can come and have your publications arranged at once, those incompetents are stalling out of just stupid confusion. "Road" is a big mad book that will change America! They can even make money with it. You'll be dancing naked on your fan mail. You can look Boisvert in the eye. Big Faulkners and Hemingways will grow thoughtful thinking of you. It's *time!* See?" He stood holding his arms out like a symphony conductor. His eyes were fixed on me hypnotically mad. (Once he'd said to me seriously, on pot, "I want you to listen to my speeches like across Red Square.") "The Lamb of America will be raised! How can the East have any respect for a country that has no prophetic Poets! The Lamb must be raised! Big trembling Oklahomas need poetry and nakedness! Airplanes must fly for a reason from one gentle heart to an open heart! Namby pamby dilly-dallyers in offices have to have somebody give them a rose! Wheat's got to be sent to India! New hip classical doll scenes can take place in bus stations, or in the Port Authority, or the Seventh Avenue toilet, or in Missus Rocco's parlor in East *Bend* or something" shaking his shoulder with his old New York hipster hunch, the neck convulsive . . .
>
> "Well, maybe I'll go with ya."[1]

This key passage, besides providing a good example of Kerouac's powers of recollection, his honesty and

---

1. Ibid., pp. 260-1.

ability to portray the exact tone of a dialogue, is the best available portrait of Allen Ginsberg at the time when certain of his powers were at their height. It gives an indication of the extent of Ginsberg's ambitions for the movement, shared less by Kerouac than by Corso and Orlovsky. Such an ambitious conception inevitably evoked a reaction, and Kerouac's fears, in view of much of the critical interpretation of the Beats, were well founded.

James F. Scott's "Beat Literature and the American Teen Cult"[1] is typical of the sort of comment which is neither tabloid sarcasm nor genuine literary criticism. He adopts a hostile stance towards the Beats and concludes that any writer in whom he finds merit cannot be numbered among them.

> . . . Although the Beats apparently consider Snyder their compatriot (Kerouac even produced a fictionalized biography of his career in The Dharma Bums), Snyder's respect for intelligence and learning is foreign to Beatdom and his association with the movement seems accidental, probably only temporary.[2]

The continuing interest in the work of the Beats would seem to disprove Scott's prediction that

---

1. American Quarterly, Vol. 14, (1962), pp. 150-160.
2. Ibid., p. 156.

> . . . Lacking the catholicity of experience necessary to major literary achievement, most of the Beat writers are destined for a quick eclipse of fame.[1]

The contention that the Beats lacked a breadth of experience ignores the fact that they regarded variety in paid employment as important in forming a view of the world, and acted accordingly. Jack Kerouac's curriculum vitae hardly indicates a cloistered existence.

> Everything: Let's elucidate: scullion on ships, gas station attendant; deck-hand on ships, newspaper sportswriter (Lowell Sun), railroad brakeman, script synopsizer for 20th Century Fox in N.Y., soda jerk, railroad yardclerk, also railroad baggage handler, cottonpicker, assistant furniture remover, sheet metal apprentice on the Pentagon in 1942, forest fire lookout 1956, construction laborer (1941).[2]

Far from being "eclipsed" Kerouac's reputation is now such that his persona appears in a recent novel, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues[3], which tells the story of Sissie Hankshaw, whose enormous thumbs uniquely fit her for a career as a hitch-hiker. "Jack Kerouac" when he hears of her exploits is so impressed, or

---

1. Ibid., p. 158.
2. Jack Kerouac, Lonesome Traveller, (first published 1960, edition used, first English paperback, 1964).
3. Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, (1977).

threatened, that he "stays drunk for a week".[1] Later he is recalled as coming close to deflowering the heroine in a night of embraces in a Colorado cornfield.[2] Kerouac then, is now virtually synonymous with that part of the American experience which centres on the highway.

Hostility reinforced the Beats' sense of being a group, and forced them to look to one another for support. Whether disapprobation came from the popular press or from serious journals to writers whose works were of a personal, even confessional nature, it could be disturbing. Bruce Cook sees them as achieving their aims nevertheless.

> And yet the Beats survived. They not only survived, they prevailed. Why? But when neither Kerouac nor Ginsberg nor any of the rest received much more than muttered encouragement from critics, did they manage to pull off the sort of cultural revolution they boasted they would?[3]

He also emphasises how little acceptance they found.

> Once they were established, neither Jack Kerouac nor Allen Ginsberg ever received favorable reviews.[4]

---

1. Ibid., p. 52.
2. Ibid., p. 73.
3. The Beat Generation, p.17.
4. Ibid., p. 9.

After the wave of public interest began in 1957 some of the Beats' previous supporters appeared to recant. The most notable example is Kenneth Rexroth, who, during the period 1957-8, published a series of articles which gradually changed, in tone, from enthusiasm to testiness.[1]

"San Francisco's Mature Bohemians"[2] was published in February 1958, seven months before On the Road, and Rexroth was celebrating the mood of San Francisco and the emergence of a new force.

> But something different is going on in San Francisco. What Lipton has called our underground culture isn't underground here. It is dominant - in fact almost all there is . . . It is self-evident that this will produce a literature considerably different from what is done on a job passing the seven types of ambiguity to seminars of born idlers.[3]

He goes on to praise, among others, Jack Kerouac

> Kerouac is a lot like Miller, a lot like Celine of Guignol's Band, a little like Lawrence Durrell's Black Book, a

---

1. It was Rexroth's essay "Disengagement: The Art of the Beat Generation" New World Writing No. 11, (1959) pp. 28-41, reprinted in Casebook On the Beat ed. Thos. Parkinson (1961) pp. 179-93, which first brought the terms "disengagement" and "disaffiliation" into common usage. Despite its title, this article is about contemporary arts in general, not specifically the Beat Generation.

2. The Nation, Vol. 184, (February 23rd, 1957), pp. 159-62.

3. Ibid., p. 159.

> little like Samuel Beckett, a little like Nelson Algren's A Walk on the Wild Side - only a good deal more so. This is the literature of disengagement, but it is a wildly passionate disengagement . . . At its best his prose is what they call a smashing indictment.[1]

Later, Rexroth was emphatic in his belief that things had got out of hand, that commercial interests had nullified the promise of the movement.

> As for the Beat Generation. Let's all stop. Right now. This has turned into a Madison Avenue gimmick. When the fall book lists come out, it will be as dead as Davy Crockett caps. It is a pity that as fine an artist as Jack Kerouac got hooked by this label.[2]

In 1959, Rexroth published a very different opinion of Jack Kerouac, a change of heart possibly caused by considerations not altogether related to balanced literary assessment.

> . . . Mexico City Blues[3] was also raked over in the Times by Kenneth Rexroth, whose attack on the book could have been motivated by bitter personal anger at Jack's off-handed characterization of him as "Rheinhold Cacoethes" in The Dharma Bums. Kerouac had hoped Mexico City Blues would establish him as a

---

1. Ibid., p. 161.
2. "Beat Generation? Dead as Davy Crockett Caps says Rexroth, Passing Through". The Village Voice Reader, pp. 337-8.
3. Jack Kerouac, Mexico City Blues, (1959).

> serious poet, but Rexroth began his review with the ultimate putdown: "Someone once said of Mr. Kerouac that he was a Columbia freshman who went to a party in the Village twenty years ago and got lost. How true. The naive effrontery of this book is more pitiful than ridiculous". With heavy sarcasm, Rexroth quoted "one of the best poems in the book ", the lines beginning "I keep falling in love/with my mother", and then he went on to say, "It's all there, the terrifyingly skillful use of verse, the broad knowledge of life, the profound judgements, the almost unbearable sense of reality". Jack felt Rexroth wasn't being fair. It was like somebody from the old days had suddenly slammed the door.[1]

References in the Beats' work are evidence that the opinions expressed in all types of publication were of concern to them.

> Are you going to let your emotional life
> be run by Time Magazine?
> I'm obsessed by Time Magazine.
> I read it every week.[2]

> I supply my little bit by saying to Rose: "I read about you in the New York Times being the vital moving spirit behind the San Francisco poetry movement - That's what you are, hey?" and she winks at me.[3]

---

1. Ann Charters, Kerouac: a biography, (1973), pp. 307-8.
2. Allen Ginsberg, Howl and other Poems, (1956) "America", p. 32.
3. Desolation Angels, p. 194. This is a reference to the article by Richard Eberhart which appeared in The New York Times Book Review of September 2nd, 1956, pp. 7 and 18, in which he writes: "Part of this activity is due to the establishment of the Poetry Center at San Francisco State College three years ago. Its originator and moving spirit is Ruth Witt-Diamant . . . The narrator in the quoted passage from Desolation Angels is speaking to a character called "Rose Wise Lazuli".

Perhaps naively they were genuinely surprised by the ferocity of some commentary. "Have I really been attacked for this sort of joy?" asks Ginsberg in a tone of bewilderment.[1] Bruce Cook, however, sees nothing surprising in the reaction of what was known as "the Kenyon/Partisan Review axis".[2]

> . . . the attitude of the New York intellectual community to the Beats and their protest. They saw Ginsberg, Corso, Kerouac and company not so much as a threat, but as writers of little intrinsic worth whose importance to them lay in their relation as inferiors to the senior group.[3]

Cook cites as an example the attitudes expressed in the essay by Diana Trilling (wife of Ginsberg's former mentor) "The Other Night at Columbia" which was published in the Partisan Review,[4] and displays what Cook calls an: "almost perfectly sustained exercise in condescension whose tone is altered only occasionally when she lapses into outright contempt".[5] Mrs. Trilling's piece indicates that she approached the reading still determined to think of Allen Ginsberg as the neurotic

---

1. Allen Ginsberg, "Notes Written on Finally Recording 'Howl'", Casebook on the Beat, p. 28.
2. The Beat Generation, p. 11.
3. Ibid., p. 17.
4. Diana Trilling, "The Other Night at Columbia: a Report from the Academy", Partisan Review, XXVI, (Spring, 1959), pp. 214-30.
5. The Beat Generation, p. 14.

and disturbed young man for whom she had so little sympathy when he was her husband's student.

> . . . some twelve or fourteen years ago when Allen Ginsberg had . . . had to be rescued and revived and restored; eventually he had even to be kept out of jail. Of course there was always the question, should this young man be rescued, should he be restored? There was even the question, shouldn't he go to jail.[1]

Bruce Cook sees Diana Trilling as representative of the New York intellectual establishment when she called Kerouac "dismal"[2] and vilifies Ginsberg's work.

> Ginsberg, with his poems in which there was never enough talent or hard work . . . had at any rate the distinction of being more crudely justified in his emotional disturbance than most; he also had the distinction of carrying mental unbalance in the direction of criminality.[3]

It was also in the Partisan Review that Norman Podhoretz' vituperative attack, with its overtones of paranoia, was published.[4]

> The plain truth is that the primitivism of the Beat Generation

---

1. "The Other Night at Columbia: a Report from the Academy", p. 214.
2. Ibid., p. 217.
3. Ibid., p. 218.
4. Norman Podhoretz, "The Know-Nothing Bohemians", Partisan Review, Vol. XXV No. 2 (Spring, 1958), pp. 305-11, 313-16, 18.

> serves first of all as a cover for an anti-intellectualism so bitter that it makes the ordinary American's hatred of eggheads seem positively benign.[1]

Podhoretz reiterates his allegation that the Beats' were "covering up" in their writing.

> . . . the Beat Generation's worship of primitivism and spontaneity is more than a cover for hostility to intelligence; it arises from a pathetic poverty of feeling as well . . . This is the revolt of the spiritually underprivileged and the crippled of soul - young men who can't think straight and so hate anyone who can.[2]

If literature essentially confessional in tone and content is approached in this suspicious frame of mind, it is unlikely that anything but dissatisfaction will result. One of the Beats' virtues is their openness. As Seymour Krim has written

> Podhoretz is a highly shrewd young guy who got an entrenched literary position at an early - perhaps too early-age; position means responsibility means gray hairs means no rockandrolling inprint. Norman is a little teacherish for his years.[3]

---

1. Ibid., p. 313.
2. Ibid., p. 315.
3. Seymour Krim (editor), The Beats, (1960), p. 111.

Disowned by the elder statesmen of San Francisco writers, viewed as largely criminal or deranged by the representatives of Columbia, the Beats fared little better in other centres of the American literary establishment. Frederick Eckman, writing in Poetry, saw Howl as celebrating "several types of modern social and psychological ills" and therefore "the question of its literary merit seems to me almost irrelevant".[1] James Dickey, in the Sewanee Review wrote

> Ginsberg's writings are of the familiar our-love-against-their-machines-and-money variety, strongly akin to those of Henry Miller, Kenneth Patchen, and Kenneth Rexroth, but lacking entirely the memorable and individual qualities of these . . . the conventional maunderings of one type of American adolescent, who has discovered that machine civilization has no interest in his having read Blake.[2]

In the Chicago journal the following year, the poetry of Lawrence Ferlinghetti was contemptuously dismissed by Hayden Carruth: "It must be wonderful to be able to be satisfied with such easy stuff."[3]

John Ciardi, poetry editor of Saturday Review was an outspoken critic of the Beat Generation, and

---

1. Frederick Eckman, "Neither Tame Nor Fleecy", Poetry, Vol. 90, (September 1957), p. 391.
2. James Dickey, "From Babel to Byzantium", Sewanee Review, LXV, (Summer 1957), p. 509.
3. Hayden Carruth, "Four New Books", Poetry, Vol. 93, (November, 1958), p. 114.

caused at least one of its members to feel depressed.

> . . . but it didn't help lighten Jack's mood because there were too many other fights going on. John Ciardi took him apart in Saturday Review . . . [1]

Ciardi's low opinion of the Beat Generation, which he described as "little more than unwashed eccentricity"[2] seems to have been a standing joke to some of their contemporaries.

> I also "attacked" John Ciardi, as Morley and got fan mail for it, but that is gratuitous.[3]

One Beat whom Ciardi did defend, however, was William Burroughs, and his article "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen"[4] was quoted on the dust jacket of the first edition of The Naked Lunch[5], published by Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press as Number 76 in the Traveller's Companion Series. Along with other authors of subse-

---

1. Kerouac, p. 308.
2. John Ciardi, "Epitaph for the Dead Beats", Saturday Review, (February 6th, 1960), p. 11.
3. John Montgomery, "Report from the Beat Generation", Library Journal, (June 15th, 1959), p. 1999. was "Henry Morley" in The Dharma Bums, and "Alex Fairbrother in Desolation Angels, and has produced a pamphlet giving an account of the incidents which led to his inclusion in these works, Jack Kerouac a Memoir in Which is Revealed Secret Lives and West Coast Whispers, Being the Confessions of Henry Morley, Alex Fairbrother and John Montgomery, Triune Madman of The Dharma Bums, Desolation Angels and Other Trips, (1970).
4. John Ciardi, "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", Saturday Review, Vol. 40, (June 27th, 1957), pp. 22, 30.
5. William Burroughs, The Naked Lunch (1959) (1st edition published in Paris).

quent distinction whose work appeared under this imprint, it was not lack of merit which prevented publication in the U.S.A. or Great Britain, but frankness of material. Burroughs had experienced difficulty in finding a publisher for Junkie, his first book,[1] which appeared through the good offices of Carl Solomon,[2] nephew and employee of the publisher of Ace Books.

---

1. William Burroughs, Junkie, (1953), (originally published under the pseudonym "William Lee"). The publishers' trepidation over handling a book on drug addiction meant that a preface and several editorial disclaimers were added and some excisions made. The Penguin edition of Junky (1977), prefaced by Allen Ginsberg, restored the manuscript to its original form. Similar prudence was shown by Calder and Boyars when The Naked Lunch was published in England in 1964. An introduction: "deposition: testimony concerning a sickness" ensures that neither author nor publishers can be seen as advocates of hard drugs. Successive editions also contain this passage.

   > Look down LOOK DOWN along that junk
   > road before you travel there and get in
   > with the Wrong Mob . . .
   > A word to the wise guy
   > William S. Burroughs,

   The Naked Lunch, Corgi Books, edition, p. 18.

2. Carl Solomon had met Allen Ginsberg at the Columbia Psychiatric Institute in 1949, when they were both patients, and introduced themselves as "Myshkin" and "Kirilov" respectively. Ginsberg's "Howl" was addressed to Solomon. At best a minor writer, it may be noted that Solomon adopted the typical Beats' device of the recognisable pseudonym in his work.

   > Alfred Goonsberg, Lthario Furso, &
   > Pietro Orloff, a rather sallow girl writer
   > from a slick magazine who had been interviewing Goonsberg for an article, and I
   > piled into Pie-Orloff's station wagon, and
   > headed for New Jersey and the reading.

   Carl Solomon, "The Reading", Fruit Cup, Mary Beach (editor), (1969).

In the same article in which he called the first 49 sections of Kerouac's Old Angel Midnight[1] a "blurt"[2] and "gibberish"[3] and accuses it of "dullness"[4] Ciardi comes to Burroughs' defence over ten episodes from The Naked Lunch[5], castigating the U.S. Post Office Department for bringing a law suit against Big Table. Ciardi says of Burroughs' work

> . . . writing of an order that may be cleanly defended not only as a masterpiece of its own genre, but as a monumentally moral descent into the hell of narcotic addiction.[6]

This conclusion is based on a misinterpretation, by Ciardi, of the finer points of the narrative.

---

1. Jack Kerouac, "Old Angel Midnight", Big Table, Vol. I, No. 1 (Spring, 1959), subsequently published separately in England, first in a pirated edition (1973), and again in 1976. All these editions contain only sections 1-49. Sections 50-67 were published in Evergreen Review VII, 33, (August/September 1964), pp. 68-71, 91.
2. "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", p. 30.
3. Ibid., p. 22.
4. Ibid., p. 30.
5. These ten episodes, with "Old Angel Midnight" (sections 1-49), and some material by Edward Dahlberg were published in Big Table, a journal especially founded by the five student editors of the Chicago Review who resigned after being forbidden, by the university, to publish this material. A full account of these events may be found in Albert N. Podell's article "Censorship on the Campus: The Case of the Chicago Review", San Francisco Review, Vol. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 71-81.
6. "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", p. 30.

> Bit by bit the undertone of selfconsuming horror leaps free of even surface realism and begins to develop through more fanciful perceptions: She seized a safety pin caked with blood and rust, gouged a great hole in her leg which seemed to hang open like an obscene and festering mouth waiting for unspeakable congress with the dropper, which she now plunged out of sight into the gaping wound.[1]

Quoted out of context, Burroughs' satirical intent in this passage is lost.

> I had a plastic dropper in my shoe and a safety pin stuck in my belt. *You know how this pin and dropper routine is put down:* "She seized a safety pin caked with blood and rust, gouged a great hole in her leg which seemed to hang open like an obscene, festering mouth waiting for unspeakable congress with the dropper, which she now plunged out of sight in the gaping wound. But her hideous galvanized need (hunger of insects in dry places) has broken the dropper off deep in the flesh of her ravaged thigh (looking rather like a poster on soil erosion). But what does she care? She does not even bother to remove the splintered glass, looking down at her bloody haunch with the cold blank eyes of a meat trader. What does she care for the atom bomb, the bed bugs, the cancer rent, Friendly Finance waiting to repossess her delinquent flesh . . . Sweet dreams, Pantapon Rose."
>
> *The real scene* you pinch up some leg flesh and make a quick stab hole with a pin. Then fit the dropper *over, not in the* hole and feed the solution slow and careful so it doesn't squirt out the sides . . .[2]

---

1. "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", p. 30.
2. The Naked Lunch, p. 15, (French edition), N.B. In the Olympia Press edition the spelling is "Pantapon", elsewhere it is "Pantopon". Italics mine.

Burroughs is employing the sensationalism of the yellow press specifically as a contrast to his own factual, first-hand knowledge, but, as quoted by Ciardi, it appears to be his own authorial attitude.

Thirty years after the genesis of the Beat Generation, the point that Allen Ginsberg made concerning Kerouac's work still applies, and not only to Kerouac. There is a lack of informed commentary.

> . . . one wonders how anybody but a boor can vision Kerouac as anything but a gentle, intelligent suffering prose saint. The abuse he's taken is disgusting, and the technical ignorance of most of his reviewers, both pro and con, is scandalous.
>
> There has not been a criticism that has examined his prose purpose - nor his hip content and style - nor, finally his holy content. It takes one to find one. Don't expect much understanding from academic journalists who, for all their pretense at civilization, have learned little but wicked opinion.[1]

Ginsberg was as much a target for "technical ignorance" as Kerouac, the sort of ignorance which had often been directed at their literary progenitors. When the Boston Public Library committee first gave a decision on the Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, the same attitude of mind was evident.

---

1. Allen Ginsberg, "The Dharma Bums, A Novel by Jack Kerouac", The Village Voice Readers, p. 343.

> . . . rough, coarse and inelegant, dealing with a series of experiences not elevating . . . being more suited to the slums than to intelligent respectable people.[1]

As time has shown this assessment of one of the seminal works in American letters to be "technically ignorant", it may do the same to some of the Beats' critics. Allen Ginsberg's "Kaddish"[2] is an elegy for his mother, Naomi, who died after years of severe and distressing mental illness which deeply marked the poet. Norman Mailer, himself a Jewish writer, once said of Ginsberg: "I sometimes think that little Jew bastard that queer ugly kike is the bravest man in America".[3] Considerable courage was necessary to catalogue the horror of his mother's illness.

> One night, sudden attack - her noise in the bathroom - like croaking up her soul - convulsions and red vomit coming from her mouth - diarrhea water exploding from her behind - on all fours in front of the toilet - urine running between her legs - left retching on the floor smeared with her black feces - unfainted - [4]

---

1. Boston Transcript, quoted in John P. Sisk, "Beatniks and Tradition", Commonweal, Vol. 70, (April 17th 1959), p. 75.
2. Allen Ginsberg, Kaddish and Other Poems, (1961).
3. Norman Mailer, "Ode to Allen Ginsberg", Deaths For the Ladies and Other Disasters, (1962) quoted in The Kodak Mantra Diaries, Iain Sinclair, (1971), unpaged, also in Nothing More to Declare, John Clellon Holmes, these lines do not appear in the English edition of Mailer's book published by Andre Deutsch.
4. Kaddish, p. 22.

Nature will not even give the grace of temporary oblivion; one word gives the image its haunting power. Ginsberg's honesty gives his verse its solemnity and dignity, the individual detail of the mundane its poignancy.

> O mother
> What have I left out
> O mother
> What have I forgotten
> O mother
> farewell
> O mother
> with a long black shoe
> farewell[1]

"Kaddish" builds to a climax of great power, with the poet's mind, overwhelmed by the fact and the presence of death, relieving the intolerable pressure by throwing up images of the banal world surrounding him.

> Caw caw caw crows shriek in the white sun
> over grave stones in Long Island
> Lord Lord Lord Naomi underneath this grass
> my halflife and my own as hers
> caw caw my eye be buried in the same Ground
> where I stand in Angel
> Lord Lord great Eye that stares on All and
> moves in a black cloud
> caw caw strange cry of Beings flung up into
> sky over the waving trees
> Lord Lord O Grinder of giant Beyonds my voice
> in a boundless field in Sheol
> Caw caw the call of Time rent out of foot
> and wing an instant in the universe
> Lord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through
> ragged leaves the roar of memory
> caw caw all years my birth a dream caw caw
> New York the bus the broken shoe the vast
> highschool caw caw all Visions of the Lord
> Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord Lord caw
> caw caw Lord[2]

---

1. Ibid., p. 34.
2. Ibid., p. 36.

Writing on "Kaddish" Michael Horovitz quotes A. Alvarez' slighting dismissal of the poem.

> Hard put to classify the mystic progression of *Kaddish* as either "verse" or "prose", A. Alvarez of the *Observer* concluded that it can only be accepted as "good psychotherapy".[1]

Leslie A. Fiedler, in his survey of American letters from "Hemingway to Baldwin"[2] has some harsh things to say about several of the major Beats, particularly Kerouac, who is seen as little more than Ginsberg's "invention".

> The legend of Kerouac is, to be sure, more interesting than any of his books, since it is the work of a talented writer[3]

When attacking Ferlinghetti, Fiedler quite rightly identifies that writer's predilliction for quotation and delivers an anecdote about a 'poet professor' who was not astute enough to spot this.

> . . . failed to recognise the obvious and deliberate echoing of Prospero's farewell speech in the following lines:
>
> and he is an old man perpetually
> writing a poem
> about an old man
> whose every third thought is Death
> and who is writing a poem
> about an old man
> whose every third thought is Death . . .

---

1. Children of Albion, edited Michael Horovitz, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1969), p. 35.
2. Leslie A. Fiedler, Waiting For the End, Jonathan Cape, (London), 1965.
3. Ibid., p. 164.

> The poem is called "He" and is clearly about William Carlos Williams thinking of Prospero (the whole farrago, I cannot help believing with some embarrassment, suggested by a critical essay of mine printed years ago in an eminently scholarly volume).[1]

It is possible that the text Fiedler was working from did not have the dedication "To Allen Ginsberg before 'The Change'" which appears in Ferlinghetti's book Starting From San Francisco published in 1961, a year before the national meeting at which Fiedler's anecdote is set. (It refers, of course, to Ginsberg's poem "The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express"[2].) The poem is not "clearly about William Carlos Williams" at all - Williams is a character in relation to the poem's true subject, (as are Shakespeare and Prospero) and the couplet

> And he speaks of himself and he speaks
> of the dead
> of his dead mother and his Aunt Rose[3]

should be more than enough to alert anyone who claims a knowledge of the work of Allen Ginsberg that the poem is about him. An examination of the opening of the poem, selectively quoted by Fiedler, provides conclusive evidence.

---

1. Ibid., p. 237.
2. Allen Ginsberg, Planet News, (1968), pp. 55-63.
3. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Starting from San Francisco, p. 26.

He is one of the prophets come back
He is one of the wiggy prophets come back
He had a beard in the Old Testament
   but shaved it off in Paterson
He has a microphone around his neck
   at a poetry reading
   and he is more than one poet
   and he is an old man perpetually
     writing a poem
   about an old man
   whose every third thought is Death
   and who is writing a poem
   about an old man
   whose every third thought is Death
   and who is writing a poem
   Like the picture on a Quaker Oats box
   that shows a figure holding up a box
   upon which is a picture of a figure
   holding up a box.

---

1. Ibid., p. 24.

Chapter Three

The American Dream - Influences, Antecedents & Themes

> "What is the meaning of this voyage to New York? What kind of sordid business are you on now? I mean, man, whither goest thou? Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?"[1]

I. European

> Poets, worms in hair, beautiful Baudelaire,
> Artaud, Rimbaud, Apollinaire,[2]

Several of the Beats were bilingual. Both Corso and Kerouac, whose recent forbears had been immigrants, spoke "Americanized" European languages, respectively New York Italian and New England French, before they could speak English. Kerouac's poems and prose are dotted with short passages of "joual".

> Les poissons de la mer
> parle Breton -
> Mon nom es Lebris
> de Keroack -
> Parle, Poissons, Loti -
> parle - [3]

---

1. On the Road, p. 144.
2. Gregory Corso, Gasoline, (1958) , p. 48.
3. Jack Kerouac, Big Sur, (1962), edition used first English edition (1963). p. 220.

> Pauvre Ti Leo, pauvre Ti Leo, tu souffri,
> les hommes souffri tant y'ainque soin,
> j'aim'ra beaucoup, t'prendre soin tous tes
> jours mon ange [1]

Ginsberg's upbringing in a radical Jewish household during the thirties initiated him into contemporary European politics and literature. "To Aunt Rose" recalls his singing "Spanish loyalist songs"[2] beneath the flag of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. William Burroughs' work is highly regarded in France, where he lived for some time. The long interview with Daniel Odier[3] was first published there. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's French was fluent enough to enable him to translate and publish Jacques Prevert's Paroles[4] in 1958, and Ferlinghetti's novel Her[5] was published in French in 1961. He is less forthcoming about his life story than is usual among the Beats, but the biographical data he provided for Donald M. Allen's The New American Poetry 1945-1960 indicates an early cosmopolitan existence.

---

1. Jack Kerouac, The Subterraneans, (1958), edition used first British paperback edition (1962), p. 115.
2. Kaddish, p. 46.
3. William Burroughs, The Job, interview by Daniel Odier, (first published in French 1969, first English edition 1970).
4. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, (translator), Paroles, (1958).
5. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Her (1960). Whether Ferlinghetti wrote the novel originally in French or English, and whether he was his own translator, is not indicated on the book's title page or cover notes.

> He seems to have been transported into France in swaddling clothes, saw the white mountains of Alsace from a balcony, and returned to the States sometime, years later . . . It seems he returned to France during World War II . . . After the war he may have written two unpublishable novels and a doctoral thesis at the Sorbonne[1]

Ferlinghetti's interest in European writing is demonstrated by the contents of the City Lights Journal, which he edited. No. 2 for instance contains contributions by, among others, Rimbaud, Apollinaire and Miroslav Holub, as well as articles on the arrest of Maurice Girodias, an interview with Pound in Italy, and a debate on the justice of labelling Celine a Facist.[2] Individual poems which reflect the Beats' feeling of continuity with writers of earlier "Bohemian" generations include Kerouac's broadside Rimbaud[3] and Ginsberg's "At Apollinaire's Grave"[4] inspired by a visit to Pere Lachaise cemetery. Rimbaud is seen as a young man out for adventure, on the road and travelling as cheaply, and in as romantic a style, as Kerouac hitch hiking or "hopping freights"

> Rimbaud . . .
> Takes a runaway train
> to Paris without a ticket,
> the miraculous Mexican Brakeman
> throws him off the fast
> train, to Heaven, which
> he no longer travels because
> Heaven is everywhere -

---

1. The New American Poetry 1945-1960, pp. 436-7.
2. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, (editor), City Lights Journal No 2., (1964).
3. Jack Kerouac, Rimbaud, (1960), also in Jack Kerouac, Scattered Poems, (1971), pp. 32-9.
4. Kaddish, pp. 48-52.

. . .

On foot Rimbaud walks
& looks thru the Alpine
passes into Italy, looking
for clover bells, rabbits,
Genie Kingdoms & ahead
of him nothing but the old
Canaletto death of sun
on old Venetian buildings [1]

Ginsberg's poem speaks of him walking the graveyard with his lover, seeking the grave of a man he clearly regards, familiarly, more as a fellow writer, than a venerable distant figure.

looking for the lost address of a notable
French man of the Void
to pay our tender crime of homage to his
helpless menhir
and lay my temporary American Howl on top
of his silent Calligramme
for him to read between the lines with Xray
eyes of Poet
as he by miracle had read his own death lyric
in the Seine
I hope some wild kidmonk lay his pamphlet on
my grave for God to read me on cold winter
nights in heaven [2]

Jack Kerouac liked to think of his cycle of books as an extended narrative and was fond of comparing "The Duluoz Legend"[3] to the work of Marcel Proust.

For him one of the most important decisions had been to write the legend of his life in sections, instead of as one book. Proust was strongly in his mind, and Proust's work was divided into separate novels [4]

---

1. Scattered Poems, pp. 32, 34-5.
2. Kaddish, p. 45.
3. Big Sur, prefatory quote, unpaged.
4. Kerouac, p. 183.

Neal Cassady shared this interest, and his approach is described in Visions of Cody in which he is depicted as "Cody Pomeray".

> Cody reads Proust slowly and reverently, has been 729 pages along in Volume I over the past two years, reading damn near daily, sometimes less than half a page at a time; he reads out loud, as I say, with the pride and dignity of a Robert Burns . . . [1]

In one of the closing scenes of On the Road, the narrator comes home to find the Neal Cassady persona waiting to surprise him, but Sal Paradise recognizes Dean Moriarty's favourite book before the surprise can be sprung.

> . . . I noticed a hush in the room and looked around and saw a battered book on the radio. I knew it was Dean's high-eternity-in-the-afternoon-Proust. As in a dream I saw him tiptoe in from the dark hall in his stocking feet.[2]

The influence of British writers was considerable. Lines from Eliot, Joyce and Yeats are to be found in Ferlinghetti's poems, Kerouac likened his "sketching" technique to Yeats and joked about being a reincarnation of Shakespeare.

> If possible write "without consciousness" in semi-trance (as Yeats' later 'trance writing') allowing subconscious to admit in own uninhibited interesting necessary

---

1. Jack Kerouac, Visions of Cody, (1973).
2. On the Road, p. 306.

> and so "modern" language what conscious art would censor, and write excitedly, swiftly, with writing or typing cramps,[1]

> Interviewer: Allen said once that he learned how to read Shakespeare, that he never did understand Shakespeare until he heard you read Shakespeare to him.
>
> Kerouac: Because in a previous lifetime that's who I was.[2]

At the age of twenty-two, during that period of his life in which his mental state was most confused, Allen Ginsberg had a profound experience which centred on one of William Blake's poems.

> . . . after having an auditory hallucination of William Blake reading "Ah! Sun-flower," but he says that when he phoned the doctor and said, "Look, I have to see you - William Blake is in my room", the doctor shouted, "You must be crazy", and immediately hung up on him.[3]

Blake was taken almost as a spirit guide by Allen Ginsberg, who has shown a special interest in recording the visionary's poems. Ginsberg's "Sunflower Sutra" owes an obvious debt to Blake. Ginsberg, in a melancholy mood, is walking the San Francisco waterfront with Jack Kerouac, who points

---

1. The Moderns, (editor, LeRoi Jones), (1963), p. 344.
2. Jack Kerouac, "The Art of Fiction XLI", Paris Review, 43, (Summer, 1968). Interview with Ted Berrigan, Duncan McNaughton and Aram Saroyan, p. 67.
3. Jane Kramer, Paterfamilias: Allen Ginsberg in America, (1970), p. 41. For further accounts of this experience see Allen Verbatim - Lectures on Poetry, Politics, Consciousness, edited by Gordon Ball, (1974), p. 15, and Allen Ginsberg "Encounters with Ezra Pound" City Lights Anthology, (1974), p. 13.

out the flower.

> Look at the Sunflower, he said, there was
> a dead gray shadow
> against the sky, big as a man, sitting
> dry on top of a pile of ancient sawdust -
> - I rushed up enchanted - it was my first sun-
> flower, memories of Blake - my visions - Harlem
> and Hells of the Eastern rivers,[1]

Dom Moraes' book My Son's Father recalls a visit by Ginsberg and Corso to Oxford, where one incident serves to illustrate the extent of the latter's veneration for Shelley.

> Gregory Corso mostly voluble, with spells of silence. England, to him, was the home of his heroes, Chatterton, Blake and Shelley, and Shelley's particular home to him was Oxford . . . I took Gregory to look at Shelley lying obscene in white marble at University College. He inquired if he was allowed to kiss the statue's foot. I said probably not. He then demanded where Shelley's rooms were. I had not the faintest idea, but indicated the nearest door. I hadn't dreamt that he would want to enter, but he did: he flung open the door and crawled over the carpet, kissing it reverently, inch by inch, while its occupant, who prior to his arrival had been making tea, stared at him in dumbfounded silence.[2]

The Beat Generation was a group of highly literate and well read young men, (the exchange of greetings between Ginsberg and Solomon would have been impossible without a knowledge of the Russian classics) and many more references

---

1. Howl, p. 28.
2. Dom Moraes, "Allen Ginsberg Kissed the Carpet", (sic), Daily Telegraph Magazine, Number 208, (September 27th, 1968), p. 65.

to European literature could be quoted to prove it. Although some attention is focussed on other aspects of their careers, the Beats defined themselves primarily as writers.

II. Eastern

> . . . a generally receptive attitude toward Eastern art and thought that grew naturally out of the Pacific Basin orientation of the great port of San Francisco.[1]

The Oriental influence on the Beats is perhaps most obvious in the life and writings of Gary Snyder, who, although he only met them in the mid-1950's, was a considerable influence on both Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac. Before sailing for Japan and entering a Zen monastery, Snyder was living in San Francisco, translating the ancient Chinese poet, Han Shan,[2] to whom The Dharma Bums is dedicated, and his character and ideas helped shape not only this book, in which he appears as Japhy Ryder, but Kerouac's other books about this period. In the autumn of 1955, Kerouac was sharing a "rose-covered cottage in the backyard of a bigger house on Milvia Street",[3] practising meditation and Zen, and found Snyder's lifestyle and scholarship fascinating.

> A peacefuller scene I never saw than when, in that rather nippy late red afternoon, I simply opened his little door and looked in and saw him at the end of the little shack, sitting crosslegged on a Paisley pillow on a straw mat, with his spectacles on, making him look old and scholarly and wise, with book on lap and the little tin teapot and porcelain

---

1. Thomas Parkinson, "Phenomenon of Generation", Casebook on the Beat, p. 281.
2. These translations form part of Gary Snyder's Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems (edition used March 1976 printing).
3. The Dharma Bums, p. 15.

cup steaming at his side. He looked up very peacefully, saw who it was, said, "Ray, come in," and bent his eyes again to the script.

"What you doing?"

"Translating Han Shan's great poem called 'Cold Mountain' written a thousand years ago some of it scribbled on the sides of cliffs hundreds of miles away from any other living beings."

"Wow."

"When you come into this house though you've got to take your shoes off, see those straw mats, you can ruin 'em with shoes." So I took my softsoled blue cloth shoes off and laid them dutifully by the door and he threw me a pillow and I sat crosslegged along the little wooden board wall and he offered me a cup of hot tea. "Did you ever read the Book of Tea?" said he.

"No, what's that?"

"It's a scholarly treatise on how to make tea utilizing all the knowledge of two thousand years about tea-brewing. Some of the descriptions of the effect of the first sip of tea, and the second, and the third, are really wild and ecstatic."

"Those guys got high on nothing, hey?"

"Sip your tea and you'll see; this is good green tea." It was good and I immediately felt calm and warm. "Want me to read you parts of this Han Shan poem? Want me to tell you about Han Shan?"

"Yeah."

"Han Shan you see was a Chinese Scholar who got sick of the big city and the world and took off to hide in the mountains."

"Say, that sounds like you."

"In those days you could really do that. He stayed in caves not far from a Buddhist monastery in the T'ang Hsing district of Tien Tai and his only human friend was the funny Zen Lunatic Shih-te who had a job sweeping out the monastery with a straw broom. Shih-te was a poet too but he never wrote much down. Every now and then Han Shan would come down from Cold Mountain in his bark clothing and come into the warm kitchen and wait for food, but none of the monks would

ever feed him because he didn't want to join the order and answer the meditation bell three times a day. You see why in some of his utterances, like - listen and I'll look here and read from the Chinese," and I bent over his shoulder and watched him read from big wild crowtracks of Chinese signs: "Climbing up Cold Mountain path, Cold Mountain path goes on and on, long gorge choked with scree and boulders, wide creek and mist-blurred grass, moss is slippery though there's been no rain, pine sings but there's no wind, who can leap the world's ties and sit with me among white clouds?"

"Wow."

"Course that's my own translation into English, you see there are five signs for each line and I have to put in Western prepositions and articles and such."

"Why don't you just translate it as it is, five signs, five words? What's those first five signs?"

"Sign for climbing, sign for up, sign for cold, sign for mountain, sign for path."

"Well then, translate it 'Climbing up Cold Mountain path."

"Yeah, but what do you do with the sign for long, sign for gorge, sign for choke, sign for avalanche, sign for boulders?"

"Where's that?"

"That's the third line, would have to read 'Long gorge choke avalanche boulders."

"Well that's even better!"

"Well yeah, I thought of that, but I have to have this pass the approval of Chinese scholars here at the university and have it clear in English."

"Boy what a great thing this is," I said looking around at the little shack, "and you sitting here so very quietly at this very quiet hour studying all alone with your glasses . . . "[1]

---

1. The Dharma Bums, pp. 18-9.

Snyder taught Kerouac the art of mountain climbing, gave him the idea of a summer of solitude as a fire lookout, and urged him to write his Buddhist tract, The Scripture of the Golden Eternity.[1]

> Gary Snyder said, "All right, Kerouac, it's about time for you to write a sutra. "That's a thread of discourse, a scripture. He knew I was a Bodhi Sattva and had lived twelve million years in twelve million directions.[2]

Passages in Snyder's own work concern this time.

> Migration of Birds April 1956
>
> It started just now with a hummingbird
> Hovering over the porch two yards away then gone,
> It stopped me studying.
> I saw the redwood post
> Leaning in cold ground
> Tangled in a bush of yellow flowers
> Higher than my head, through which we push
> Every time we come inside -
> The shadow network of the sunshine
> Through its vines. White-crowned sparrows
> Make tremendous singings in the trees
> The rooster down the valley crows and crows.
> Jack Kerouac outside, behind my back
> Reads the *Diamond Sutra* in the sun.
> Yesterday I read *Migration of Birds;*
> The Golden Plover and the Arctic Tern.
> Today that big abstraction's at our door
> For juncoes and the robins all have left,
> Broody scrabblers pick up bits of string
> And in this hazy day
> Of April summer heat

---

1. Jack Kerouac, The Scripture of the Golden Eternity, (1960).
2. Ann Charters, A Bibliography of Works by Jack Kerouac 1939-1975, (1975), p. 34.

Across the hill the seabirds
Chase Spring north along the coast:
Nesting in Alaska
In six weeks.[1]

After the publication of Howl and Other Poems Allen Ginsberg had sufficient funds to spend several years in foreign travel, chiefly in India, but also Japan and Indo-China. The books Indian Journals[2] and Ankor Wat[3], and the major poem "The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express"[4] are among the works which came out of this period, from which the poet's interest in Indian religions, deities and the chanting of mantras dates.[5]

---

1. Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems, p. 17. A version of this poem appears in The Dharma Bums on page 119, when the narrator comes across "various poems he'd written and just stuck on a nail for anybody to read", where the thirteenth and fourteenth lines read: "Sean Monahan outside, behind my back, reads the Diamond Sutra in the sun."
2. Allen Ginsberg, Indian Journals, (1970).
3. Allen Ginsberg, Ankor Wat, (1968).
4. Allen Ginsberg, Planet News, (1968), pp. 55-63.
5. The poet's travels in Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Africa and elsewhere have also contributed to both poems and prose.

III. American

" . . . no, Sagamore, not alone."[1]

Besides being receptive to the influences of the Modern America which lay all around them, the Beats acknowledged many of their predecessors as important to their writing. Many of the themes discernible in their work are those which have concerned American poets, novelists and dramatists since the nation's birth. Beat writing was neither an aberration nor simply a movement opposed to established values or in revolt against the literary status quo but was a further progression in American letters. Jack Kerouac's short article, which bears all the hallmarks of spontaneity, begins with a distinction.

> Writers are made for anybody who isn't illiterate can write; but geniuses of the writing art like Melville, Whitman or Thoreau are born.[2]

The names which spring first to mind are all of American writers. The "know-nothing bohemians" were widely read in their country's literature, and it was with its finest exponents that they identified themselves. John

---

1. James Fenimore Cooper, The Last of the Mohicans, (1826) edition used Frederick Warne & Co., London, date unknown, p. 331.
2. Writer's Digest, Vol. 42, Part 1 (January 1962), p. 13.

Clellon Holmes' novel The Horn[1] borrows its structure from that of modern jazz, being set out with eight choruses, six riffs and a coda. There are two prefatory quotes, one from Charlie Parker, the saxophonist lionized by the Beats, and one from Herman Melville. Lines from Thoreau, Melville, Emily Dickinson, Whitman, Poe, Hawthorne and Twain preface the "choruses".

> CHORUS: WALDEN
>
> "Men will lie on their backs, talking about the fall of man, and never make an effort to get up."
>
> THOREAU[2]

In similar fashion, Lawrence Ferlinghetti acknowledges past masters, not merely in the vast number of quotations and literary references which pepper his poems, but in more important ways.

> or the Sun Also Rises which begins Robert Cohn was middleweight boxing champion of his class[3]

---

1. John Clellon Holmes. The Horn, (1958) edition used 1968 English paperback edition. Holmes novel typifies the Beats' interest in jazz and its black exponents, with whom they felt an affinity. Kerouac's Mexico City Blues (1959) also attempts a musical form, being set out as 242 "choruses". The "jazz-poetry" practised by Rexroth, Ferlinghetti and Lawrence Lipton (of which Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Kenneth Rexroth: Poetry Readings in the Cellar, Fantasy 7002 (1957) is the best example) attempted to create an art form from the fusion of words and music.
2. The Horn, p. 9.
3. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, A Coney Island of the Mind (1958), p. 44.

The title of Ferlinghetti's second, and best selling volume, A Coney Island of the Mind is taken from Henry Miller. Starting From San Francisco is a reference to Whitman's line of a century before "Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born".[1]

Among the quotations which preface Allen Ginsberg's volumes of poetry are two paragraphs from Democratic Vistas, in The Fall of America[2], (the book itself is dedicated to Whitman) and a couplet from "Song of Myself" on the title page of Ginsberg's best-known work, Howl,

> Unscrew the locks from the doors
> Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs![3]

The titles of novels and books of verse, and, if they are employed, prefatory quotations are usually very carefully chosen to acknowledge a debt or to indicate the subject matter or the area with which the author is concerned. By their use of such lines, the Beat writers clearly wished to be identified with the sentiments expressed by the writers to whom they referred, and saw themselves as carrying on their traditions.

---

1. Walt Whitman, The Complete Poems, (ed. Francis Murphy), p. 50.
2. Allen Ginsberg, The Fall of America - poems of these states 1965-1971, (1972).
3. op.cit., p. 86.

Their sheer volume makes an exhaustive list of the appearances of established literary reputations in the works of the Beats almost impossible. Besides Whitman, the most important American writers for the Beats were Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Thomas Wolfe, Pound, William Carlos Williams and Hemingway, as may be swiftly established from the most cursory examination of their works.

> "You know how I explain it? . . . 'The pure products of America go crazy.' That's how," swishing water in his mouth and spitting it out." 'The imagination strains after deer going by fields of goldenrod in the stifling heat of September . . . Somehow it seems to destroy us,'" capping the toothpaste fatalistically. "Old William Carlos. Years ago . . . [1]
>
> Where are Whitman's wild children,
> where the great voices speaking out
> with a sense of sweetness and sublimity[2]
>
> In Emerson's house I saw
> his wrinkled hat, and bendy cane,
> hung neatly and spider-webbed
> to a hook.
>
> I looked into Old Manse and saw
> Hawthorne's enormous shoe.
>
> Walden Pond was very quiet
> I fell asleep.
> Suddenly a sound of frying pancakes.
> I awoke
> trembling about Thoreau.[3]

---

1. John Clellon Holmes, Get Home Free (1964), p. 10.
2. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Who Are We Now?, (1976), p. 63.
3. Gregory Corso, Elegiac Feelings American, (1970), "My Visit to Concord", p. 81.

When living in Paterson New Jersey, in 1947, Allen Ginsberg managed to get the local paper to send him to interview William Carlos Williams. Two years later Ginsberg wrote the older poet a letter which is reproduced in Ginsberg's The Gates of Wrath,[1] published in 1972. Williams took an interest in Ginsberg's work (Ginsberg is the "young poet" referred to in Paterson) and wrote introductions to both Empty Mirror[2] (in 1952, although the book was not published until 1961) which also has a prefatory quotation from Herman Melville, and Howl.

> Hold back the edges of your gowns, Ladies,
> we are going through hell.
>
> William Carlos Williams[3]

Williams' work is one of the two major influences on Ginsberg, the other being Walt Whitman, who is imagined, reincarnated, wandering bemused around a "neon fruit supermarket".

> I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless
> lonely old grubber, poking among the meats
> in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.

---

1. Allen Ginsberg, The Gates of Wrath - Rhymed Poems: 1948-1952, (1972).
2. Allen Ginsberg, Empty Mirror, (1961), (edition used published 1970).
3. Howl, pp. 7, 8.

> I heard you asking questions of each:
> Who killed the pork chops? What price
> bananas? Are you my Angel?[1]

Whitman's philosophy is in many respects identical with that of the mature Ginsberg. Partly this is due to the similarity of their sexual orientation, but the "Intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of manto man - " which was Whitman's ideal became increasingly important to Allen Ginsberg as he grew older, a fact which he clearly wishes to indicate by quoting this passage as preface to The Fall of America in 1972. It is this book that contains the elegies to Neal Cassady, a symbol of comradeship for the Beats whether their attachment to him was sexual (as in Ginsberg's case) or non sexual (as with Kerouac). It is no exaggeration to say that, when Neal Cassady perished by the railroad track at San Miguel Allende, whether from exposure, heart failure or the effects of alcohol with barbituates, the Beat Generation symbolically died. Ginsberg also sees his relationship with Cassady as part of a direct link with Walt Whitman.

> "Edward Carpenter slept with Walt Whitman. Gavin Arthur (the grandson of Chester Alan Arthur, the twenty-first President) slept

---

1. Howl, p. 23. Ginsberg's veneration of Whitman is in many ways typical of the Beats' attitude towards writers they admired: they were more interested in emulating accomplishment and propounding philosophies than in trying to write in the same way. Allen Ginsberg's style is not similar to that of Walt Whitman and is perhaps best described as "Hebraic-Melvillean bardic breath", Allen Ginsberg, "Notes Written on Finally Recording Howl" Fantasy 7006 (1959).

> with Edward Carpenter. Neal Cassady slept with Gavin Arthur. And I slept with Neal Cassady."[1]

As Jack Kerouac noticed, those qualities about Peter Orlovsky (once described in Who's Who as being married to Ginsberg) which recall the Whitman who became a civil-war nurse were part of the reason Ginsberg was so attracted to him.

> - And strange too, that Simon's jobs have all been Whitman-like, nursing, he'd shaved old psychopaths in hospitals, nursed the sick and dying, and now as ambulance driver for a small hospital he was batting around San Fran all day picking up the insulted and injured in stretchers (horrible places where they were found, little back rooms), the blood and the sorrow, Simon not really the mad Russian but Simon the Nurse - Never could harm a hair of anybody's head if he tried - [2]

In his role as public figure Ginsberg has perhaps come closer to Whitman's conception of the poet as a powerful force for social change (an ideal endorsed by the Beat Generation in general) than any other American writer, and his continued efforts to expose the evils of the military/industrial complex is directly in line with Whitman's ideas on the development of democracy.

---

1. Gerald Clarke "Checking in With Allen Ginsberg", Esquire Vol. LXXIX, No. 4 (April 1973) p. 93.
2. Desolation Angels, pp. 161-2. Peter Orlovsky's pseudonym in this novel is "Simon Darlovsky".

There are many instances in the works of Jack Kerouac where the specific influence of various American writers is acknowledged.

> . . . read the life of Jack London at age 18 and decided also to be an adventurer, a lonesome traveler; early literary influences Saroyan and Hemingway; later Wolfe (after I had broken leg in Freshman football at Columbia read Tom Wolfe and roamed his New York on crutches) . . . [1]

This period of Kerouac's life is extensively dealt with in the final published volume of the Duluoz Legend (which, paradoxically, retells the beginning of the saga) and recalls the author's immersing of himself in American literature.

> . . . I just sat in the grass in back of the gym and read Walt Whitman with a leaf of grass in my mouth . . . [2]

> . . . reading Jack London's life . . . start writing my own brand of serious 'Hemingway' stories, later . . . [3]

> . . . putting men now in the mind of what Thoreau said about the little blisters that appear on good autumn pears when you look at em close with a magnifying glass: he said the blisters: 'they whisper of the happy stars', whilst russet red McIntosh apples only yell of the sun and its redness.[4]

---

1. Lonesome Traveller, pp. 8-9.
2. Jack Kerouac, Vanity of Duluoz, (1968), p. 40.
3. Ibid., p. 41.
4. Ibid, p. 42.

When the young protagonist meets "Sabbas Savakis"[1] they share a common love of books.

> "Do you read Saroyan?" he says. "Thomas Wolfe?"
>
> "No, who are they?" " . . . Have you been reading, what do you read?"
>
> "Well, I've been reading Hardy, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, Whitman . . . "
>
> Sabby: "Pretty solid so far."[2]

Kerouac describes his first attempts at writing as turning out as of pastiche of those American writers he admired as he sought to establish a style for himself.

> I was happy in my room at writing "Atop an Underwood", stories in the Saroyan-Hemingway-Wolfe style as best I could figure at age nineteen . . . [3]

Kerouac amplified on this in the 1967 Paris Review interview.

> . . . As for Saroyan, yes I loved him as a teenager, he really got me out of the 19th century rut I was trying to study, not only his funny tone but his neat American poetic I don't know what . . . he just got me . . . Hemingway was fascinating, the pearls of words on a white page giving

---

1. Pseudonym for Alex Sampas, who was referred to in Lonesome Traveller as: "Sebastian Sampas, local young poet who later died on Anzio beach head" (unpaged). In November 1966, Kerouac married Stella Sampas, sister of his boyhood friend.

2. Vanity of Duluoz, pp. 42-3.

3. Ibid., p. 73.

> you an exact picture . . . but Wolfe was a torrent of American heaven and hell that opened my eyes to America as a subject in itself.[1]

The literature of the Beat Generation cannot be seen in its proper context unless it is realised that not only were its authors fully conversant with the works of their earlier compatriots, and that they sought to emulate their achievement, but that they saw themselves as continuing the American literary traditions. What the Beats rebelled against was what they saw as the sterility in poetry and the novel which held sway in the 1950s. Their work is not an aberration, breaking from the steady progression of American literature, but concerned with themes perrenial to that literature. It may be argued that it is inevitable that young American writers read established American writers, but it cannot be a foregone conclusion that they will identify with them. Nor is it inevitable that their concerns will coincide even if their geographical locations do. That the Concord and the Merrimac rivers feature prominently in the works of both Henry David Thoreau and Jean Louis Lebris de Kerouac is as much a coincidence as the fact that they were both of French ancestry. Both happened to have been born in Massachusetts. That both men found that real freedom could be found most

---

1. Paris Review, p. 84.

easily, in a country which prides itself on freedom, by living in solitude close to nature, and then felt compelled to explore the possibility in their books, is not a coincidence but a phenomenon arising from being born in America. It should be borne in mind that this argument applies to other writers associated with the Beats besides the main figures under consideration. Gary Snyder's Riprap[1], and Lew Welch's Hermit Poems[2], for instance , reveal an attitude of mind in revolt against the materialistic values of modern society and in search of a natural simplicity, and an awareness of nature that is identical to that of Thoreau.

Mid-August at Sourdough Mountain Lookout

Down valley a smoke haze
Three days heat, after five days rain
Pitch glows on the fir-cones
Across rocks and meadows
Swarms of new flies

I cannot remember things I once read
A few friends, but they are in cities.
Drinking cold snow-water from a tin cup
Looking down for miles
Through high still air.[3]

---

1. Gary Snyder, Riprap (1959).

2. Lew Welch, Hermit Poems (1965). Welch appears in Big Sur as Dave Wain the "red head Welchman", p. 56 and was, with Kerouac and Dave Saijo, coauthor of TripTrap (1973) which took its title from Snyder's book.

3. The Four Seasons Foundation edition of Snyder's Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems, (March 1976) has as a frontispiece a photograph of the author on Sourdough Mountain in the summer of 1953. Snyder's The Back Country (1965?) contains poems on the lookouts and the mountains. It was as a result of meeting Snyder that Kerouac spent the summer of 1956 as lookout on Desolation Peak, the experience recounted in The Dharma Bums, Desolation Angels and Lonesome Traveller. Poet Philip Whalen, who had been a fellow student of Snyder's at Reed College and appeared in The Dharma Bums as "Warren Coughlin", and Desolation Angels and Big Sur as Ben Fagan, had also been a fire lookout.

> I burn up the deer in my body
> I burn up the tree in my stove.
>
> I seldom let a carrot go to seed, and I
> grind up every kind of grain.
>
> How can I be and never be an
> inconvenience to others, here,
> where only the Vulture is absolutely pure
>
> and in the Chicago river
> are carp?[1]

A perennial theme in American letters and Beat literature in particular is the individual's right to personal freedom and his pursuit of that happiness. Still a young country, America cherishes an image of herself as a nation founded by those seeking religious tolerance (however inaccurate this notion may be) and fighting its war of independence over the issue of personal liberty. The figure of the free and fearless spirit has been an American archetype since Fenimore Cooper wrote The Leatherstocking Tales. To the Beats, however, the need of the settled society to reject the outsider, the outlaw, was at odds with the ideal. The Beats' lives, and their writing, have this individuality in common, and it is easy to forget that their attitude towards those topics which lent them their notoriety, drink, drugs, sexual freedom, a non-discriminatory attitude towards junkies, blacks, homosexuals and thieves, was indeed a rebellion against the conventions of their times, however much it may have become accepted since. This aspect of their Bohemianism

---

1. The New Writing in the USA, Don Allen and Robert Creeley(eds.), (1967), p. 278.

is best symbolised in their use of, and attitude to, words which, in the America of the midfifties, were generally held to be obscene in themselves. However faint the threat may appear in retrospect, with the knowledge that critical opinion was solid in their support and the case was won, the fact remains that Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Shig Murao were handcuffed, imprisoned, fingerprinted, before being released on bail, charged with publishing or selling obscene writings, over Allen Ginsberg's Howl. It was the narrowness of outlook which lead to this sort of prosecution which the Beats set out to change, and by and large, they succeeded. Describing the historic Gallery Six reading in 1956, Jack Kerouac wrote

> "Fuck you! sang Coyote, and ran away" read Japhy to the distinguished audience, making them all howl with joy, it was so pure, fuck being a dirty word that comes out clean.[1]

For William Burroughs, the battle is won.

> JT: Michael McClure once wrote that his intention was "to free the word fuck from its chains." Has that happened?
>
> WB: It has: there are no chains there.
>
> JT: And no future possibility of chains?
>
> WB: I doubt it, unless something drastic happens.[2]

---

1. The Dharma Bums, p. 13.
2. The Beat Diary, Arthur and Kit Knight (eds.), (1977), p. 48.

Travel has always been a major theme in American literature. Possessing all the advantages of the picaresque form to the writer - a strong central theme and the opportunity to introduce as many new characters and fresh situations as desired - it fits well with the realities of life in a vast continent barely explored. The majority of Europeans came from a continent with a civilisation established a thousand years, and the concept of America has always been an ideal as well as a physical entity. As a result, American literature is the literature of search. Search for personal identity, for the American dream, for a lost father. Charles Olson's book on Moby Dick, Call Me Ishmael, begins with a statement which illuminates the understanding of American literature as a whole.

> I take SPACE to be the central fact to man born in America, from Folsom cave to now. I spell it large because it comes large here. Large, and without mercy.
>
> It is geography at bottom, a belt of a wide land from the beginning. That made the first American story (Parkman's): exploration.
>
> Something else than a stretch of earth-seas on both sides, no barriers to contain as restless a thing as Western man was becoming in Columbus' day. That made Melville's story (part of it).
>
> Plus a harshness we still perpetuate, a sun like a tomahawk, small earthquakes but big tornadoes and hurrikans, a river north and south in the middle of the land running out the blood.
>
> The fulcrum of America is the Plains, half sea half land, a high sun as metal and obdurate as the iron horizon, and a man's job to square the circle.[1]

---

1. Charles Olson, Call Me Ishmael, (1967), p. 15.

Jack Kerouac wrote, at the close of his best known and best realised book

> . . . the long long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, . . . [1]

This sense of the immensity of the very land of America is little understood by Europeans, but the sense of the inner search which takes place in this landscape in the Beats' works, and in particularly Kerouac's, is international. David Widgery catches this particularly well in an obituary that articulated the experience of reading Kerouac when young, English, and living in the early sixties.

> Everyone I know remembers where they were when they read "On the Road" . . . because of the sudden sense of infinite possibility. You could, just like that, get off out of it into infinite hitchhiking futures. Armed only with a duffle coat you could be listening to wild jazz on the banks of the Tyne or travelling east-west, across the Pennines. Mostly we never actually went, or the beer wore off by Baldock High Street and you were sober and so cold. But we were able to recognise each other by that fine, wild, windy prose and the running away motif that made so much sense.[2]

American writers have always sought to come to grips with this sense of the vastness of the American continent:

---

1. On the Road, p. 320.
2. David Widgery, "Goodbye Jack Kerouac", OZ 25, December, 1969.

Chingachgook and Uncas pad easily day after day through virgin forest; Huck and nigger Jim roll South under the stars in a great natural waterway; Melville's sailors set out to establish the Pacific as the furthest reaches of America's boundaries. The Beat Generation's work is squarely in this tradition but is given a vaster scope by modern technology: covered wagon, raft and paddle steamer have given way to the automobile, the Greyhound bus and the airliner. The sense of wonder at America, and the need to communicate it, remains. When May and Verger, in Holmes' Get Home Free, separate and return to their prospective roots, the physical distance they travel from New York, to the Deep South and New England respectively, is the equivalent of the psychic distance which they cover in returning to the scenes of their adolescence. Allen Ginsberg's The Fall of America - poems of these states 1965-1971 is, as the title suggests, virtually a travel book. Utilising the poet's incessant journeying back and forth across the country, it attempts to present an overall picture of the state of the nation, through observation and reflection, as he passes the sites of route names familiar to every American schoolboy: the Donner Pass; the Mohawk Trail. The titles of the poems are the itinerary of his journeys.

I. Thru the Vortex West Coast to East 1965-1966

Kansas City to St. Louis 28
Bayonne Entering N.Y.C. 35 [1]

The minutiae of travel are interspersed with the reflections which it brings about. Advertising slogans, hoardings, news items interspersed with reflections on the military-industrial complex, pollution, the state of the nation.

HIWAY POESY LA-ALBUQUERQUE TEXAS-WICHITA

up up and away!
we're off, Thru America -

Heading East to San Berdoo
as West did, Nathaniel,
California Radio Lady's voice
Talking about Viet Cong -
Oh what a beautiful morning
Sung for us by Nelson Eddy

Two trailor trucks, Sunkist oranges/bright colored
piled over the sides
rolling on the road -
Grey hulk of Mt. Baldy under
white misted skies
Red Square signs unfold, Texaco Shell
Harvey House tilted over the superhighway -

Afternoon Light
Children in back of a car
with Bubblegum
a flight of birds out of a dry field like mosquitos

" . . . several battalions of U.S. troops in a search and destroy operation in the Coastal plain near Bong Son, 300 mi. Northeast of Saigon. Thus far the fighting has been a series of small clashes. In a related action 25 miles to the South, Korean troops killed 35 Vietcong near Coastal highway Number One."[2]

* * * * * * *

---

1. The Fall of America, unpaged.
2. Ibid., p. 14.

Empire State's orange shoulders lifted above the Hell,
New York City buildings glitter
visible over Palisades' trees
2 Guys From War put tiger in yr Tank -
Radio crawling with Rockmusic youngsters,
STOP - PAY TOLL.
let the hitchhiker off in the acrid Mist -
Blue uniformed attendants rocking in their heels
in green booths,
Light parade everywhere
Motel Hotel
Lincoln Tunnel
Pittsburg Shitsburg
Seagram's A Sure One
Macdaniels vast parkinglot -
Cliff rooms, balconies & giant nineteenth
century schools,
reptilian trucks on Jersey roads
Manhattan star-spread behind Ft. Lee cliffside
Evening lights reflected across Hudson water -
brilliant diamond-lantern'd Tunnel
Whizz of bus-trucks shimmer in Ear
over red brick
under Whitmanic Yawp Harbor here
roll into Man city, my city, Mannahatta
Lower East Side ghosted &
grimed with Heroin, shit-black from Edison towers
on East River's rib - 1

This is a technique which Lawrence Ferlinghetti employs in his most consistent book, Starting From San Francisco, which is a work largely concerned with the search for the self and for mystic America.

Here I go again
crossing the country in coach trains
(back to my old
lone wandering)
All night Eastward . . . Upward
over the Great Divide and on
into Utah
over Great Salt Plain
and onward, rocking,
the white dawn burst
across mesas,

---

1. Ibid., pp. 36-7.

table-lands,
all flat, all laid away.
Great glary sun -
wood bridge over water . . .
Later in still light, we still reel onward -
Onward?
Back and forth, across the Continent,
bang bang
by any wheel or horse,
any rail,
by car
by buggy
by stage coach,
walking,
riding,
hooves pounding the Great Plains,
caravans into the night. Forever.

* * * * * * * *

And at long last now
this world shrunk
to one lone brakeman's face
Stuck out of darkness -
long white forehead
like bleached skull of cow -
huge black sad eyes -
high-peaked cloth cap, grey-striped -
swings his railroad lantern high, close up,
as our window whizzes by -
his figure splashed upon it,
slanted, muezzin-like,
very grave, very tall,
strange skeleton -
Who stole America?

Myself I saw in the window reflected[1]

It is noticeable that this theme occurs less often in work done during, or closely following, exile. Paris, Haarlem, Berlin, Italy, Greece, England and Egypt are all settings for poems by Gregory Corso. England, Wales, Czechoslovakia, Cuba, Indo-China, Japan and India were all subjects for poems

---

1. Starting From San Francisco, p. 8.

by Allen Ginsberg between 1962 and 1968. The explorations of inner space made by William Burroughs, a long-term expatriate, are discussed elsewhere, there are, however, examples of the need to seek or establish roots to be found in his work.

> After a parenthesis of more than 40 years
> I met my old neighbor, Rives Skinker
> Mathews, in Tangier. I was born 4664 Ber-
> lin Avenue changed it to Pershing during
> the war. The Mathews family lived next
> door at 4660 - red brick three-story
> houses separated by a gangway large back
> yard where I could generally see a rat one
> time or another from my bedroom window on
> the top floor[1]

Before his world travels, Gregory Corso lived for a year in Cambridge, Massachusetts where he produced his first published volume, The Vestal Lady on Brattle - a collection of poems written in Cambridge, Mass. 1954-1955, which are greatly influenced by Corso's location.

> The old bastard lied that told me Melville
> visioned lots of times while walking
> in the early morning,
> separate from the carpets and parade, on Brattle.
> I've walked Brattle lots these days,
> and not once did I catch from out the dark
> a line of light
> He said: - Walk, man, walk that crazy Revolutionary
> road, old Brattle;
> You'll dig the greatest visions ever;
> Man, like Melville visioned Moby Dick on Brattle!
> Right in the middle of the street![2]

---

1. William Burroughs, "St. Louis Return", Paris Review, Vol. 35 (Fall, 1965), p. 51.

2. Gregory Corso, The Vestal Lady on Brattle, (1955), pp. 34-5.

Jack Kerouac enjoyed the drive, but not the driving. His travel passages communicate the greatest sense of relaxation and enjoyment when a trusted friend is at the wheel, and Kerouac's powers of perception and observation are left free to roam at will.

> Lew drove most of the trip. He drove with finesse, very much as he wrote. He had a light touch on the wheel, and he shifted gears beautifully. He could double clutch. He had an even foot on the gas pedal, and his braking was soft. He heard his motor. Jack and I would take short turns at the wheel, but mostly it was Lew. I got the impression Jack didn't like to drive, it seemed to make him nervous.[1]

> So there's old Willie waiting for us down on the street parked across from the little pleasant Japanese liquor store where as usual, according to our ritual, I run and get Pernod or Scotch or anything good while Dave wheels around to pick me up at the store door, and I get in the front seat right at Dave's right where I belong all the time like old Honored Samuel Johnson while everybody else that wants to come along has to scramble back there on the mattress (a full mattress, the seats are out) and squat there or lie down there and also generally keep silent because when Dave's got the wheel of Willie in his hand and I've got the bottle in mine and we're off on a trip the talking all comes from the front seat - [2]

Part of Neal Cassady's importance to the Beat Generation was his legendary prowess at the wheel. This was evident

---

1. Jack Kerouac, Albert Saijo, Lew Welch, TripTrap, Haiku Along the Road from San Francisco to New York, 1959, (1973), pp. 4, 5.

2. Big Sur, pp. 61-2.

to Burroughs in the 1940's.

> JT: What kind of driver was he?
>
> WB: Brilliant, a fantastic driver. I had a jeep and the clutch and brakes were out and he could brake it by putting it in reverse.
>
> JT: I heard that he drove Kesey's bus at high speeds around curves knowing somehow that there was nothing coming the other way.
>
> WB: He was capable of unbelievable feats of instant calculation.[1]

This skill never left him. It has been graphically described by Tom Wolfe in his book on Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test,[2] and was demonstrated to Charles Bukowski shortly before Cassady's death.

> Neal would just go on driving, neither grim or happy or sardonic, just there - doing the movements. I understood. it was necessary. it was his bull ring, his racetrack. it was *holy* and necessary.
>
> the best one was just off Sunset, going north toward Carlton. the drizzle was good now, ruining both the vision and the streets. turning off of Sunset, Neal picked up his next move, full-speed chess, it had to be calculated in an instant's glance. a left on Carlton would bring us to Bryan's. we were a block off. there was one car ahead of us and two approaching. now, he could have slowed down and followed the traffic in but he would have lost his *movement*. not Neal. he swung out around the car ahead of us and I thought, this is it, well, it doesn't matter, really it doesn't matter at all. that's the way it goes through your brain, that's the way it went through my brain. the two cars plunged at each other,

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 40.
2. Tom Wolfe, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, (1968).

> head-on, the other so close that the headlights flooded my back seat. I do not think that at the last second the other driver touched his brake. that gave us the hair-line. it must have been figured in by Neal. that movement. but it wasn't over. we were going very high speed now and the other car, approaching slowly from Hollywood Blvd. was just about blocking a left on Carlton. I'll always remember the color of that car. we got that close. a kind of gray-blue, an old car, coupe, humped and hard like a rolling steel brick thing. Neal cut left. to me it looked as if we were going to ram right through the center of the car. it was obvious. but somehow, the motion of the other car's forward and our movement left coincided perfectly. the hair-line was there. once again. Neal parked the thing and we went on in. Joan brought the dinner in.[1]

With Neal Cassady at the wheel a long car journey recaptured, for Kerouac, the essence of travel as freedom and escape that is a feature of many American classics. Ishmael goes to sea when the pressures of life on land - in society - become too much for him, when he feels low.

> CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago - never mind how long precisely - having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and

---

1. Charles Bukowski, Notes of a Dirty Old Man, (City Lights Books edition 1973), pp. 30-1.

> bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off - then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.[1]

Fenimore Cooper's noble savages, redskin and white alike, are at their best and happiest in the forst or on the lakes, away from the beginnings of civilisation, already corrupt. It is only in the forest that Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale can express their love for one another, and it is their failure to take to the road or to cross the ocean, the failure to break away from society, which brings about their final tragedy. Huck and Jim live an idyllic life of true freedom on the river, only exposed to man's greed and viciousness when they touch its banks, with their blood feuds, lynch mobs, prejudices and murders. On the river Huck can learn to relate to the runaway slave as another human being, can attain true manhood uncorrupted by the warped values of the violent and bigoted communities on the shore.

---

1. Herman Melville, Moby Dick, (1851), edition used Everyman Paperback (1968), p. 25.

> - and whilst I eat my supper we talked, and had a good time. I was powerful glad to get away from the feuds, and so was Jim to get away from the swamp. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.
>
> A little smoke couldn't be noticed, now, so we would take some fish off of the lines, and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterwards we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by-and-by lazy off to sleep. Wake up, by-and-by, and look to see what done it, and maybe see a steamboat, coughing along up stream, so far off towards the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was stern-wheel or side-wheel; then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see - just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and maybe a galoot, on it chopping, because they're most always doing it on a raft; you'd see the axe flash, and come down - you don't hear nothing; you see that axe go up again, and by the time it's above the man's head, then you hear the *k'chunk!* - it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazing around, listening to the stillness.[1]

A similar self-sufficiency may be contained in a car, and this has been well expressed by Albert Saijo.

> We sped along. The country slipped by. We were provisioned with blankets and bags, spare tire, extra fuel, booze, peanut butter, bread, fig newtons, lettuce, jam, cigarettes, and milk.
>
> There was diverse and sundry talk about politics and politicians, intricate crimes, talk of wars and panics, food, drink, clothes, beds, flowers, talk of women, relatives, home-

---

1. Mark Twain, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, (1885) edition used Penguin Books, (1966), pp. 176, 178.

> towns, travel, foreign cities, talk about movies and movie stars, about sports and champions of sport, gossip of the literary life, ghost stories, fables, riddles, jokes, talk of grammar, of origins, about what's real and what isn't, and plain swap talk. Often a subject would develop from small beginnings and gradually be carried to lengths that outraged every normal expectation. Jack was good at doing this. Lew was good at spinning long tales. Then both Jack and Lew were into popular songs from the 40s. They both had fine singing voices and good repertoires. Jack knew many Sinatra tunes and could sing just like him. Lew was a great singer of scat. So there were hundreds of miles of talk and song. There were also long stretches of silence when we would each be deep into our own innermost privacies, or fallen into the very American car trance where everything approaches in slow motion and you become entirely curious and observent of the passing landscape, noting the conformation of the land, the flora and fauna, marks of human culture, the weather, while at the same time remaining perfectly aware of the car's relation to the road. The moods a long car ride can put you through!
>
> Buttes and mesas. Telephone poles whipping past.[1]

In isolation, and as a unit, Kerouac's characters, particularly in On the Road, are able to explore the depths of their memories, the intricate complexity of their feelings for the world and one another, and, free of outside pressures or conformities fully discover one another's heart and soul.

---

1. Trip Trap, p. 5.

> We all decided to tell our stories, but one by one, and Stan was first. 'We've got a long way to go', preambled Dean, 'and so you must take every indulgence and deal with every single detail you can bring to mind - and still it won't all be told. 'Easy, easy,' he cautioned Stan, who began telling his story, 'you've got to relax too.' Stan swung into his life story as we shot across the dark. He started with his experiences in France but to round out ever-growing difficulties he came back and started at the beginning with his boyhood in Denver.[1]
>
> Then I began talking; I never talked so much in all my life. I told Dean that when I was a kid and rode in cars I used to imagine I held a big scythe in my hand and cut down all the trees and posts and even sliced every hill that zoomed past the window. 'Yes! Yes!' yelled Dean. 'I used to do it too only different scythe - tell you why. Driving across the West with the long stretches my scythe had to be immeasurably longer and it had to curve over distant mountains, slicing off their tops, and reach another level to get at further mountains and at the same time clip off every post along the road, regular throbbing poles. For this reason - O man I have to tell you. NOW, I have IT - I have to tell you the time my father and I and a pisspoor bum from Larimer Street took a trip to Nebraska in the middle of the depression to sell fly-swatters. And how we made them, we bought pieces of ordinary regular old screen and pieces of wire that we twisted double and little pieces of blue and red cloth to sew around the edges and all of it for a matter of cents in a five-and-ten and made thousands of fly-swatters and got in the old bum's jalopy and went clear around Nebraska to every farmhouse and sold them for a nickel apiece - mostly for charity the nickels were given us, two bums and a boy, apple pies in the sky, and my old man in those days was always singing "Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum again". And man, now listen to this, after two whole weeks of incredible hardship and bouncing around and hustling in the heat to sell these awful makeshift fly-swatters they started to argue about the

---

1. On the Road, p. 253.

> division of the proceeds and had a big fight on the side of the road and then made up and bought wine and began drinking wine and didn't stop for five days and five nights while I huddled and cried in the background, and when they were finished every last cent was spent and we were right back where we started from, Larimer Street. And my old man was arrested and I had to plead at court to the judge to let him go cause he was my pa and I had no mother. Sal, I made great mature speeches at the age of eight in front of interested lawyers . . . ' We were hot; we were going east; we were excited.[1]

That the Beat Generation shared the experience of certain geographical locations, made travel a communal reference point. Within the borders of the USA the cities of San Francisco, New York and Denver were the main centres of activity for the Beats, the first and second because extremes of behaviour were more acceptable, the last largely because of Neal Cassady's association with the city. Mexico City, Tangier and Paris were the focal points outside America. Certain areas with Bohemian reputations attracted Beat writers and provided the sort of relaxed atmosphere which they enjoyed and in which they flourished: Greenwich Village, Venice West, North Beach, Times Square were all centres.[2] Among the many individual hotels, houses and bars whose names occur repeatedly in the chronicles of the Beats some, by virtue of the frequency with

---

1. Ibid., p. 193.
2. For a picture of the life and times of the Beatniks, as opposed to the original Beats, see Tales of Beatnik Glory, Ed Sanders, (1975).

which they are mentioned and the fondness which the references display. may be seen as central to the movement. The Villa Mouneria, in Tangier, providing as it did a haven and a liberty hall, was important in the creation of works as central to the Beat ethic as Naked Lunch and Desolation Angels. The legendary "Beat Hotel" is perhaps the most famous establishment. Situated in Rue Git le Coeur this hotel provided a sympathetic environment for writers of a certain social disposition. As a meeting place and a centre for passing on news and quickly establishing oneself in the desired circles within Paris, it served, for the Beat Generation, the same function as had Shakespeare and Company for the Generation Perdue. Accordingly, number 9, Rue Git le Coeur, has its place in Beat lierature as an institution which greatly contributed to the feeling of a shared purpose and set of ideals.

Allen Ginsberg, in the continuing poetic journal which constitutes his series of City Lights publications, records his visit to Paris in 1958, during which he directed his tourist activity toward those places which are of special interest for a poet, staying and writing in the hotel he had heard of from friends.

> Peter Orlovsky and I walked softly through Pere
> Lachaise we both knew we would die
> and so held temporary hands tenderly in a citylike
> minature eternity
>
> - - - - -
>
> already our hands have vanished from that place my
> hand writes now in a room in Paris Git-Le-Coeur[1]

1. "At Apollinaire's Grave", Kaddish, p. 48.

Brion Gysin, responsible for original Burroughs' interest in cutups,[1] developed the technique with him in such works as Minutes to Go[2] and The Exterminator.[3] In an article in Evergreen Review Gysin accords an important place in this development to the Beat Hotel.

> William Burroughs and I first went into techniques of writing, together, back in room no 15 of the Beat Hotel during the cold Paris spring of 1958. Naked Lunch manuscript of every age and condition floated around the hermetically sealed room . . . It looked in those days, as though Naked Lunch, named so long before its birth by Kerouac, might never see the light of day outside room no 15 . . . While cutting a mount for a drawing in room no 25, I sliced through a pile of papers with my Stanley blade and thought of what I had said to Burroughs some six months earlier about the necessity for turning painters' techniques directly onto writing . . . We make a meet. He lives in "Heart'sease Street", rue Git le Coeur where I lived in 1938-9 . . . Later, I make it up to room no 15. Where are the alumni of room no 15, today?[4]

It is, however, the minor American poet and ten-year expatriate Harold Norse, himself a resident of Rue Git le-Coeur at some time, who gives the most evocative picture of the place and its contribution to the beat ethic. Norse's threnody appeared in the first edition of the City Lights Journal,[5]

---

1. See William Burroughs, "The Cut Up Method of Brion Gysin" Casebook On the Beat, pp. 105-6.
2. Sinclair Beiles, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Brion Gysin, Minutes to Go, (1968).
3. William Burroughs and Brion Gysin, The Exterminator, Auerhahn Press, San Francisco (1960). This is an entirely different work from Burroughs' Exterminator, Calder & Boyars, London (1975).
4. Brion Gysin, "Cut-Ups: a Project for Disastrous Success" Evergreen Review, Vol 8, No 32, (April May 1964), pp. 57, 59.
5. City Lights Journal, Lawrence Ferlinghetti (ed.), (1963) pp. 49-52.

in 1963, and pieces of it, rearranged, shortened and set out to resemble a poetic form, in The Beat Diary thirteen years later. The theme remains the same: the old order changes. Burroughs, Corso, Ginsberg have moved on to greater things, fame and publication, Harold Norse remains behind, mourning the takeover and loss which no longer are of great importance to his illustrious contemporaries.

> a great american writer receives whole
> episodes in his sleep for the new novel
> of consciousness
>
> prophetic utterances
> nameless assholes
> agonized angels
> end of poetry
> huge genitals
> buttfucked boys
> come like bombs[1]
>
> . . . a great American writer receives whole episodes in his sleep for the novel of the century . . . prophetic utterances, agonized Christs, poems, quotations, huge genitals on cracked walls . . . a poem like a BOMB goes off . . .
>
> And then it is all over, a dream. Finished. The hotel has changed hands. Workmen hammer and plaster, halls full of tools & bags of cement, old spiral staircase white with dust. No more all night jam sessions under ceilings about to fall, cats on the floor in sleeping bags, eight or nine to a pad. No more guitars and horns, Silence. The old Cafe is "ferme pour travaux". . . . Here Burroughs wrote most of his books to-date (except 'Junky'), Gregory Corso wrote BOMB, Allen Ginsberg did some of his best, Brion Gysin's cut-up technic (sic) was conceived (the first result: MINUTES TO GO, Two Cities Editions) and his Dreamachine developed with Ian Sommerville . . . Like the Villa Seurat & La Ruche & Bateau Lavoir, the flea-bag shrine will be documented by art historians.[2]

---

1. Beat Diary, p. 70.
2. City Lights Journal No 1, pp. 49, 50, 51.

Among a group of writers who constantly travelled it is not surprising to find descriptive passages of places that were essentially new and exotic to them. (The style of these descriptions and comments differs from writing done about a place where the writer had roots; Kerouac's Lowell, Corso's New York, Cassady's Denver). The pieces about rue Git le Coeur have more in common however with Kerouac's passages about Mexico City or San Francisco, Corso's poems about Greece or Ginsberg's Indian journals - all are about places where a traveller ceased to travel, felt comfortable, at ease, able to create. They also contain, especially in Norse's work, the idea of a past era that was essentially tinged with the golden: Kerouac's book on his trip to Paris, Satori in Paris[1] is marked by a restlessness, a sense of not belonging remarkable in a man who spoke French, albeit patois, so well. Kerouac clearly did not feel at home, by the time of his visit (June, 1965) the events Norse describes had already taken place, and there was no Beat Hotel for him to head for to find acceptance, a tolerant atmosphere and kindred spirits. This sense of a Golden Age, a shared glorious experience of a period now irredeemably lost, is central to the idea of the Beat Generation. Once it became common knowledge, it was gone: 1956 was the last year of the Beat

---

1. Satori in Paris, Jack Kerouac, (1967).

Generation proper and the first of the Beat Generation which was to belong mostly to the popular press and to television. Perhaps the best example of the nostalgia which the founder members of the Beat Generation, who described the formative years in New York in depth in their books, felt for that period, time and place, is to be found in a poem by Allen Ginsberg. Written in 1958, a full decade after the time of parties in Bill Cannastra's loft and Bill Garver stealing a coat every day to support his heroin habit, the title lays emphasis on the way that an actual place can be both a physical environment and the embodiment of an ideal or a memory. 'Back On Times Square, Dreaming Of Times Square' has an element of wistfulness which conveys the hopeful confidence which the writers of the Beat Generation shared, and with which they supported each other in the long years prior to recognition.

'BACK ON TIMES SQUARE, DREAMING OF TIMES SQUARE'

Let some sad trumpeter stand
on the empty streets at dawn
and blow a silver chorus to the
buildings of Times Square,
memorial of ten years, at 5 AM, with
the thin white moon just visible
above the green & grooking McGraw
Hill offices

a cop walks by, but he's invisible
with his music

The Globe Hotel, Garver lay in
grey beds there and hunched his
back and cleaned his needles -
where I lay many nights on the nod
from his leftover bloody cottons
and dreamed of Blake's voice talking -
I was lonely,

Garver's dead in Mexico two years,
hotel's vanished into a parking lot
And I'm back here - sitting on the streets
again -

The movies took our language, the
great red signs
A DOUBLE BILL OF GASSERS
Teen Age Nightmare
Hooligans of the Moon
But we were never nightmare
hooligans but seekers of
the blond nose for Truth

Some old men are still alive, but
the old Junkies are gone -

We are a legend, invisible but
legendary, as prophecied (sic)

NY 1958[1]

D.O. . . . What do you think of American women?

W.B. I think they're possibly one of the worst expressions of the female sex because they've been allowed to go further. This whole worship of women that flourished in the Old South, and in Frontier days, when there weren't many, is still basic in American life; and the whole Southern worship of women and white supremacy is still the policy of America. They lost the Civil War, but their policies still dominate America. It's a matriarchal, white supremacist country. There seems to be a very definite link between matriarchy and white supremacy.[2]

As a direct result of the shortage of girls in pioneer times, American literature has a tradition of novels dealing with the theme of male comradeship. This theme is shaped both by the democratic ideal and a degree of tension inevitable in a society which, while embracing this ideal, allowed

---

1. Reality Sandwiches, pp. 70-1.
2. The Job, p. 119.

the ownership of slaves and tolerated, if not encouraged, the extirpation of the Indians. Thus, while the underlying impulse for two males in an American novel to live together is presented as being friendship,this could be most easily implied if one of them had a dark skin, thereby embracing the idea of equality, while simultaneously imparting some form of leadership to the white man by the very fact that his racial superiority be assumed. Crusoe and Friday did not become friends, but master and man: the Lone Ranger and Tonto are hero and sidekick. It may also be deduced that the American public found such idealised companions the more readily acceptable because any idea that the attachment could have any sexual overtones would be that much more remote if it involved, in effect, miscegenation. Walt Whitman was dismissed from his job as a clerk in Washington because of the alleged "immorality" of Leaves of Grass, and it was 1882 before this book found a commercial publisher, a fact partly attributable to Anthony Comstock, founder of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Much of what Whitman wrote about "intense loving comradeship" was too overtly sexual for the taste of his times, but novels which provided a setting in which the all-male society was an enforced condition, Indian fighting in the case of Natty Bumpo and Chingachgook, hunting whales for Ishmael and Queequeg, or dual flight for Huck and Jim, and in which the social gap which the difference between a dark and a light skin effectively

enforced was a factor,were readily accepted. Use of this literary device in no way indicates racial arrogance on the part of the authors who availed themselves of it. Huck is unwittingly initiated into manhood the moment he "humbles himself to the nigger" and feels better, not worse. Queequeg is presented as a model of courage, grace and dignity, significantly a much larger man, physically, than Ishmael. The Last of the Mohicans is prefaced with the couplet: "Mislike me not for my complexion / the shadowed livery of the burnished sun".[1] A society's best creative artists may be aware of its prejudices, but need not share them or reflect them.

Beat literature's depictions of redemptive love between men are many and varied, from Kerouac's platonic love for Neal Cassady to Allen Ginsberg's passionate love for them both. Ginsberg's answer to Paul Carroll, when, in an exchange of letters, the latter suggested homosexual leanings in Melville, was to recall the mores of ancient Greece.

> Melville to Hawthorne, 1851: "Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips, - lo, they are yours and not mine."
>
> Again, Melville on Hawthorne: "Already I feel that this Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further and further, shoots his strong New England roots in the hot soil of my Southern soul."

---

1. The Last of the Mohicans, unpaged.

> Ishmael in bed with Queequeg: "Upon waking next morning about daylight, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife."
>
> And Melville, late in life: "For, Nature, in no shallow surge / Against thee either sex may urge . . . "
>
> All these unquestionably argue a homosexual drive . . . but one wonders: the urge was there, but was it ever given expression, and in what way is that important, i.e., the relation between urge and action? I suggested to Olson once, perhaps on a long whaling voyage, but he said, naw, those sailors were too dirty . . .
>
> Reading Bucolic poets the other night thinking re Mellville's sexuality, it probably wasnt much different from that of the Antients--poets from time immemorial writing--of Anacreon- "He delighted in the young"--of Choir master Demomeles "he won the victory with his men's chorus because he **knew** beauty and seemliness when he saw them." --or as Moschus saw his late teacher Bion-- "All the gifts that come of the muses have perished, dear Neatheard, with you, the dear delightful kisses of the maidens, the sweet lips of the lads . . . " It's simple humanity, not modern concept homosexuality.[1]

What Metcalf does not mention is Melville's authorial response to Queequeg's affection: "the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that sort of style."[2]

Sexual frankness in dealing with this theme was part of the innovation which the Beats brought to it.

---

1. The Beat Diary, pp. 152, 153.
2. Herman Melville, op.cit., p. 29.

It is typified in Ginsberg's elegies for Neal Cassady.

> Tender Spirit, thank you for touching me
> with tender hands
> When you were young, in a beautiful body,[1]

It should be emphasised that for comradeship to be of a homosexual nature among the Beats was very much the exception rather than the rule. Burroughs makes a distinction:

> GM: Have you ever had a strong relationship with a man that wasn't sexual?
>
> WB: Yes, many. Depends on what you mean by strong. I've had all sorts of relationships. Business relationships to a wide extent. Intellectual relationships. I've had quite a relationship with Paul Bowles, Brion Gysin, both of which were completely non-sexual and, of course, I've had long business relationships with publishers and agents which are also social relationships. Friendship relationships with people like Terry Southern who is a very good friend of mine. Dick Seaver who is my publisher and also a very good personal friend.

Whitman's conception of the ideal comradeship may be readily discerned in the Calamus poems.

> We two boys together clinging,
> One the other never leaving.
> Up and down the roads going, North and
> South excursions making,
> Power enjoying, elbows stretching,
> fingers clutching,
> Arm'd and fearless, eating, drinking,
> sleeping, loving[2]

---

1. The Fall of America, p. 75.
2. Walt Whitman, op.cit., p. 162.

Such a relationship's immaturity is plain: it avoids the commit ments, responsibilities and tribulations of learning to live with a member of the opposite sex. Nevertheless, Ginsberg romanticises the friendship of Cassady and Kerouac in this way, oversimplifying it.

> . . . has . . . himself reply, "I heard you, I sure do know it now," to Neal's speech, "I love you man, you've got to dig that; boy you've got to know." Whitman's adhesiveness! Sociability without genital sexuality between them, but adoration and love, light as America promised in Love[1]

Most of the close friendships depicted in Beat literature are between heterosexual men, and if there are innovations they are that the characters are usually of roughly the same age and background, and of the same race, and that they share women without tensions resulting. In Vanity of Duluoz when Jack and Julien plan to run away to sea together, it is the homosexual Franz Mueller they wish to avoid. In The Subterraneans "Yuri Gligoric" is suspected of alienating the affections of the black heroine, Mardou Fox from "Leo Percepied", but the ranks quickly close and Kerouac is perceptive enough to acknowledge that sleeping with the same woman may be the basis

---

1. Visions of Cody, from the introduction by Allen Ginsberg, X. An extended version of this essay with notes on the text of Visions of Cody, letters from Cassady and illustrations may be found in Allen Ginsberg, The Visions of the Great Rememberer, (1974).

for platonic love between men.

> Raphael Urso I liked quite well, too, inspite or perhaps because of a previous New York hassle over a subterranean girl, as I say. He respected me though he was always talking behind my back, in a way, tho he did that to everybody.[1]

Similar instances may be found in John Clellon Holmes' novels. In Go, which appears to adhere closely to real events "Gene Pasternak" (Kerouac) has a brief fling with the wife of "Paul Hobbes" (Holmes) causing the latter to exclaim, when he discovers that he has been cuckolded

> "Look, do you think I'm angry about you and Gene? Is that what it is? You know me better than that . . . I mean it, it doesn't matter to me! It's normal for you to be attracted to other men. It made me happy last night because you were acting freely, naturally . . . And you know how much I like Gene."[2]

Holmes' later novel, Get Home Free, is written around the adventures of certain minor characters from Go, and opens with Verger having taken over both home and woman from his dead friend, Agatson

---

1. Desolation Angels, p. 242. Both "Yuri Gligoric" and "Raphael Urso" are based on Gergory Corso. "Leo Percepied" is one of Kerouac's own pseudonyms. The Subterraneans is set in San Francisco, not New York.

2. John Clellon Holmes, Go, p. 113.

> . . . they were living together in Agatson's old loft in the West 70's, where May had remained after Agatson was accidentally killed under a subway train. She had gotten ownership because she was Agatson's last girl.[1]

The comradeship theme was most exhaustively and comprehensively explored through the persona of Neal Cassady as he appeared in the Duluoz Legend, notably On the Road and Kerouac's favourite, Visions of Cody. The idea of the sharing of a woman's favours was, apparently, applied with some degree of success in the ménage à trois the two of them set up with Cassady's wife Carolyn in 1952, a period recalled in her book, Heart Beat

> While I performed my household duties the men would read each other excerpts from their writing in progress or bring out Spengler, Proust or Shakespeare to read aloud, accompanied by energetic discussions and appraisals. Neal always had the radio going as well, so digressions and interruptions ensued to dig a musician or arrangement and discuss that. I was happy just listening to them and filling their coffee cups. Yet I never felt left out. They'd address remarks to me and include me in the group with smiles, pats and requests for opinions or to moderate an argument.
>
> They still made forays together in search of tea or to buy groceries but were never gone very long. If Neal was at home sleeping, Jack and I sometimes took walks together down to Aquatic Park or to Chinatown. Spring was beginning to soften the air, but the wind could still be brisk. Jack found a wonderful old-

---

1. John Clellon Holmes, Get Home Free, p. 9.

> fashioned Chinese restaurant on a little street adjacent to St. Francis Park that served great bowls of steaming won ton soup for thirty-five cents and equally delectable bowls of fried rice for twenty-five. Often we warmed ourselves thus and then sat on a bench in the park.
>
> The times when Neal and I were alone were happier too. We had the children's progress to enjoy together; we discussed the economics of the household and other such parental concerns. I was able to be especially affectionate to him now, and he accepted my expressions of love in better grace.[1]

For Kerouac the logical extension of a friendship between two men was the sort of friendship between whole families, the sort of thing he idealised in his memories of his New England childhood.

> Suddenly, boom, the door of the cabin is flung open with a loud crash and a burst of sunlight illuminates the room and I see an Angel standing arm outstretched in the door! - It's Cody! all dressed in his Sunday best in a suit! beside him are ranged several graduating golden angels from Evelyn golden beautiful wife down to the most dazzling angel of them all little Timmy with the sun striking off his hair in beams! - It's such an incredible sight and surprise that both Pat and I rise from our chairs involuntarily, like we've been lifted up in awe, or scared, tho I dont feel scared so much as ecstatically amazed as tho I've seen a vision - And the way Cody stands there not saying a word with his arm outstretched for some reason, struck a pose of some sort to surprise us or warn us, he's so much like St. Michael at the moment it's unbelievable especially as I also suddenly realize what he's just actually done, he's had wife and kiddies sneak up ever so quiet

---

1. Carolyn Cassady, Heart Beat, (1976).

> up the porch steps (which are noisy
> and creaky), across the wood planks,
> easy and tiptoeing, stood there awhile
> while he prepared to fling the door open,
> all lines up and stood straight, then pow,
> he's opened the door and thrown the golden
> universe into the dazzled mystic eyes of
> big hip Pat McLear and big amazed grateful
> me - It reminds me of the time I once saw
> a whole tiptoeing gang of couples sneaking
> into our back kitchen door on West Street
> in Lowell the leader telling me to shush
> as I stand there 9 years old amazed, then
> all bursting in on my father innocently
> listening to the Primo Carnera-Ernie
> Schaaft fight on the old 1930's radio -
> For a big roaring toot - [1]

Unfortunately for Kerouac a surrogate nuclear family in Cassady's household was the closest he ever came to the dream of the two of them, each a pater familias in porch rocking chairs on some tree-lined street as American as Andy Hardy.

> . . . Kerouac's final vision: he and his
> friend Cassady growing old together, living
> with their families on the same street in
> some quiet backwater. Very touching, and
> very American. James Fenimore Cooper
> fantasies the last Mohicans. Kerouac
> dreams up Neal Cassady, as the last cowboy.[2]

---

1. Big Sur, pp. 124-5.
2. R.Z. Sheppard TIME, January 22, 1973, p. 50.

Chapter Four
John Clellon Holmes

> I don't expect to speak of my contemporaries as a distinct and separate group again . . . [1]

Further from the popular conception of the Beat writer than any other member of the group, John Clellon Holmes' work nevertheless concerns itself with themes typical of the Beat ethos. Although not the first to use it, Holmes pioneered the characteristic device of the recognisable pseudonym, in his underestimated first novel, GO.[1] Get Home Free,[2] his second novel continues the stories of several characters from GO, this time in the first, rather than the third, person, and was hailed by Kerouac as his best.

> Hope in the afternoon, the last gaudy night, the bleak understanding dawn, a drizzly vision of America in this, an existentialist volume, Holmes' best book.[3]

The Horn, a novel of the jazz world, may have been written at Kerouac's instigation or based on his suggestion.

> . . . also for God's sake write your jazz book . . . Your Jazz Book, Walden Blue is the first chapter - - is apparently deeply

---

1. John Clellon Holmes, GO, (1952).
2. John Clellon Holmes, Get Home Free, (1964).
3. This comment appeared on the dust jacket of the E.P. Dutton edition of Get Home Free, New York, (1964) and is listed in Ann Charters' A Bibliography of the Works of Jack Kerouac, (1975), p. 65.

> ingrained in you and we couldn't get it out . . . so you give me the Hip Generation idea . . . and accept from me the jazz book idea[1]

The novel's dedication further suggests that Kerouac was influential in its creation.

> For Shirley, who listened and for Jack Kerouac, who talked[2]

The Horn contains what is probably the most arcane example of the Beats' habit of including one another in their books. Holmes and Kerouac found a mutual passion in "bop", the 1940's jazz form, and when the protagonist of The Horn, the dying saxophonist reminiscent of Charlie Parker, is at his most despondent, he sees two young jazz aficionadoes listening to music in the street.

> . . . But, hey, look!" he interrupted himself in a different voice, actually pointing. "Man alive, dig them!"
>
> For there, in front of a record store that had an outside speaker through which a husky tenor sax powed its poignant wail out upon the deaf, thronged sidewalks, were two young white men, muffled to the chins in flapping raincoats, transfixed upon the curb by the very sound, heads bobbing, fingers snapping as they sang along all unaware that they were singing, catching hold of one another as they teetered toward the gutter, their laughing, exultant faces astream with rain and sweat, riffing and

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 137. This letter from Kerouac to Holmes is dated: "June 17 or 15 or 21 52" (p. 135). Holmes' copyright dates for The Horn are 1953 and 1958. "Walden Blue" is a major character in the book.

2. The Horn, unpaged dedication.

> entranced, oblivious of everything but that wild, hot horn.
>
> Edgar stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk, a few feet from them, letting people jostle past him, staring at them, a curious warm half smile unconsciously starting to touch his lips, utterly outward for an instant, just as the dark-haired one seized the shoulder of his friend in the glasses, and exclaimed, "Listen to it, listen! *That's* the new tenor, Paul, that's the one, that's him! . . . Oh, man, this *crazy* country! . . . And I'll bet he's going to blow his first, vast, really *great* solo tonight, just *tonight* - I'll bet you, and everyone'll be destroyed by it, and amazed they could have gotten through their lives not knowing it, not realizing!" He shook his friend by the shoulder, his face full of goofy, excited laughter. "Where the hell *is* he, Paul! Where is he! - And just think of his old bedroom down in Fayetteville or some place, and his yellow Saturday shoes, and his hair straightener before he came up North, copying records all these years, all alone - Man, *think* of it! And maybe just tonight he's going to blow something nobody ever *heard* before! I told you about him! That's him, that's him - "[1]

Holmes is, in fact, bespectacled, and his pseudonym in Go, was "Paul Hobbes". The enthusiasm shared with Kerouac "the dark haired one" is represented as something which can transcend racial barriers. This brief appearance establishes a connection between the three novels, as "Paul Hobbes" appears as the piano player in Get Home Free, in which the author's wryness makes him seem to be poking fun at himself and his use of pseudonyms. The character of Hobbes is introduced in a scene where May, a Southern belle who has spent four years in New York, returns to Louisiana

---

1. Ibid., pp. 100-1.

after her affair with Verger breaks up. Drinking, she rediscovers the effectiveness of coquetry.

> . . . I said, eyeing the girls, impregnable in their femininity, who, like me, knew how much could be accomplished by a headache and the helpless flattery of ingenuous eyes, when you were dealing with men schooled to an ideal of gallantry that was out-moded.[1]

Exploiting the novelty of her prodigal return May succeeds in persuading her escort to take her to Fats', the Negro jazz joint where, it is said: ". . . some white-trash plays piano there sometimes?"[2] When May's company of "frilly girls" and gallants are installed in a booth in Fats' place her attention is drawn to the pianist who accompanies the black singer.

> He sat over the all-but-ivoryless keyboard in a fatalistic crouch, as if struggling with his hands. The khaki work shirt was plastered black with sweat on his dropping shoulders; one sockless foot, in a filthy sneaker that was so worn through at the big toe that a yellowish nail protruded, pounded out the relentless beat, and the blond hair on his thighs, naked where the suntans had been hacked off raggedly at about the length of Bermuda shorts, glistened with the splash from his pumping forehead. He looked over his hunched shoulder to check the singer, and I recognized him - the fogged horn rims that masked blue eyes that were quizzical and enervated, the snub-button nose that should have been comic but somehow never had been, the dirty-blond hair fallen in long wet wisps over the seamed forehead. But he had changed; the face incalculably thickened, blurred; the

---

1. Get Home Free, p. 155.
2. Ibid., p. 156.

> temples were flecked with grey now; the three-day growth of stubble had come out shockingly white and uneven; his mouth, out of which brittle asides had most usually come just eight months ago, was loose and open around the Camel he had smoked down until it was streaked brown with wet.
>
> "Well, I'll be goddamned", I exclaimed. "Of all the places in the world - !"
>
> It was Paul Hobbes.[1]

All available photographic evidence indicates that John Clellon Holmes' personal grooming is immaculate and this passage was probably great fun to write. That which follows has considerably more bite.

> He had been one of our dissolute crowd in New York, and his apartment on Lexington in the '50's (along with Verger's old place in Spanish Harlem, and Agatson's in Chelsea) had been the scene of some of our most disorderly parties. He was trying to write a novel in those days, and there had been a wife around somewhere, who worked midtown and had to be treated gingerly - the sort of small, willful girl who has failed to snag her husband's deepest attention. I'd never known Hobbes well - that is, though we had been drunk in the same bars, and hung over in the same lofts, and though most of the guys with whom I was involved were his friends, we had never shared a word or an experience that meant anything important to either of us. He was just someone who was usually there, who opened bottles, and changed records, and was good for carfare if you were low; who said pointless things like: "Well, what's new?" and willingly put down his volume of Berdyaev or D.H. Lawrence when you rang his bell at midnight. I never remember him initiating anything, *or* failing to go along with anything that was initiated, and discovering him at the piano in Fats', half a continent away from his copies of Partisan Review, and his Brandenburgs sandwiched in among the Bird LP's, was rather like finding Hawthorne in a nudist colony.[2]

---

1. Ibid., p. 166
2. Ibid., pp. 166-7.

The dialogue which follows the chance meeting serves several purposes. May is drawn away from the stilted and bigoted companions of her youth; Hobbes, the new character, is filled out and, under the guise of gossip, Ginsberg and Kerouac, as well as Holmes' first wife, appear in his pages.

> . . . and Stofsky's gone to work - how about that? and, oh, yes, Gene Pasternak just vanished, Mexico City or someplace, but - " . . . "But where's your cute little wife? What happened to - was it Kathryn?"
>
> "Yes. Just what happens to wives. We split. I heard she got married and happy. Can I bum a cigarette?"[1]

Get Home Free is one of the few Beat novels where black characters feature prominently. Ginsberg's poetry contains references to colour in adjectival terms: "through the negro streets at dawn".[2] The younger Kerouac was a romantic on the subject.

> At lilac evening I walked with every muscle aching among the lights of 27th and Welton in the Denver colored section, wishing I were a Negro, feeling that the best the white world had offered was not enough ecstasy for me, not enough life, joy, kicks, darkness, musk, not enough night . . . I wished I were a Denver Mexican, or even a poor over-worked Jap, anything but what I was so drearily, a 'white man' disillusioned . . . wishing I could exchange worlds with the happy, true-hearted, ecstatic Negroes of America.[3]

---

1. Ibid., p. 169. The names are the pseudonyms used in Go.
2. Howl, p. 9.
3. On the Road, pp. 187-8.

According to his biographer this apparently naive passage is regarded by at least one fiercely militant black writer as symptomatic of a change in the attitude of white youth towards black people.

> Eldridge Cleaver in Soul on Ice found Kerouac's identification with the Denver blacks and Mexicans in On the Road remarkable social criticism, the first stage of white American youths rejection of racial conformity. Cleaver wrote (p. 71), "The disaffected youth were refusing to participate in the system, having discovered that America, far from helping the underdog, was up to its ears in the mud trying to hold the dog down[1]

There were black writers who were associated with the Beats, most notably Leroi Jones and Ted Joans, both of whom have since sought to identify themselves with their own particular heritage, the former taking the name Amiri Baraka, and the latter spending much of his time in Africa.

---

1. Kerouac, p. 387. Like Holmes, Kerouac wrote a novel whose central characters are all blacks. Pic, begun approximately 20 years before its publication in 1971, is the story of little Pictorial Review Jackson and his bus journeys and hitch hikes with his brother, who has gone North, grown a goatee and become a jazz musician. During its years in manuscript, Kerouac made various references to it in various other works.

   > Where Negroes, so drunk, so raw, so tired, lean black cheeks on the hard arms of benches and sleep with pendant brown hands and pouting lips the same as they were in some moonlit Alabama shack when they were little like Pic or some Jamaica New York nigger cottage with a pickaninny ricket fence and sheep dogs and Satnite busy-cars street of lights and around the corner glitter . . .

   Jack Kerouac, Visions of Cody, (1959 and 1972). The 1959 version is a 120-page of extracts, the 1972 edition the full text. The passage quoted is on p. 65 and p. 91 respectively.

Holmes attempts to tackle the problems encountered when a white writer creates black characters by depicting them in the third person, in The Horn, or through the eyes of the white girl, May, in Get Home Free. To any reader even vaguely familiar with the history of jazz, the characters in the earlier novel will seem familiar. Metro, the bandy, wild-haired saxophonist giving his all every night; Geordie, the beauty with a different "Ofay" escort every night, recalling, at 35, her barefoot teens, her entry into the world of neon and needles and of finally tying herself to her bed to go through the anguish of narcotic withdrawal; Edgar, "The Horn", who drives himself literally to his end with heroin and liquor, dying in a night club, revered, ruined, mourned.

> I will go hometonight, and chalk upon the unfeeling iron of the subway wall, "The Horn still blows", . . . He will join the others who obsess us still. Bessie moaning in her blood as they carted her crosstown; King puttering away his days forgotten in Savannah; Bix coughing in his horn or glass; old Fats gone finally to sleep in the ultimate lower berths; young black Fats grown pale and thin; Wardell killed down hard in a snarling bar; Bunk finding he could still pick cotton; Tesche dead in an auto crash; Brownie dead in an auto crash; Bird dead, Horn dead - tuberculosis, narcosis, arterio-sclerosis, neurosis - It does not matter what carried them off. Once they blew the truth.[1]

---

1. The Horn, pp. 156-7.

So strongly do Holmes' archetypes suggest legendary figures that the book carries a prefatory disclaimer.

> The incidents in this book are not intended to reflect the factual history of jazz music during the 1930's and '40's; nor are the characters intended to depict the actual men and women who made that history.
>
> The book, like the music that it celebrates, is a collective improvisation on an American theme; and if there are truths here, they are poet's truths.[1]

For the most part authenticity is established by the author setting his action in a milieu with which he is familiar. It is, however, in the flashbacks and the characters' recollections that Holmes' ability accomplishes the task of showing the reader something of the black man's experience.

> But mainly he had run off to escape (in advance) the long, clattering nights to Wichita, spent in the gents' room under the harsh, tireless lights, and which could only be consumed by idling through a cast-off, day-old paper, and were inevitably interrupted by the red-faced hardware salesman stumbling in when the bar closed, to vomit out its bad liquor, during which you had to stand ready with a towel, vaguely black-face and subservient but not too attentive, helpful but not angling for a tip; the long nights of snores and water stops in chilly depots, during which you were careful to keep the white jacket extra immaculate because you were colored, grinning and even managing a laugh at the ancient convention repartee these ceaseless travelers took with them over the country like their scarred suitcases of folders - the immemorial jokes and

---

1. Ibid., unpaged.

> boasts and stories of a man's loveless world (attenuated, naive,and obscene), at which you had to laugh, knowing the night would pass, knowing you would draw a basin of water for the dawntime shave, and would have to respond a dozen times that day to the perennial query (always preceded by the inevitable pulling out of the heavy watch weighting the end of a braided fob). "What kind of time we making, boy?" with the well-rehearsed assurance that Tulsa's magazine stands and steamy coffee shops would turn up on schedule; to escape all that - the heart-stifling routine of civility and grins and helpfulness, relieved only by the railmen's shabby bedroom at terminal points, and the long return over a bed whose every missurveyed grade you knew by heart; to escape, finally and worst of all, the knowledge, (impossible to forget entirely during the idle nights by the heap of towels) that this was the best you could hope for, better than redcap, bus boy, janitor or truckee, and better just because of the hateful white jacket, and because men are naturally more vulnerable when relieving themselves; to escape (and something suggested that this was what galled Edgar most of all) the inescapable knowledge that you were circumscribed, and had attained some giddy zenith for your race, and should be happy and complacent, even supercilious (numberless boys back home had envious dreams of you, remember); to escape into freedom, any kind of freedom - or as Edgar said, gesturing sharply toward the front of the train, "I'd rather ride cold and nothing back here, than warm and nigger up there."[1]

As a description of the pointlessness of most mens' working existence this passage would be successful, but the details of petty humiliations and additional little miseries which are the result of having a black skin give it an extra dimension.

---

1. Ibid., p. 109.

May, in Get Home Free, finds her home town as stifling and circumscribed as she could have expected. Holmes' first-person narrative is wholly convincing. When she enters into the racially mixed menage of Paul Hobbes and her old school friend, Betty Prenderman, the reader experiences her feelings and is convinced of the realism of her reactions.

> I pulled over in a panic, seeing no turn, and slammed on the brakes just before running up onto the sagging gallery of what might have been a sort of general store. "Can't you give me a little warning? It's like driving a truck - "
>
> "Be right back", he said, and jumped out.
>
> A dim light from inside glowed through the rusty screen door, against which moronic flies thumped tirelessly, and the smell of an incinerator was acrid in the airless dark.
>
> "You ever drive a truck?" Willie Gee said suspiciously. "You never drove no truck".
>
> I turned and found his gloomy mouth right behind me, the whites of his narrowed eyes surprisingly close. Ohla stared at me, gape mouthed, shrinking back between the men; and the unease of being alone with them there swept over me like a chill. "No", I stammered. "But I can imagine. And I'm just not used to this kind of shift - "
>
> He looked at me, wary, lidded, curious, angry and I suddenly realized what he saw - a tipsy, reckless white girl in a sexy dress and a man's large raincoat, who had stepped across a line no one stepped across in his experience, except for certain dark and dangerous reasons. And how could he know my motives? Or fail to wonder about them? I was panicked by what he might be thinking. He's from Detroit, I don't know Detroit, maybe Detroit Negroes are different - that approximates my thoughts. "I'd better get some cigarettes", I murmured, and fled after Hobbes.[1]

---

1. Get Home Free, p. 182.

Holmes' first novel traces stages of disintegration in a marriage. The Hobbes' have been married six years, since he was nineteen and she twenty-one. Kathryn goes out to work each day while her husband, with little experience of the world outside Columbia and his wartime service in the Navy, sits at his typewriter, struggling with a novel.

> A week after Stofsky's party, Kathryn came home from work fatigued and deflated to find Hobbes furiously typing his chapter, a perfect strew of papers, books and ashes around him, and that morning's dishes still stacked where she had left them.
>
> So totally absorbed had he been that her entrance flustered him; and jumping up, he began hastily: "I wasn't expecting you this early. Didn't you say seven? I just had this paragraph to finish and then I was going to do them."
>
> "If you'd do them first thing, you'd . . . but it really doesn't matter."[1]

Hobbes, caught between guilt and his artistic urgings, married on impulse against parental wishes, finds release in the heady atmosphere of the streets, bars and "lofts" of his friends. He is caught up in the energy and enthusiasm of Gene Pasternak (Kerouac), David Stofsky (Ginsberg), Hart Kennedy (Cassady), and Bill Agatson (Cannastra). The character of Kathryn, less than entranced by the lights and bottles, provides the contrast to the world of male camaraderie in which Hobbes recaptures the

---

1. Go, p. 37.

adolescence of which the war had robbed him. Kathryn, symbolic of marriage and maturity, already possesses the self-knowledge the young men seek in their exploration of one another. The death of Agatson, the loss of a life force almost too great to be realised, shocks each of the book's main characters. Go ends with the Hobbes', reconciled, gazing over the rail of a New York ferry, travelling, perhaps, into a spiritual, as well as literal, dawn.

> But then Kathryn, huddled against him,her hair blown soft up into his face, said drowsily:
>
> "You won't let me fall off the boat, will you?" And he held her closer, and gazed out across the dark, rushing water at New York, a fabulous tiara of lights toward which they were moving. For a moment he stood there in the keen gusts that came up from the middle of the river. and searched the uptown towers of that immense, sparkling pile for the Chrysler Building, so that he might look just north of it and imagine that he saw lights in their apartment. "Where is our home?" he said to himself gravely, for he could not see it yet.[1]

In Go the death of Agatson and the arrest of Stofsky are descriptions of actual events. In Nothing More to Declare Holmes describes his divorce and remarriage. The Hobbes re-encountered in Get Home Free, asked about his wife, reports: "We split. I heard she got married and happy."[2]

---

1. Ibid., p. 311.
2. Get Home Free, p. 169.

Holmes marked the watershed of his life, the age of forty, by assembling the collection of articles and memoirs entitled Nothing More to Declare, among them an essay on Jack Kerouac which has an insight and a sympathy lacking in most full-length works on him. Holmes was altruistic enough to recognise the scope of Kerouac's talent yet honest enough to acknowledge his failings.

> I saw a man, often quarrelsome, sometimes prone to silly class resentments, as defensive as a coyote on the scent, and as intractable as a horse that will not take a saddle; a man who sometimes seemed positively crazed by the upheavals in his own pysche, whose life was painfully wrenched between the desire to know, for once and for all, just *who* he was, and the equally powerful desire to become immolated in a Reality beyond himself. I saw a man who (for as long as I had known him) had undeviatingly pursued his vision of the dislocations and attritions of his generation's experience "in great America", undeterred by failure or despair, so selflessly enlisted in its service that the man and the vision were inseparable; the process by which one fed the other (and vice versa) too organic and too mysterious to comprehend, and the only word inclusive enough to contain the full range of all the gifts, and all the flaws, that vague word, "genius". Looking at Kerouac, I realized he was the single writer I had ever known for whom no other word would do.[1]

Many anthologies representative of Beat writing ignore John Clellon Holmes (his work is not included, for instance, in Thomas Parkinson's Casebook on the Beat or Leroi Jones' The Moderns[2]). Bruce Cook's The Beat Generation, which

---

1. Nothing More to Declare, p. 85.
2. Leroi Jones, (ed.), The Moderns, (1963).

discusses in some depth the contribution to the phenomenon made by Norman Mailer and Robert Duncan (both peripheral figures) discusses Holmes briefly, but enthusiastically.

> . . . John Clellon Holmes' excellent novel, *Go* . . . filled with the pulse and drive that can be sensed in all the best Beat writing.[1]

There is a certain confusion arising out of Holmes' characterisations in Go. A photograph in a work compiled by Kerouac's biographer is captioned: "John Clellon Holmes, an early friend, whose novel *Go* (1952) was the first to describe Ginsberg, Kerouac and Cassady".[2] Bruce Cook's references to Go do not clear up the point.

> . . . John Clellon Holmes' novel *Go*, a book particularly important for the picture it provides for the early Beat scene in New York in the 1940s. Published in 1952, it has the distinction of being the first Beat Generation novel.[3]

> . . . by any accurate standard, it must be considered the first Beat novel. Jack Kerouac's *The Town and the City* had appeared, it is true, two years before *Go* was published in 1952, but the two books are about as different as they can be.[4]

Kerouac's first published work, The Town and the City,[5] was the first *published* book to portray the Beat Generation's

---

1. The Beat Generation, p. 44.
2. Ann Charters, (comp.), Scenes Along the Road, (1970).
3. The Beat Generation, p. 6.
4. Ibid., p. 46.
5. Jack Kerouac, The Town and the City, (1950).

founder members: through Peter Martin's involvement with the hustlers, junkies and thieves of Times Square, and with New York in general he meets, among others, Leon Levinsky (Ginsberg) and Will Dennison (Burroughs). On the Road, eventually published in 1957, was begun as early as 1948. Go is the first *published* work *wholly* concerned with the Beats.

Various reasons have been advanced to account for the success of On the Road, and the relative obscurity of Go, two books which have much in common, from the mood of the times to Kerouac's personal charisma. Whatever the reason, the two books are closely related in many ways, and this has led, in at least one instance, to the charge of plagiarism.

> . . . John Clellon Holmes, a plagiarist of Jack's.[1] Incidentally, Jack was sad about Holmes as after reading Jack's Ms., ON THE ROAD, he quickly pounded out what Jack called an imitation called GO and immediately sold it while Jack had to wait seven years while Cowley and Viking Press attorneys sat on waivers from all the people who were the basis and got up courage to release it.[1]

Published correspondence between the two points, not to plagiarism, but to a cross-pollenation of ideas mutual supportiveness typical of the Beat coterie. Holmes has

---

1. John Montgomery, Jack Kerouac a Memoir in Which is Revealed Secret Lives & West Coast Whispers, Being the Confessions of Henry Morley, Alex Fairbrother & JOHN MONTGOMERY, Triune Madman of The Dharma Bums, Desolation Angels & Other Trips, p.16.

written that Go was half-finished in December 1950.

> I was 24 when I wrote the second letter, and my novel, GO, was about half-completed. Jack had been having trouble for months with the start of ON THE ROAD, and the letter was an attempt to be of some help.[1]

Holmes readily admitted that, early in his career, Kerouac's work was a profound influence on him.

> But if my writing was under his spell in those days (the four years difference in our ages put me four years behind him in experience and skill)[2]

Kerouac's habit of entrusting his only copy of a manuscript to Holmes gives no indication that he believed him to be a plagiarist.

> Manuscripts kept arriving too, sent haphazardly across thousands of miles of road, wrapped in brown paper bags, unregistered, uninsured, often with no carbon copy at the other end in case of loss.[3]

Towards the end of his life, asked if he corresponded with other writers, Holmes' was the only name Jack Kerouac mentioned.[4] In "The Great Rememberer" Holmes gives a realistic assessment of his friendship with Kerouac,

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 116.
2. Nothing More to Declare, p. 75.
3. Ibid., p. 81.
4. Ibid., p. 70.

acknowledging that, in a long and close association, there are inevitably times of conflict. One paragraph sums up, not merely their relationship, but the essence of the Beat camaraderie itself and the fascination which it held for them as a subject for literature.

> He has awed me with his talents, enraged me with his stubbornness, educated me in my craft, hurt me through indifference, dogged my imagination, upset most of my notions, and generally enlarged me as a writer more than anyone else I know. We have wrangled, and yelled, and boozed, and disliked, and been fond of one another for almost twenty years. He has figured in my books, sometimes directly on the page, but most often standing just off it; and I appear here and there in his, under various names, though usually as a snide, more fortunate, migraine-headache intellectual, who borrows his ideas, makes money from his perceptions, and is always trying to involve him in stifling ego dramas. And yet only one part of his complicated nature thinks of me this way. For the rest of it, we are curiously close. We represent something to one another: everything we are *not* ourselves.[1]

---

1. Nothing More to Declare, p. 70.

Chapter Five

Bill Cannastra, Herbert Huncke, Bill Garver and Neal Cassady.

I

A telegram sent by Western Union
September 10, 1942

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HO

W. Cannastra[1]

"Senor Gahr-va se murio" - He'd died up himself - He who cried to me and Irwin and Simon on the last day when we were running away to America and the World and for what?[2]

Bill Cannastra, Herbert Huncke, Bill Garver and, of most importance, Neal Cassady met the original members of the Beat Generation in post war New York. Vastly differing in outlook and temperament, they all acted as either catalyst or example to the group. Not primarily creative artists themselves, they inspired some vivid characterisations, as a result of which some of their own writings have found their way into print. An intriguing reminiscence of Cannastra jogging naked through the streets or dancing barefoot on broken glass is made in Kerouac's Paris Review interview, being immediately prece ded by the remark (from Kerouac): "Up your ass with Mobil gas!"[3]

In Allan Harrington's novel The Secret Swinger, the chapter "Memories of Genovese" recalls a character based on

---

1. The Beat Book, p. 115.
2. Desolation Angels, p. 365.
3. Paris Review 43, p. 75.

Cannastra.

> He was puerile, foolish and gaily cruel: on a rough flight to Provincetown, the most courteous passenger, suddenly an imitation steward, coming down the aisle with a huge paper bag, bowing to a gray-faced man: "Sir, would you prefer to be sick now or later?; to a team of neatly uniformed oil company trainees running to their pumps: "Up your ass with Mobilgas!"; . . . [1]

Harrington describes the "Genovese" milieu,

> Genovese's loft was sometimes strewn with broken glass. People made love in the bathroom (often, without realizing it, for a circle of spectators looking down from the skylight). They made love on the fire escape and on the roof . . . and Bill Genovese ate glass, and music roared out of the dark . . .
>
> Bill Genovese walked carelessly along the edge of the roof, saying: "It would be easy to fall off, wouldn't it?" . . . "I've asked you up here for a reason. Only you. Why don't you push me off?" Genovese, on the waterfront, entering a barroom full of longshoremen, stepped up to the nearest one, saying: "Give me a big, wet kiss!" kissed him, and walked slowly out unharmed;[2]

Both Kerouac and Holmes recalled Cannastra's antics equally vividly.

> Bill was the guy who used to teeter off his roof - six flights up you know? He'd go - "you want me to fall?" - we'd say no, Bill, no . . . He says, "Jack, come with me and look down through this peephole." We looked down through the peephole we saw a lot of things . . . into his toilet.[3]

---

1. Allan Harrinton, The Secret Swinger, (1967), pp. 47-8.
2. The Secret Swinger, pp. 44-7.
3. Paris Review 43, p. 76.

> "I've just seen Agatson in the White Rose Bar, and you know what he did? It was fantastic! He was already very drunk, and right while I was talking to him, he turned away, positively wriggling, and went up to a tough-looking marine and said: "Give me a big wet kiss! . . . But imagine Agatson . . . You know he's not queer at all. It was just an imitation of course. But I tell you the whole bar was electrified!"
>
> "How did you get him out alive?" Hobbes exclaimed.
>
> "Nothing happened! Isn't it incredible? The marine was absolutely speechless, as though he was seeing a monster . . . "
>
> Pasternak refused to show his amusement at the story.
>
> "That guy's going to get killed someday, crazy son of a bitch!"[1]

Included in Ginsberg's early poems is "IN MEMORIAM William Cannestra 1922-1950".

> Who talks of Death and Angel now,
> great angel darkened out of grace?
> The shroud enfolds your radiant doom,
> The silent Parcal change the race,[2]

Robert Creeley, though not associated with the Beat movement, was a personal friend of several of its members (he attended Kerouac's funeral). In Contexts of Poetry: 1961-1971 he also refers to Cannastra using an alternative spelling of the name.

> . . . although we had no knowledge literally of . . . one another, Allen (Ginsberg) and

---

1. Go, pp. 6-7.
2. The Gates of Wrath, p. 38.

> I had many friends in common at that time. William Cannister was perhaps the most painfully vivid instance of one of "the best minds of (our) generation" that one saw "destroyed by madness". Bill had the compulsive need to kill himself[1]

Bill Cannastra produced no novels or poems, but his zest for life and his paradoxical death wish was instrumental in the creative motivation of his contemporaries, besides appearing as a character in their books his life, and his death, greatly broadened their experience.

Herbert Huncke and Bill Garver were two members of the criminal fraternity with whom the original Beats mingled in the 1940's. In an interview with John Tytell, William Burroughs recalls meeting them.

> JT: How did you first meet Huncke?
>
> WB: Through Bob Brandenberg who was a sort of marginal hoodlum who used to hang around the West End in 1944 . . .
>
> JT: Was Huncke a new kind of person for you to have met, or had you met people like him before?
>
> WB: No, I'd not met anyone like Huncke before.
>
> JT: What attracted you to him?
>
> WB: Well, you know, he had some interesting stories. Also he was associated with Phil White and we would get junk together.
>
> JT: Didn't Huncke introduce you to Bill Garver?
>
> WB: He did. He had been in jail, and then he brought Garver around to Joan's apartment.
>
> JT: Garver was a notorious coat thief, wasn't he?

---

1. Robert Creeley, Contexts of Poetry: Interviews 1961-1971, ed. Donald Allen (1973).

> WB: That's true. He also had a small income of twenty-five dollars a week from his father which was not enough for his habit. So he had to supplement that by stealing overcoats . . . He is Bill Gains in Junkie.[1]

With thieving and intermittent prison sentences the almost inevitable result of their use of narcotics, the lives of men like Huncke and Garver represented, in reality, a "beatness" fascinating to younger men like Ginsberg, Holmes and Kerouac, who came from such differing, and less desperate, backgrounds. This interest is reflected in numerous references, and in portrayals where characters based on Huncke and Garver come to symbolise a condition defined by John Clellon Holmes.

> . . . the feeling of having been used, of being raw. It involves a sort of nakedness of mind, and, ultimately, of soul; a feeling of being reduced to the bedrock of consciousness. In short, it means being undramatically pushed up against the wall of oneself. A man is beat whenever he goes for broke and wagers the sum of his resources on a single number . . . [2]

Bruce Cook emphasises the part played by Huncke in the generation of the term "beat".

> In the 1940s it had a vogue among jazz musicians who used to embellish it with little variations, such as "I'm beat right down to my socks". A friend of Kerouac's, Herbert Huncke,

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 37.
2. Nothing More to Declare, p. 110.

> who was then living an underground life as a Times Square hustler, petty thief, and drug addict, had picked it up from the jazzmen and used it often with frequent variations.[1]

Huncke was "Junkey" in The Town and the City, "Elmo Hassel" in On the Road, "Albert Ancke" in Go, "Herman" in Junkie, with whose author he had once lived.

> . . . he'd moved into Burroughs's house in Algiers, where he'd stolen the only thing of value that Burroughs had in it, the rug. As Bill wrote Allen, every time he looked at the bare floor he was ". . . put in mind of his vile act."[2]

It was through Burroughs that Allen Ginsberg met Huncke,[3] as a direct result of which he was chased by the police, survived a car crash, was arrested and eventually sent to a psychiatric hospital. Huncke, who, at the age

---

1. The Beat Generation, p. 6.
2. Kerouac, p. 113.
3. Ginsberg's Empty Mirror (1961) contains a dedication, which, like the references to "Cannestra" in Gates of Wrath use an alternative version of a name: "To Hubert E. Huncke for his *Confessions*". (unpaged). Ann Charters has described Huncke as: "a talented writer himself and the best storyteller Allen had ever heard". (Kerouac, p. 113) The Beat Book contains a prose piece "Joey Martinez" (pp. 158-60) and a poem "Blood reflected in the street lamps . . . " (p. 162) and The Beat Diary "Johnie I" a short prose piece (pp. 51-3). The former volume also contains the note: "Diane DiPrima published Huncke's Journal under The Poets Press imprint . . . " (p. 174).

of 34 had already served seven sentences, was given five years for his part in the affair. This event, the culmination of their involvement with the underworld, had a unifying, if traumatic, effect on the group. It is described in detail in Ann Charters' Kerouac and forms the basis for the chief dramatic event in Go, in which the characters based on Kerouac and Holmes receive the news with consternation

> "Hey! Hey!" Pasternak cried out suddenly, calling for attention, his face drained of color as he slammed down the receiver. "Say, do you know what's happened! Stofsky's been arrested! . . . Arrested! Turn the music down for pete's sake!"
>
> "What?" Hobbes gasped. "What was that?"[1]

Huncke, then, both by example and through the events in which he involved them, was a lasting influence on the Beats and a catalyst in their formation as a group. Each of them who met him seems to have felt compelled to write down something of their impressions of him (Cassady's 'Beginning of "The History of the Hip Generation"' has a section on "Herbert Huck" who would: "wind up spectralized the color of blue cheese").[2]

Perhaps the most vivid of these impressions is to be found in Go, in which Holmes' description of "Albert Ancke" conveys the unromanticised "beatness" of the Times Square hustler

---

1. Go, p. 272.
2. The First Third, p. 123.

> Ancke was only thirty-three, but everything about him seemed worn and faded. His head was large for the emaciated, almost girlish body, and his lank brown hair gave the appearance of being dry, even dusty. His skin was puffy, yellowish, and in his whole heavy face, with the wide, soft mouth, the small nose, and the pallid cheeks, only his eyes, that were large, dark and luminous, gave any sign of life. They burned fitfully under thick eyebrows. His thin arms and legs were scarred with the countless wounds of the hypodermic needle which had poured morphine into him for years, and the flesh seemed to have shrunk in upon his brittle bones. He quivered involuntarily every few minutes, as though he had chills. He was extremely dirty and smelled of sweat and decaying teeth.[1]

Bill Garver was an important character in two of Jack Kerouac's novels. In 1955 the two lived in the same house, and Kerouac acknowledged Garver's influence on his poetry.

> Old Bill Gaines lived downstairs. I'd come every day with my marijuana and my notepad. He'd be high on opium. I had to get the opium in the slums from Tristessa. She was our connection. Bill's sitting in his easy chair in his purple pajamas, mumbling about Minoan civilization and excavation, I'm sitting on the bed writing poems. And through the whole thing some of his words come in. Like the 52nd chorus. Just idling all the afternoon. He talked real slow and I could put it all down . . . Allen Ginsberg said he talked too much. So I hit on the mad idea of listening to him.[2]

Desolation Angels and Tristessa[3] both chronicle this period in Kerouac's life and his companionship with "Bull

---

1. Go, pp. 235-6.
2. A Bibliography of Works by Jack Kerouac, pp. 31-2.
3. Jack Kerouac, Tristessa, (1960).

Gaines"

> Gaines was the now fairly famous character who stole an expensive overcoat every day of his life for twenty years in New York and pawned it for junk, a great thief.[1]

Depicted by Kerouac, Garver transcended the sordid actuality of his life and came to represent the archetype of the old addict.

> - he lives there, thin, emaciated, long nosed, strangely handsome and grey haired and lean and mangy 22 in his derelict worldling ("student of souls and cities" he calls himself) decapitated and bombed out by morphine frame - . . . Old Bull . . . with his needles and his powders beside the bed and cottons and eye-droppers and paraphernalias - "When you got morphine, you don't need anything else, me boy", he says to me in the daytime all combed and high sitting in his easy chair with papers the picture of glad health - "Madame Poppy, I call her. When you've got Opium you've got all you need. - All that good O goes down in your veins and you feel like singin Hallelujah!" And he laughs. "Bring me Grace Kelly on this chair, Morphine on that chair, I'll take Morphine."[2]

Kerouac was not blind, however, to the waste and the pathos of the junkies' existence, that aspect of the human condition which the Beat Generation experienced through its association with men like Garver and Huncke and this, too, is depicted in his work.

---

1. Desolation Angels, p. 234.
2. Tristessa, pp. 60-62.

> . . . "Hey Bull, we're going now. I'll see ya - when I come back - I'll be back soon - "
>
> "No! No!" he cried in the trembling sick voice he had when he tried to convert his addiction withdrawal pain to barbiturate torpor, which left him a mess of tangled bathrobes and sheets and spilled piss. "No! I want you to go downtown do somethin for me - It wont take long - "
>
> Irwin tried to assuage him thru the window but Gaines started crying. "An old man like me, you shouldn't leave me alone. Not like this especially not when I'm sick and cant raise my hand to find my cigarettes - "[1]

---

1. Desolation Angels, p. 263.

II

Well it was Neal Cassady that started me
to travelin', all the stories that were
told, I believed them every one
And it's a windin' road I'm on you under-
stand and no time to worry 'bout tomorrow
when you're followin' the sun[1]

all those rides, all those pages of Kerouac,
all that jail, to die alone under a frozen
Mexican moon, alone, you understand? can't
you see the miserable puny cactii? Mexico
is not a bad place because it is simply
oppressed; Mexico is simply a bad place.
can't you see the desert animals watching?
the frogs, horned and simple, the snakes like
slits of men's minds and crawling, stopping,
waiting, dumb under a dumb Mexican moon.
reptiles, flicks of things, looking across
this guy in the sand in a white t-shirt.[2]

A character with the personality of Neal Cassady appears in Go as "Hart Kennedy". Cassady is the protagonist of both On the Road and Visions of Cody and appears in The Dharma Bums, Desolation Angels, Big Sur, Book of Dreams and Scattered Poems. In the dedication to Ginsberg's Planet News he is called "secret hero of these poems"[3] and is eulogized in a sizeable section of The Fall of America. Cassady made the transition to the Bohemianism of the 1960's, and was "the greater driver"[4] for Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters

---

1. Patrick Simmons, "Neal's Fandango" Stampede (The Doobie Brothers), Warner Brothers K56094 (1975). Cassady is also the subject of at least two other recorded works: "The Persecution & Restoration of Dean Moriarty (on the Road)" Aztec Two-Step Elektra K42118; and "Cassady" a track on the solo album Ace, by Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead, the San Francisco band closely associated with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters.
2. Charles Bukowski, op.cit., p. 31.
3. Planet News, unpaged dedication.
4. Reality Sandwiches, p. 11.

as he had been for Kerouac and the Beats, a full account of which is given in Tom Wolfe's The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.[1] Cassady seems to have possessed exceptional personal magnetism right up to the time of his death.

> I met Kerouac's boy Neal C. shortly before he went down to lay along those Mexican railroad tracks to die . . . he never sat down, he kept moving around the floor. he was a little punchy with the action, the eternal light, but there wasn't any hatred in him. you liked him even though you didn't want to because Kerouac had set him up for the sucker punch and Neal had bit, kept biting. but you know Neal was o.k. and another way of looking at it, Jack had only written the book, he wasn't Neal's mother. just his destructor, deliberate or otherwise.[2]

In the epilogue to his book on the Merry Pranksters, Tom Wolfe gives a factual account of Cassady's death.

> In February, Neal Cassady's body was found beside a railroad track outside the town of San Miguel de Allende, in Mexico. Some local Americans said he had been going at top speed for two weeks and had headed off down the railroad track one night and his heart just gave out. Others said he had been despondent, and felt that he was growing old, and had been on a long downer and had made the mistake of drinking alcohol on top of barbiturates. His body was cremated.[3]

A measure of the feelings Cassady evoked may be gathered by the response of the fraternity to his death.

---

1. Tom Wolfe, The Electric Kod-Aid Acid Test, (1968). (Edition used 1969).
2. Charles Bukowski, op.cit.
3. The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, pp. 369-70.

> The death of Neal Cassady affected him most. Sometimes he denied that Neal had died. "They *say* he's dead", he would mutter. "But I don't believe it. I don't want to believe it."[1]

> I got up and answered the phone. There was a foreign operator asking if this was the residence of Mr. Allen Ginsberg and that the "Senoir Neal Cassady was passed away."
>
> I said "Who is Neal Cassady, Allen, do you know Neal Cassady?" Allen came out of his room fast, with a gleam and sparkle in his eyes and a glow on his face.
>
> I said "Allen, Neal Cassady is dead." Then I told him it was Mexico on the phone. At first I think Allen was afraid to believe it. I handed him the phone and the glow faded from his face as soon as he realized what had happened, and that it wasn't Neal on the phone, only the operator telling him that Neal was dead. I didn't say anything, since I didn't know who Neal Cassady was at that time. Peter was trying to get some information from Allen and Allen was doing his best trying to translate from Spanish and make sense from the operator's broken English.
>
> Allen told Peter what had happened to Neal as best he could. I tried to stay pretty much out of the way. It began to dawn on me that Neal, Peter and Allen were more than just friends. Allen's eyes were red and watery but he had stopped crying by that time.[2]

Cassady was a writer, but his rootless and frenetic existence prevented the undertaking and completion of full-scale projects. Consequently there is little of his work in print and much of this is fragmented, often consisting of letters and transcripts of tape recordings or monologues.[3]

---

1. Jack McClintock, "This Is How the Ride Ends", Esquire 73 (March, 1970), p. 189.

2. The Beat Diary, p. 79.

3. "Drive Fine", The Beat Diary pp. 82-7, is the soundtrack of a film, Neal Cassady in the Backhouse, made by Ken Kesey Cassady's spontaneous "rap" was recorded by Kesey. "Neal Telling Story Fall '63" was "taken down handwrit" by Allen Ginsberg and is included in The First Third, pp. 107-11.

The best of Cassady's work may well be lost for good, early writing which influenced Kerouac's style.

> I got the idea for the spontaneous style of *On the Road* from seeing how good old Neal Cassady wrote his letters to me, all first person, fast, mad, confessional, completely serious, all detailed, with real names in his case however (being letters). I remembered also Goethe's admonition, well Goethe's prophecy that the future literature of the West would be confessional in nature; also Dostoevsky prophesied as much and might have started in on that if he'd lived long enough to do his projected masterwork, *The Great Sinner*. Cassady also began his early youthful writing with attempts at slow, painstaking, and-all-that-crap craft business, but got sick of it like I did, seeing it wasn't getting out his guts and heart the way it *felt* coming out. But I got the flash from his style. It's a cruel lie for those West Coast punks to say that I got the idea of *On the Road* from him. All his letters to me were about his younger days before I met him, a child with his father, et cetera, and about his later teenage experiences. The letter he sent me is erroneously reported to be a 13,000 word letter . . . no, the 13,000 word piece was his novel *The First Third*, which he kept in his possession. The letter, the main letter I mean, was 40,000 words long, mind you, a whole short novel. It was the greatest piece of writing I ever saw, better'n anybody in America, or at least enough to make Melville, Twain, Dreiser, Wolfe, I dunno who, spin in their graves. Allen Ginsberg asked me to lend him this vast letter so he could read it. He read it, then loaned it to a guy called Gerd Stern who lived on a houseboat in Sausalito California, in 1955, and this fellow lost the letter: overboard I presume. Neal and I called it, for convenience, the *Joan Anderson Letter* . . . all about a Christmas weekend in the poolhalls, hotel rooms and jails of Denver, with hilarious events throughout and tragic too, even a drawing of a window, with measurements to make the reader understand, all that. Now listen: this letter would have been printed under Neal's copyright, if we could find it, but as you know, it was my property as a letter to me, so Allen shouldn't have been so careless with it, nor the guy on the houseboat. If we can unearth this entire 40,000 word letter Neal shall be justified. We also did so much

> fast talking between the two of us, on tape recorders, way back in 1952, and listened to them so much, we both got the secret of LINGO in telling a tale and figured that was the only way to express the speed and tension and ecstatic tomfoolery of the age . . . Is that enough?[1]

It was from this kind of writing that Kerouac developed the style most fully achieved in Visions of Cody, exhaustive detail, arbitrary points for the narrative's beginning and end, a deliberate break with the unities of time and space.

> So he wrote a long book called *On the Road*, and his project was to sit down, using a single piece of paper, like a teletype roll that he got from the United Press office in New York (which is like hundreds and hundreds of feet) and sit down and type away as fast he could everything he always thought of, going chronologically, about a series of cross-country automobile trips he and a couple buddies took, with all their girls, and the grass they were smokin' in '48-'49-'50 and the peyote they were eating then, and the motel traveling salesmen they met, the small-town redneck gas station attendants they stole gas from, the small-town lonely waitresses they seduced, the confusions they went through, and the visionary benzedrine hallucinations they had from driving a long time on benzedrine, several days, until they began getting visions of shrouded strangers along the road saying "Woe on America", and disappearing, flitting like phantoms.
>
> So what he did was try to write it all out, as fast as it came to his mind, all the associations; the style being as if he were telling a tale, excitedly, all night long, staying up all night with his best friend. The prose style being modeled on two buddies telling each other their most intimate secrets excitedly, the long confessional of everything that happened, with every detail, every cunt-hair in the grass included, every tiny eyeball flick of orange neon flashed

---

1. Paris Review 43, pp. 65-6.

> past in Chicago by the bus station included - in other words, all the back-of-the-brain imagery, which would require, then, sentences that did not necessarily follow exact classic-type syntactical order, but which allowed for interruption with dashes - allowed for the sentences to break in half, take another direction (with parentheses that might go on for paragraphs) - allowed for individual sentences that might not come to their period except after several pages of self-reminiscence, interruption and piling-on of detail, so that what you arrived at was a sort of stream of consciousness, except visioned around a specific subject (the tale of the road being told) and a specific viewpoint, a personal viewpoint, that is, two buddies talking to each other late at night - maybe high on benny or else beer, or just smokin' together - but meeting and recognizing each other like Dostoyevsky characters and telling each other the tale of their childhood or . . . [1]

If the "Joan Anderson letter" should come to light many questions about Cassady's creativity and his influence on Kerouac would be answered, but there seems to be little chance of this. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in his travel book The Mexican Night speaks of "Neal Cassady's lost and found manuscreeds I'm here deciphering"[2] but as this book was written some time before its publication in 1970, a year before Ferlinghetti published Cassady's The First Third, it may be assumed that this is the manuscript to which he was referring.

The First Third details, in its first eighty pages, Cassady's childhood with his father, "the Barber", among the bums of "lower downtown Denver"[3] where he became "the unnatural son of a few score beaten men."[4] It is detailed and loosely

1. Allen Verbatim, p. 154-5.
2. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, The Mexican Night (1970), p. 52.
3. The First Third, p. 1.
4. loc.cit.

structured in a manner common to untutored autobiographers but it is vivid and evocative of the America of the time.

> Balcony-nestled amid lowerclass couples and their whimpering offspring, self-engrossed lovers, noisy young toughs whistling to fluster timid girls bunched in giggling ascent of the stairway, and all the varieties of midnight showgoers, Father would contentedly nip his wine chased by salted peanuts. To me, beside him, these hours contained only continuously unfolding thrills.[1]

The fragments which form the book's second section include Cassady's contribution to the chronicles of the Columbia campus and Times Square where the Beat Generation came together.

> One night in the summer of 1945 . . .
>
> First meeting with Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg at Columbia University
>
> One night in the summer of 1945 I was with a fellow named Hal Chase. We had been drinking and since we were both young and full of the juice of life, we took to speaking of life. Hal, at that time was quite an influence on me, mainly because he had done the things I had not. It follows that what he said to me was more important than might otherwise be the case.
>
> "Another fellow I was most interested in was one Allen Ginsberg."
>
> "Yea? who's he?"
>
> "He's a terribly decadent intellectual whom I roomed with last year at school."
>
> I had gone to New york in the fall of 1946, and having just arrived, I looked up Hal Chase.

---

1. Ibid., p. 23.

> After supper we went to a rather vapid bar near the campus. We had just ordered our drinks when Hal recognized a voice and said "that's Allen Ginsberg" just as a head popped up from the next booth and looked at me. He had coal-black hair which struck my eye first. It was a bit too long yet not an over-done mass of garish distaste as some more normal poet of an intellectual nature might affect. I was pleased with the manner in which the hair parted and fell into a natural forelock and the swept back sides were perfect for his face, the appearance of its perfectous grooming was belied by the realization that he gave little attention to his crowning glory. Passing from his natural attribute my eyes fastened on his nose. It was plainly a jewish nose, but, more modified than most, in fact, instead of standing out on the face, as is the usual wont of jewish noses, his seemed to blend into a simple statement - "this is a nose, with which to breathe and smell" - his lips were heavy, over-full, almost negroid. At first glance I thought them sensual, yet, looking closer, I somehow felt they lay too peacefully when in repose and disappeared too quickly in a smile to be called sensual or lustful in the accepted sense. Rather, instinctively I felt them there just as the nose was, to be used, not accentuated. If there was any part of his face he was conscious of, it was the eyes. They were large, dark and brooding. I was not quite sure how much of the brooding there was as such; and how much he was putting there for us to read into.
>
> His voice, although I've heard it a thousand times, escapes my memory. I recall it was pleasant, varied and cultured, but the tone qualities are lost to me.[1]

Cassady's only book closes with examples of his letters to Kesey and to Kerouac in which his energy and exuberance are clearly displayed. Something of the quality which Kerouac refined and developed seated at his typewriter with a

---

1. Ibid., pp. 118, 19, 20.

roll of teletype paper is readily discernible in this correspondence.[1] A letter to Jack Kerouac, written in 1947, includes the following passage.

> She (her name Patricia) got on the bus at 8 PM (Dark!) I didn't speak until 10 PM - in the intervening 2 hours I not only of course, determined to make her, but how to DO IT.
>
> I naturally can't quote the conversation verbally, however, I shall attempt to give you the gist of it from 10 PM to 2 AM.
>
> Without the slightest preliminaries of objective remarks (What's your name? Where are you going? etc.) I plunged into a completely knowing, completely subjective, personal & so to speak "penetrating her core" way of speech; to be shorter, (since I'm getting unable to write) by 2 AM I had her swearing eternal love, complete subjectivity to me & immediate satisfaction. I, anticipating even more pleasure, wouldn't allow her to blow me on the bus, instead we played, as they say, with each other.[1]

Cassady's unique contribution to American letters is not, however, in his small body of published work, but in the large part he played in the work of so many writers who were his friends. He is constantly referred to in Ginsberg's verse and prose, exuberant in an early poem like "The Green Automobile", sentimental in the elegies.

> I'd honk my horn at his manly gate,
> inside his wife and three
> children sprawl naked
> on the living room floor.
>
> He'd come running out
> to my car full of heroic beer
> and jump screaming at the wheel
> for he is the greater driver[2]

---

1. Ibid., pp. 124-5. The "Letter to Ken Kesey, August 30, 1965 (5 PM)" which appears (pp. 142-57) in The First Third, is also included in Kesey's Garage Sale, pp. 208-212.

2. Reality Sandwiches, p. 11.

After friendship fades from flesh forms -
heavy happiness hangs in heart,
I could talk to you forever,
The pleasure inexhaustible,
discourse of spirit to spirit,
O Spirit.[1]

Ginsberg did not write the only elegies for Cassady. Hugh Romney, another figure who made the transition from the Beats to the Hippies (his work is featured in The Beat Scene[2] and he was an occasional member of the Merry Pranksters) contributed "To Neal" to Ken Kesey's Kesey's Garage Sale.[3]

i deny
cremation!
neal cassady is alive
in san diego . . .
in a
tortoise egg[4]

Cassady (and his characterizations) has frequently been libelled by critics who never met him. To Clive James: "Neil (sic) Cassady, was alienated, in search of something, all mixed up, and in revolt."[5] According to Harry Russell Huebel Cassady: "Violated every tenet of the moral code".[6]

---

1. The Fall of America, p. 77.
2. Elias Wilentz (ed.), The Beat Scene (1960). Romney's poem is on page 128, a photograph of him on the facing page.
3. Ken Kesey, Kesey's Garage Sale (1973).
4. Ibid., p. 207.
5. Clive James, Extract from: The Book Programme, BBC TV broadcast 17th February, 1974.
6. Harry Russell Huebel 'The "Holy Goof" Neal Cassady and the Post-War American Counter Culture'. No periodical details available, p. 56.

Clancy Sigal describes Dean Moriarty as a "barbarian",[1] Melvin W. Askew as "degenerate and deformed".[2] Yet writers as different as Charles Bukowski and Kenneth Tynan were so impressed by the man that, even after only one meeting, they felt the need to put their impressions into words.

> We faced each other across a broad table, beside a window that overlooked the Bay. He was healthily handsome, with fair, close-cropped hair; 'the Johnny Appleseed of marijuana', somebody once called him. He spoke freely about his life and his many wives, using no hipster idioms and no obscenities, but falling at times into oddly old-fashioned forms of speech, among them a trick of always referring to women by their full names. No swell of emotion disturbed the flow of talk.[3]

The practical problems of life with such a Dionysian character are seldom mentioned by his admirers, but are explored in the writings of his former wife, Carolyn Cassady (the "Camille" of On the Road and the "Evelyn" of Kerouac's Big Sur), Heart Beat, "Poor God"[4] and "Coming Down" which contains a description of the Cassady's family home when wife and children returned after a weekend away.

> Late afternoon we drove home, sunburned and sandy but refreshed. Entering the silent empty house we were confronted with a macabre version of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. The living room gave no particular hint, but my bedroom, John's room and

---

1. Clancy Sigal, "Nihilism's Organization Man", Universities and Left Review, No. 4, (Summer 1958), p. 59.
2. Melvin W. Askew "Quests, Cars and Kerouac", University of Kansas City Review, Vol. 28, (1962), p. 233.
3. Kenneth Tynan, Tynan Right and Left (1967), p. 374.
4. The Beat Diary, pp. 13, 15.

> the patio provided a series of sickening jolts. My bed was stripped of bedding, the blankets in a heap on the floor. The missing sheets were soon found, stuffed loosely in the washer and splotched with blood. John's room resembled the aftermath of a cyclone.
>
> Neal had been given an intricate and expensive racing-car outfit that he had proudly and ceremoniously presented to John, spending many gleeful hours with him in its installation and operation. What remained was a mass of twisted metal, scattered and broken cars.
>
> The patio was strewn with paper, garbage, overturned chairs, and the pool held a multitude of soggy toys, some of the racing cars and any other object an unattended child would be happy to pitch in. There was no sign of Neal and no note. I had heard his newest mistress had a two-year-old son. The explanation dawned. I did not reveal it to the children.[1]

Such a body of interpretation indicates a complex and charismatic personality, and it is in Jack Kerouac's thorough portrayals that this is most clearly discernible. "Dean Moriarty" is fully fleshed out, the reader encounters him in moments of reflection or exuberance or manic activity.

> The girls yammered around the car. One particularly soulful child gripped at Dean's sweaty arm. She yammered in Indian. 'Ah yes, ah yes, dear one', said Dean tenderly and almost sadly. He got out of the car and went fishing around in the battered trunk in the back - the same old tortured American trunk - and pulled out a wristwatch. The others crowded around with amazement. Then Dean poked in the little girl's hand for 'the sweetest and purest and smallest crystal she has personally picked from the mountain for me'. He found one no bigger than a berry. And he handed her the wristwatch dangling. Their

---

1. The Beat Book, pp. 13, 15.

> mouths rounded like the mouths of chorister children. The lucky little girl squeezed it to her ragged breastrobes. They stroked Dean and thanked him. He stood among them with his ragged face to the sky, looking for the next and highest and final pass, and seemed like the Prophet that had come to them. He got back in the car.[1]

> Dean and I sat alone in the back seat and left it up to them and talked. 'Now, man, that alto man last night had IT - he held it once he found it; I've never seen a guy who could hold so long.' I wanted to know what 'IT' meant. 'Ah well' - Dean laughed - 'now you're asking me impon-de-rables - ahem! Here's a guy and everybody's there. right? Up to him to put down what's on everybody's mind. He starts the first chorus, then lines up his ideas, people, yeah, yeah, but get it, and then he rises to his fate and has to blow equal to it. All of a sudden somewhere in the middle of the chorus he *gets it* - everybody looks up and knows; they listen; he picks it up and carries. Time stops. He's filling empty space with the substance of our lives, confessions of his bellybottom strain, remembrance of ideas, rehashes of old blowing. He has to blow across bridges and come back and do it with such infinite feeling soul-exploratory for the tune of the moment that everybody knows it's not the tune that counts but IT - ' Dean could go no further; he was sweating telling about it.[2]

Kerouac's success is partly due to the fact that Dean Moriarty is a fully credible character. He is attractive: he is also selfish. The author acknowledges the ignoble traits in his creation's personality.

> "All that again?" I cried.
>
> "All that again, good buddy. Gotta get back to my life. Wish I could stay with you. Pray I can come back." I grabbed the cramps

---

1. On the Road, p. 281.
2. Ibid., p. 194.

> in my belly and groaned. When I looked up again bold noble Dean was standing with his old broken trunk and looking down at me. I didn't know who he was any more, and he knew this, and sympathized, and pulled the blanket over my shoulders. "Yes, yes, yes, I've got to go now. Old fever Sal, goodbye." And he was gone. Twelve hours later in my sorrowful fever I finally came to understand that he was gone. By that time he was driving back alone through those banana mountains, this time at night.
>
> When I got better I realized what a rat he was, but then I had to understand the impossible complexity of his life, how he had to leave me there, sick, to get on with his wives and woes. "Okay, old Dean, I'll say nothing."[1]

Dean Moriarty and Sal Paradise were not identical with Neal Cassady and Jack Kerouac. Real people and events were used as the *basis* for On the Road, a novel about a man who encounters the personification of his own alter ego. Kerouac and Cassady were of almost the same age, similar build and colouring, were both Roman Catholics, both heterosexual, with strong sensual appetites. It is in the car-stealing, irresponsible delinquent with the numerous love affairs that Sal Paradise discovers a character actually able to cast off all those social, conventional and familial restraints which he himself cannot. The reader of On the Road quickly realizes that, whatever excitement and fascination Dean Moriarty generated, he would be a man with whom it was impossible to live. Carolyn Cassady's writings reveal Cassady's inability to live tamed by domesticity for very long: there was always another frenetic jaunt, a burst of

---

1. Ibid., p. 285.

gambling or drug-taking, another arrest, another mistress. The charisma which earned Cassady his unique place in American literature survived his death. Elegised, his ashes were carried back from Mexico by his last mistress and given to Carolyn. A teaspoonfull was given to his ex-third wife who sought an appropriately symbolic resting place for them.

> finally she called and said she'd phoned Stella Kerouac, Jack's widow, in Florida, who'd never heard of her, and asked if she'd let her bury the ashes on Jack's heart. That was *it*. So Stella told her that when she sold the house in Florida she and Jack's mother were going back to Lowell and that she hadn't got Jack a proper headstone yet and when she did she'd meet her there and they could dig up the grave."[1]

---

1. Gina Berriault, "Neal's Ashes" Rolling Stone, No. 119, (October 12th, 1972), pp. 21-3.

Chapter Six

Gregory Corso

> I am the substance of my poetry. You honour poetry you honour me; you damn me you damn poetry. I am the poetry I write.
>
> Gregory Corso, Voice of America Lecture.[1]

> "all la vida es dolorosa"[2]
>
> Jack Kerouac.

Gregory Corso was the youngest of the Beat Generation's founder members, and the last to come into contact with the group, first meeting Allen Ginsberg a full six years after Ginsberg, Kerouac, Burroughs, Cassady and Holmes' association began.

> One night in a dark empty bar sitting with my prison poems I was graced with a deep-eyed apparition: Allen Ginsberg. Through him I first learned about contemporary poesy . . . (1951)[3]

Corso, therefore played no part in those rites of passage, Cannastra's death, the murder of Kammerer, the arrest of Ginsberg, and those of Kerouac and Lucien Carr, which had such an impact on those who did. Corso's initiation into manhood was harsher and more direct.

---

1. Gregory Corso, "Some of My Beginning . . . And What I feel Right Now". Contemporary American Poetry - Voice of America Forum Lectures. pp. 216-28.
2. Jack Kerouac, Tristessa, (1963), p.
3. Ann Charters, Scenes Along the Road, (1970), p. 15.

> . . . I got to prison for three years, because the judge said I was very dangerous . . . I was Italian and the Mafiosi were running the shot, and I was the youngest (I entered the youngest and I left the youngest, entered 16½ and left 20), I was like a little mascot. That's where I learned to be funny in life. Because I made them laugh I was protected. Humor was a necessary survival condition when I was in prison.[1]

Gregory Corso's Gasoline bears the dedication: "I dedicate this book to the angels of Clinton Prison who, in my 17th year, handed me, from all the cells surrounding me, books of illumination".[2] Many years later Corso amplified this.

> Now the smart man was the man who handed me Les Miserables. And do you know who did that? Me. When I went to the prison library, I looked at that fat book and I knew what miserable meant. I was 16½. When I said they passed me books of illumination I meant they handed me something else, not the books.[2]

Although he could only experience the early New York years vicariously (they do not feature in his work as they do that of Burroughs, Holmes, Kerouac and Ginsberg) his response to this part of the Beat Legend is enthusiastic.

> . . . Oh wow, did you ever read Kerouac's Vanity of Duluoz, where his friend Lucien killed this guy who was following him in Columbia. Lucien was a very handsome young

---

1. Arthur and Kit Knight, The Beat Diary, interview with Gregory Corso by Robert King, p. 12.
2. The Beat Diary, p. 4.

> man, and this big red-haired fag was chasing Lucien all over. And Lucien finally just got tired of it, stabbed the man. The man yells out, "So this is how it happened". Not "This is how it *happens*", but "This is how it *happened*". Lucien goes with the bloody knife, up to Kerouac, who was his friend. And Jack says, "Oh-h-h, Go-o-o-d, Lucien, Lucien". Poor Jack, man. All right, you know what he did? He helped his friend out. Dropped the knife down the sewer drain somewhere. Burroughs had the other bit, killing the wife, you know . . . drunken, she puts the glass on the head . . . William Tell shot, cheow. That's the weight that these people have. Burroughs told me, "Gregory, there's no such thing as an accident". So how was I going to take that?[1]

Despite this enthusiasm, Corso had not shared in the experiences themselves, and so the customary references to the other founder Beats and their adventures are largely missing from his poetry. It is only in his later work that mention is made of Kerouac and Ginsberg although Corso repaid the dedication of Reality Sandwiches - "to the Pure Imaginary POET Gregory Corso"[2] - by dedicating "Power"[3] "for Allen Ginsberg" in 1960. It may also be

---

1. Ibid., p. 13. It should be noted that Burroughs himself refutes this version of the story. In the interview with Conrad Knickerbocker, "The Art of Fiction XXXVI", Paris Review, No 35, (Fall, 1965), pp. 12-49, he states: "And I had that terrible accident with Joan Vollmer, my wife. I had a revolver that I was planning to sell to a friend. I was checking it over and it went off - killed her. A rumor started that I was trying to shoot a glass of champagne from her head William Tell style. Absurd and false." p. 40.
2. Allen Ginsberg, Reality Sandwiches, (1963). The title itself comes from the poem "On Burroughs' Work" contained in the volume. (p. 40).
3. Casebook on the Beat, p. 83. (reprinted from Happy Birthday of Death 1960).

noted that, in "Variations on a Generation", published in 1959, Corso wrote: "(The Failure of America to generate the energy of freedom - The Fall of America)"[1] a phrase which Ginsberg used as the title of a book of verse in 1972,[2] capitalised as in Corso's usage rather than "fall of America" as the phrase is written in the prefatory quotation.

The earliest published example of Corso's work is The Vestal Lady on Brattle[3] a collection of poems written during the time he spent in Cambridge, Mass. (1954-5) and published by friends he had made at Harvard, but apart from two these are not his earliest efforts.

> My first poem I remember only slightly, I have no copy of it. I lost it with hundreds of others, none of which I remember, in a bus terminal in Miami, Florida, of all places. I had them in a suitcase - that's all I used to carry with me on my frequent itineraries, one big sole suitcase in which I'd have a shirt, a suit, all crumpled up amidst a deluge of poems. I never went back to claim that suitcase. But years later I went to the president of the bus company and he said they were probably destroyed. So for my early work[4]

Subsequently Corso remembered this event rather differently.

> RK: Prison Poems were even before Vestal Lady?
> GC: Yeah, they're gone. They were lost in Florida. They were lost in a suit case

---

1. Ibid., p. 96 reprinted from Gemini Vol. 2, No. 6, (Spring 1959), pp. 47-51.
2. Allen Ginsberg, The Fall of America, (1972).
3. Gregory Corso, The Vestal Lady on Brattle (1955).
4. Contemporary American Poetry, pp. 218-9.

> at Hollywood, Florida. A fucking suitcase in the Greyhound Bus Terminal. Gone. And Hope, my girlfriend; Hope, my first girlfriend, she went to all the Greyhound presidents to get these things back. Papers in a suitcase. But I remembered two poems from them, and they're in Vestal Lady. "Sea Chanty". That's my first poem. See, and I remember, I don't lose nothing, man.[1]

The loss of the poems of "Raphael Urso" is also mentioned in Kerouac's Desolation Angels.

> Raphael is screaming. "In the Greyhound Bus Terminal in Miami Florida! These new poems are all the poems I've got! And I lost my other poems in New York! You were there Jack! What'd that editor do with my poems? And I lost all my earlier poems in Florida! Imagine that! Balls on that!" It's the way he talks. "For years after that I went from Greyhound office to Greyhound office talking to all kinds of presidents begging them to find my poems! I even cried! You hear that Cody? I cried! But they weren't moved! In fact they began to call me a nuisance all because I used to go to this office on 50th Street most every day begging them for my poems! It's the truth!"[2]

Whatever the degree of his concern over the loss, its effect was that Corso's body of work has no equivalent to the juvenilia contained, for example, in Empty Mirror[3] or Gates of Wrath.[4] It also partially explains the comparatively shortness of his list of titles, five books of poems and a single novel. Compared to Ginsberg, Corso is not a prolific writer, and Elegiac Feelings American[5] was

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 16.
2. Desolation Angels, pp. 145-9.
3. Allen Ginsberg, Empty Mirror, (1961).
4. Allen Ginsberg, Gates of Wrath Rhymed Poems 1948-1952, (1972).
5. Gregory Corso, Elegiac Feelings American, (1970).

his first book for some years, its material having been very carefully considered.

> He got up and led the way back in to the apartment and over to the sleeping bag. From a kind of rucksack in one corner behind it, he pulled a thick sheaf of papers. "See these?" he said. "This is four years right here - or more than four years because some of these poems I held back from before to make sure they were right. There's a lot of work here, but I have to be sure in my own heart that it's right, see. I really feel I have to be able to make a stand on these poems. There's too much written and too much said today. I have to be sure these poems matter at least to me for me to publish them.[1]

According to Corso himself there are "lost" poems in academic archives.

> G.C. Oh, I give them to Gotham Book Mart in New York, which sells them to Columbia or the University of Texas at Austin. They get half the monies and I get a half, rather than me dealing direct with these universities . . . When I needed money for dope, you see, I would never recopy out the poems. I'd just sell the book. So a lot of my poems, you know, are in the universities and have never been published . . . from 1965 to now.[2]

Corso's contribution to the creation and continuation of the Beat Generation was less in his writing than his function as showman and surrealistic wit. His first contact with Ginsberg introduced him to an exciting Bohemianism,

---

1. The Beat Generation, p. 147.
2. The Beat Diary, p. 10.

and expanded into an association with the whole group.

> JL: Tell us about meeting Ginsberg.
> GC: Oh, that's nice. But nothing was ever planned, you dig. Nothing was planned. I met this man in a dyke bar, the Pony Stable in Greenwich Village; it was beautiful. 1950, I was about six months out of prison. I'm there with my prison poems and he just digs my face, you see, cause he's a homosexual, right. He didn't know who I was or my poems. Sitting down, he likes me and I says, "Well, look at these poems, you"; and he says, "You got to meet a Chinaman." Now "Chinaman" was an expression meaning a second rate poet, who was Mark Van Doren. He says, "You got to meet this poet". I says, "Oh yeah? Well, O.K., great", you know. Mark Van Doren tells me that I wrote too much about my mother. That was the critique laid on me by Mark Van Doren. John Holmes, who wrote Go, said I write too much green armpit imagery. I'm getting all these fuckers laying flak on me. All right. So finally I get Ginsberg, and I said, "Look, one thing I want to know is, I live across the street in this hotel room and I see this chick through the window balling every night, shitting, taking a bath, and I jerk off to her. I would like to go up there tonight and knock on her door and say hello to her. He says, "Oh, I'm the man you see that balls her". You dig? That's how I met Ginsberg and he brought me up there, man. It wasn't through reading the poems in a magazine somewhere and saying, "Hey, let's get together". He was the one I was jerking off to, watching him fuck her.
> JL: So we know Ginsberg liked your face. What did you like about Ginsberg? Just the fact that he was an act going on across the street?
> GC: Aw, come on. Man, he so loved me. He introduced me to Kerouac and Burroughs. He dug me a lot.
> JL: I'm asking what you felt towards him.
> GC: I felt that the man dug me. Don't you understand? It was beautiful. I'm right out of prison, all right? I had those years with me. He came out of Columbia University still writing little William Carlos Williams-like poems.[1]

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 14.

This led to a cross pollenation of ideas. Ginsberg's passion for Blake provided the recurring "angels" symbol in his work. "Howl" has "angel headed hipsters",[1] and Spade, the baggage clerk in "The Baggage Room at Greyhound"[2] is described as "Angel". Kerouac, marrying this image to the name of the peak where he lived in solitude, entitled a book Desolation Angels. Corso's dedication to Gasoline too, speaks of a prison full of angels, and the book's last poem "Paris" has "Spirits of angels crouched in doorways".[3]

Allen Ginsberg, directly influenced by Blake, wrote "Sunflower Sutra" "- I rushed up enchanted - it was my first sunflower, memories of Blake - my visions - Harlem"[4] which appeared two years before Gasoline, from the same publishing house, which contains "To a Downfallen Rose". "O rose, downfallen, bend your huge vegetic back; eye down the imposter sun.[5] As Bruce Cook puts it "Gregory Corso came back from Europe in 1954 for the publication of Gasoline and was on the scene at just the moment that the Beat Generation thing was beginning to explode".[6] It was Corso who provided some of the best

---

1. Howl, p. 9.
2. Ibid., p. 36.
3. Gregory Corso, Gasoline, (1958), p. 48.
4. Howl, p. 28.
5. Gasoline, p. 37.
6. The Beat Generation, p. 138. The enthusiastic introduction and cover notes to Gasoline, from Ginsberg and Kerouac respectively, indicate that they regarded its author as a full member of their inner circle.

copy for journalists.

> Demanded Corso: "Man, why are you knocking the way I talk? I don't knock the way you talk. You don't know about the hollyhocks." Replied Haskins: "If you're going to be irrelevant, you might as well be irrelevant about hollyhocks." Countered Corso: "Man, this is a drag. You're nothing but a creep - a creep! But I don't care. I can still laugh and I can still cry. That's the way to be."
>
> "The hell it is", snorted Haskins.[1]

The tone of this piece invites the reader to ridicule, to share the impatience of Corso's verbal adversary, yet if what Corso actually says is looked at carefully he is merely asking for mutual tolerance and rejoicing in his continued ability to maintain unblunted emotions.

The tone of mockery in the piece continues when some of Corso's surrealistic epigrams are quoted.

> Would they like to make any comment? "Yes", said Corso. "Fried shoes. Like it means nothing. It's all a big laughing bowl and we're caught in it. A big scary laughing bowl." Added Gregory Corso, with the enigmatic quality of a true Beatnik. "Don't shoot the warthog."[2]

Corso's realisation that he is in an absurd situation is clearly expressed, but the interviewer does not grasp this point, although a reading of Corso's "Marriage" would

---

1. Time, Feb 9th, 1959, p. 14.

2. loc. cit.

have swiftly indicated it. In this poem the protagonist imagines himself in a social situation surrounded by strangers with very different values, and reacts out of sheer nervous tension.

> When she introduces me to her parents
> back straightened, hair finally combed, strangled
> by a tie,
> Should I sit knees together on their 3rd degree
> sofa
> and not ask Where's the bathroom?
> How else to feel other than I am,
> often thinking Flash Gordon soap -
> O how terrible it must be for a young man
> seated before a family and the family thinking
> We never saw him before! He wants our Mary Lou!
> After tea and homemade cookies they ask
> What do you do for a living?
> Should I tell them? Would they like me then?
> Say alright get married we're not losing a
> daughter
> we're gaining a son -
> And should I then ask Where's the bathroom?
> O God, and the wedding! All her family and her
> friends
> and only a handful of mine all scroungy and bearded
> just waiting to get at the drinks and the food -
> And the priest! he looking at me as if I mastur-
> bated
> Asking me Do you take this woman
> for your lawful wedded wife!
> And I trembling what to say Pie Glue![1]

"Marriage" is a good example both of Corso's qualities as a poet and of what is best in Beat poetry. The rebellion against the strictures of conventional form, begun long before the Beats but often associated with them, meant that a poem could dictate its own length: the poet carries on until what he has to say is said, the poem stops by itself. This applies equally to the spare, intense verse of Gary

---

1. Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Penguin Modern Poets 5, (1963).

Snyder, its brevity influenced by Chinese and Japanese models, and to the long, sometimes rambling pieces to be found among the works of Kerouac and Ginsberg. "Marriage", while written using this method, may be judged by the highest critical standards, and supports Corso's claim that he has an inbuilt sense of form. One hundred and twenty-nine lines long, the poem is fully realised and never padded. Neither expansion, nor editing, is desirable. Corso's imagery is sharp and economical throughout the poem. The idealised American matron is evoked in seven words: "aproned young and lovely wanting my baby".[1] The secret fears of a man without family ties are vividly brought to life in one line: "all alone in a furnished room with pee stains on my underwear".[2] The frankness of language here, as in the earlier line on the priest's reproving eye, are good examples of the successful casting off of restraint. The poem has no adolescent desire to shock or make rude gestures at an adult establishment, it simply seeks the most precisely suitable word: "pee stains" conveys the idea of incontinence left unattended due to solitude better than any more polite or euphemistic term could.

The "I " in "Marriage" is not a poetic persona, and this is common in Beat poetry, convinced as it was of the value of individual experience. Too often this type of

---

1. Ibid., p. 16.
2. Ibid., p. 19.

poem turns into a self-indulgent outpuring but Corso's "Marriage" is always well under control, with a self-depreciating wryness which heads off pomposity. He sees himself sitting stiffly on the parlour sofa, his famous mop "finally combed", his bladder bursting, in two minds whether to admit being a poet, with his "scroungy and bearded" friends showing him up at his wedding reception and the hotel staff sniggering and nudging when he registers at his honeymoon hotel. As with the question of form, the use of the first person is not employed out of necessity. Just as Corso is familiar (according to the Robert King interview) with the more esoteric verse forms, he is fully capable of a convincing poetic persona, as is proved by the eight-line poem "The Last Gangster"

> Waiting by the window
> my feet enwrapped with the dead bootleggers
> of Chicago
> I am the last gangster, safe, at last,
> waiting by a bullet-proof window.
>
> I look down the street and know
> the two torpedoes from St. Louis.
> I've watched them grow old
> . . . guns rusting in their arthritic hands.[1]

In "The Mad Yak" Corso successfully reveals a vision of the world through non-human eyes.

> I am watching them churn the last milk
> they'll ever get from me.
> They are waiting for me to die;
> They want to make buttons out of my bones

---

1. Gasoline, p. 32.

> Where are my sisters and brothers?
> That tall monk there, loading my uncle,
> he has a new cap.[1]

The strong vein of compassion which this poem reveals runs through much of Corso's work and is one of his main poetic strengths. It is one of the traits that Jack Kerouac chose to depict in his character "Raphael Urso".

> . . . suddenly he sees chickens in crates
> in the inside dark Chinese store, "look,
> look, they're all gonna die!" He stops
> in the street. How can God make a world
> like that?[2]

Visiting a Mexican zoo, Gregory Corso sees more than caged animals.

> Long smooth slow swift soft cat
> What score, whose choreography did you dance to
> when they pulled the final curtain down?
> Can such ponderous grace remain
> here, all alone, on the 9X10 stage?
> Will they give you another chance
> perhaps to dance the Sierras?
> How sad you seem; looking at you
> I think of Ulanova
> locked in some small furnished room
> in New York, on East 17th Street
> in the Puerto Rican section[3]

This side of Corso's character is not absent from the major poem "Marriage" and shows in one of the surrealistic jokes which are such a feature of it and the source

---

1. Gasoline, p. 42.
2. Desolation Angels, p. 183.
3. Gasoline "Puma in Chapultepec Zoo", p. 26.

of so much of its humour.

> And when the mayor comes to get my vote tell him
> When are you going to stop people killing whales!
> And when the milkman comes leave him a note in
> the bottle
> Penguin dust, bring me penguin dust, I want
> penguin dust - [1]

Corso's abilities as "word slinger" have already been discussed and give him the appearance, in retrospect, of being in advance of his time. The surreal is a much better established part of contemporary life than it was when Corso made telling fun of images so wholesome they were almost sacred cows for Middle America.

> and so happy about me she burns the roast beef
> and comes crying to me and I get up from my
> big papa chair
> saying Christmas teeth! Radiant brains! Apple
> deaf!
> God what a husband I'd make! Yes, I should get
> married!
> So much to do! like sneaking into Mr Jones'
> house late at night
> and cover his golf clubs with Norwegian books
> Like hanging a picture of Rimbaud on the lawn-
> mower
> Like pasting Tannu Tuva postage stamps
> all over the picket fence
> Like when Mrs Kindhead comes to collect
> for the Community Chest
> grab her and tell her these are unfavourable
> omens in the sky![2]

It is this ability to confront the reader obliquely with a truth through his own humourist's logic that is Corso's special gift. The extent to which it became identified

---

1. Penguin Modern Poets, p. 17.
2. loc.cit.

with him and the impact it had on his contemporaries may be judged by reading the opening lines of "Marriage" and then a passage from the Paris Review interview with Jack Kerouac.

> Should I get married? Should I be good?
> Astound the girl next door
> with my velvet suit and faustus hood?
> Don't take her to movies but to cemeteries
> tell all about werewolf bathtubs and forked
> clarinets[1]

> KEROUAC
>
> . . . There are some fellows in San Francisco that told me that Peter was an idiot. But I like idiots, and I enjoy his poetry. Think about that, Berrigan. But for my taste, it's Gregory.
>
> Give me one of those.
>
> INTERVIEWER
>
> One of these pills?
>
> KEROUAC
>
> Yeah. What are they? Forked clarinets?
>
> INTERVIEWER
>
> They're called Obetrol[2]

Asked his tastes in poetry and whether he likes that of Peter Orlovsky, Kerouac mentions Corso's name and, unbidden and apparently unnoticed, Corso's gift for language proves just how indelible an impression it can make.

---

1. Penguin Modern Poets 5, p. 15.
2. Paris Review 43, pp. 79-80.

As Bruce Cook points out, the Luce publications' "tactic . . . a familiar one in such treatments, was to ridicule the Beats in all particulars".[2] This is evident in Time's review of one of the group's major shared enterprises in which Corso participated, the film of Pull My Daisy.[3]

> . . . Corso wonders if the bishop knows about "beer bottles that come in magic candlesticks. Is alligators holy, Bishop? Is everything holy? Are we in heaven now and don't know about it? Jamamb's, jamambi, jamac." After that the plot thins, but it is the flavour that matters.[4]

Although Corso was largely responsible for much of the group's scatterbrained public image he was well aware of the outcome of cavorting before the press, aware that his words were being depicted as so much gibberish. A different point of view is presented by Paul Carroll, writing in Big Table, the very journal that Corso, Ginsberg and Orlovsky had been supporting when they were first mockingly reported.

> Since he has become famous for being a fabulous word-slinger - "Fried Shoes", "Penguin Dust" - the poems he printed in this issue will probably shock and disappoint his admirers as well as his detractors. In their severity and quiet intuitions these poems are classic. The

---

1. Penguin Modern Poets, 5, pp. 15-16.
2. The Beat Generation, p. 91.
3. Jack Kerouac, Pull My Daisy, (1961).
4. Time, December 14th, 1959, p. 48.

> fact is that Corso is more intelligent than many give him credit for being: and he got off one of the best epigrams of the 50s. After having given Henry Luce the credit for the success of the Beat Generation, Corso was asked by a journalist: "Have you ever met Mr. Luce?" "You don't have to meet him" snapped Gregory. "He's everywhere".[1]

Paradoxically, despite Corso's reputation as a buffoon his poetry is often preferred to that of other members of his set.

> In terms of language Corso has always seemed to me the most interesting of the Beats . . . extracting all the power from standard syntax and rhetoric, maintaining the Beat anti-academicism . . . Put this together with the experimentalism and relevance of the Beat outlook, and you have poetry that not only shares our experience but creates it."[2]

His poetry appears more disciplined than that of Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti or Kerouac, something which he feels comes naturally to him.

> JL: Do you have a built in sense of form?
> GC: Yeah, I know I do. Oh sure. The "bing bang bong boom" hit it, right, with the "Bomb" poem. I mean that was real music coming out on its own, and I don't have to know myself out too fast with it, you know.
> RK: But you don't worry around syllables or stress or . . . ?
> GC: I like to rhyme when I want to rhyme. When I don't want to rhyme I don't rhyme. It's all music.
> JL: How did you get that sense of form? You never did cultivate it, never did study the sonnet?

---

1. Paul Carroll, "Five Poets in their Skins", Big Table Vol. 4 (1960), pp. 133-8.
2. Hayden Carruth, cover notes, Elegiac Feelings American.

> GC: That's the whole shot; if I did I wouldn't have had it. I know the sonnet . . . I can do the sonnet, the sestina.
> JL: It was there.
> GC: Yeah, because it's obvious to be there, it's one of the simplest things. Just do what you want to do, right. And poetry, top shot, poesy.[1]

In his Voice of America lecture, when defending "writing from the top of your head"[2] Corso used a phrase used elsewhere by Allen Ginsberg.[3] "If the poet's mind is shapely then his poem will come out shapely."[4] Despite subscribing to the theory of impulse and spontaneity, one of the major planks in the Beat platform, Corso interpreted it fairly strictly.

> - Random and Urso argue with me about my theory of absolute spontaneity - In the kitchen Random takes out the Jack Daniels and says "How can you get any refined or well gestated thoughts into a spontaneous flow as you call it? It can all end up gibberish." And that was no Harvard lie. But I said:
>
> "If it's gibberish, it's gibberish. There's a certain amount of control going on like a man telling a story in a bar without interruptions or even one pause."
>
> "Well it'll probably become a popular gimmick but I prefer to think of my poetry as a craft."
>
> "Craft *is* craft."
>
> "Yes? Meaning?"
>
> "Meaning crafty. How can you confess your crafty soul in craft?"

---

1. The Beat Diary, p. 7.
2. Contemporary American Poets, p. 218.
3. "Notes Written on Finally Recording HOWL", Fantasy Spoken Word Series, 7006, (1959). "Mind is shapely. Art is shapely. Meaning mind practiced in spontaneity invents forms in its own image and gets to last thoughts."
4. Contemporary American Poets, p. 218.

> Raphael took Random's side and yelled:-
>
> "Shelley didn't care about theories about how he was to write "The Skylark". Duluoz you're full of theories like an old college perfesser, you think you know everything."[1]

This independence of thought was maintained even when in collaboration with William Burroughs, who Corso venerates. The epilogue of Minutes to Go,[2] in which Sinclair Beiles and Brion Gysin also participated, is Corso's disclaimer.

> Post-script from Gregory Corso:-
>
> Note for my contribution to the Cut-Up System.
>
> Poetry that can be destroyed should be destroyed, even if it means destroying one's own poetry - if it be destroyed. I join this venture unwillingly *and* willingly. Unwillingly because the poetry I have written was from the soul and not from the dictionary; willingly because if it can be destroyed *or* bettered by the 'cut-up' method, then it is poetry I care not for, and so should be cut-up. Word poetry is for everyman, but soul poetry - alas, is not heavily distributed.
>
> Unwillingly because Tzara did it all before: willingly because Mr Burroughs is a knowing man, and I am in soul to abide by him his 'unlock your word horde' is good charity.
>
> Unwillingly because my poetry is a natural cut-up, and need not be created by a pair of scissors; willingly because I have no other choice. I have agreed to join Mr Gysin, Mr Beiles, and Mr Burroughs in this venture, and so to the muse I say: 'Thank you for the poesy that cannot be destroyed that is in me' - for this I have learned after such a short venture in uninspired machine-poetry.[3]

---

1. Desolation Angels, p. 286. This is Kerouac's fictionalised report of a conversation between himself and Randall Jarrell (Random Varnum) and Corso (Raphael Urso).

2. Minutes to Go, Sinclair Beiles, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Brion Gysin, (1968).

3. Ibid., p. 63.

This work provided the best example of the interaction of other Beats' writing with Gregory Corso's up until that time. His contributions are either cutups of his own poems, those of Rimbaud, or fragments which seem to him to offer something to the method's possibilities, among which he includes pieces by Ginsberg, Kerouac and Burroughs.

> " . . . - I dont wanta be no Fallen Angel man", he says, piercingly sorrowful and serious. "You! Duluoz! I see you your ideas goin down Skid Row drink with the bums, agh, I've never even thought of doing such a thing, why bring misery on yourself?[1]

Probably because of his early hardships, Corso never romanticises the seamier side of life, but his awareness of it results in a vein of melancholy running through his work. He is ever aware of mutability whether in the persona of a beast of burden or as Gregory Corso.

> I am watching them churn the last milk
> they'll ever get from me.
> They are waiting for me to die;
> They want to make buttons out of my bones.[2]
>
> Moaning: Oh what responsibility
> I put on thee Gregory
> Death and God
> Hard hard it's hard

---

1. Desolation Angels, p. 183.
2. "The Mad Yak", Gasoline, p. 42.

> I learned life were no dream
> I learned truth deceived
> Man is not God
> Life is a century
> Death an instant[1]

With the passage of time the elegy has increasingly featured in the work of the surviving Beats. Corso had written "Spontaneous Requiem for the American Indian", "Errol Flynn On His Death" and "Lines Written Nov. 22, 23 - 1963 - In Discord" - before the death of Jack Kerouac moved him not only to write an elegy but to publish a book after a long break.

> . . . Elegiac Feelings came out only because of the death of Kerouac. The other poems, the elegies on Kennedy and the American Indian were done beforehand. That's the only reason why I put it together. I said, all right then, here's a book, there's a reason for it.
> RK: Have you ever written a poem to Neal Cassady?
> GC: No. No. Only to Jack.
> RK: Did you know Neal?
> GC: Yeah, I knew Neal. But only to Jack, yeah. Yeah, I loved him.[2]

In writing about his dead friend Corso found that "I cannot requiem thee without/requieming America"[3] and so his poem comes to concern itself with the two great themes of Beat literature, the exploration of human

---

1. "Writ on the Steps of Puerto Rican Harlem", Penguin Modern Poets 5, p. 35.
2. The Beat Diary, p. 10.
3. Elegiac Feelings American, p. 4.

relationships and the search for the mythical America within the physical United States.

> How inseparable you and the America you
> saw yet was never there to see; you
> and America, like the tree and the ground,
> are one and the same; yet how like a
> palm tree in the state of Oregon . . .
> dead ere it blossomed, like a snow polar
> loping the Miami -
> How so that which you were or hoped to be,
> and the America not, the America you saw
> yet could not see
> So like yet unlike the ground from which you
> stemmed; you stood upon America like a
> rootless flat-bottomed tree; . . . [1]

---

1. Ibid., p. 3.

Chapter Seven

Allen Ginsberg

I

> . . . & the trouble with these creeps is they wouldn't know poetry if it came up and buggered them in broad daylight.
>
> Allen Ginsberg[1]

> Having reviled his times and been honored for it, the poet had raged out of his dark strangeness and become attractive
>
> Alan Harrington[2]

George Dowden emphasises that his bibliography of the works of Allen Ginsberg[3] is incomplete. There were particular difficulties in tracing foreign items, (there are no entries recording publication in Cuba or Czechoslovakia, both countries from which Ginsberg was expelled). The work covers only the years from 1943 to 1967 yet still runs to 324 pages, an indication of Ginsberg's prolific output.

In the acknowledgements prefacing Reality Sandwiches Ginsberg wrote: "anyone who asked for poems I sent them".[3] His principle, that poetry should be as widely disseminated as possible, has meant that many obscure publications have been able to use his work without fee. Much of his remuneration from royalties and wide-circulation magazines like

---

1. "Notes Written on Finally Recording 'HOWL'".
2. The Secret Swinger, p. 62.
3. George Dowden, A Bibliography of Works by Allen Ginsberg. (1971).

Playboy and Rolling Stone is used, not on himself, but to further his beliefs. Gerald Clarke's 1973 article estimated his income.

> . . . Ginsberg's various activities bring in almost $32,000, about $20,000 of which goes to a private foundation for the support of poets and poetry. If he decided to keep all of the money for himself, however, he could move to a luxury high-rise, buy a Porsche, and spend his summers in Southampton.[1]

Allen Ginsberg is the only one of the Beats who may yet prove a major poet, but his dedication and energy have had a side-effect of which he is well aware.

> "Like plastic containers, there are too many words by Allen Ginsberg", said Allen Ginsberg. "I write more than I would wish to read."[2]

The voluminous output, the approachable nature and a reputation which ensures that editors clamour for even slight fragments of verse, has meant that a great deal of indifferent material has found its way into print. Ginsberg's finest poetic achievements can be obscured by the second rate, a fact he acknowledges.

> Because I've finished putting together all my poetry from 1955 to 1971; and I found that I'd written an enormous amount of poetry - so much that it was almost more than enough than I could bear to edit for people to read. That it was boring - that

---

1. Gerald Clarke, op.cit., p. 93.
2. Ibid., p. 92.

> it went on and on and on, it was all about the war, it had no back bone, no structure. It had great brilliant improvised moments, there were some classic moments within it. But I found that I had written a big, long poem, with very loose forms; . . . [1]

An English poet whose name is synonymous with brevity has been an influence in countering verbosity. Ginsberg had referred to Basil Bunting as early as 1965,[2] and wrote a poem in imitation of him in June of that year.[3] In 1973 he admitted that the author of Briggflats had made him reconsider his output.

> . . . The teacher I've been working with in this area - the guru here for me - is Basil Bunting . . . I once met Bunting in England and I read through all of my poetry. At the end he said: "Too many words".[4]

Ginsberg's verse in many ways typifies Beat poetry: occasionally brilliant, with form and content sometimes perfectly matched, it is flawed by sentimentality, often over-reliant on vulgarity, and lacks the discipline to reject spontaneity when this is unsuccessful.

In such a vast body of work it would be strange if there were no references to close friends, but mention of the names

---

1. Steve Bradshaw, "Words by Allen Ginsberg, music by Bob Dylan", Melody Maker, (March 18th 1972), p. 25.
2. Writers at Work, p. 258.
3. "Studying the Signs", Planet News, p. 100-1.
4. Gerald Clarke, op.cit., p. 94.

of the original Beats, as well as later associates like Michael McClure and Gary Snyder, occurs regularly in Ginsberg's writing throughout his continuing development. Ginsberg had a special place in the group's generation. His enthusiasm and simple confidence in their genius encouraged the others, as did his response to their manuscripts, which he selflessly promoted. Names and titles were taken from his letters and conversations and he touted the early work of Kerouac and Burroughs as ardently as Pound did that of Joyce and Eliot. Much of the activity which made post-war New York the Beat Golden Age was Ginsberg's.

In March, 1957, part of the second printing of the City Lights edition of Howl and Other Poems was stopped by Customs in San Francisco. Subsequently the police, alleging obscenity, charged Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The ensuing trial gave celebrity status to the publisher and notoriety to the poet.[1] Ferlinghetti won the case, the book became a best seller, and its title poem the best known and most discussed work by Allen Ginsberg, obscuring later poems equally worthy of attention, such as "Kaddish".

Several distinct phases were discernible in the poet's career. His early work was influenced by Wordsworth and

---

1. For a full account of the trial see Lawrence Ferlinghetti's article "Horn on *Howl!*" Evergreen Review, Vol. 1, No. 4, pp. 145-58.

Shelley, Emily Dickinson and Poe, and by the poems of his father, Louis Ginsberg.

> . . . When I began writing I was writing rhymed verse, stanzaic forms that I derived from my father's practice.[1]

The poems from this period, published subsequent to Howl must be considered as juvenilla.

> Many seek and never see,
> anyone can tell them why.
> O they weep and O they cry
> and never take until they dry
> unless they try it in their sleep
> and never some until they die.
> I ask many,they ask me.
> This is a great mystery.[2]

Whether or not Naomi Ginsberg's relationship with her son influenced his sexual orientation, and there is evidence in his writing that it did, it is clear that her illness was a great strain on him. In "Mescaline", a poem with lines occasionally similar to those of Corso's "Marriage" he strongly hints that the traditional possessiveness of the Jewish mother, in his case in addition to madness and incontinence, shaped his attitude towards women.

> Yes, I should be good, I should get married
> find out what it's all about
> but I can't stand these women all over me
> smell of Naomi
> erk, I'm stuck with this familiar rotting
> ginsberg[3]

---

1. "Craft Interview with Allen Ginsberg", New York Quarterly, 6, (Spring 1971), p. 13.
2. The Gates of Wrath, p. 4.
3. Kaddish, p. 84.

When Ginsberg was eighteen he had been suspended from Columbia, either for allowing Kerouac to sleep in his room, writing "Fuck the Jews" on his window, or a combination of both.[1] His last letter from his mother, which arrived two days after her death, contained the sort of injunction to which Ginsberg was, perhaps, used to coming from other members of his family: "Get married Allen don't take drugs".[2] Stofsky, the character in John Clellon Holmes' Go is very closely based on Ginsberg. Holmes was evidently a careful listener his account of "Stofsky's" visions and of hearing the voice of Blake[3] corresponds to Ginsberg's in minute detail. "Stofsky" has a mother in the madhouse, and a father who pressures him over his lack of conventionality.

> When he got home, he announced to his father that he had had "visions". and when this brought forth little more than a pseudo-literary reaction, he appended, reckoning on its effect, that he was afraid he was going mad. His father rewarded him with the same sort of hysterical outburst that had seized him when, after several weeks of hesitant feelers, Stofsky had confessed his homosexuality. The two had an uneasy relationship anyway, at the bottom of which was mutual distrust, and when they were together they invariably squabbled over philosophical matters of Stofsky's "evil companions of the city" (as his father called them).
>
> Roused by what he considered his father's bigoted shock at homosexuality, Stofsky had

---

1. For a full account of these events see Kerouac, pp. 56-8.
2. Kaddish, p. 31.
3. Go, pp. 80-90.

> said: "But do you just want me to shut up shop sexually? Help me to get over this 'horrible sickness'," and he savagely aped his father's tone. "Should I become a stuffy schoolteacher in a small town and strangle in Rotary affairs?"
>
> "Yes", his father had screamed at him. "Yes, sublimate, sublimate! Anything's better than . . . than seducing little boys!" That had ended the discussion.
>
> Now his father talked heatedly to him again about his "wild life and his malady", and they bickered once more, one threatening and the other protesting, about the validity of the "visions". Stofsky was frightened, but his father's antagonism soon led him to defend the "visions" wildly.
>
> He sat most of the first day, staring at a peeling wall in his tiny bedroom. He went over the experiences minutely and, as he brooded and speculated, attached further levels of meaning to them. His father came knocking at his door every few hours, shouting and pleading: "What's this? What's this? Why don't you come out and eat like a normal boy? . . . Damn your mother! Do you hear that? Damn the day you were born!" Stofsky ignored him and sank deeper into his thoughts.[1]

Whatever the effects his family, his mother's madness, his homosexual tendencies, and the conflicts they brought about had on his mental state, it is clear that Ginsberg was a sensitive and disturbed young man. His involvement with the underworld, in the person of Herbert Huncke, resulted in some of his associates using Ginsberg's apartment to store drugs and stolen goods. When driving a stolen car with Ginsberg as a passenger, one of these associates panicked, there was a farcical car chase, a crash and a search of

---

1. Go, p. 108.

Ginsberg's flat. This dramatic sequence of events is described in several books, notably Go and Ann Charters' Kerouac. Apparently the only way that Ginsberg's family and professors could keep him from imprisonment was to have him committed to a psychiatric hospital and he was first sent to the Columbia University Hospital for observation in May 1949, and finally released in March 1950. It is out of this situation that the strongest poetry has emerged. In Howl (1955), Kaddish (1961) and Reality Sandwiches (1963) the poet confronts the realities of his existence and his past, acknowledges the effects of his upbringing, his homosexuality, his potential madness. It is in these works, particularly Kaddish, that the qualities which led to Mailer's accolade "the bravest man in America" are displayed. As William Carlos Williams wrote in the preface to Howl: "Literally he has, from all the evidence, been through hell".[1] The poem itself is addressed to Carl Solomon, Ginsberg's fellow patient, and, in its sexual imagery, its allusions to hallucination through both drugs and madness reveals, through self-revelation, what Robert Duncan and Ruth Witt-Diamant described as

> . . . all of life, especially the elements of suffering and dismay from which the voice of desire arises . . . The poet gives us the

---

1. In Kaddish Ginsberg refers to this time: "I was in the bug house that year 8 months - " (p. 25). In the 1977 edition of Junky, to which he wrote the preface, he stated: "I was rusticating . . . after 8 months in mental hospital as result of hippie contretemps with law". (p. v.).

> most painful details; he moves us
> toward a statement of experience that
> is challenging and finally noble.[1]

Part of "Howl's" impact was due to Ginsberg's ability to read using the long breath. Each line of "Howl", ideally, is one breath unit. Ginsberg had found his own voice, "Hebraic-Melvillian bardic breath" partly inspired by the cantors of the synagogue and rhythms found in the Old Testament. The poem's publication exactly coincided with the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance, which provided the exact atmosphere in which its rolling lines could be declaimed, defying convention, reviving an interest in poetry best chanted aloud and shocking to many.

> who howled on their knees in the subway and
> were dragged off the roof waving genitals
> and manuscripts,
> who let themselves be fucked in the ass by
> saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with
> joy,
> who blew and were blown by those human sera-
> phim,the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and
> Caribbean love,
> who balled in the morning in the evenings in
> rosegardens and the grass of public parks and
> cemeteries scattering their semen freely to
> whomever come who may,
> who hiccupped endlessly trying to giggle but
> wound up with a sob behind a partition in a
> Turkish Bath when the blonde & naked angel
> came to pierce them with a sword,
> who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews
> of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosex-
> ual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out
> of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does
> nothing but sit on her ass and snip the
> intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's
> loom,[2]

---

1. "Horn on *Howl*", p. 149.
2. Howl, p. 12.

Kerouac's The Dharma Bums contains a description of a pseudonymous Ginsberg reading "Howl" at the Gallery Six.

> Everyone was there. It was a mad night . . . by eleven o'clock when Alvah Goldbook was reading his, wailing his poem "Wail" drunk with arms outspread everybody was yelling "Go! Go! Go!" (like a jam session) . . .[1]

In a poem written before "Kaddish" but published later, Ginsberg details his growing confidence and maturity. Addressed to Kerouac, who disapproved of Ginsberg's homosexual practices, the poet is able to comfort his old friend with an honest appraisal of his emotional position, able to risk rejection, accept the inevitable lack of sympathy.

> MALEST CORNIFICI TUO CATULLO
>
> I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman Allen's
> finally made it: discovered a new young cat,
> and my imagination of an eternal boy
> walks on the streets of San Francisco,
> handsome, and meets me in cafeterias
> and loves me. Ah don't think I'm sickening.
> You're angry at me. For all of my lovers?
> It's hard to eat shit, without having visions;
> when they have eyes for me it's like Heaven.[2]
>
> "But where'll all this shit get us?"
> "Simply get us rid of shit, really Jack".[3]
>
> Dismembered, unable to croon and mumble the
> stereotyped rites and orders in Shul, he
> regains his own innermost paradisiac source

---

1. The Dharma Bums, p. 13.
2. Reality Sandwiches, p. 47.
3. Desolation Angels, p. 315.

> by wrestling with his ancestral God-
> making a sacred prayer of his own
> tears - for Naomi, and for the collec-
> tive psyche - wrung from the shadow
> of her madhouse death . . . [1]

It is in "Kaddish", the cathartic outpouring of all the pain stored up from his mother's illness, that Ginsberg reaches his most intense and complete poetic achievement. Naomi Ginsberg died in 1956, "Kaddish", dated 1959, is Ginsberg's farewell to her, and his cauterization of the wounds her illness inflicted upon him. The kaddish is part of the daily ritual of the synagogue, composed of thanksgiving and praise, ending with a prayer for universal peace. It is especially recited by orphan mourners. In using the word (instead of, say, elegy or threnody) Ginsberg is clearly acknowledging his heritage. The poem is divided into six sections: "Proem, narrative, hymmnn, lament, litany & fugue". Its structure is reminiscent of an orchestral work and it builds to a powerful climax. "Proem" is the poet's immediate reactions, sorrow and relief and self-comfort, to his loss.

> There, rest. No more suffering for you.
> I know where you've gone, it's good.[2]

"Narrative" is the history of Naomi's life in America. After emigration from Russia, marriage, and two sons, paranoia over Hitler worsens into madness and public hysteria, wrenching

---

1. Michael Horovitz, Children of Albion, (1969), p. 350.
2. Kaddish, p. 9.

visits in hospital.

> Naomi at the prescription counter defending herself from the enemy - racks of children's books, douche bags, aspirins, pots, blood - "Don't come near me - murderers! Keep away! Promise not to kill me!"[1]

> Naomi, Naomi - sweating, bulge-eyed, fat, the dress unbuttoned at one side - hair over brow, her stocking hanging evilly on her legs - screaming for a blood transfusion - one righteous hand upraised - a shoe in it - barefoot in the Pharmacy - [2]

> On what wards - I walked there later, oft - old catatonic ladies, grey as cloud or ash or walls - sit crooning over floorspace - Chairs - and the wrinkled hags acreep, accusing - begging my 13-year-old mercy -
>
> 'Take me home' - I went alone sometimes looking for the lost Naomi, taking Shock - and I'd say, 'No, you're crazy Mama, - Trust the Drs.' -[3]

> 'Are you a spy?' I sat at the sour table, eyes filling with tears - 'Who are you? Did Louis send you? - The wires - '
>
> in her hair, as she beat on her head - 'I'm not a bad girl - don't murder me! - I hear the ceiling - I raised two children - '
>
> Two years since I'd been there - I started to cry - She stared - nurse broke up the meeting a moment - I went into the bathroom to hide, against the toilet white walls[4]

"Hymmnn" praises the deity and calls for his blessings on Naomi. "Lament" grieves for the loss of her memories, the collection of perceptions and feelings which made her an individual human being.

---

1. Ibid., p. 17.
2. Ibid., p. 18.
3. Ibid., pp. 18-9.
4. Ibid., p. 30.

Only to have not forgotten the beginning in
which she drank cheap sodas in the morgues
of Newark,
only to have seen her weeping on grey tables
in long wards of her universe
only to have known the weird ideas of Hitler
at the door, the wires in her head, the three
big sticks
rammed down her back, the voices in the ceiling
shrieking out her ugly early lays for 30 years,
only to have seen the time-jumps, memory lapse,
the crash of wars, the roar and silence of a
vast electric shock,
only to have seen her painting crude pictures of
Elevateds running over the rooftops of the
Bronx
her brothers dead in Riverside or Russia, her
lone in Long Island writing a last letter - and
her image in the sunlight at the window
'The key is in the sunlight at the window in the
bars the key is in the sunlight,'[1]

By "Litany" Ginsberg has gone through a transformation. The action of recreating the suffering in poetry has given back to him the person the years had taken away. Once again he may address her as "mother".

O mother
what have I left out
O mother
what have I forgotten
O mother
farewell
with a long black shoe
farewell
with Communist Party and a broken stocking
farewell
with six dark hairs on the wen of your breast
farewell
with your old dress and long black beard around
the vagina
farewell[2]

---

1. Ibid., p. 33.
2. Ibid., p. 34.

with your eyes going to painting class at
night in the Bronx
with your eyes of the killer Grandma you see
on the horizon from the Fire-Escape
with your eyes running naked out of the apart-
ment screaming into the hall
with your eyes being led away by policemen to
an ambulance
with your eyes strapped down on the operating
table
with your eyes with the pancreas removed
with your eyes of appendix operation
with your eyes of abortion
with your eyes of ovaries removed
with your eyes of shock
with your eyes of lobotomy
with your eyes of divorce
with your eyes of stroke
with your eyes alone
with your eyes
with your eyes
with your Death full of Flowers[1]

The poem closes with a short section entitled "Fugue" which would seem to be informed by the Jewish tradition of visiting a grave after the actual funeral, and of the custom of setting the stone some time after the burial. The poet is in the graveyard, silent except for the cries of the black-plumed crows. The sun strikes the headstones and the awful mystery of mutability lies before him, too large to be grasped. The repetition of the name of the deity is echoed by the harsh sounds of the crow. The tiny details of the past jostle in his perception with the little distractions of the present which his mind, recoiling from the inevitability and inexplicable paradox of existence and death, cannot help but notice in its sharpened and wondering state. It is a powerful ending to a major poem.

---

1. Ibid., p. 35.

> Caw caw caw crows shriek in the white sun over
> grave stones in Long Island
> Lord Lord Lord Naomi underneath this grass my
> halflife and my own as hers
> caw caw my eye be buried in the same Ground where
> I stand in Angel
> Lord Lord great Eye that stares on All and moves
> in a black cloud
> caw caw strange cry of Beings flung up into sky
> over the waving trees
> Lord Lord O Grinder of giant Beyonds my voice
> in a boundless field in Sheol
> Caw caw the call of Time rent out of foot and
> wing an instant in the universe
> Lord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through
> ragged leaves the roar of memory
> caw caw all years my birth a dream caw caw New
> York the bus the broken shoe the vast highschool
> caw caw all Visions of the Lord
> Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord Lord caw
> caw caw Lord[1]

Allen Ginsberg has written that it was as a direct result of losing his job that the long line of "Howl" was developed.

> . . . I suddenly turned aside in San Francisco, unemployment compensation leisure, to follow my romantic inspiration - [2]

Another change in his personal fortunes had a major effect on his poetry. When Howl, through notoriety as well as merit, became a best seller, he was able to indulge in a taste for foreign travel which had previously had to be gratified by enlisting in the merchant marine. The experience of other cultures and climates increasingly informs the writing of the late 1950's, and early 1960's, most notably in such works as Ankor Wat and Indian Journals.

---

1. Ibid., p. 36.

2. "Notes on Finally Recording Howl". Casebook on the Beat, p. 27.

From the time of his first political stand in 1963[1] both the travels and the poetry and prose became increasingly concerned with the causes with which Ginsberg is identified: the war in South-East Asia; the increasing involvement of American government agencies in the lives of private citizens; the laws which supposedly control drugs; the impersonal evils of the military-industrial complex. Ginsberg's beliefs, and actions on these matters, led him, by a very different route, to a stance very similar to that of William S. Burroughs. Both of them attended the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1968, where the full force of the American police mentality was demonstrated. Ginsberg himself was gassed.

> So Allen Ginsberg was speaking now to them.
>
> The police looking through the plexiglass face shields they had flipped down from their helmets were then obliged to watch the poet with his bald head, soft eyes magnified by horn-rimmed eyeglasses, and massive dark beard, utter his words in a croaking speech. He had been gassed Monday night and Tuesday night, and had gone to the beach at dawn to read Hindu Tantras to some of the Yippies, the combination of the chants and the gassings had all but burned out his voice, his beautiful speaking voice, one of the most powerful and hypnotic instruments of the Western world was down to the scrapings of the throat now, raw as flesh after a curettage.[2]

The concord of opinion between the two original Beats on certain modern evils may be seen in certain passages from

---

1. Ginsberg's first attendance at a political demonstration was on October 28th, 1963. See Ernie Barry, "A Conversation with Allen Ginsberg", City Lights Journal 2. The demonstration was against the visit of Madame Nhu. pp. 131-8.

2. Norman Mailer, Miami and the Siege of Chicago, (1968), (Edition used first English paperback edition, 1969). pp. 161-2.

The Job and such articles as Ginsberg's "The Great Marijuana Hoax - First Manifesto the end the Bringdown".

> The stringent measures of the American Narcotics Department, their vociferous insistence that addiction is a police and not a medical problem, spread the infection among young people . . . When the American Narcotics Department, beserk with Parkinson's Law, began a programme of wholesale arrest and disproportionate sentences for possession, many of the old-time addicts and pushers were put out of circulation . . . As a result, a whole new generation of users and pushers arose. This new generation of pushers turned to the teenage market. This development was easy to foresee by any person with a clear mind. Am I saying that the American Narcotics Department *deliberately* spread the illness of addiction to young people? . . . By their fruits you will know them . . . [1]
>
> If the tendency (a return to common sense) to leave the opiate problem with qualified M.D.'s prevails, the main function of this large Bureau (the U.S. Treasury Narcotics Bureau) will shift to the persecution of marijuana. Otherwise, the Bureau will have no function except as a minor tax office . . . Following Parkinson's Law that a bureaucracy will attempt to find work for itself . . . the agents of the Bureau have a business interest in perpetuating the idea of a marijuana "menace" lest they lose their employment . . . a great deal of the violence, hysteria & energy of the anti-marijuana language propaganda . . . has as its motive a rather obnoxious self-interest . . . [2]

At one point circa 1971, convinced that his personal appearance might be a factor which worked against his causes, Ginsberg cut his hair and beard, a response to the sort of attitudes exemplified in his poem "Uptown".

---

1. The Job, pp. 144-5.
2. Allen Ginsberg, "The Great Marijuana Hoax - First Manifesto to end the Bringdown", The Atlantic, Vol. CCXVIII, (1966), pp. 104, 107.

> Yellow-lit Budweiser signs over oaken bars,
> "I've seen everything" - the bartender handing
> me change of $10,
> I stared at him amiably eyes thru an obvious
> Adamic beard -
> with Montana musicians homeless in Manhattan,
> teen age
> curly hair themselves - we sat at the antique
> both & gossiped.
> Madame Grady's literary salon a curious value
> in New York -
> "If I had my way I'd cut off your hair and
> send you to Vietnam" -
> "Bless you then" I replied to a hatted thin
> citizen hurrying to the barroom door
> upon wet dark Amsterdam Avenue decades later -
> "And if I couldn't do that I'd cut your throat"
> he snarled farewell,
> and "Bless you sir" I added as he went to his
> fate in the rain, dapper Irishman.[1]

This action was consistent with an attitude which Walter Gutman had noticed many years earlier. Gutman was a financial journalist who raised the money for the film Pull My Daisy, a project that Ginsberg, as he did the business of being poet or public conscience, took very seriously.

> . . . I suddenly met the Knights of the Beat Generation, and especially Kerouac, who was their King Arthur, and Ginsberg, their Galahad . . . I don't know why Ginsberg, Robert and I gathered at the Bankers Club then. Judging by the photos, it was a very serious minded meeting, but of that total group involved with the movie, Ginsberg has become by far the most famous - not because of his poetry but because of his sociological involvements . . . symbolized by the huge beard he grew after he came back from India. As can be seen from the photo, at the time I knew him he looked like an intelligent and eager young financier.[2]

---

1. Planet News, p. 133.
2. Walter Gutman, The Gutman Letter, (1969), unpaged.

In the late sixties and early seventies Ginsberg's poetry is marked by a more introspective attitude as he seems to have felt the passage of the years. In 1968 he suffered a broken leg and ribs in a car crash, unlike the time, in 1949, when he walked, unharmed, away from an overturned vehicle. In 1974 he was attacked and robbed in the street. These events are treated with a certain regretful philosophy.

> Unstable element, Sight Sound fresh Touch
> & Taste, all Odour, one more consciousness
> backseat of a steaming auto with broken nose -
> Unstable place to be, an easy way out
> by metal crash instead of mind cancer.
> Unreliable meat, waving a chicken bone
> in a hospital bed - get what's coming to you
> like the chicken steak you ate last year.
> Impossible Dr. Feelgood Forever, gotta die
> made of worm-stuff. And worm thoughts?[1]

> - a boy
> stepped up, put his arm around my neck
> tenderly I thought for a moment, squeezed harder,
> his umbrella handle against my skull,
> and his friends took my arm, a young brown com-
> panion tripped his foot 'gainst my ankle -
> as I went down shouting Om Ah Hum to gangs of
> lovers on the stoop watching
> slowly appreciating, which this is a raid, these
> strangers mean strange business
> with what - my pockets, bald head, broken-healed-
> bone leg, my softshoes, my heart -
> Have they knives?[2]

With the ending of the Vietnam war, more of Ginsberg's energies were directed more into teaching and music. Allen Verbatim is a record of lectures given in 1971 to 1973, and

---

1. "Car Crash", The Fall of America, p. 103.
2. "Mugging", Mind Breaths, p. 50.

the poet also teaches at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado.[1] Both his early interest in Blake and his relationship with Bob Dylan (there is a photograph of him among those on Dylan's 1965 L.P. Highway 61 Revisited.[2] Some of Blake's poems, set to music by Ginsberg, appear in Allen Verbatim. At least one L.P. of this material has been issued.[3] First Blues - Rags, Ballads & Harmonium Songs 1971-74[4] contains material set to music. The frontispiece, which shows Dylan and Ginsberg at Kerouac's graveside in Lowell, is from Dylan's film Renaldo and Clara, in which Ginsberg plays a Jewish patriarch or paterfamilias figure. Much of the film was shot during Dylan's tour, The Rolling Thunder Revue, of which troupe Ginsberg was a member.[5]

---

1. Whether this is a public institution or one which Ginsberg, or his foundation, was involved in setting up is unknown. The introduction to Ginsberg's First Blues and the sleeve notes to Bob Dylan's Desire CBS 86003 (1975) both originate there, and The Beat Diary contains several photographs of Ginsberg, Corso, Burroughs, Philip Whalen and others who were apparently attending a seminar or conference there. The typescript of Mind Breaths was assembled there.
2. Bob Dylan, Highway 61 Revisited, C.B.S. 62515, (1965).
3. Allen Ginsberg/William Blake, Songs of Innocence and of Experience by William Blake, tuned by Allen Ginsberg, M.G.M. ETS-3083. (date unknown).
4. Allen Ginsberg, First Blues - Rags, Ballads & Harmonium Songs 1971-74, (1975).
5. An account of this period may be found in the book by Sam Shepherd, Rolling Thunder Logbook, (1977).

II

References to the origins of the Beat Generation and concern for its individual members may be found in Allen Ginsberg's poetry and prose during every phase of his career. A full listing of these would be excessively long. For the purpose of establishing this, examples will suffice. In the love poems of his juvenilia, Ginsberg obscured the gender of the person to whom they were addressed, Neal Cassady.

> My love has come to ride me home
> To our room and bed.
> I had walked the wide sea path,
> For my love would roam
> In absence long and glad
> All through our land of wrath.
> We wandered wondrously,
> I still mild, true and sad,
> But merry, mad and free
> My love was.[1]

Later, in "Howl", Ginsberg identified the "secret hero" by initials only.

> who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake,
> who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver - joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisms of johns, & hometown alleys too[2]

---

1. Gates of Wrath, p. 8.
2. Howl, pp. 12-3.

Gregory Corso is referred to in a poem written in 1951, "Gregory Corso's Story".

> The first time I went
> to the country to New Hampshire
> When I was about eight
> there was a girl
> I always used to paddle with a plywood stick.
>
> We were in love,
> so the last night there
> we undressed in the moonlight
> and showed each other our bodies,
> then we ran singing back to the house.[1]

In the 1961 volume, Kaddish, it is Corso's injunction: "Be a Star-screwer!" that precedes "Poem Rocket"[2] and Reality Sandwiches is dedicated to him.[3] It is this volume which contains the 1954 poem "On Burroughs Work" which has, as a counterpoint, an allegory on the title of Burroughs' best known book

> The method must be purest meat
> and no symbolic dressing,
> actual visions & actual prisons
> as seen then and now.
>
> Prisons and visions presented
> with rare descriptions
> corresponding exactly to those
> of Alcatraz and Rose.
>
> A naked lunch is natural to use,
> we eat reality sandwiches.
> But allegories are so much lettuce.
> Don't hide the madness.[4]

---

1. Empty Mirror, p. 58.
2. Kaddish, p. 37.
3. The dedication is unpaged. Ginsberg's habit of dedicating his books to close friends has already been mentioned in connection with Howl, dedicated to Kerouac, Burroughs, Cassady and, originally, Lucien Carr.
4. Reality Sandwiches, p. 40.

Ginsberg's respect for Burroughs and his work may also be discerned in the book compiled from their correspondence and published in 1963, The Yage Letters.

> If I do leave here before 2 weeks and letter arrives it will be forwarded to me promptly in Lima so I'll hear from you there but I do want to hear from you Bill so please write and advise me whatever you can if you can.[1]

When Yage Letters was published, Ginsberg was abroad with Peter Orlovsky. Steeped in a foreign culture and experimenting with many drugs, Ginsberg, on a rough charpoy in Jaipurish in India finds the companions of his youth constantly in his thoughts

> At least I'm down in possessions to Peter & a knapsack. I still am loaded with Karma of many letters & unfinished correspondence. I wanted to be a saint. But suffer for what? Illusions? The rain, were it to rustle the leaves, would seem more friendly than before & more reminiscent of an old dream. But all the connections are vague, machines make noise & lights across the road I've never investigated. Next the rest of India & Japan, and I suppose later a trip: England, Denmark, Sweden & Norway, Germany, Poland, Russia, China & then back home again. And that'll be the end of that world, I'll be about 50, the relatives'll all be dead by then, old ties with the boys of yore be loosed or burnt, unfaithful, in so many decades it's best to let it all go - is Jack drunk? Is Neal aware of me? Gregory yakking? Bill mad at me? Am I even here to myself?[2]

Planet News, published in 1968, continues this tradition.

---

1. The Yage Letters. p. 56.
2. Indian Journals, p. 11.

Acknowledgement Addenda . . . friend poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti encouraged book to finish, suggested additions & style edited *Planet News*.[1]

Dedicated
to
Neal Cassady
again
Spirit to Spirit

February 8, 1925 - February 4, 1968

'the great driver'
'secret hero of these poems'[2]

WHY IS GOD LOVE, JACK?

Because I lay my
head on pillows,
Because I weep in the
tombed studio
Because my heart
sinks below my navel
because I have an
old airy belly
filled with soft
sighing, and
remembered breast
sobs - or
a hands touch makes
tender -
Because I get scared -
Because I raise my
voice singing to
my beloved self -
Because I do love thee
my darling, my
other, my living
bride
my friend, my old lord
of soft tender eyes -
Because I am in the
Power of life & can
do no more than
submit to the feeling
that I am the One
Lost

---

1. Planet News, unpaged.

2. Ibid., unpaged. The two phrases in quotation marks are from Ginsberg poems "The Green Automobile (Reality Sandwiches, p. 11) and "Howl" (Howl, p. 12) respectively.

Seeking still seeking the
  thrill - delicious
  bliss in the
    heart abdomen loins
      & thighs
Not refusing this
  38 yr. 145 lb. head
  arms & feet of meat
Nor one single Whitmanic
  toenail condemn
nor hair prophetic banish
  to remorseless Hell,
Because wrapped with machinery
I confess my ashamed desire.[1]

In that phase of his work most informed by nostalgia and melancholy, after the deaths of Cassady and Kerouac, Ginsberg's poetry continues to refer to his friends, but with the sadness of a man whose own mortality presses in on him through the fates of his contemporaries.

Northport, in the trees, Jack drank
  rot gut & made haikus of birds
    tweeting on his porch rail at dawn -
Fell down and saw Death's golden lite
    in Florida garden a decade ago.
Now taken utterly, soul upward,
    & body down in wood coffin
      & concrete slab-box.
I threw a kissed handful of damp earth
    down on the stone lid
            & sighed
  looking in Creeley's one eye,
Peter sweet holding a flower
  Gregory toothless bending his
    knuckle to Cinema machine -
and that's the end of the drabble tongued
    Poet who sounded his Kock-rup
      throughout the Northwest Passage.
Blue dusk over Saybrook, Holmes
      sits down to dine Victorian -
& *Time* has a ten-page spread on
    Homosexual Fairies!

Well, while I'm here I'll
    do the work -
and what's the Work?
  To ease the pain of living.

---

1. Planet News, pp. 64-5.

Everything else, drunken
dumbshow.

Flying to Maine in a trail of black smoke
Kerouac's obituary conserves *Time's*
Front Paragraphs -
Empire State in Heaven Sun Set Red,
White mist in old October
over the billion trees of Bronx -
There's too much to see -
Jack saw sun set red over Hudson horizon
Two three decades back
thirtynine fourtynine fiftynine
sixtynine
John Holmes pursed his lips,
wept tears.
Smoke plumed up from oceanside chimneys
plane roars toward Montauk
stretched in red sunset - [1]

For the most part, the recognisable pseudonym is a convention adopted by the writers of fiction among the Beats. The poets use the original name or occasionally make unidentified references, as Ginsberg did in his early love poetry. In a poem written in 1949, however, Ginsberg did use the device, and in a way which is unique: writing about a character from a book (The Town and the City) who is based on himself.

Sweet Levinsky in the night
Sweet Levinsky in the light
do you giggle out of spite,
or are you laughing in delight
sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky?[2]

---

1. The Fall of America, pp. 134-5. It may be noted that reference is made to Robert Creeley. Those in the original New York group are the most widely recalled "friend poets' in his work, but Ginsberg refers to others, among them, Frank O'Hara "Midnight City Junk Strains" (Planet News, pp. 134-7), William Carlos Williams, "Death News" (Planet News, pp. 48-9); Gary Snyder "G.S. Reading Poetry at Princeton" (The Fall of America, p. 140); and Bob Dylan "On Reading Dylan's Writings" (First Blues, p. 60).

2. The Gates of Wrath, p. 14.

III

Ginsberg's most important contribution to the phenomenon of the Beat Generation, and one which was unique to him, was that of advocate, agent and entrepreneur. He has continually chosen this role since the 1950's onwards, arranging contacts, giving of material, championing the achievements of others. It was Ginsberg's friendship with Carl Solomon, nephew of publisher A.A. Wyn, which led, eventually, to the publication of Junkie, Burroughs' first published work. This feat caused Jack Kerouac to wonder if some of the hard work could not be taken out of seeking publication if one were to exploit Ginsberg's loyalty and selflessness.

> After Allen had sold *Junkie* for Burroughs, Jack encouraged him to think of himself as the New York agent for the whole crowd of them scattered across the country writing. Jack had sent Allen the retyped 530-page manuscript of *On the Road* before either Neal or Bill could read it. He said they hadn't had any time.[1]

As has already been established, the Beats' reading of one another's works in manuscript was a widespread and very necessary method of maintaining creative confidence. While some members of the coterie could be vague at times, Ginsberg appears to have been consistently and positively encouraging.

---

1. Kerouac, p. 162.

> As Kerouac remembered in *Vanity of Duluoz*, when he pressed Burroughs for a critical judgment, his friend would always peer over his joined fingertips and answer, "Good, good."
>
> "But what do you specifically think of it?" Jack would insist.
>
> "Why . . . " Burroughs would answer carefully, "why, I dont specifically *think* of it. I just rather like it, is all."[1]

When Jack Kerouac wrote The Subterraneans in three nights it detailed a series of events in the immediate past, including Kerouac's private thoughts and feelings about those friends of his, Holmes, Corso, Ginsberg, who appear in it as "Mac Jones", "Gligoric", and "Moorad" respectively. "Moorad" is presented as a not entirely sympathetic character, intrusive and manipulating.

> A few nights later Adam with an evil smile announced he had run into her in a Third Street bus and they'd gone to his place to talk and drink . . . which culminated in Adam sitting naked reading Chinese poetry and passing the stick . . . [2]

According to Ann Charters, Ginsberg's reaction was not to take offence at the portrayal of him (as others, for instance Rexroth and Ferlinghetti, had done) but to praise the writing to the degree of insisting that Kerouac describe the method in a manifesto.

---

1. Kerouac, p. 61.
2. The Subterraneans, pp. 15-6.

> When Allen read the manuscript he was astounded at the sound of the prose. Jack had succeeded . . . as a favor to Burroughs and Ginsberg he wrote out his "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose", Kerouac's major aesthetic statement in a lifetime of writing books.[1]

In his introduction to the first unexpurgated edition of Junky[2] by William S. Burroughs, Ginsberg recalls the genesis of Burroughs' writing.

> . . . I became more bold . . . encouraged him to write more prose. By then Kerouac and I considered ourselves poet/writers in Destiny, and Bill was too diffident to make such extravagant theater of self. In any case he responded to my letters with chapters of *Junky*, I think begun as curious sketching but soon conceived on his part - to my thrilled surprise - as continuing workmanlike fragments of a book, narrative on a subject. So the bulk of the Ms. arrived sequentially in the mail . . . and was the method whereby we assembled books not only of *Junky* but also *Yage Letters*, *Queer* (as yet unpublished) and much of *Naked Lunch* . . . Once the manuscript was complete, I began taking it around to various classmates, in college or mental hospital who had succeeded in establishing themselves in Publishing - an

---

1. Kerouac, p. 197.
2. William S. Burroughs, Junky, Penguin Books (1977). All other editions have the spelling "Junkie". It may be noted that Ginsberg also wrote the introduction for the first complete edition of another book by a close friend, Kerouac's Visions of Cody. "The Great Rememberer" prefaced the first full edition of this book in 1972 and was also published as an article in Saturday Review, Vol. 55 (2nd December, 1972), pp. 60-3, and in extended form, including letters from Neal Cassady as The Visions of the Great Rememberer in 1974. The phrase is Kerouac's own and is quoted by John Clellon Holmes in his essay of the same title ("The Great Rememberer", Nothing More to Declare, pp. 68-86): '"A great rememberer redeeming life from darkness": thus Kerouac, self-described'. (p. 68).

> ambition which was mine also, frustrated . . . I conceived of myself as a secret literary Agent . . . That season I was also carrying around Kerouac's Proustian chapters from *Visions of Cody* that later developed into the vision of *On the Road.*[1]

This self imposed task Ginsberg continued to perform throughout the years which have seen his fame and influence grow. In serious articles, whatever central theme, and in interviews, whether or not the question is raised by the interviewer, he has continued to champion his fellow Beats.

> Prose: the vast project of total recall begun by Kerouac continues as he's a saint to that task. English readers by this time also know Burroughs & though he's typically "controversial" in his own time (Is he or is he not an artist? What a stupid argument!) he already influences the thinking processes of a whole generation of American and English boys[2]

When Gerald Clarke tries, by mentioning James Dickey, to draw a hostile response from Ginsberg, the poet refuses to be drawn, replying, instead, in the affirmative.

> I've heard he thinks he's the greatest poet in America", I doggedly continue.
>
> "Every poet perhaps should think so. I don't think I am the greatest poet, incidentally. I'm probably somewhere between Corso and the late dead Kerouac and Robert Duncan. I'd say Corso is the most brilliant in terms of language. Duncan is the most in terms of form and thought. And Kerouac is the most

---

1. Ibid., pp. v, vi.
2. Allen Ginsberg, "Back to the Wall", The Times Literary Supplement, (August 6, 1964), p. 678.

> original and deepest in terms of penetration of the four hundred billion fascinating divisions of Maya, the show of transcient phenomena."[1]

Few collaborative works were produced by the Beats and many of those that did, perhaps through his habit of promoting the others, involve Allen Ginsberg. One such collaboration was "Pull My Daisy" a title used for several distinctly separate manifestations. As a poem, two versions are collected in Kerouac's posthumous Scattered Poems,[2] one of which is also contained in Gates of Wrath.[3] Both books also contain the song "Fie My Fum" of which "Pull my daisy" is the first line.[4] All are spontaneous compositions, Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac producing alternate stanzas of "Fie My Fum", the same method, including Neal Cassady, being applied for "Pull My Daisy". The film of Pull My Daisy[5] featured Ginsberg, Corso and Orlovsky, with an ad-libbed text by Kerouac.

Like Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg "gave" snippets to his fellow writers. These include the name of the narrator in On the Road Sal Paradise, which comes from a line in an early poem by Ginsberg: "Sad Paradise it is I imitate".[6] One

---

1. Gerald Clarke, op.cit., p. 94.
2. Scattered Poems, pp. 3-7.
3. Gates of Wrath, pp. 24-8.
4. Scattered Poems, p. 2. Gates of Wrath, p. 26.
5. Pull My Daisy - Text by Jack Kerouac for the film by Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie, (1961).
6. Kerouac, p. 90.

version of the origin of the title of Naked Lunch attributes it to Ginsberg's misreading "Naked Lust".[1] At one point in "Kaddish" Naomi recounts a meeting with God

> 'Yesterday I saw God. What did he look like? . . . He was a lonely old man with a white beard . . .
>
> 'I told him, Look at all those fightings and killings down there, What's the matter? Why don't you put a stop to it?
>
> 'I try, he said - That's all he could do, he looked tired. He's a bachelor so long, and he likes lentil soup."[2]

This part of the poem makes an interesting comparison with a passage in Go, in which "David Stofsky", the character whose fortunes follow those of the real life Ginsberg, has a dream.

> Nor was he surprised by the throne at one end of it, a throne that was not surrounded by an ambient light, or even very clean and polished, but still somehow regal and entirely proper to the figure sitting there: an aging man of once powerful physique, now vaguely weary, His untrimmed beard fanned out in white folds upon His chest, His eyes shining with muted brightness as only an old man's eyes can shine out of the limpid stillness of an old face. God.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Being saved is like being damned," God said with thoughtful simplicity, as though it was one of the unutterable secrets of the universe given to Stofsky now because he had been patient, because he had come so far.
>
> Then God did lean forward until His beard fell straight down into His lap and Stofsky could see the wet brilliance of His large eyes. "You must go", He said, "Go, and love without the help of any Thing on earth".

---

1. Ibid., p. 401.
2. Kaddish, p. 23.

> For a second Stofsky seemed to recall the words; then remembered a line like that in Blake, and thought that perhaps this was not God at all, but Blake himself. But then, looking closer, he knew it *was* God, and thought it wonderful and just that God should quote Blake too.
>
> As he was about to rise, however, a question rose in his mind, something almost irreverent and certainly mortal, and even though he suspected that he had no right to ask it, he could not let the opportunity pass somehow.
>
> "Things are so terrible", he began. "The violence, misery, the hate . . . war and hopelessness . . . I wonder," and he gave one fearful and yet challenging glance into Those Eyes. "Why can't *You* help all that? Do You know how human beings suffer? . . . Can't You help them, Sir?"
>
> God's face grew dim and drawn, as though the question gave Him pain. He knew there was no sense to feel, but pain He took upon Himself in spite of that. He seemed for that moment a majestic and lonely man in His rented hall, on His dusty throne, who had received too many petitioners, too long, and understood too much to speak anything but the truth, even though it could not help.
>
> "I try", He replied simply. "I do all I can".
>
> Then Stofsky woke, and it was still dark. He could remember most of it, as though it had just happened, and felt a kind of heavy peace. But very soon he fell off to sleep again, and dreamt no more, and had forgotten when the morning came.[1]

Perhaps the best example of this side of Ginsberg's character, the poet who selflessly expends his energies on the cause of fulfillment and recognition for others is to be found in the dedication of his first book. For many writers this is the occasion for an acknowledgement to parent or

---

1. Go, pp. 245-6.

spouse, Ginsberg used it to bring the name of his unknown contemporaries, and their unpublished volumes, before the public, and the publishers.

DEDICATION
To -

Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose, who spit forth intelligence into eleven books written in half the number of years (1951-1956) - *On the Road, Visions of Neal, Dr Sax, Springtime Mary, The Subterraneans, San Francisco Blues, Some of the Dharma, Book of Dreams, Wake Up, Mexico City Blues,* and *Visions of Gerard* - creating a spontaneous bop prosody and original classic literature. Several phrases and the title of *Howl* are taken from him.

William Seward Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch,* an endless novel which will drive everybody mad.

Neal Cassady, author of *The First Third,* an autobiography (1949) which enlightened Buddha.

All these books are published in Heaven.[1]

---

1. Howl, unpaged. An account of Kerouac's naming the poem is given in "Portrait of a Beat" by Al Aronowitz in an edition of Nugget - the Man's World (October 1960, pp. 15, 17-8, 24) an early imitator of Playboy, which was edited by Seymour Krim. "It was Jack Kerouac, you know, who gave the poem its name. I mailed him a copy just after I wrote it - it was still untitled - and he wrote back, 'I got your howl . . . '", p. 15.

Chapter Eight

William S. Burroughs

> I can claim some experience and skill in the scrivener's trade . . .[1]

> He's six foot one, blue eyes, glasses, sandy hair, 44, a scion of a great American industrial family but they've only a-scioned him a $200 a month trust fund and are soon to cut that down to $120, finally two years later rejecting him completely from their interior decorated living rooms in retirement Florida because of the mad book he's written and published in Paris (Nude Supper) - a book enough to make any mother turn pale . . .[2]

> Young Bill was carefully brought up, sent to the best schools one of them a riding school in New Mexico in the summer, prophetically near Almogordo, the site of the first atomic explosion, where on horseback this American prince stared at the desert through steel rimmed spectacles with cold blue eyes.
>
> By sixteen he was as high-horse as a Governor in the Colonies, as nasty as an old Aunt, and as queer as the day is long.[3]

Strongly individualistic, William Seward Burroughs resists categorisation and has gone on record that he does not regard himself as a member of the Beat Generation.

> D.O. What is your relation to the Beat movement, with which you associate yourself? What is the literary importance of this movement?

---

1. William Burroughs, "I, William Burroughs, Challenge You, L. Ron Hubbard", Mayfair, Vol. 5, No. 1, pp. 52-4, 8.
2. Desolation Angels, p. 310.
3. The First Third, p. 123.

> W.B. I don't associate myself with it at all, and never have, either with their objectives or their literary style. I have some close personal friends among the Beat movement: Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso are all close personal friends of many years' standing but we're not doing at all the same thing, either in writing or in outlook.[1]

Bruce Cook contends that the Beat Generation had a social, as well as a literary, significance and that Burroughs shared in this through participating in: "the reckless antagonism to the postwar American scene that seemed to activate the whole Beat movement."[2]

Burroughs' early work possesses the characteristics of the Beat's literature. Subsequently he developed the innovative and original style which was to cause Norman Mailer to call him

> The only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius[3]

During the formation of the Beat Generation Burroughs' role was that of elder statesman. He had already tried various forms of employment, a course characteristic of the Beats.

---

1. The Job, pp. 43, 4.
2. The Beat Generation, p. 166.
3. Norman Mailer, quoted on back cover of Dead Fingers Talk, (Tandem Books edition, London, 1970).

> "But what was your last job?" I ask.
>
> "Bartender in Newark."
>
> "Before that?"
>
> "Exterminator in Chicago. Of bed bugs, that is."
>
> "Just came to see ya", he says "to find out how to get papers, to ship out."[1]

His academic experiences were not as traumatic as those of Ginsberg and Kerouac, and may be casually recalled.

> I was doing graduate work in anthropology at Harvard, and Kells Elvins . . . was doing graduate work in psychology.[2]

Holmes excepted, Burroughs was a major influence on the members of the New York group and none of them have been reticent in acknowledging this. It is significant that Gregory Corso, a juvenile delinquent about to undergo a prison sentence at the time of the founding of the Beat Generation, and who did not meet Burroughs until 1953, responded as positively as Ginsberg, Kerouac or Cassady. In 1962 Corso wrote to Burroughs on a favourite topic for the Beats, the dream life.

---

1. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 156. In this novel, Burroughs is called Will Hubbard. Earlier he had been called Bull Hubbard in both Desolation Angels and Book of Dreams. Burroughs has written extensively and critically about Scientology and its founder, L. Ron Hubbard (notably in The Job). The similarity of names is coincidental and should not be taken as an indication that Kerouac was aware of the existence of Scientology or Burroughs' interest in it.

2. Eric Mottram, The Algebra of Need, p. 19.

> Dear Bill, my dearest and smartest and goodest man in my eyes in the whole world . . . I then told you, "Bill, you are going to be the great writer of this age; you will write a great book; . . . I am telling you that you you (sic) will be the great writer of the age . . . i always sometimes when i hold your word to be THE WORD i see the image of willie the weasel, i think you recall me calling you that, that i suspect you to be not this godly being, but a con man - well all that is gone now, that dream did it, yr voice and face was god-made, no doubt about that, and by god i mean what you mean by it [1]

This is an example of the impact Burroughs could have. To Kerouac it was significant that he did not notice the gap in their ages.

> He was nine years older than me but I never noticed it.[2]

He reacted to Burroughs' fund of stories and personal philosophy with an absorption bordering on the apostolic. It remained fresh in his mind a quarter of a century later.

> But I bite my lips when I hear the word "marvel" and I shudder with excitement when I hear Will say "marvelous", because when he says it, it really's bound to be truly marvelous. "I just saw a marvelous scene in a movie this afternoon", with his face all flushed, exalted, rosy, fresh from wind or rain where he walked. his glasses a little wet or smoky from the heat of his enthused eye, 'this character in this awful beat movie about sex downtown, you see him with a great horse serum injector giving himself

---

1. The Beat Diary, pp. 160-1.
2. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 162.

> a big bang of dope then he rushes up and grabs this blonde in his arms and lifts her up and goes rushing off into a dark field goin "Yip Yip Yipp ee!"'[1]

Neal Cassady's "The History of the Hip Generation", written in Rocky Mount in August, 1952, would appear to have been conceived on a grand scale and amounted to only a couple of pages, almost all of which concerns William Burroughs. Its style is somewhat reminiscent of Jack Kerouac's way of using historical fact as the starting point for a novel.

> BOOK ONE
>
> The Hip Generation went on Strike Against Man.
>
> I
>
> William Hubbard was born in St. Louis in 1917 an heir to the Hubbard Typewriter; he never had to worry about money the rest of his life.[2]

For Cassady, then, the starting point for the "History of the Hip Generation" was William Seward Burroughs.

Allen Ginsberg's involvement with Burroughs was more personal - at one stage sexual - but, as Ann Charters records, he also responded as a disciple.

> Ginsberg, thought Burroughs his "greatest teacher", who educated him more than his courses at Columbia.[3]

---

1. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 159.
2. The First Third, p. 122. Burroughs was actually born in St. Louis in 1914.
3. Kerouac, p. 59.

Burroughs, like Holmes, Kerouac, Ginsberg and Cassady drew on the lives of his contemporaries for raw material. This may chiefly be discerned in his early work, the unpublished, much discussed Queer; his first published volume, Junkie; the compilation of correspondence with Ginsberg, The Yage Letters. He soon became preoccupied, however, with the evolution of new methods of writing and the cataloguing of the 20th century malaise, although references in certain later works show he remained aware of the rest of the founder members of the Beat Generation.

It was those characters who were truly "beat" who most interested Burroughs.

> Burroughs became involved with the carny world of thieves, pickpockets and short-change artists he met in the Eighth Avenue bars around Times Square, and he took copious notes on his experiences, material he used later in Junkie and Naked Lunch.[1]

Thus it was those characters on the periphery of the Beat Generation who are most frequently featured in his books, less as identifiable, pseudonymous characters, although this did happen and has been discussed earlier, than providing the authentic cast for the harsh world of crime, addiction and decay with which Burroughs is so often concerned.

---

1. Ibid., p. 60.

William Burroughs has a sharply critical mind and a serious purpose. As Eric Mottram has written, however, much of the critical reaction he has elicited does not go beyond:

> Shock at his advanced literary methods, disgust with his drug and sex materials.[1]

Any reasonably literate person will be able to quickly detect the anti-authoritarian, articulate voice of the writer despite the trappings of sensationalism. His principal work so far, considered unpublishable in Britain and America, came out under the imprint of Maurice Girodias. When Calder and Boyars published an English edition, and subsequent editions followed, some differences in the text were evident. Whether this was due to Burroughs' techniques of composition or French-speaking typesetters is not established.

Usually these literals are of minor importance. "Pantapon"[3] in the Giro dias edition is spelt "Pantopon"[4]

---

1. William Burroughs, Eric Mottram, Snack, (1975), p. 3. Serious intent has been divined in some quarters, however. John Ciardi has written that The Naked Lunch could be:

   > cleanly defended not only as a masterpiece of its own genre, but as a monumentally moral descent into the hell of narcotic addiction[2]

2. "Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", p. 30.
3. William Burroughs, The Naked Lunch. The Traveller's Companion Series, Olympia Press, Paris, (1959), p. 15.
4. William Burroughs, The Naked Lunch, Corgi Books, London, (1968), p. 28.

in the Corgi edition. Sometimes, however, genuine damage is done to the author's meaning.

> I made the round with him once for kicks. You know how old people lose all shame about eating, and it makes you puke to watch them? Old junkies are the same about junk. They gibber and squeal at the sight of it. The spit hangs off their chin, and their stomach rumbles and all their guts grind in peristalsis while they cook up, dissolving the body's decent skin, you expect any moment a great blob of protoplasm will plop right out and surround the junk. Really disgusts you to see it.
>
> "Well, my boys we'll be like that one day", I thought philosophically. "Isn't life peculiar?"[1]

This is the sort of sustained vision of horror which polarises opinion on Burroughs' work, and it is his own complete lack of self-delusion which assures his integrity. When a printer's error turns this frightening honesty into something resembling evasion the very core of the work is damaged, however slightly.

> "Well, my boys will be like that one day", I thought philosophically. "Isn't life peculiar?"[2]

The cut up technique was first used in The Naked Lunch. Opinions as to its validity vary, though the comparatively small amount of serious critical analysis generally lends support to the author. What some regard as the evasion

---

1. Olympia Press edition, pp. 10, 11.
2. Corgi Books edition, p. 23.

of authorial responsibility is, according to Alan Ansen, Burroughs' attempt to "liberate man from the traumas of early verbalization".[1] Eric Mottram, in a broadcast in 1964, sees Burroughs as a powerful satirist of the order of Goya, Daumier and George Grosz.

> The violence of his vision has caused his books to be feared and banned . . . He creates conflict through opposition to authority, and this includes the authority of established method of plot, time and space in novels and the readers' response to them . . . of authoritatively accepted literary forms[2]

Like Ginsberg and Kerouac, Burroughs draws much of his material from dreams. Dream logic and the freedom from practical constraints are often well suited to his purpose.

> In justifying his presentation of sudden changes of locale without describing the means by which his characters are transported from here to there Burroughs says, "I am not American Express;"[3]
>
> WB . . . A great many of my characters, sets and situations I get in dreams. I'd say a good 50%.
>
> GM Do you have a certain technique for notating dreams?
>
> WB. Well, yeah, I keep a pencil and paper by my bed . . . I just make a few brief notes; that's all that's necessary. If you even have two words they can bring it back. Then I'll expand them into dream-

---

1. Alan Ansen, "After the Naked Lunch", City Lights Journal No 2, (1964), pp. 263.
2. Snack, p. 3.
3. "After the Naked Lunch", p. 261.

> scenes. If they're particularly interesting or important to one that might be useable in a fictional context I'll make a longer typewritten account . . . I get long sequential narrative dreams and some of these have gone almost verbatim into my work.[1]

Concerned as he has been to describe certain drug-induced conditions, the subconsciousness and the hallucinatory are valuable sources for Burroughs. In its abrupt changes of direction and tone, writing produced by the cut-up method also resembles certain dream states. Burroughs has written a film script based on the 2,000 words noted by the police stenographer at the bedside of the gangster Dutch Schultz, after he was shot by rival bootleggers and went into the delirium from which he never emerged.[2] Like dreams and delirium, cut-ups, with key words and phrases impressing the brain with vivid, unconnected images, make their impact without being subjected to the constraints of logical progression.

William Burroughs has been called "the first original since Joyce"[3] and, in his innovations and singlemindedness, he is indeed reminiscent of the author of Finnegan's Wake. Unlike Joyce, however, he has produced his manifesto.

The Job, an interview conducted ostensibly by Swiss

---

1. "Interview with William Burroughs", Gerard Malanga, The Beat Book, p. 94.
2. William S. Burroughs, The Last Words of Dutch Schultz, (1975).
3. Anthony Burgess, quoted in Tandem edition of Dead Fingers Talk, unpaged.

writer Daniel Odier, differs from other published interviews. Significant differences are apparent when covering similar ground to that touched on by Conrad Knickerbocker, in the Paris Review,[1] for instance. The Job is, in effect, a series of essays connected by dialogue. Burroughs' "answers" are not spontaneous, but carefully constructed and painstakingly argued. Ironically, when he chooses conventional prose, Burroughs' style is lucid. The Job clearly establishes that Burroughs' interest in cut ups and fold ins does not spring from any paucity of talent, they are his weapons in the fight against those forces against which the Beat Generation rebelled originally in the 1940s and 1950s.

> What we see now is power *exercised for purely destructive purposes*. Whether they know it or not, the present controllers are bent on annihilation.[2]

---

1. "The Art of Fiction XXXVI", interview with William Burroughs by Conrad Knickerbocker, Paris Review 35, (Fall, 1965), pp. 12-49.

2. The Job, p. 52.

Chapter Nine

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

> . . . poor Monsanto a man of
> letters . with his husky shoul-
> ders, big blue eyes, twinkling
> rosy skin, that perpetual smile
> of his that earned him the name
> Smiler in college and a smile you
> often wondered "Is it real?" until
> you realized if Monsanto should
> ever stop using that smile how
> could the world go on anyway - [1]

> I only take a little pot some-
> times. I don't need anything;
> I'm "high" on life. [2]

In several ways Lawrence Ferlinghetti does not fit the Beat Generation pattern: he did not share the formative New York experiences; born in 1919, he was older than all except Burroughs; playwright, poet, novelist, essayist, travel writer, bookseller and publisher, the diversity of his activity is unique within the movement; his somewhat mysterious personal history is of little importance to his work. On the other hand, he appears as a character in the works of the others and his themes are often similar to theirs. His writing contains many references to fellow members of the group, and his City Lights bookshop and publishing venture has been of unique importance to it.

---

1. Big Sur, pp. 52-3.
2. Anon., "Lawrence Ferlinghetti: A Candid Conversation with the Man Who Founded the 'Beat' Generation", Penthouse, Vol. 1, No. 4, (August 1964), p. 71.

In contrast to the work of his fellow Beats, little about Ferlinghetti's life before the 1950s may be discovered in his writings. What there is may be vague or contradictory. He was once described as a former naval officer: "Ferlinghetti, a Ph.D. and World War II subchaser commander"[1] but in a rare concession to biographical convention Ferlinghetti not only makes no mention of this but seems to lay claim to a very different wartime career.

> After that the record is none too clear. It seems he returned to France during World War II and had some underhand connection with the Free French and the Norwegian Underground. After the war he may have written two unpublishable novels and a doctoral thesis at the Sorbonne which should have been entitled Histoire du pissoir dans la poesie moderne. It also seems fairly certain that he reached San Francisco overland about 1951, built a bookstore, and began to publish the Pocket Poets Series [2]

Certainly Ferlinghetti's experience of France is significant - he has translated Jacques Prevert's Paroles, and his novel, Her, was published in France in 1961 as La Quatrieme Personne du Singuller to some enthusiastic, if inflated, praise.

---

1. Anon., "Big Day for Bards at Bay", Life, Vol. 43, (9th September, 1957), p. 105.
2. The New American Poetry 1945-1960, pp. 436, 7.

> . . . the confirmation of a great American writer who, in the hall of American literary glories, takes the place left vacant by the death of Hemingway [1]

Ferlinghetti's role as sympathetic and involved publisher should not be underrated. As Allen Ginsberg, in his tireless efforts of promotion, was the Beats' equivalent of what Pound was to Joyce and Eliot in the 1920s, so Ferlinghetti took the role of Sylvia Beach. His prosecution over the publication of Howl was a cause celebre which enhanced the reputations of both publisher and poet, and caused great interest in the movement. Successful defence of an obscenity charge peremially results in enormous sales of the work in question, and it is significant that a report of the heavy handed, Philistine actions of the San Francisco authorities eventually came to be reported under headlines such as "How Captain Hanrahan Made Howl a Best Seller".[2] In addition to his writing and publishing, Ferlinghetti is a painter and film maker and, along with such poets as Kenneth Rexroth and Lawrence Lipton, is identified with the poetry and jazz performances which came to be almost synonymous with the Beat movement as represented in the media.

Kerouac's Big Sur, an account of events surrounding his stay in Ferlinghetti's cabin on that coast, gives an

---

1. Pierre Lepape, quoted in cover notes to Her.
2. David Perlman, Reporter, (17th December, 1957), pp. 37-9.

indication of how warmly he regarded the man to whom he gave the pseudonym "Lorenzo Monsanto".

Monsanto is introduced to the reader on the novel's first page.

> Lorenzo Monsanto and I'd exchanged huge letters outlining how I would sneak in quietly using a code name like Adam Yulch or Lalagy Pulvertaft (also writers) and then he would secretly drive me to his cabin in the Big Sur woods . . . But instead I've bounced drunk into his City Lights bookshop at the height of Saturday night business. [1]

Kerouac seems to have seen Ferlinghetti as both a businessman and as a surrogate elder brother. This is evident in the passage in which Duluoz (Kerouac) learns of the death of his cat, Tyke.

> Meanwhile anyway poor Monsanto a man of letters wants to enjoy big news swappings with me about writing and what everybody's doing, and then Fagan[2] comes into the store (downstairs to Monsanto's old roll top desk making me also feel chagrin because it always was the ambition of my youth to end up a kind of literary businessman with a roll top desk, combining my father's image with the image of myself as a writer, which Monsanto without even thinking about it has accomplished at the drop of a hat) . . . a grand guy as I'll show and now with real manly sympathy he really felt I should not go on big binges if I felt so bad. [3]

---

1. Big Sur, p. 3.
2. The poet Philip Whalen.
3. Big Sur, pp. 52-3.

Rather surprisingly, this portrait does not appear to have found favour with its subject.

> In our interview in San Francisco on 4th June, 1969, Ferlinghetti told me he objected to his description as a "genial businessman" in Big Sur. [1]

Kerouac's biographer gives a fairly full description of Ferlinghetti the businessman. His publisher's list indicates the degree of his familiarity with European writing while reading like the membership roll of the Beat Generation. The established figures, Burroughs, Cassady, Corso, Ferlinghetti himself, Ginsberg and Kerouac are featured beside those only partially identified with the Beats - Paul Bowles, Bob Kaufman, Philip Lamantia, Michael McClure, Carl Solomon - as well as writers like Michaux, Artaud and Yevtushenko.

The City Lights Journal provided the Beats with a showcase for their work on the West Coast much as Evergreen Review did in New York. Edited by Ferlinghetti, it included interviews with, and articles on, Pound and Celine; essays on Burroughs' work; letters from Kerouac; musings and photographs by Ginsberg and Orlovsky and extracts from the work of Richard Brautigan.

Ferlinghetti should not, however, be seen as an editor who let sentiment adulterate the quality of his end product. Ann Charters' account of Kerouac's difficulty in

---

1. Kerouac, p. 406.

appearing under the City Lights imprint, despite mutual affection, clearly indicate this.

> He'd been trying to get a Kerouac book on his lists for three years . . .
>
> In summer 1957 . . . Jack . . . had offered City Lights the manuscript of *Mexico City Blues* which Ferlinghetti hadn't liked and had turned down. There was basically a respect between the two writers, but Jack complained that Ferlinghetti didn't appreciate him as a poet. Grove Press took *Mexico City Blues*, and Kerouac next tried City Lights with a 25,000 one-line poem called "Lucien Midnight". Ferlinghetti refused it over Kerouac's protest . . . [1]

However businesslike he could be, this is evidently not an image of himself which Ferlinghetti cherishes.

> *Penthouse: Is it financially successful for you?*
>
> *Ferlinghetti: This is the kind of question I always get from people in T.V. - . . . I was talking to Gregory Corso and he said "You must be making millions on my books. When do I get the money?" I said, "I have never been able to figure out on any specific book whether we have ever made a cent. I know we paid the printer's bill and the whole thing kind of arrives at the bookstore. It is good for the bookstore; it gets the bookstore known; but as far as the finances of publishing goes, we pay the author's regular royalties and by the time we get through paying the printer's bill and the other things, why I do not think there is anything left. We just keep publishing anyway and as long as we are not in the red we are doing alright.*[2]

---

1. Kerouac, p. 311.
2. "Lawrence Ferlinghetti: a Candid Conversation with the Man Who Founded the Beat Generation", p. 24.

Ferlinghetti's sympathetic and supportive qualities, particularly towards writers who had suffered considerable rejection, should not be underestimated.

> Ferlinghetti shared Allen's sense that they and the small number of writers like them formed a special and tightly-knit group, almost like a family. The *Howl* trial in 1957 had first given them their sense of publicly standing together against a common enemy, but afterwards Ferlinghetti had stayed in close touch, as much a friend and fellow poet as a publisher, encouraging Ginsberg through the difficult composition of Kaddish, sending advances to Corso to keep him alive in Europe, paying royalties on time and always being there when the poets needed him.[1]

It is not for his enterprise and business acumen alone that Lawrence Ferlinghetti must be considered as a force within the movement, however, but also for the contribution of his poetry. In his essay "Phenomenon or Generation", Thomas Parkinson is critical.

> . . . one of my main objections to Lawrence Ferlinghetti is that he is much too literary in tone and reference. He writes for the man in the street, but he chooses a street full of *Nation* subscribers and junior-college graduates. [2]

The way in which literary references are used in Ferlinghetti's work is a matter which requires close attention. The degree of learning possessed by the poet shapes and colours his work in ways not immediately apparent. Ferlinghetti's themes, his personal and political attitudes,

---

1. Kerouac, pp. 310, 11.
2. Thomas Parkinson, "Phenomenon or Generation", A Casebook on the Beat, p. 280.

appear to have remained constant. The poet is also a painter, and there is a certain immediacy in his response to a famous canvas. The first poem in A Coney Island of the Mind concerns the vision of the 19th century painter, Goya.

In Goya's greatest scenes we seem to see
the people of the world
exactly at the moment when
they first attained the title of
'suffering humanity'
They writhe upon the page
in a veritable rage
of adversity
Heaped up
groaning with babies and bayonets
under cement skies
in an abstract landscape of blasted trees
bent statues bats wings and beaks
slippery gibbets
cadavers and carnivorous cocks
and all the final hollering monsters
of the
'imagination of disaster'
they are so bloody real
it is as if they really still existed[1]

He goes on to compare those butchered in the Peninsular War to modern Americans maimed by materialism. Almost twenty years later a painter's work is still the starting point for some of his poems.

Monet caught a Cloud in a Pond
in 1903
and got a first glimpse
of its lilies
and for twenty years returned
again and again to paint them[2]

---

1. A Coney Island of the Mind, p. 9.
2. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Who Are We Now, (1976), p. 53.

In the same volume two poems are inspired by works by the Viennese artist, Gustav Klimt. Both use detailed description to draw the reader to the desired conclusion.

her long dress made
of multicolored blossoms
quilted on gold.
her Titian hair
with blue stars in it
And his gold
harlequin robe
checkered with
dark squares
Gold garlands
stream down over
her bare calves &
tensed feet

. . . . . .

She
will not open
He
is not the One.[1]

Elsewhere references to painters of very distinctive style, Picasso or Chagall, are used to create images.

next to one Venus de Milo
next to one Mona Lisa
next to Whistler's Mother

. . .

next to one marked-down
Picasso Peace Dove
turning and turning
on a roasting spit[2]

---

1. Ibid., pp. 15, 6.
2. Starting From San Francisco, pp. 46-7.

His early work included poems which epitomised the anatomical explicitness and purposeful irreverence often associated with the Beats.

> and the sweet semen rivulets
> and limp buried peckers
> in the sand's soft flesh. [1]
>
> Sometime during eternity
> some guys show up
> and one of them
> who shows up real late
> is a kind of carpenter
> from some square-type place
> like Galilee [2]

His later work shows him unrepentant.

> . . . crossing and recrossing his legs
> or her legs
> to reveal a crotch
> with or without balls [3]

He continues to tilt at the sacred cows of the silent majority.

> I am the Little Woman. I'm the Tender Warrior.
> who votes like her husband [4]

Poems with political themes are, through both recording and publication, among his best known.

> And after it became obvious that the
> strange rain would never stop and that
> Old Soldiers never drown and that roses
> in the rain had forgotten the word for
> bloom and that perverted pollen blown

---

1. A Coney Island of the Mind, p. 39.
2. Ibid., p. 15.
3. Who Are We Now?, p. 48.
4. Ibid., p. 60.

> on sunless seas was eaten by irradi-
> ated fish who spawned up cloudleaf
> streams and fell on to our dinner-
> plates [1]

Like many of his associates, Ferlinghetti has used travel experiences as the raw material for much of his work. In his feeling for the physical reality of America he has much in common with Kerouac.

> Here I go again
> crossing the country in coach trains
> (back to my old
> lone wandering)
> All night Eastward . . . Upward
> over the Great Divide and on
> into Utah
> over Great Salt Plain
> and onward, [2]

One of Ferlinghetti's most individual traits is the extensive use he makes of quotation. As he seldom uses inverted commas this tendency needs careful analysis. There is no guarantee that his readers will be familiar with the works he quotes, but acknowledgement of his source as in the preface to A Coney Island of the Mind, is unusual.

> The title of this book is taken
> from Henry Miller's INTO THE NIGHT
> LIFE. It is used out of context but
> expresses the way I felt about these
> poems when I wrote them - as if they
> were, taken together, a kind of Coney
> Island of the mind, a kind of circus
> of the soul. [3]

---

1. Starting From San Francisco, p. 41.
2. Ibid., p. 5.
3. A Coney Island of the Mind, unpaged.

This is an accepted literary convention and a standard way of expressing admiration for another writer. Charles Bukowski, a writer published by City Lights, has described the satisfaction of finding the title which seems exactly right.

> Have been walking around thinking of titles for the book, and either letting my head work with it and when only slices there listening to conversations or reading newspaper headlines, then going back to titles, mostly to self and writing them down and then crossing them out. Then, by chance, tiring or what, I picked up an old collection of Jeffers and began reading - and there was the title, at least for me: IT CATCHES MY HEART IN ITS HANDS.
>
> I found it about 4 a.m. and was unable to sleep and still haven't slept . . . hell, I say that it fits. [1]

The cover notes to Ferlinghetti's third collection give a similar acknowledgement.

> "Starting from Paumanok . . . I strike up for a New World" wrote Walt Whitman in 1860. Starting from San Francisco, a hundred years later, Ferlinghetti roves back across the country . . . [2]

The reader who assumes, however, that all quotations in Ferlinghetti's work will be acknowledged in the way that the lines from Miller and Whitman are, is misled. The poet's work abounds with borrowed or slightly altered lines.

---

1. "Letters to the editors from: Charles Bukowski", The Outsider, Vol. 1, No. 3, (Spring 1963), New Orleans, pp. 95, 6.
2. Starting From San Francisco, cover notes.

If I were you I'd keep aside
an oversize pair of winter underwear
Do not go naked in to that good night
And in the meantime
keep calm and warm and dry
No use stirring ourselves up prematurely
'over Nothing'
Move forward with dignity
hand in vest
Don't get emotional
And death shall have no dominion
There's plenty of time my darling
Are we not still young and easy
Don't shout [1]

. . . . . .

White lilacs last in the dooryard bloom, Fidel [2]

. . . . . .

I had not known
life had undone so many
Inside Woolworth's sweet machine [3]

at the very top
where surely a terrible beauty is born [4]

. . . . . .

There's a breathless hush on the freeway tonight[5]

A number of further examples could be quoted. It may be argued that the works of Dylan Thomas, Walt Whitman, T.S. Eliot, and W.B. Yeats should be familiar to those who read books of poetry, but the nineteenth printing of

---

1. Ibid., p. 35.
2. Ibid., p. 52.
3. Ibid., p. 54.
4. Who Are We Now?, p. 9.
5. Ibid., p. 10.

A Coney Island of the Mind claims 500,000 copies in print[1] and it is unlikely that all of its purchasers are conversant with the writings of Sir Henry Newbolt.

It is possible that Ferlinghetti does genuinely imagine his audience to consist of "Nation subscribers and junior-college graduates" but it seems that he himself is not above confusing sources.

> Ferlinghetti: The poet has to be involved with life in all its aspects. If he is a liberal or a humanitarian he must be very aware and sensitive to the world's problems, no matter where he goes. Blake said it: "For the whom the bells toll, they toll for thee". [2]

This particular passage from Donne's sermons has been made familiar by Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War, (to which it gives its name) and Ferlinghetti's attributing it to Blake may indicate that he uses lines without being fully clear as to their origin. His lack of consistency adds to the confusion. There is a key passage in James Joyce's first major novel which epitomises the belief of its protagonist.

> The mystery of esthetic, like that of material creation, is accomplished. The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.[3]

---

1. See: A Coney Island of the Mind, cover notes.
2. "Lawrence Ferlinghetti: A Candid Conversation with the Man Who Founded the "Beat" Generation", p. 73.
3. James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man, p. 215.

Joyce is clearly highly regarded by Ferlinghetti, but when he refers to this book he sometimes identifies it and sometimes does not.

> named
> after Stephen Dedalus
> by that generation of parents
> who named all its children
> after the hero of
> *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*[1]
>
> . . . . .
>
> he was James Joyce's Artist, above
> beyond, behind the scenes, indifferent,
> paring his fingernails, [2]
>
> . . . . .
>
> No time now for the artist to hide
> above, beyond, behind the scenes,
> indifferent, paring his fingernails,
> refining himself out of existence [3]

The reader may also feel that "borrowing" this image three times in one work is excessive. On occasion, however, a Joycean image is used with more discipline and, therefore, greater effect.

> Yes I said Yes I will and he called
> me his Andalusian rose and I said Yes
> my heart was going like mad and that's
> the way Ulysses ends and everything
> always ends [4]

Used excessively, however, quotation makes a poem's claim to originality questionable. An example is "Junkman's

---

1. Who Are We Now?, p. 22.
2. Ibid., p. 33.
3. Ibid., p. 61.
4. A Coney Island of the Mind, p. 45.

Obbligato". [1] This piece was written to be read to jazz, as the poet pointed out.

> . . . conceived specifically for jazz accompaniment and as such should be considered as spontaneously spoken "oral messages" rather than as poems written for the printed page. [2]

It relies heavily on lines from other works, notably Eliot's Prufrock and The Waste Land, and Yeats' "The Lake Isle of Innisfree".

> Let us arise and go now
> to where dogs do it
> . . . .
> Let us arise and go now
> under the city
> where ash cans roll
> . . . .
> Hurry up please its time
> . . . .
> Let us arise and go now
> into the interior dark night
> . . . .
> It's raining it's pouring
> the Ole Man is snoring
> . . . .
> Swing low sweet chariot
> . . . .
> Let us go then you and I
> leaving our neckties behind on lampposts
> . . . .
> Let us arise and go now
> to the Isle of Manisfree
> . . . .
> I must arise and go now
> to the Isle of Manisfree[3]
> . . . .

---

1. A Coney Island of the Mind, pp. 54-9.
2. Ibid., p. 48.
3. Ibid., pp. 54-9.

This feature of Ferlinghetti's work makes the identification of themes common to the other Beats problematical, as the extent, if any, of derivation cannot be defined. Ginsberg's "Kaddish" draws much of its final power from repetition.

V

Caw caw caw crows shriek in the white sun
over grave stones in Long Island
Lord Lord Lord Naomi underneath this grass
my halflife and my own as hers
caw caw my eye be buried in the same Ground
where I stand in Angel
Lord Lord great Eye that stares on All and
moves in a black cloud
caw caw strange cry of Beings flung up into
sky over the waving trees
Lord Lord O Grinder of giant Beyonds my voice
in a boundless field in Sheol
Caw caw the call of Time rent out of foot and
wing an instant in the universe
Lord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through
ragged leaves the roar of memory
caw caw all years my birth a dream caw caw
New York the bus the broken shoe the vast
highschool caw caw all Visions of the Lord
Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord Lord
caw caw caw Lord[1]

Ann Charters has written of Ferlinghetti as: "encouraging Ginsberg through the difficult composition of *Kaddish*".[2] In 1976 Ferlinghetti published a book in which the following passage occurs.

Even as a crowd of huge defiant
upstart crows
sets up a ravening racous
caw! caw! caw! [3]

---

1. Kaddish, p. 36.
2. Kerouac, p. 311.
3. Who Are We Now?, p. 40.

In an earlier piece, "New York - Albany" there are also passages reminiscent of Ginsberg's poem.

> They are burning them
> lord lord
> . . .
> the same leaves born
> lord lord
> in a red field
> a white stallion stands
> and pees his oblivion
> upon those leaves
> . . .
> Lord lord never returning
> the youth years fallen
> away back then
> Under the Linden trees in Boston Common
> Lord Lord
> Trees think
> . . .
> Lord Lord Lord
> every bush burns
> . . .
> Lord Lord Lord Lord
> Small nuts fall
> Mine too. [1]

Despite the possibility of derivation there are many instances in which Ferlinghetti's work shows him as belonging within the Beat coterie. The references to the other members of the Beat Generation are there.

> I have heard the Gettysburg Address
> and the Ginsberg Address. [2]

> . . . William Seward Burroughs said,
> "Only the dead and the junkie don't
> care - they are inscrutable". I'm
> neither.[3]

---

1. Starting From San Francisco, pp. 9, 10.
2. A Coney Tsland of the Mind, p. 61.
3. The New American Poetry 1945-1960, p. 412.

Elsewhere he seems less than enthusiastic about Burroughs' work.

> Naked Lunch is evil lunch
> because it is the brunch of hate
> i am not ready to eat it
> i am not that hungry
> i am afraid [1]

In the travel piece "The Road to Topolobampo" Ferlinghetti mentions a manuscript by Neal Cassady.

> Neal Cassady's lost and found manu-
> screeds I'm here deciphering. [2]

It seems likely that this was some or all of the prose pieces which go to make up The First Third, which City Lights published in 1971.

In "Populist Manifesto" references seem to be made to both Gary Snyder and Allen Ginsberg.

> All you masters of the saw mill haiku
> . . . . . .
> No more chanting Hare Krishna
> while Rome burns.
> . . . . . .
> The hour of *om*ing is over [3]

Ferlinghetti has high regard for Ginsberg's abilities.

> As I said before, Allen Ginsberg is
> no doubt the greatest American poet
> since Whitman.[4]

---

1. Starting From San Francisco, p. 16.
2. The Mexican Night, p. 52. The piece was first published separately in City Lights Journal No. 1, (1963), pp. 95-101.
3. Who Are We Now?, pp. 61-2.
4. "Lawrence Ferlinghetti: A Candid Conversation with the Man Who Founded the "Beat" Generation", p. 71.

Ginsberg is mentioned quite frequently in Ferlinghetti's poems: "Kicking Allen Ginsberg out of Czechoslovakia".[1] He is the dedicatee of "He".

> with a long head and a foolscap face
> and the long mad hair of death
> of which nobody speaks
> And he speaks of himself and he speaks of the dead
> of his dead mother and his dead Aunt Rose
> with their long hair and their long nails
> that grow and grow
> and they come back in his speech without
> a manicure [2]

The first poem in Who Are We Now?, "The Jack of Hearts" is dedicated: "For Dylan"[3] and presumably takes its title from the song of similar title included on Bob Dylan's Blood on the Tracks.[4] Nevetherless, the persona of Jack Kerouac seems in evidence.

> mystic Jack Zen Jack with crazy koans
> . . . . . .
> Sainted Jack who had the Revelations
> and spoke the poem of apocalypse
> Poet Jack with the light pack
> who travels by himself
> and leaves the ladies smiling
> Dharma Jack with the beatitudes
> drunk on a bus addressing everyone [5]

---

1. Starting From San Francisco, p. 63.
2. Ibid., pp. 26, 7.
3. Who Are We Now?, pp. 1-5.
4. Bob Dylan, Blood on the Tracks, T.C. 33235, (1974).
5. Who Are We Now?, pp. 1, 2.

It is, however, in Ferlinghetti's novel Her, published in 1960, that the passage is found which most clearly allies his way of thinking to that of the Beats. In a surreal work, Ferlinghetti pictures the habitues of the Beat Hotel declaring a revolution of poetry, a revolution of Messianic proportions.

> . . . a wailing wild ragged band of American poets from the Rue Git-le-Coeur rushed out of a side street into the middle of the boulevard and fell into the winding line, jumping onto the shoulders of the dancers and hanging onto the necks of the women, singing and shouting that the Poetry Police were coming to save them, the Poetry Police were coming to save them all from death, Captain Poetry was coming to save the world from itself, to make the world safe for beauty and love . . . [1]

---

1. Her, pp. 42, 3.

Chapter Ten

Jack Kerouac

Accept Loss Forever[1]

> He said that for him there was only one way to account for things - to tell the whole truth about them, holding back nothing; tell the reader the way it truly happened, the ecstacy and sorrow, remorse and how the weather was, and, with any luck, the reader will find his way to the heart of the thing itself.
>
> " . . . were any of the other characters in the book based on people you knew . . . ?"
>
> "Sure. The whole mob. Based on. Not exact . . . "[2]

> "This must be it, all right", Harrington said. "There's Kerouac."[3]

The public image of Jack Kerouac and that of the Beat Generation are virtually synonymous. Although there is some confusion about the genesis of the term, Kerouac always claimed that it originated with him.

> That wild eager picture of me on the cover of *On the Road* goes back much further than 1948 when John Clellon Holmes (author of *Go* and *The Horn*) and I were sitting around trying to think up the meaning of the Lost Generation and the subsequent Existentialism and I

---

1. Jack Kerouac, "Belief and Technique for Modern Prose", Evergreen Review, Vol. 2, No. 8, (Spring 1959), p. 57.
2. A.E. Hotchner, Papa Hemingway (1966), pp. xvi, 47.
3. Nothing More to Declare, p. 48.

> said "You know, this is really a beat generation" and he leapt up and said "That's it, that's right!"[1]

The article quoted was based on a speech given at a seminar in the late 1950s. A decade later Kerouac felt the term was being given a pe jorative meaning.

> Oh the beat generation was just a phrase I used in the 1951 written manuscript of *On the Road* to describe guys like Moriarty who run around the country in cars looking for odd jobs, girlfriends, kicks. It was thereafter picked up by West Coast leftist groups and turned into a meaning like "beat mutiny" and "beat insurrection" and all that nonsense;[2]

Whatever the terms "beat" or "beat generation" came to mean, Kerouac was always associated with them. The publisher's blurb on the 1959 paperback edition of The Subterraneans, the first edition to contain the preface by Henry Miller, calls him: "apostle and jazz poet of the Beat Generation".[3] In a hostile review of Doctor Sax Barnaby Conrad referred to him as: "hero and poet laureate of the movement".[4] In his autobiographical work, Walter Gutman recalls

---

1. Jack Kerouac, "The Origins of the Beat Generation", A Casebook on the Beat, p. 70. The article is based on a speech given at the Brandeis University seminar at Hunter College.
2. Paris Review 43, p. 101.
3. Anon, cover note to Jack Kerouac, The Subterraneans, preface by Henry Miller, Avon Books, (1959).
4. Barnaby Conrad, "Barefoot Boy with Dreams of Zen", Saturday Review, Vol. 42, (2nd May, 1959), pp. 23-4.

> . . . the Knights of the Beat Generation, and especially Kerouac, who was their King Arthur[1]

Melvin W. Askew, in an article which called On the Road "neither exciting, illuminating, or enduring (sic)"[2] also uses a regal image for the author: "Prince of the Beats".[3] It was Seymour Krim, however, who appears to have coined the most commonly used of these epithets in an article entitled "King of the Beats".[4] Kerouac was never able to live down such appellations. When he died, Time called him "a shaman of the Beat Generation"[5] and the Washington Post printed his last article, on the day after his death, under the title "Kerouac: The Last Word From the Father of the Beats".[6]

Such a close identification of the author with the phenomenon reflects the extent to which Kerouac's books are concerned with the coterie and its exploits. A full analysis would be very long. It is not possible, however, to state that the Duluoz Legend, the main body of Kerouac's

---

1. The Gutman Letter, unpaged.
2. "Quests, Cars and Kerouac", p. 231.
3. loc.cit.
4. Seymour Krim, "King of the Beats", Commonweal, Vol. 69 (January 2nd, 1959), pp. 359-60.
5. Anon, "End of the Road", Time, Vol. 94, No. 18, (October 31st, 1969), page unknown.
6. Jack Kerouac, "Kerouac: The Last Word From the Father of the Beats", Washington Post, (October 22nd, 1969), p. B1, 15.

work, is the story of the Beat Generation and nothing else. Kerouac's method was to draw freely from most areas of his life and experience and, by exclusion, elaboration and invention, to produce a work of fiction. The extent to which this process, conscious or otherwise, shaped his work is little realised.

In On the Road the protagonist visits Old Bull Lee, who is modelled on William Burroughs but who may be justly called a fictitious character. Some of Kerouac's inventions are minor matters, scarcely more than name changes. A marriage of Bull Lee's is mentioned.

> . . . he married a White Russian countess in Yugoslavia to get her away from the Nazis in the thirties;[1]

Interviewed in 1974, Burroughs was asked about his first marriage.

> JT . . . What about the story that your first wife was a Hungarian countess?
>
> WB She wasn't. Her name was Ilse Herzfeld Klapper, they were solid wealthy bourgeois Jewish people in Hamburg. She had to get out because of Hitler and went to Yugoslavia, and I married her in Athens to get her into the States.[2]

Old Bull Lee is presented, in On the Road as a man with the romantic past of an international dilletante, and

---

1. On the Road, p. 149.
2. The Beat Diary, p. 43.

a marriage of convenience for the sake of acquiring nationality is less glamorous than one to outwit Nazism. The character is further built up by his interest in orgone accumulators.

> "Say, why don't you fellows try my orgone accumulator? Put some juice in your bones. I always rush up and take off ninety miles an hour for the nearest whorehouse, hor-hor-hor!" This was his 'laugh' laugh - when he wasn't really laughing. The orgone accumulator is an ordinary box big enough for a man to sit inside on a chair: a layer of wood, a layer of metal, and another layer of wood gather in orgones from the atmosphere and hold them captive long enough for the human body to absorb more than a usual share. According to Reich, orgones are vibratory atmospheric atoms of the life-principle. People get cancer because they run out of orgones. Old Bull thought his orgone accumulator would be improved if the wood he used was as organic as possible, so he tied bushy bayou leaves and twigs to his mystical outhouse. It stood there in the hot, flat yard, an exfoliate machine clustered and bedecked with maniacal contrivances. Old Bull slipped off his clothes and went in to sit and moon over his navel.[1]

In an article in October, 1977, however, Burroughs tells a very different story, one which emphasises the extent of Kerouac's novelistic invention.

> I built my first orgone accumulator on a farm near Pharr, Texas, in the spring of 1949. I was living in the Rio Grande valley with my friend Kells Elvins, reading Reich, and we decided to build an accumulator out in Kell's orange grove. In a few days, we had put up a wooden box

---

1. On the Road, pp. 158-9.

> about eight feet high and lined it with galvanized iron; it was a regular town house. Inside was an old icebox that you could get into and pull on a contrivance that made a box of sheet steel descend over you, so that the effect was presumably heightened. Kells's wetbacks watched dubiously from a distance, muttering something in Spanish to the effect of "What the fuck are these guys doing - building some kinda box out there - going in there wrapped in old towels and coming out with hard-ons . . . ?"
>
> Kerouac described my orgone box in *On the Road* - a pretty good trick, as he never set foot on the south Texas farm. He had me taking a shot of morphine and going out to "moon over (my) navel." The fact is that I was not using junk at that time, and even if I had been, I certainly would not have done so in an orgone accumulator. Kerouac even went so far as to write that "Old Bull thought his orgone accumulator would be improved if the wood he used was as organic as possible, so he tied bushy bayou leaves and twigs to his mystical outhouse." Like so much of Jack's writing, this makes a good story but is actually pure fiction. When he visited me, I was living in Algiers, across the river from New Orleans, in a little house laid out like a railroad flat and raised up above the marshy lot on concrete blocks. In Algiers, I had practically no front yard at all and was far too busy with a habit to build an accumulator.
>
> Neal Cassady did visit me at the south Texas farm, but never used the orgone box. Since Kerouac presumably got the story of my first accumulator from Cassady, whose tendency to exaggerate rivaled Jack's, it's a wonder they didn't have me throwing orgies in the accumulator for the amusement of the wetbacks.[1]

Kerouac applied the process of moulding real people into fictional characters to his family as well as the

---

1. William Burroughs, "My Life in Orgone Boxes", Oui, Vol. 6, No. 10, (October, 1977), p. 59.

members of the Beat Generation. Like in his life he reiterated the theme of On the Road.

> true adventure on the road featuring an ex-cow hand and 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.[1]

This description was contained in the last article he ever wrote, and the list of the objects of the search is perhaps significant. The wanderings are saved from pointlessness by their status as a quest. Odd jobs, girls and the occasional good time are not exclusive to one geographical location, while a lost father can be in one place only. One of the reasons for what John Clellon Holmes called Kerouac's "obsession with Neal Cassady"[2] was that possibility which was open, in On the Road, to Dean Moriarty, but forever closed to Sal Paradise. The possibility of finding one's father. Leo Kerouac's death, prior to his son's success, had left unresolved questions for the writer, and one way to cope with them was to cross the vastness of a country often thought of as a spiritual parent. The search for the self, the final conquest of the father necessary for full manhood, is externalised in a search for an actual man conducted across the surface of a challenging, huge and elusive America. Those of Kerouac's characters which are based on his father are truly fictional

---

1. "Kerouac: The Last Word From the Father of the Beats", p. B1.
2. Nothing More to Declare, p. 76.

ones, and they reflect the way he needed to think of the actual man at various stages of his life. As such they are contradictory. The rounded and believable characterisation of the Martin paterfamilias in The Town and the City starts out roaring with joy, in the eyes of his children a huge and rumbustious figure. Gradually, his fortunes decline until, afflicted by what his wife recognises as the male menopause, he watches in paralysed fascination as his business is lost and his stature dwindles to that of an ordinary man.

> Francis was astounded. As he hurried in the hall he passed a wet, shabby old man, who, with a meek and humble air, was looking back down the hall in a gape of hesitation, clutching a dripping straw hat with both hands. It was a moment of awful presentiment before Francis, turning back to this woeful old man, realized it was his father George Martin.[1]

Kerouac called the Martins: "the Kerouacs of my soul".[2] Something of his own experience is to be found in each of the five sons. At the family reunion for the father's funeral, written approximately two years after the burial of Leo Kerouac, the book closes with the image of Peter Martin turning his back on the past and setting out into the world, face to the elements.

> When the railroad trains moaned, and river-winds blew, bringing echoes through the vale, it was as if a hum of wild voices, the dear voices of everybody he had known, were crying:

---

1. The Town and the City, p. 329.
2. Jack Kerouac, Book of Dreams, pp. 16-7.

> "Peter, Peter! Where are you going, Peter?" And a big soft gust of rain came down.
>
> He put up the collar of his jacket, and bowed his head, and hurried along.[1]

Kerouac never attained the patriarchial status he admired. He always denied the child which his second wife bore after their separation was his.[2] Cassady, on the other hand, had a family which Kerouac, to some extent, shared, a sharing without commit ment, a domesticity without responsibility.

> . . . Cassady's attic in San Francisco. I had a bed there. That was the best place I ever wrote in. It rained every day and I had wine, marijuana, and once in a while his wife would sneak in.[3]

In the year of the publication of On the Road Kerouac settled down to live with his mother in Northport, accepting a guaranteed, if suffocating, support. The material in Book of Dreams, a dream diary begun in 1952 and published, without dating, in 1962, reveals that, alongside the members of the Beat Generation, his parents were constantly in his subconscious imagination.

> Last night my father was back in Lowell - O Lord, O haunted life - . . . He keeps coming back in this dream, to Lowell, has no job, no shop even - . . . but he's feeble and he ain't supposed to live long anyway so it doesn't matter . . . - it's mostly my

---

1. The Town and the City, p. 499.
2. See Kerouac, p. 211.
3. A Bibliography of Works by Jack Kerouac, p. 33.

> mother talking to me about him - "Ah well, ah bien, le vivra pas longtemps ca foi icit!" "he wont live long this time!" . . . I'm my father myself and this is me . . . - but it is Pa, the big fat man, but frail and pale, but so mysterious and un-Kerouac - but is that me?[1]

> In Kerouac's Book of Dreams, begun in 1952, his mother entered his world of fantasy both as Angel and his Truth, and as a hateful old lady whose grave he dug up to plant marijuana. But he also dreamed of being a child again, lying with memere arm in arm, Jack crying afraid to die, his mother blissful, with one leg "in pink sexually out between me."[2]

Besides being of interest in its own right, Kerouac's dream diary provides a supplement to the novels and a key for their interpretation. Kerouac stated that his original conception of the Beat Generation was rooted in his childhood perception of his parents' social life.

> . . . the Beat Generation goes back to the wild parties my father used to have at home in the 1920s and 1930s in New England that were so fantastically loud nobody could sleep for blocks around and when the cops came they always had a drink.[3]

The fact that his fellow Beats and his fellow Kerouacs share the most important and prominent roles in his novels would seem to bear this out. The glimpses of his subconscious which the dream material afford the reader seem

---

1. Book of Dreams, pp. 11-2.
2. Kerouac, p. 302.
3. A Casebook on the Beat, p. 70.

sometimes to indicate that he scarcely distinguished between the two groups. Cassady and Leo Kerouac are sometimes merged into one figure.

> - now I'm almost California SP and Cody and my father mingled into the One Father image of Accusation is mad at me because I missed my local, my freight, I fucked up with the Mother Image down the line, I did something childish (the little boy writing in the room) and held up iron railroads of men - . . . grimy Pop-Cody is already at work, he may fuck up in his own tragic night but by Jesus Christ when it's time to go to work it's fucking time to go to work - [1]

Later in life, after he had seen youthful ideals turn sour he began to console himself for his failure to perpetuate the family name by claiming the opportunity never existed.

> But Johnnie was unable to have children . . . as for me, it turned out I found out a few years later I was like my uncles Vincent & John Duluoz, and my Aunt Anne Marie, well nigh sterile. That Duluoz family being so very old . . . [2]

> . . . he wasn't very popular in Lowell because whenever somebody gave him some guff he let em have it. He punched a wrestler in the mouth in the showers at Laurier Park after a wrestling match had been thrown, or fixed . . . He had been cheated out of his business by a group of Canuck 'friends' and he said the Merrimack River wouldnt be cleaned up before 1984.[3]

---

1. Book of Dreams, p. 13.
2. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 196.
3. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 8.

Also, in Kerouac's recollection of his time under observation in the naval hospital - so closely paralleled by Francis' experience in The Town and the City - the visiting "wet, shabby old man . . . with a meek and humble air" has given way to

> . . . my Pa, father Emil A. Duluoz, fat, puffing on cigar, pushing admirals aside, comes up to my bedside and yells "Good boy, tell that goddamn Roosevelt and his ugly wife where to get off! . . . You tell these empty headed admirals around here who are really stooges of the government around here that your father said you're doing the right thing", and with this, and while being overheard by said admirals, stomped out fuming on his cigar and took the train back to Lowell.[1]

The father who had been a major influence on Kerouac and is a recurring image in his works thus comes full circle. Seen clearly with sadness and honesty, he was buried in fiction as he was in life. Years later, when his son had failed to succeed him, he was resurrected to a stature inflated by hindsight, sentimentalized and wholly inferior to the earlier portrayal.

The tendency of the Beats to write about their immediate group is more strongly marked in the work of Kerouac than any of the others. His influence on the writings of the others is also considerable. The names of the best-known books by Burroughs and Ginsberg were Kerouac's ideas.

---

1. Ibid., p. 123.

> Jack liked *Naked Lunch*, he'd suggested the title and helped type the manuscript in Tangier with Ginsberg;[1]

> Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose. . . Several phrases and the title of *Howl* are taken from him.[2]

That the major figures of the Beat Generation appear, in varying degrees of recognisability, in Kerouac's books is well known. Identifying Allen Ginsberg as Leon Levinsky in The Town and the City; Carlo Marx in On the Road; Alvah Goldbook in The Dharma Bums; Adam Moorad in The Subterraneans and Irwin Garden in Desolation Angels, Big Sur, Book of Dreams and Vanity of Duluoz, has always provided an extra, esoteric dimension to the reading of Kerouac. Clues are usually provided: Allen Ginsberg's second christian name, for instance, is Irwin; Marx and Levinsky are Jewish names. That Kerouac continued to do this throughout his writing life, and that he also includes most of the lesser members of the group, is what makes the coterie so vital to his work.

For the last twelve years of his life, once the success of On the Road had ensured an income as a writer, Kerouac lived mostly with his mother, his wanderings severely curtailed. Memere's hostility towards his bohemian life meant that he saw much less of his former associates.

---

1. Kerouac, p. 343. See also the interview with Burroughs in The Beat Diary, p. 37.
2. Howl, unpaged.

> After Cassady's arrest, memere laid down the law that no drugs, not even benzedrine, could ever be brought into her house, but her protectiveness didn't stop there. In July 1958, she wrote Ginsberg in Paris saying that if he came back to New York and bothered her son she'd tell the FBI about him and Peter. If Ginsberg mentioned Kerouac's name again in his dirty books of poetry she'd have Allen put in jail, because all Allen had on his mind was dirty sex and dope. She'd raised her Jackie to be a decent boy, and she wanted to keep him that way.[1]

Despite this, the founder members of the Beat Generation remained important sources of material for his books. Like Ginsberg, Corso, Ferlinghetti, Cassady, Burroughs and Holmes appear, under pseudonyms, throughout the Duluoz Legend.

Burroughs was Will Dennison in The Town and the City; Old Bull Lee in On the Road; Frank Carmody in The Subterraneans; Bull Hubbard in Desolation Angels and Book of Dreams, and Will Hubbard in Vanity of Duluoz. Never an habitue of Venice West or North Beach, his persona is notably absent from the two novels most closely concerned with San Francisco, The Dharma Bums and Desolation Angels.*

Cassady only ever appeared under two pseudonyms;[2] after On the Road, in which the most famous of Kerouac's characters, Dean Moriarty, appears, the author adopted the

---

1. Kerouac, p. 300.
2. He is recollected in The Subterraneans as "Leroy".

*. See also note on p.284.

name Cody Pomeray for Cassady in The Dharma Bums; Big Sur; Desolation Angels and Book of Dreams.

Gregory Corso entered the saga quite late, as Yuri Gligoric in The Subterraneans and Raphael Urso in Desolation Angels and Book of Dreams.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti is given his mother's maiden name of Monsanto in Big Sur, which is largely set in the seaside cabin which he loaned Kerouac in 1960. He is given the name Danny Richman in Book of Dreams and Larry O'Hara in The Subterraneans. The events of the three weeks in the summer of 1953 which are described in The Subterraneans actually took place in New York, but Kerouac chose to set the scene in San Francisco.

> - old Larry O'Hara always nice to me, a crazy Irish young businessman of San Francisco with Balzacian backroom in his bookstore where they'd smoke tea and talk of the old days of the great Basie band or the days of the great Chu Berry - [1]

This change of location accounts for the appearance of a character based on William Burroughs, also for that of "Yuri Gligoric" when Corso has written that he did not visit San Francisco until 1956.

> Then in 1956 went to S.F. and there rejoined Allen, and Ferl asked for book of mine, *Gasoline* stayed in S.F. five

---

1. The Subterraneans, p. 2.

> months, gave poetry reading with Allen, then we took off for Mexico.[1]

According to the biographical notes he contributed to The New American Poetry 1945-1960, Lawrence Ferlinghetti would seem to have founded the City Lights bookshop circa 1951.

> It also seems fairly certain that he reached San Francisco overland about 1951, built a bookstore and began to publish the Pocket Poets Series.[2]

It seems unlikely, therefore, that Ferlinghetti was in residence in New York in 1953, the way Kerouac describes.

> So we all did go to Larry's . . . when the party was at its pitch I was in Larry's bedroom again admiring the red light and remembering the night we'd had Micky in there the three of us, Adam and Larry and myself, and had benny and a big sexball amazing to describe in itself - when Larry ran in and said, 'Man you gonna make it with her tonight?"[3]

Similarly, John Clellon Holmes (who is Tom Saybrook in On the Road and James Watson in Book of Dreams) resident of New York or Old Saybrook, Connecticut, puts in an appearance in the fictitious San Francisco milieau of The Subterraneans.

---

1. The New American Poetry 1945-1960, p. 430.
2. Ibid., p. 437.
3. The Subterraneans, pp. 5, 10.

> To cap everything, as if it wasn't enough, the whole world opens up as Adam opens the door bowing solemnly but with a glint and secret in his eye and some kind of unwelcomeness I bristle at the sight of - "What's the matter?" Then I sense the presence of more people in there than Frank and Adam and Yuri. - "We have visitors." - "Oh," I say, "distinguished visitors?" - "I think so." - "Who?" - "Mac Jones and Phyllis." - "What?" (the great moment has come when I'm to come face to face, or leave, with my arch literary enemy Balliol MacJones erstwhile so close to me we used to slop beer on each other's knees in leaning-over talk excitement, we'd talked and exchanged and borrowed and read books and literarized so much the poor innocent had actually come under some kind of influence from me, that is, in the sense, only, that he learned the talk and style, mainly the history of the hip or beat generation or subterranean generation and I'd told him "Mac, write a great book about everything that happened when Leroy came to New York in 1949 and don't leave a word out and blow, go!" which he did, and I read it, critically Adam and I in visits to his place both critical of the manuscript but when it came out they guarantee him 20,000 dollars an unheard of sum and all of us beat types wandering the Beach and Market Street and Times Square when in New York, tho Adam and I had solemnly admitted, quote, "Jones is not of us - but from another world - the midtown sillies world" (an Adamism). And so his great success coming at the moment when I was poorest and most neglected by publishers and worse than that hung-up on paranoiac drug habits I became incensed but I didn't get too mad, but stayed black about it, changing my mind after father time's few local scythes and various misfortunes and trips around, writing him apologetic letters on ships which I tore up, he too writing them meanwhile, and then, Adam acting a year later as some kind of saint and mediator reported favorable inclinations on both our parts, to both parties - the great moment when I would have to face old Mac and shake with him and call it quits, let go all the rancor - making as little impression on Mardou, who is so independent and unavailable in that new heartbreaking way. Anyway MacJones was there, immediately I said out loud "Good, great, I been wantin' to see him," and I rushed into the living-room.[1]

---

1. The Subterraneans, pp. 97-8.

In addition to its founding fathers, the second echelon of the Beat Generation is well-represented in the works of Jack Kerouac. The poet Lew Welch, joint author, with Kerouac and Albert Saijo, of Trip Trap appears in Big Sur, with a typical clue given to his identity.

> . . . Dave I can see him rubbing his hands in anticipation of another big wild binge with me like we had the year before when he drove me back to New York from the west coast,[1] with George Baso the little Japanese Zen master hepcat sitting crosslegged on the back mattress of Dave's jeepster (Willie the Jeep) a terrific trip through Las Vegas, St. Louis, . . . Dave Wain that lean rangy red head Welchman . . . [2]

In one of his own poems, Welch repaid the compliment.

> *I Sometimes Talk to*
> *Kerouac When I Drive*
>
> Jack?
>
> Yesterday I thought of something
> I never had a chance to tell you
> and now I don't know what it was
>
> Remember?
>
> Lew Welch[3]

---

1. See Trip Trap.
2. Big Sur, pp. 55-6. This is also the name given to Welch in Desolation Angels.
3. Trip Trap, p. 1. This poem also appears in The Yes! Press Anthology, editor Robert Durand, p. 20.

The San Francisco poet Michael McClure, admirer of Kerouac's work and associate of most of the original Beats, appears in three Kerouac novels. Writing of his feeling for the songs of Bob Dylan, McClure could think of no higher praise than a comparison with Jack Kerouac's writing.

> By the time I met Bob, his poetry was important to me in the way that Kerouac's writing was. It was not something to imitate or be influenced by; it was the expression of a unique individual and his feelings and perceptions.[1]

Kerouac's initial reaction to McClure, as set out in Desolation Angels, is indicative of certain professional jealousies.

> We come back to the coffee place where Irwin is back waiting, and here simultaneously in the door walk Simon Darlovsky, alone, done with his day's work as an ambulance driver, then Geoffrey Donald and Patrick McLear the two old (old established) poets of San Fran who hate us all - . . . McLear, 20's, young, crew cut, looks blankly at Irwin . . . [2]

By 1960, however, Kerouac had completely accepted McClure.

---

1. Michael McClure, "The Poet's Poet", Rolling Stone, No. 156, (March 14th, 1974), p. 33.
2. Desolation Angels, pp. 158-9. "Simon Darlovsky" is Peter Orlovsky and "Geoffrey Donald" is Robert Duncan.

> Pat is one if not THE most handsome man I've ever seen - Strange that he's announced in a preface to his poems that his heroes, his Triumvirate, are Jean Harlow, Rimbaud and Billy the Kid because he himself is handsome enough to play Billy the Kid in the movies, . . . Pat says . . . "Do you know that when I read your poems Mexico City Blues I immediately turned around and started writing a brand new way, you enlightened me with that book" - "But it's nothing like what you do, in fact it's miles away. I am a language spinner and you're an idea man"[1]

Peter Orlovsky's first appearance is in the Duluoz Legend in The Dharma Bums, when Kerouac did not take the trouble to invest him with the dignity of a full pseudonym.

> . . . sometimes Alvah and his new buddy George played bongo drums on inverted cans.[2]

In Desolation Angels, however, Kerouac fleshes the character of Simon Darlovsky (this name is also used in Book of Dreams) out fully, astutely drawing attention to the fact that Orlovsky's career was similar in several ways, to that of Walt Whitman, so revered by Allen Ginsberg.

> . . . strange too, that Simon's jobs have all been Whitman-like, nursing, he'd shaved old psychopaths in hospitals, nursed the sick and dying, and now as an ambulance driver for a small hospital he was batting around San Fran all day picking

---

1. Big Sur, pp. 123-4. McClure's play The Beard, (no publication details available) featured Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow. McClure had appeared earlier, in The Dharma Bums, as "Ike O'Shay".
2. The Dharma Bums, p. 138.

> up the insulted and injured in stretchers (horrible places where they were found, little back rooms) . . . [1]

Ginsberg and Orlovsky's sexual relationship was to become a long-term affair and to cause Kerouac (who was disapproving of homosexuality) to mention it in a rather arch fashion.

> Irwin Garden was an artist like me, the author of the great original poem "Howling", but he never needed solitude like me . . . Irwin was never without his own immediate entourage . . . beginning with his companion and lover Simon Darlovsky . . . the blond Russian blood boy of 19 who originally was not queer but had fallen in love with Irwin and Irwin's "soul" and poetry, so accomodated his Master - [2]

Mention has already been made of the important part played by Gary Snyder in the germination of The Dharma Bums and of Kerouac quoting Snyder's "Migration of Birds" in full in the text. That this interest in one another's poems was the norm for this circle at the time is indicated by a scene in which the Ginsberg character (Alvah) quotes, to Japhy Ryder, the work of Ray Smith (Kerouac himself).

> ALVAH . . . Haven't you seen Ray's new book of poems he just wrote in Mexico -

---

1. Desolation Angels, pp. 161-2. Orlovsky's bibliography is not large but it is interesting to note that it contains such works as "Leper's Cry" (The Beat Book, pp. 29-33) an account of tending a beggar woman when in India with Ginsberg.

2. Ibid., p. 239.

> "the wheel of the quivering meat conception turns in the void expelling tics, porcupines, elephants, people, stardust, fools, nonsense . . . "
> RAY: That's not it![1]

This poem actually existed as part of Kerouac's Mexico City Blues.

> 211th Chorus
> The wheel of the quivering meat conception
> Turns in the void expelling human beings,
> Pigs, turtles, frogs, insects, nits,
> Mice, lice, lizards, rats, roan
> Racing horses, poxy bucolic pigtics,[2]

Other poets associated to some degree with the Beats who feature in Kerouac's novels include Philip Lamantia (Francis DaPavia in The Dharma Bums, David D'Angeli in Desolation Angels) and Philip Whalen (Warren Coughlin in The Dharma Bums and Ben Fagan in Desolation Angels and Big Sur).

Associates of the group who were not creative writers themselves also featured in their work. The appearances made by Lucien Carr in Kerouac's novels illustrate this, and also the power of the early incidents in New York had on the group consciousness.

In his last book, Jack Kerouac described Lucien Carr's youthful exuberance.

---

1. The Dharma Bums, p. 23.
2. Mexico City Blues, p. 211.

> . . . like one night in Bangor Maine Clause gets aboard the Whitlaw yatch (sic) with Henry Whitlaw (acquaintance of Johnnie's) and they, fifteen, simply pull the plug out and sink the yatch and swim ashore. Pranks and stuff like that. A wild kid. A guy in New Orleans lends him his car, and Claude, fifteen, no license, nothing, wrecks it utterly on Basin Street.[1]

Unfortunately, Carr's good looks attracted the persistent attentions of a homosexual called Dave Kammerer (sometimes spelt Kammarer) who had known William Burroughs in St. Louis.

> JT: . . . Where had you known Kammarer?
>
> WB: St. Louis; We were brought up together. I'd known him all my life . . .
>
> JT: . . . I've heard so many different versions, and that Kammarer had been Carr's scoutmaster.
>
> WB: There was some such connection.[2]

Kammerer's unwelcome attentions drove Carr to arrange to go to sea with Kerouac. They were photographed together by Kerouac's future wife by a fountain in what was to be their farewell pose.[3] According to the version of the story in Vanity of Duluoz, Kammerer found out about the plan and wanted to join them. In any event, they never left, and in the summer of 1944 Carr stabbed Kammerer to

---

1. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 153.
2. The Beat Diary, pp. 36, 39.
3. See Scenes Along the Road, p. 13.

death on the banks of the Hudson river. Burroughs, when contacted, advised Carr to give himself up. Kerouac, unwisely but understandably, went for a drink with him before his surrender and was consequently imprisoned as a material witness. This event was the direct cause of Kerouac's first marriage.

> Then a note comes in for me that I can call for bail bond money. I ask for my Johnnie's number and call her up in front and say: "Lissen, my father is mad as hell, wont lend me a hundred for the bond, the hell with him.
>
> Johnnie, you borrow that money from your aunt, I'll get out of here, we'll get married, right now, we'll go to Detroit and I'll get a job in a war plant and pay her off her hundred dollars (or your father might lend it) but in any case let's get married - [1]

> . . . I was let out of jail for 10 hours to marry my first wife in a hot New York afternoon around Chambers Street, complete with best man detective with holstered gun - . . . the rugged evil-looking seaman in tow of a policeman being married in a judge's chamber (because the D.A. thought the fiancee to be pregnant[2]

Kerouac first wrote of these events in a heavily fictionalised way, in his first novel, The Town and the City, in which Kammerer appears as Waldo Meister, a character whose homosexuality is not overtly stated, but whose spiritual impoverishment is symbolised by his having only

---

1. Vanity of Duluoz, pp. 189-90. Carr is referred to, in this book, as "Julien Love".
2. Desolation Angels, pp. 65-6.

one arm, and by his treatment of defenceless pets.

> " . . . You remember the little cat that used to play around here?"
>
> "Yes, what happened to the cat?" yelled Peter, turning around and glaring at Judie.
>
> "*He* hanged it from the lamp! . . . I know you hanged that cat and it's just like you, too! It could have died if Dennison hadn't taken it down . . . "[1]

In The Town and the City Kerouac played down the drama of the situation. Waldo Meister falls or jumps to his death from a high window. The entrance of Kenneth Wood, the character based on Lucien Carr, is also less dramatic than it is elsewhere described.

> Suddenly a window opened in the front room. They heard the loud splatter of rain, the window closed again, and there was a dead silence.
>
> "Oh, Petey! what's that?" whispered Judie in a panic. "They were chasing somebody. Oh, it's a burglar!" she whispered almost gleefully now. "It's a burglar! Say something, say something!"
>
> "Who's there!" growled Peter in a loud voice. He got up, put on his shoes, and glared into the darkness of the front room. "Of course it's not a burglar," he said, turning to Judie. "But there's somebody there, I can see the shadow. By geezus. I'm not scared" - he went on in a loud voice - "and I'm gonna brain somebody!"
>
> Judie was staring greedily around the door jamb, utterly frightened.
>
> Suddenly a little voice, like a four-year-old boy mimicking his little sister, was heard in the darkness: "It's me, it's me, it's only me."

---

1. The Town and the City, pp. 393-4.

Pete and Judie gaped at each other.

"Do you know that?" he demanded with amazement.

"No, but it's - "

"It's Kenneth Wood, Kenneth Wood," piped up the little voice. "Kenneth Wood climbing the fire escape and coming in from the roof. Tee-hee! tee-hee!"

"Is that you, Ken?" growled Peter.

"Well now, you can never tell," piped the little voice, "it might be an impostor playing Kenneth Wood and carrying a knife! Tee-hee! tee-hee!"

Peter lit a match, leaned into the room, looked at his friend, turned back to the bedroom, and lay down with his book again.

"You simply must finish that last paragraph!" said the little voice from the other room. "Tee-hee! the last paragraph is the false paragraph."

"Well, come in, come in!" cried Peter, grinning despite himself. "I won't read the last paragraph. What are you up to? What happened?" he demanded.

Judie went in the other room and turned on the light and looked around. Kenneth Wood was standing in a corner by the window. He was all wet, his clothes were dripping, his hair was down in streaks in his face, and there was blood on his nose. One side of his suede jacket was black with ink, which was dripping on the floor.

"What happened to you?" Judie cried, startled. "There's blood on your face!"

Wood looked around him furtively, fearfully, in a mad imitation of fear, then suddenly made a long grave face, almost like the mask of a sad clown. He took off his suede coat, strode limping into the room, threw the coat on the floor, picked up a towel and began drying his head, and finally sat down on the floor lighting a cigarette with sudden profound gravity. He was a tall gangling youngster of about twenty, with a shock of black hair, great powerful nervous hands, and quick, peering eyes that looked up out of a screwed-up, sardonic, gravely astounded face. And he looked awful in his dirty inky rags.

They waited nervously for him to say something but he just stared at the floor moodily.

"Did you get in a fight?" inquired Peter finally.

> "Yiss!" he piped up again in the small child's voice, but suddenly began speaking in his normal voice, rapidly. "Every time I go in a bar someone wants to buy me a drink and then fight. Jeanne was there, of course, flirting with a bunch on the other side, and this other bunch was buying me drinks and then they invited me outside for a fight."
>
> "What did you say to them?"
>
> "Nothing - that's the way it is, always. I boffed someone real hard and then they boffed me, about three of them, and I boffed someone else and started running like hell. I lost them downstairs, I went over the fence in the alley and came up the fire escape. Did you hear them bellowing down there?"
>
> "Yeah . . . "
>
> "That was the chorus and the end of the play . . . I should imagine."[1]

Kerouac never tired of telling this tale, and in later life, he embellished it with gunfire.

> Claude came in through the fire escape . . . there were gunshots down in the alley - Pow! Pow! and it was raining, and my wife says, here comes Claude. And here comes this blond guy through the fire escape, all wet.[2]

> He comes in thru the roof, that is, from the roof down the fire escape, in the rainy night, with gunshots and shouts below.
>
> "What's that?"
>
> "Some kind of error, a fight in the bar, cops chasing, I ran over fences, you know I can't hurt anybody I'm too small . . . Now I'll sleep. Then I'll take a shower. Trouble with you Duluoz is, you're a hard hearted mean old tightfisted shitass no good Canuck who shoulda had his ass froze in the hearts of Manitoba where you and your bad blood belong, you Indian no-good bully.[3]

---

1. Ibid., p. 384-5.
2. Paris Review 43, p. 97.
3. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 154.

The pseudonym "Claude", used by Kerouac in Vanity of Duluoz, was also used in the Paris Review interview. The use of another name other than in one of the novels is unusual and may possibly be accounted for by a desire on the part of Lucien Carr to live down his wild youth. The original dedication to Howl included the phrase: "Lucien Carr, recently promoted Night Bureau Manager of New York United Press".[1] This line is included in the mimeographed limited edition of Howl for Carl Solomon[2] published by Martha Rexroth in 1955, and in the first printing of the subsequent City Lights edition. Its deletion may imply that Carr, with a promising career, and a family to support, was wary of association with a volume of poetry which was to prove so controversial. To judge from the portrait of him as paterfamilias which is found in Desolation Angels his rehabilitation seems to have been swift and thorough. Once again Kerouac enjoys a nuclear family at second hand.

> - I'd spend the day talking to Wife Nessa and the kids, who told us to shush when Mickey Mouse came on TV, then in'd walk Julien in his suit, open collar, tie, saying "Shit - imagine comin home from a hard day's work and finding this McCarthyite Duluoz here".[3]

Julien Love in Desolation Angels, Carr is simply "Sam" in The Subterraneans, his New York home transported to Russian Hill.

---

1. See George Dowden, A Bibliography of Works by Allen Ginsberg, October, 1943, to July 1, 1967, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971), pp. 4-7.
2. Allen Ginsberg, Howl for Carl Solomon, Martha Rexroth, San Francisco State College, (1955).
3. Desolation Angels, p. 276.

> one night, in the Mask with her and newly arrived and future enemy Yuri erstwhile close lil brother I'd suddenly said "I feel impossibly sad and like I'll die, what can we do?" and Yuri'd suggested "Call Sam," which, in my sadness, I did, and so earnestly, as otherwise he's pay no attention being a newspaper man and new father and no time to goof, but so earnestly he accepted us, the three, to come at once, from the Mask, to his apartment on Russian Hill, where we went, I getting drunker than ever, Sam as ever punching me and saying "The trouble with you, Percepied," and, "You've got rotten bags in the bottom of your store," and, "You Canucks are really all alike and I don't even believe you'll admit it when you die" - Mardou watching amused, drinking a little, Sam finally, as always falling over drunk, but not really, drunk-desiring, over a little lowtable covered a foot high with ashtrays piled three inches high and drinks and doodads, crash, his wife, with baby just from crib, sighing - [1]

In the novel which describes his alcoholic crack-up in 1960, Big Sur, Kerouac's first reference to "Julien" is when he goes to post a letter

> . . . to old buddy Julien addressed to Coaly Rustnut from Runty Onenut[2]

Later he identified the woman to whom he is making love as a female version of his old friend.

> - So now we're sitting with Billie in her pad, outside the window you see the glittering lights of the city again, ah Urbi y Roma, the world again, and she's got these mad blue eyes, arched eyebrows, intelligent face, just like Julien, I keep saying "Julien goddamit!" and I see even in my drunkenness a little worried flutter in Cody's eyes -

---

1. The Subterraneans, p. 55.
2. Big Sur, p. 40.

> all I can keep saying as I swig from my bottle is "Julien, you're talking too much! Julien, Julien, my God who'd ever dream I'd run into a woman who looks like Julien . . . you look like Julien but you're not Julien and on top of that you're a woman, how goddam strange" - In fact she had to pack me off to bed drunk - But not before out first lovely undertaking of love and everything Cody said about her being absolutely true - But the main thing being that tho she looked like Julien etc.[1]

To a degree, Jack Kerouac saw himself as the chronicler of his generation, and the Duluoz Legend as encapsulating the flavour of his times as well as the sum total of his own experience. In his last book he wrote, half-seriously, that most of the work involved in the public image of the Beat Generation had been his.

> . . . (a point of pride with me in that I've worked harder at this legend business than they have) - Okay, joke . . . [2]

However his personification of his contemporaries may differ from their real personalities it is possible that they owe as much of their fame to Kerouac's work as they do to their own. Certainly Neal Cassady's legend owes much to the character of Dean Moriarty. Kerouac cherished the idea that he would one day publish a uniform edition of the Duluoz Legend. He was never to accomplish this ambition but, with care, the reader may read in his work what Kerouac wished to create: the official history of the Beat Generation.

---

1. Big Sur, pp. 143, 4, 5.
2. Vanity of Duluoz, p. 157.

> My work comprises one vast book like Proust's except that my remembrances are written on the run instead of afterwards in a sick bed. Because of the objections of my early publishers I was not allowed to use the same personae names in each work. *On the Road, The Subterraneans, The Dharma Bums, Doctor Sax, Maggie Cassidy, Tristessa, Desolation Angels, Visions of Cody* and the others including this book *Big Sur* are just chapters in the whole work which I call *The Duluoz Legend.* In my old age I intend to collect all my work and re-insert my pantheon of uniform names, leave the long shelf full of books there, and die happy. The whole thing forms one enormous comedy, seen through the eyes of poor Ti Jean (me), otherwise known as Jack Duluoz, the world of raging action and folly and also of gentle sweetness seen through the keyhole of his eye.
>
> JACK KEROUAC [1]

---

1. Big Sur, unpaged.

Chapter Eleven

The Beat Generation's Impact and Influence

> Roger McGough talking
> One must get away from poetry as
> something that happens where there's
> a glass and a bottle of water.[1]

Any attempt to define the influence of the Beats would be premature. The importance of Burroughs and Ginsberg, for instance, cannot yet be fully assessed, if only because of the paucity of informed criticism of the body of work which already exists, not to mention what may appear in the future. Much of the Beat Generation's impact was felt at a social, rather than a literary level, as William Burroughs pointed out.

> The literary importance of this movement? I would say that the literary importance of the Beatnik movement is perhaps not as obvious as its sociological importance . . . it really has transformed the world and populated the world with Beatniks. It has broken down all sorts of social barriers and become a world-wide phenomenon of terrific importance . . . The beatniks will go to some place like North Africa, and they contact the Arabs on a level that seems to me to be more fundamental than the old Arab-speaking settlers, who are still thinking in T.E. Lawrence terms. It's an important sociological phenomenon, and, as I say, world-wide.[2]

---

1. Edward Lucie-Smith, (editor) The Liverpool Scene, (1967), p. 30.
2. The Job, p. 44.

Burroughs sees the Beats as the forerunners of the "Beatniks", younger people who espoused the ideas and values expressed in On the Road and Howl. An examination of this aspect of Beat influence properly belongs in a sociological, rather than literary, thesis.

Discussion is further limited by the fact that many of those who trace the influence of the Beat Generation's most important members in their own formative years cannot be primarily classed as either poets or writers of prose. The ease with which the West Coast rock musician has assimilated the Dean Moriarty persona (and those aspects of Neal Cassady's personality which matched it) has already been discussed. The mythologising of the man Kerouac compared to a "fabulous yellow roman candle"[1] has been an artistic process but not a purely literary one. In a similar way rock musicians and lyricists have been attracted by the anti-authoritarian tone of William Burroughs' work. At least three bands, The Soft Machine, Steely Dan, and Dead Fingers Talk, take their names directly from his work. Popular opinion would include Canned Heat (who recorded a song with a title reminiscent of Kerouac's best known work in "On the Road Again") but this cannot be validated. The

---

1. On the Road, p. 10.

etymology of these bands is involved.[1]

Rock music in the 1960s and 1970s may have appeared to offer a more direct line of communication than poetry or the novel. Of those who consequently became singer-songwriters, several who deserve serious consideration as writers, and some who have become influential in their own right, acknowledge the influence of the Beats.

In interviews Tom Waits, the American singer, pianist and songwriter, frequently portrays Jack Kerouac as his hero.

> Waits himself is straight out of the Kerouac-Steinbeck mould, and even comes within spitting distance of animation when the magic name of Kerouac is mentioned:
> "Kerouac", he groans mournfully, "died in St. Petersburg, Florida of a liver disorder . . . uh . . . nat'ral causes.

---

1. Burroughs' The Soft Machine was originally published in France in 1961. The reference to "Steely Dan" is in The Naked Lunch on page 87 of the Olympia edition.

> Mary is strapping on a rubber penis: "Steely Dan from Yokohama", she says, caressing the shaft. Milk spurts across the room.

Dead Fingers Talk was published in London. The long-playing record Storm the Reality Studios (Pye Records NSH24, 1978) by the band named after this book was produced by Mick Ronson, formerly guitarist with David Bowie's band, and a member of Bob Dylan's touring troupe, The Rolling Thunder Revue. "Storm the Reality Studios" was the title of an article by Burroughs published in the underground newspaper Friends (*) in an issue which also contained a comprehensive article on the band Soft Machine. * No. 9, (July 10th, 1970), p.4.

It may also be noted that the poetry band formed by English poet and songwriter Pete Brown was called Piblokto, the name of a fictitious form of madness featured in Ferlinghetti's Her.

Always admired him. He was at the helm of contemporary American literature almost 20 years ago, and I still feel the ghost of Kerouac no matter where I travel. Real 'portant t'ave heroes."[1]

Just as Kerouac spun an idealised, larger-than-life picture of himself through his books, casting himself as the Dharma-Bum on a journey to that precipitous edge where experience begets truth, so Waits in his songs has characterised himself himself as the moonstruck poet-dreamer, drunk on cheap whiskey and the intoxicating sights and sensations of life in the soft and scabrous underbelly of America.

'A curator, an imagist, a collector of nocturnal emissions, improvisational adventures and inebriated travelogues. I'm a pedestrian piano-player, an unemployed service station attendant . . . '

Such is Waits' description of himself, and Kerouac would surely have approved. Is it any coincidence that the guise Waits has chosen to adopt - the two dollar-suit, battered cap and nicotine elocution - might have been torn from the pages of On the Road . . . But it is the exhilarating momentum of Kerouac which Waits' songs most readily evoke. It is said that Kerouac would write by winding a printer's roll into the typewriter, lubricating his imagination with a suitable intoxicant and letting rip, often for up to 24 hours at a stretch. Waits' most intense stream-of-consciousness narratives might have been fashioned in the same way; certainly they burst with the same vitality and heady exuberance of Kerouac's prose.[2]

---

1. Colin Irwin, "Guess You're Waits", Melody Maker, April 29th, 1978, p. 3.

2. Mick Brown, "Music: In the City and On the Road", Penthouse, 1979, Vol. 13, No. 11, pp. 12-13.

> . . . Kerouac is one of his main men . . .
> Tom Waits doesn't just draw on the beat
> tradition, he lives it.[1]

Waits' interest in Kerouac and Cassady and their period is so intense that he writes songs which could almost be episodes from the Duluoz Legend.

> . . . jack was almost at the bottom of his md
> 2020 neal was yellin
> out the window tryin to buy some bennies from a
> lincoln
> full of mexicans whose left rear tyre blowed and
> the sonsabitches
> prit near almost ran us off the road
>
> . . .
>
> jack was out of cigarettes we crossed the yellow
> line
> the gas pumps looked like tombstones from here
> felt lonelier than a parking lot when the last car
> pulls away[2]

This sort of influence was not confined to America - Al Stewart, the British songwriter and performer, evokes the name of Kerouac as synonymous with a certain life style.

> So you packed your world up inside a canvas sack
> Set off down the highway with your rings and Kerouac
> Someone said they'd seen you in Nepal a long time
> back[3]

Kerouac's title, Desolation Angels, has been adopted as a record's name by the British band, Bad Company, with a

---

1. Mike Flood Page, "Tom Waits: There's No Success Like Failure", Street Life, No. 17, Vol. I, June 12-25, 1976, pp. 12-3.
2. Tom Waits, "jack and neal/california here I come", Foreign Affairs, K53068, Asylum Records, (1977).
3. Al Stewart and Dave Mudge, "Modern Times", Modern Times, CBS Album 80477, (1975).

sleeve featuring an American landscape and a 1950's limosine.[1]

Jim Morrison, lead singer of the Doors and published poet, also saw Kerouac as being specifically important to his development.

> Rimbaud, Keats and Jack Kerouac were the three major influences which helped develop the young Morrison's mind.[2]

David Bowie has made it clear in interviews that the work of several of the Beats has had some affect on him.

> I'd been into meditation years before it became fashionable through Kerouac and Ferlinghetti. I was always a sort of throw-back to the Beat period in my early thinking.[3]

Interviewed with William Burroughs, Bowie recalled the first time he read Kerouac.

> When I was in school I had a brother who was into Kerouac and he gave me On the Road to read when I was 12 years old. That's still been a big influence.[4]

---

1. Bad Company, Desolation Angels, Swansong, SSK 59408, (1979).
2. Danny Sugerman, "Jim Morrison - A Shaman's Journey through the Doors", SOUNDS, July 24th, (1976), pp. 14-5.
3. Cameron Crowe, "Ground Control to Davy Jones", Rolling Stone, No. 206, February 12th, 1976, p. 30.
4. Craig Copetas, "Beat Godfather Meets Glitter Mainman", Rolling Stone, No. 155, February 28th, 1974, p. 16.

In this same interview he and Burroughs appear to find common ground, and Bowie has since demonstrated in a television programme how he uses the cut-up technique in songwriting.

> I must confess that up until now I haven't been an avid reader of William's work. I really did not get past Kerouac to be honest. But when I started looking at your work I couldn't believe it. Especially after reading Nova Express, I really related to that.[1]

Comparable evidence of a sympathetic reading of the Beats may be found in English and American prose works, but they are proportionally rarer. In Tom Robbins' novel Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Jack Kerouac is a character who never appears in the book but who is evoked as counterpoint to the heroine's hitch-hiking adventures. He is synonymous with thumbing along the highway. It is the Kerouac legend that Sissy Hankshaw has to better.

> . . . and I heard how you were Jack Kerouac's girl friend . . . "
>
> Setting her tray on the bedside table, Sissy interrupted. "No, I'm afraid that part isn't true. Jack was in awe of me and tracked me down. We spent a night talking and hugging in a corn field, but he was hardly my lover. He was a sweet man and a more honest writer than his critics, including the Countess's little playmate Truman; who said such bitchy things about him. But he was strictly primitive as a hitch-hiker. Besides, I always travelled alone."[2]

---

1. Ibid., p. 16.
2. Tom Robbins, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, (1977), p. 146.

Such evidence of the Beat as inspiration in works by English authors is usually found in autobiographical works. Ray Gosling, describing the subject which most involved him at school writes: "English was something that not only went through the syllabus onto Osborne, and Kerouac and Auden, . . . "[1]

Jeff Nuttall, a friend of Gosling, sees the Beats as a major influence on the formation of the attitudes of youth in post-war Britain. He knows the Beat ethos well.

> Now was the New York from which Kerouac and Dean Moriarty (Neal Cassady) set out on those long flights to Denver and San Francisco described in *On the Road* . . . Now was the word 'Who' in Ginsberg's saxophone-inspired *Howl* . . . The generation centred its life around a nomadic tribe which travelled between Berkeley, Denver, and Columbia University, with occasional excursions into Mexico. The real centre of the group was, however, the West Coast, where they set up a community in the seedy waterside suburb of Venice West. Important figures were Ginsberg, Kerouac, who originated the typical writing style, Corso, Snyder, Whalen and the half-legendary Herbert Huncke and Neal Cassady. Alexander Trocchi, also, was an early Venice resident.[2]

---

1. Ray Gosling, Sum Total, (1962), p. 49.
2. Jeff Nuttall, Bomb Culture, (1968), pp. 100, 101, 102. The 1972 paper back edition of this book includes photographs of Ginsberg, Kerouac, Burroughs and Brautigan in the stills' montage on its cover.

Probably the most influential artist drawn to the Beats in early life was Bob Dylan. In an interview in 1967 Allen Ginsberg recounted the origin of Dylan's interest.

> Bob Dylan told me once that TIME MAGAZINE had a story about me & Gregory Corso & Peter Orlovsky in Chicago about 1959 which made us sound like idiots. I was saying, 'my name is Allen Ginsberg and I'm a daisy', and Peter was saying, 'my name's Peter Orlovsky & I'm crazy', and Corso was saying, 'my name's Gregory Corso and I'm not crazy at all'.
>
> Well, Bob read that - either in Greenwich Village or Wisconsin - & even though it came through the weird form of TIME MAGAZINE, putting us down, he got the vibrations of a whole different set of attitudes, language, & ultimately brain-consciousness. He got the message. And he laughed. He said, 'oh. I see.' He knew what we were doing.[1]

Dylan himself has confirmed this: ". . . it was Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac who inspired me at first".[2]

In 1965 a photograph of Ginsberg appeared on the back cover of a Bob Dylan album,[3] and there has been some collab-

---

1. Iain Sinclair, The Kodak Mantra Diaries, (1971), unpaged. This book, compiled from fragments, photographs, letters, interviews and recollections forms the story of an abortive film about Allen Ginsberg and reveals that its compilers are fully conversant with Beat history and literature.

   > Chris drives nervously, breaking (sic) hard, does not know his London, open to sudden manic inspirations. This drive is yet another fiction, left over from when Ginsberg was a character in the novels of Jack Kerouac. (unpaged)

2. Ron Rosenbloom, "Interview with Bob Dylan", Playboy, Vol. 25, No. 3, (March, 1978), p. 62.

3. Bob Dylan, Bringing It All Back Home, CBS BPG 62515, (1965).

oration between the two. The best example of this resulted from Ginsberg's inclusion in the personnel of the Rolling Thunder Revue during which Dylan directed his first film, Renaldo and Clara. Scenes were filmed at Kerouac's graveside in Lowell.

> A crystal ball's on the Piano - Is Dylan leading us to the Mountain, or are we moving out thru vast calm open space Empty free of God? Kerouac's grave's in Lowell, Sunday we'll sing over his bones. We land in America today, Plymouth Rock, step out and discover kingdom.
> Oct. 31, 1975.[1]

Ginsberg's First Blues, published in 1976, is dedicated to Dylan and the frontispiece is a photograph of the two of them at the graveside. Dylan's Desire, issued in 1975, has sleeve notes by: "Allen Ginsberg Co-Director Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, Naropa Institute York Harbor, Maine 10 November 1975".[2]

Ginsberg's personality also appears to have had an impact on certain younger poets on his visits to Britain.

> Adrian Henri on Allen Ginsberg
> Ginsberg has so much bloody personality that you can't ignore him: the

---

1. Allen Ginsberg, "Rolling Thunder Stones", Rolling Stone, No. 204, (January 15th, 1976), p. 27. For a full account of these events see Nat Hentoff, "Is it Rolling Zeus?/The Pilgrims Have Landed on Kerouac's Grave", Rolling Stone, No. 204, (January 15th, 1976), pp. 20-7, and Sam Shepard, Rolling Thunder Logbook, Penguin Books, (1978).
2. Bob Dylan, Desire, CBS 86003, (1975).

> man stands up and talks to you and you sit there and listen. He had a fantastic effect on Liverpool.[1]

There are marked similarities between the Beats' approach to poetry and that of certain British poets who emerged in the 1960's. The oral tradition carried on in Greenwich Village and North Beach was continued in London, Liverpool and Newcastle and with much the same emphasis. There was no incongruity when representatives of the two "generations" shared a platform at the Albert Hall in 1965, at the reading organised by Michael Horovitz, and most of these poets associated with the revival of interest in readings in Britain concur on the question of influence from the Beats. This influence is possibly the most far reaching that the Beats have had on literature, as those who had read them achieved something similar to the San Francisco Renaissance in England.

> Most of us learned, and teach, through less easily formalized agency . . . & beheld the unfettered insurrection of Ginsberg and Corso through unblinkered eyes -[2]
>
> Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti and Yevtushenko opened the gates and out we rushed, blinking and drinking in the light. In the past five, six, seven years more and more British poets have been stomping the island giving adrenaline transfusions in cellars, town halls, schools, clubs, pubs, theatres, anywhere. Whenever enough people knew that poetry was around they came, grabbed it and started chewing. So it's

---

1. The Liverpool Scene, p. 17.
2. Michael Horovitz, Children of Albion, (1969), p. 317. This volume is dedicated to Allen Ginsberg.

> no surprise that 6,000 plus came to
> the Albert Hall feast. It wasn't the
> beginning of anything, it was public
> proof that something had been accelera-
> ting for years.[1]

There are a few instances of direct reference being made to one of the Beats in the work of the British writers, though this is comparatively rare.

> Our love is watched over by all my masters;
>
> . . .
>
> William Burroughs sits drinking Pound Cake
> in coffee
> waiting for the last connection
> and sees us through the window[2]

Michael Horovitz wrote a poem for Gregory Corso entitled "Graffito from the Stone Age".

> all this 'way out . . .
> fantastic' luminousness
> will turn
> off again
> to dust and ashes[3]

In response to direct questions, however, the Beats are usually recalled as a positive and liberating influence. Many agree with Burroughs on the social significance of the movement.

---

1. Adrian Mitchell, quoted by Michael Horovitz, Children of Albion, p. 334.
2. Adrian Henri, The Best of Henri, (1975), pp. 19-20.
3. Michael Horovitz, from unpublished correspondence with the author.

> Kerouac's on the road gave me a huge buzz when I first read it, didn't influence my writing at all but was a factor in giving me courage to shake off a number of bourgeois chains[1]

> About the whole 'Beat Scene' thing. Yes, my generation were enormously affected socially by this - 'Howl' and 'On the Road' in every bed-sit - and we were influenced by the idea, what we imagined beat poetry-readings to be like.[2]

For Brian Patten the existence the Beats exemplified, though attractive, was not original:

> The french writers of a century ago have had more influence on L'pool poets than Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti, who in turn were influenced by English (Blake) & Prevert (French) but yes, they showed us a way towards freedom, in life as much as poetry - but surely Rimbaud showed it to us as clearly.[3]

Both Patten's major Liverpool contemporaries emphasise the importance to them of French poetry.

> . . . Speaking personally, what happened was that a synthesis of this idea with the influence of Logue and Mitchell (and hence Brecht and Auden's more 'popular' pre-war work) led me to what was in effect the opposite pole - the idea of a new 'Overground' poetry . . . Plus my liking for French poetry, in particular Jarry, Breton & Appollinaire.[4]

---

1. Adrian Mitchell, unpublished letter to the author.
2. Adrian Henri, unpublished letter to the author.
3. Brian Patten, unpublished letter to the author.
4. Adrian Henri, ibid.

Roger McGough recalls the similarities he detected between the Beats and some 19th century French poets.

> . . . I felt they had something in common with Rimbaud Baudelaire, Nerval etc whom I was studying at the time (French at Hull uni) ie a consciousness of a 'movement' - proud of being poets & wanting to celebrate their art. The 'derangement des sens', the excess - alcohol, drugs, extending the consciousness at the risk of insanity - all appealled to my post pubescent romanticism.[1]

The idea of a "movement" engendered several differing responses. For these Liverpool poets who began to publish in the sixties it was something which was interesting, but which needed considerable adaptation.

> I suppose the seminal book was Elias Wilentz's 'The Beat Scene' . . . They were writing poems about a city they were living in. The poems were about girls they actually knew - girls one might oneself meet at a party etc. In other words, a new reality. Of course much of it (most even) I found trivial and self-indulgent but it was colourful, it was fresh. . . . I remember doing one early reading L'pool poets writing about 42nd street & hailing yellowcabs etc & it all seemed poetic. New York had become the new Lake District.
>
> To write about Liverpool itself was but a short step.[2]
>
> Yes, it was 'if they can do it', but, I think, we wanted (however vaguely) to do it in our own terms, our own language, our own culture: Anfield, Goodison, the Beatles, the Dock Rd, not 42 St & Charlie Parker.

---

1. Roger McGough, unpublished letter to the author.
2. Roger McGough, ibid.

> (Much though I personally loved modern jazz.) Rock music was what we heard then if we went out & it was that we related to.[1]

For Adrian Mitchell, on the other hand, jazz was the music with which he identified, though he is unequivocal in his statement that, for him, at least, his own readings of poetry to jazz accompaniment owe nothing to the experiments of Ferlinghetti, who was himself presaged by Rexroth and Lipton.

> Christopher Logue was the first over here to do poetry and jazz as far as I know. But jazz was very much in the air for the fifties generation of poets in Britain (and the forties too) not only me and Horovitz were jazz freaks from our teens but also Amis and Larkin. Jazz was our music. When the readings began over here Ginsberg Corso and Ferlinghetti were almost unknown to me (but not I think to Horovitz and Pete Brown).[2]

Born in the same year, Mitchell & Henri have been close friends. (Like the Beats, Adrian Henri addresses poems to friends who are poets: there is one to Adrian Mitchell.)[3] That their recollections should differ so widely is an indication that responses to the Beat phenomenon were often highly individual, possibly explained, in this case, by actual contact with members of the Beat

---

1. Adrian Henri, ibid.
2. Adrian Mitchell, ibid.
3. Adrian Henri, "Hello Adrian", The Best of Henri, (1975), p. 47.

Generation being made much earlier by one than by the other.

> . . . I was (by accident) at the launching-party in Paris for the Burroughs/Gysin/Beiles/Corso cut-up poems book 'Minutes to Go' in, I think, 1958 or '59 and was obviously affected by that.[1]
>
> Dating the oral poetry revival here at about 1959 - it was considerably later - at the Albert Hall - that I first heard Gins, Corso and Ferlinghetti read.[2]

Adrian Henri agrees that the movement with which he is most associated was well-established and therefore hardly open to influence before any of the Beats came in contact with it.

> By the time Ginsberg came, in 1965 and '66, the whole Liverpool thing was fairly well-formed. Certainly he felt at home here.[3]

Probably the most concentrated contact between the Beats and the emergent new wave of British poets was at the Albert Hall in 1965 when 6,000 people assembled to hear Corso, Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg share the platform with, among others, Adrian Mitchell, Tom Pickard, Michael Horovitz and Andrei Voznesensky. There was some friction.

---

1. Adrian Henri, unpublished letter to the author.
2. Adrian Mitchell, ibid.
3. Adrian Henri, ibid.

> At the Albert Hall I was certainly very overawed at meeting the American poets. Ferlinghetti read well. Corso just muttered, you couldn't hear him, very disappointing. The way the crowd treated Harry Fainlight was awful . . . Ginsberg was angry and drunk when he read but he was still impressive . . . Later Ginsberg and Corso gave an interview to David Widgery in U magazine in which they said that all the English poets at the Albert Hall were rotten and that's why Corso didn't bother. This hurt and seemed very uncharacteristic of Ginsberg. Then Ferlinghetti joined in in an interview somewhere and said the same.[1]

> In sd 'U' interview both Gins & Corso explained abt sharing the bill with us who at that time Gregory at least uprightly regarded as lesser mortals tho both extreme now & then. Both he & Gr are highly temperamental/tempestuous/occasionally paranoid personalities - & they both admit to great ambivalence abt that night. It was an idea brwed up by Allen, Barbara Rubin, Alex Trocchi, Jn over from Paris & was to some extent resentful at sharing platform & time with so many - later admitted arrogance, hubris of this. AG didn't like irreverence, even insults a few in Gallery shouted & artfully dealt with them, lowering his voice so's they did rather than be exposed for honking idiots they (at that moment) were. Neruda & Voznesensky were both in London & Andrei came & stood up when AG read his translated poem but wdn't read (it seems both he & Ner didn't want to risk possible politicised repercussions from their dis- United States at home, Neruda was quoted as saying 'Ginsberg will take off his clothes' etc - tho A Voz made great friends with several of us including me wch has continued - & of course AG he already knew & loved; so there was a degree of entente - just a shame it wasn't as 'er one might have hoped - hence L Ferl incorporating lines like "& I am wauting for our Iron Comrades to come in" M Hughes, Thom Gunn & others I can't recall right now (Genet was one - not many others)

---

1. Adrian Mitchell, <u>ibid</u>.

> but none of them cd be in Lond that nite (tape of Burroughs was played, v effectively, in one interval) - but no-one walked out because of anyone else they didn't like being on the bill if that's what you mean, nor threatened to & only Corso really complained & nearly everyone told him to get off his high horse wch he kindof did. Larry didn't care abt management's attitude & of course he didn't know about it till it was over . . . [1]

Traces of an attitude and style similar of that of the Beats may be found in the works of many of the younger British poets. Roger McGough's "Sad Aunt Madge" is reminiscent in both content and tone to Ginsberg's "To Aunt Rose"

> Aunt Rose
> Hitler is dead, Hitler is in Eternity;
> Hitler is with
> Tamburlane and Emily Bronte[2]
>
> As the cold winter evenings drew near
> Aunt Madge used to put extra blankets
> over the furniture, to keep it warm and cosy.
> Mussolini was her lover, her life
> was an out-of-focus rosy-tinted spectacle[3]

Both Adrian Henri and Michael Horovitz specify individual works which exhibit these traces.

> Yes, I am interested/influenced by early Burroughs, although as you suggest my paintings (I was doing assemblages then, mostly) and my admiration for the poet-collagist Kurt Schwitters also helped. (See 'Lakeland Poems'in 'Tonight at Noon') . . .

---

1. Michael Horovitz, ibid.
2. Kaddish, p. 47.
3. The Liverpool Scene, p. 35.

> There were quite a few unpublished cut-ups that Patten and I did, about '64. I see myself (in retrospect) as having applied a number of painter's ideas - the 'visual poems' in 'Pictures at an Exhibition' in the old Penguin, the 'Poems Without Words' in 'Tonight at Noon'[1]
>
> Of course the beats in general and several of the poets in particular influenced me - Bank Holiday and other poems are directly touched by Ginsberg's stances.[2]

A celebratory attitude towards poetry spoken before an audience is shared by the Beats and the English poets mentioned.

> Technically, I think we felt that the Ginsberg/Creeley version of the Williams/Olsen 'projective' method was the right thing, but since our breath patterns, speech-rhythms, culture-values were different the poems should sound different from theirs. Certainly I did, and still do, write for my own voice.[3]
>
> . . . Ginsberg was a great influence because he came to a poetry reading I did in New York in 1964 (New Year's Day) and afterwards told me he thought I should listen to the rhythms of my own voice and write for them . . . that was crucial advice to me . . . I think Ginsberg is a great man. You can't separate his poetry from his very generous life.[4]

---

1. Adrian Henri, p. ibid. See Adrian Henri, Tonight at Noon, (1968), and Adrian Henri, Rober McGough and Brian Patten, Penguin Modern Poets 10, (1967).
2. Michael Horovitz, ibid.
3. Adrian Henri, ibid. For a definition of "Projective Verse" see The New American Poetry, 1945-1960, pp. 386-40.
4. Adrian Mitchell, ibid

Mitchell acknowledges Ginsberg's energetic commitment to personal, political and ecological causes as well as to his poetry. Something of his own attitude, his themes and his radical politics is reflected here. The English poets mentioned share with the Beats the belief that poetry should not be kept separate from the rest of existence, carried on only where there is a glass and a bottle of water. Kerouac, Ginsberg, Corso and Ferlinghetti developed their ideas from the cultural influences surrounding them, literature included (and including some French writers acknowedged by Brian Patten and Roger McGough). Similarly, their work affected the development of others. Englishmen were subject to a different set of stimuli - there were no yellow cabs in Liverpool - but, like the Beats, many of them had an interest in a poetry spoken in places where people gather, a poetry receiving, not dutiful or polite interest, but an attention earned by freshness and flexibility, by the universal appeal of its subject matter and by the platform skills of the poet.

Conclusion

The coterie of the Beat Generation grew out of a community of purpose and mutual regard. It formed at a time when none of its members had published a book, and the encouragement and confidence which it afforded was a vital factor in their continuing development as writers.

During and after the period 1956/7 when a certain amount of recognition, albeit often hostile or uninformed, was achieved, the coterie's function came to be to support its members against criticism, rather than to bolster them against indifference. During the early 1950s Corso and Ferlinghetti, amongst others, became closely identified with it as Burroughs and Holmes, to some degree, disassociated themselves.

The individual styles of the coterie's members are as varied as their political views or their social and ethnic backgrounds, but they shared a belief in literature as a redemptive force and saw their need to practice it as a mission. Their achievement, though sometimes flawed by sentimentality or an over-reliance on spontaneity, must be recognised as considerable.

All their best characteristics, and all their weaknesses, may be discerned in the work of the man most closely

identified with the Beats, Jack Kerouac. On the Road remains arguably his most fully realised book. The closing passage, with its themes of search and redemptive love, its out of context reference to Pooh Bear, its feeling for landscape and language, exemplifies Beat writing at its flawed, human best.

> Old Dean's gone, I thought, and out loud I said, "He'll be all right". And off we went to the sad and disinclined concert for which I had no stomach whatever and all the time I was thinking of Dean and how he got back on the train and rode over three thousand miles over that awful land and never knew why he had come anyway, except to see me.
>
> So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty. [1]

---

1. On the Road, p. 320.

APPENDIX I. Chronology of the works of Jack Kerouac.

Order of composition (three titles are listed twice).

The Town and the City	(1946-9)
Pic	(originally begun 1950)
On the Road	(1945-56)(chiefly written 1951)
Visions of Cody	(1951-2)
Dr. Sax	(July 1952)
Book of Dreams	(begun 1952)
Maggie Cassidy	(early 1953)
The Subterraneans	(October 1953)
San Francisco Blues (unpublished)	(April 1954)
Some of the Dharma (Buddha Tells Us) (unpublished)	(1954-5)
Wake Up (unpublished)	(1955)
Mexico City Blues	(August 1955)
Tristessa	(1955-6 two parts, not a revision)
Visions of Gerard	(January 1956)
The Scripture of the Golden Eternity	(May 1956)
Old Angel Midnight	(28th May, 1956)
Desolation Angels	(begun 1956)
The Dharma Bums	(November 1957)
Pull My Daisy	(March 1959)
Book of Dreams	(completed 1960)
Lonesome Traveller	(compiled 1960)
Desolation Angels	(completed 1961)
Big Sur	(October 1961)

Satori in Paris	(1965)
Vanity of Duluoz	(1968)
Pomes All Sizes (unpublished)	(1960's)
Pic	(completed 1969)

Scattered Poems (posthumously compiled in 1971, material written 1945-1969).

The fourteen books of the Duluoz Legend are based on the events of Kerouac's life. Their titles are given below, followed by the date of the period with which they are concerned.

Visions of Gerard	(1922-6)
Doctor Sax	(1930-6)
Maggie Cassidy	(1938-9)
The Town and the City	(1935-46)
Vanity of Duluoz	(1939-46)
On the Road	(1946-50)
Visions of Cody	(1946-52)
The Subterraneans	(Summer 1953)
Tristessa	(1955 and 1956)
The Dharma Bums	(1955-56)
Desolation Angels	(1956-7)
Lonesome Traveller	(1950's)
Big Sur	(Summer 1960)
Satori in Paris	(June 1965)

Order of Publication (Dates of American publication given)

The Town and the City	(1950)
On the Road	(1957)
The Subterraneans	(1958)
The Dharma Bums	(1958)
Doctor Sax	(1959)
Maggie Cassidy	(1959)
Mexico City Blues	(1959)
Visions of Cody (limited edition of 750 copies)	(1959)
The Scripture of the Golden Eternity	(1960)
Tristessa	(1960)
Lonesome Traveller	(1960)
Book of Dreams	(1960)
Pull My Daisy	(1961)
Big Sur	(1962)
Visions of Gerard	(1963)
Desolation Angels	(1965)
Satori in Paris	(1966)
Vanity of Duluoz	(1968)
Scattered Poems	(1971)
Pic	(1971?) (England 1973)
Old Angel Midnight	(1973?)
Visions of Cody	(1973)

APPENDIX II. Table of Pseudonyms

NAME	Go	Get Home Free	Junkie
William S. Burroughs			
Neal Cassady	Hart Kennedy		
Gregory Corso			
Lawrence Ferlinghetti			
Allen Ginsberg	David Stofsky	David Stofsky	
John Clellon Holmes	Paul Hobbes	"Paul Hobbes"	
Jack Kerouac	Gene Pasternak	Gene Pasternak	
Bill Cannastra	Bill Agatson	Bill Agatson	
Lucien Carr			
Robert Duncan			
Bill Garver			Bill Gains
Alan Harrington	Ketcham		
Herbert Huncke	Albert Ancke		
Randall Jarrell			
Dave Kammarer			
Leo Alcide Kerouac			
Philip Lamantia			
Michael McClure			
John Montgomery			
Lafcadio Orlovsky			
Peter Orlovsky			
Kenneth Rexroth			
Albert Saijo			
Gary Snyder			
Lew Welch			
Philip Whalen			

NAME	The Yage Letters	The First Third	The Secret Swinger
William S. Burroughs	W. Lee Willy Lee	William Hubbard	
Neal Cassady			
Gregory Corso			
Lawrence Ferlinghetti			
Allen Ginsberg			George Muchnik
John Clellon Holmes			Mack Hamlin
Jack Kerouac			Jan Grehore
Bill Cannastra			Bill Genovese
Lucien Carr			
Robert Duncan			
Bill Garver			
Alan Harrington			
Herbert Huncke		Herbert Huck	
Randall Jarrell			
Dave Kammarer			
Leo Alcide Kerouac			
Philip Lamantia			
Michael McClure			
John Montgomery			
Lafcadio Orlovsky			
Peter Orlovsky			
Kenneth Rexroth			
Albert Saijo			
Gary Snyder			
Lew Welch			
Philip Whalen			

NAME	The Town and the City	On the Road	The Subterraneans
William S. Burroughs	Will Dennison	Old Bull Lee	Frank Carmody
Neal Cassady		Dean Moriarty	Leroy
Gregory Corso			Yuri Gligoric
Lawrence Ferlinghetti			Larry O'Hara
Allen Ginsberg	Leon Levinsky	Carlo Marx	Adam Moorad
John Clellon Holmes		Tom Saybrook	Balliol MacJones
Jack Kerouac	Peter Martin et al	Sal Paradise	Leo Percepied
Bill Cannastra			
Lucien Carr	Kenneth Wood		Sam
Robert Duncan			
Bill Garver			
Alan Harrington			
Herbert Huncke	Junky	Elmo Hassell	
Randall Jarrell			
Dave Kammarer	Waldo Meister		
Leo Alcide Kerouac	George Martin		
Philip Lamantia			
Michael McClure			
John Montgomery			
Lafcadio Orlovsky			
Peter Orlovsky			
Kenneth Rexroth			
Albert Saijo			
Gary Snyder			
Lew Welch			
Philip Whalen			

NAME	The Dharma Bums	Desolation Angels	Book of Dreams
William S. Burroughs		Bull Hubbard	Bull Hubbard
Neal Cassady	Cody Pomeray	Cody Pomeray	Cody Pomeray
Gregory Corso		Raphael Urso	Raphael Urso
Lawrence Ferlinghetti			Danny Richman
Allen Ginsberg	Alvah Goldbook	Irwin Garden	Irwin Garden
John Clellon Holmes			James Watson
Jack Kerouac	Ray Smith	Jack Duluoz	Jack
Bill Cannastra			
Lucien Carr			Julien
Robert Duncan		Geoffrey Donald	
Bill Garver			Bull Gaines
Alan Harrington			
Herbert Huncke			Huck
Randall Jarrell		Varnum Random	
Dave Kammarer			
Leo Alcide Kerouac			
Philip Lamantia	Francis DaPavia	David D'Angeli	
Michael McClure	Ike O'Shay	Patrick McLear	
John Montgomery	Henry Morley	Alex Fairbrother	
Lafcadio Orlovsky		Julius Orlovsky	
Peter Orlovsky		Simon Darlovsky	Simon Darlovsky
Kenneth Rexroth	Rheinhold Cacoethes		
Albert Saijo			
Gary Snyder	Japhy Ryder		
Lew Welch		Dave Wain	
Philip Whalen	Warren Coughlin	Ben Fagan	

NAME	Tristessa	Visions of Gerard	Maggie Cassidy
William S. Burroughs			
Neal Cassady			
Gregory Corso			
Lawrence Ferlinghetti			
Allen Ginsberg			
John Clellon Holmes			
Jack Kerouac	Jack	"Ti Jean" Jack Duluoz	"Ti Jean" Jack Duluoz
Bill Cannastra			
Lucien Carr			
Robert Duncan			
Bill Garver	Old Bull Gaines		
Alan Harrington			
Herbert Huncke			
Randall Jarrell			
Dave Kammarer			
Leo Alcide Kerouac		Emil Duluoz	Emil Duluoz
Philip Lamantia			
Michael McClure			
John Montgomery			
Lafcadio Orlovsky			
Peter Orlovsky			
Kenneth Rexroth			
Albert Saijo			
Gary Snyder			
Lew Welch			
Philip Whalen			

NAME	Doctor Sax	Big Sur	Vanity of Duluoz
William S. Burroughs			Will Hubbard
Neal Cassady		Cody Pomeray	
Gregory Corso			
Lawrence Ferlinghetti		Lorenzo Monsanto	
Allen Ginsberg		Irwin Garden	Irwin Garden
John Clellon Holmes			
Jack Kerouac	"Ti Jean" Jack Duluoz	Jack Duluoz	Jack Duluoz
Bill Cannastra			
Lucien Carr		Julien	Claude de Maubris
Robert Duncan			
Bill Garver			
Alan Harrington			
Herbert Huncke			
Randall Jarrell			
Dave Kammarer			Franz Mueller
Leo Alcide Kerouac	Emil Duluoz		Emil Duluoz
Philip Lamantia			
Michael McClure		Pat McLear	
John Montgomery			
Lafcadio Orlovsky			
Peter Orlovsky			
Kenneth Rexroth			
Albert Saijo		George Baso	
Gary Snyder		Jarry Wagner	
Lew Welch		Dave Wain	
Philip Whalen		Ben Fagan	

NAME	Visions of Cody	The Gates of Wrath
William S. Burroughs	Bull	
Neal Cassady	Cody Pomeray	
Gregory Corso		
Lawrence Ferlinghetti	Danny Richman	
Allen Ginsberg	Irwin Garden	"Leon Levinsky"
John Clellon Holmes		
Jack Kerouac	Jack Duluoz	
Bill Cannastra		"William Cannestra"
Lucien Carr		
Robert Duncan		
Bill Garver		
Alan Harrington		
Herbert Huncke	Huck	"Hubert E. Huncke"
Randall Jarrell		
Dave Kammarer		
Leo Alcide Kerouac		
Philip Lamantia		
Michael McClure		
John Montgomery		
Lafcadio Orlovsky		
Peter Orlovsky		
Kenneth Rexroth		
Albert Saijo		
Gary Snyder		
Lew Welch		
Philip Whalen		

Pseudonyms are also used in Carl Solomon's article "The Reading", (Fruit Cup, Mary Beach, editor, Beach Books, Texts and Documents, Inc., New York, 1969). Ginsberg, Corso and Orlovsky are spoken of as Alfred Goonsberg, Lthario Furso, and Pietro Orloff, respectively.

Only names which can be firmly identified have been included in this table as the possibility of errors being made is considerable. Eric Mottram, for instance, states: "Burroughs appears as a character in . . . *Doctor Sax* (1959), *Tristessa* (1960), . . . " (The Algebra of Need, London, 1977). In fact, Burroughs appears in neither work: the "Bull" of Tristessa is Bill Garver; "Old Bull Balloon", who appears in Doctor Sax, is an invention of Kerouac's based on W.C. Fields.

Select Bibliography

Considerable difficulty was encountered in obtaining copies of some source material, particularly small press magazines and "mens" publications. Errors were sometimes found in existing bibliographies. Some material traced could not be copied (the four articles by Alfred Aronowitz which appeared in The New York Post March 10th, 12th, 16th and 19th, 1959 under the generic title "The Beat Generation", were, for instance, declared by the paper to be not in a fit condition to be copied, and no other sources could be traced.)

Wherever possible, because of differences in presentation and cover notes, several editions of a work were consulted. The edition quoted in the text is indicated by an asterisk.

Primary Sources

Books, Articles and Recordings Mentioned in the Text

Burroughs, William S., The Naked Lunch, Traveller's Companion Series No. 76, The Olympia Press, Paris (1959)* Corgi Books, London, (1969)*.

Burroughs, William S.; Gysin, Brion, The Exterminator, The Auerhahn Press, San Francisco, (1960).

Burroughs, William S., "The Cut-Up Method of Brion Gysin", A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 105-6, Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, (1961).

Burroughs, William S., and Ginsberg, Allen, The Yage Letters, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1963?)

Burroughs, William S., "St. Louis Return", Paris Review, 35, (Fall, 1965), pp. 50-62.

Burroughs, William S., "The Art of Fiction XXXVI", Paris Review, 35, (Fall, 1965), pp. 12-49.

Burroughs, William S., Junkie, Olympia Press Traveller's Companion Series, 114, New English Library, London, (July, 1966). New English Library (2488) London, (1969). (N.B. Original edition, Ace Books, New York, 1953, published under pseudonym "William Lee".)

Burroughs, William S., Junky, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1977). Introduction by Allen Ginsberg, the first complete and unexpurgated edition.

Burroughs, William S., Dead Fingers Talk, Tandem Books, London, (1966). Reprinted 1970.

Burroughs, William S.; Beilies, Sinclair; Corso, Gregory; Gysin, Brion, Minutes to Go, Beach Books, Texts and Documents, Inc., Distributed by City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1968).

Burroughs, William S., The Job, (interview with Daniel Odier), Jo nathan Cape, London, (1970).

Burroughs, William S., "I, William Burroughs, Challenge You, L. Ron Hubbard", Mayfair, Vol. 5, No. 1, (March, 1970), pp. 52, 3, 4, 58.

Burroughs, William S., "Storm the Reality Studios", Friends, No. 9 (July 10th, 1970), p. 7.

Burroughs, William S., Exterminator!, Calder and Boyars, London, (1975).

Burroughs, William S.; Mottram, Eric, Snack, Aloes Books, London, (1975).

Burroughs, William S., The Last Words of Dutch Schultz, A Richard Seaver Book, Viking Press, New York, (1975).

Burroughs, William S., "My Life in Orgone Boxes", Oui, Vol. 6, No. 10, (October, 1977), pp. 58, 9.

Cassady, Neal, The First Third, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971).

Corso, Gregory, The Vestal Lady on Brattle, Richard Brukenfeld, Cambridge, Mass., (1955). Facsimile edition, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1969)*.

Corso, Gregory, Gasoline, The Pocket Poets Series 8, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1958).

Corso, Gregory, "Variations on a Generation", Gemini, Vol. 2, No. 6, (Spring, 1959), pp. 47-51. A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 58-97*.

Corso, Gregory, The Happy Birthday of Death, New Directions, Norfolk, Conn., (1960).

Corso, Gregory; Ferlinghetti, Lawrence; Ginsberg, Allen, Penguin Modern Poets 5, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1963).

Corso, Gregory, "Some of my beginning . . . and what I feel right now", Contemporary American Poetry, Howard Nemerov, editor, Voice of America Forum Lectures, no place or date of publication given.

Corso, Gregory, Elegiac Feelings American, New Directions, New York, (1970).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, "Horn on *Howl*", Evergreen Review, Vol. 1, No. 4, pp. 145-58, (1957). A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 125-35.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence; Rexroth, Kenneth, Poetry Readings in the Cellar, Fantasy 7002, (1957).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, A Coney Island of the Mind, New Directions, New York, (1958).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, Paroles, translation of Jacques Prevert, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1958).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, Her, New Directions, (NDP88), New York, (1960?).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, (editor), City Lights Journal No. 1, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1963).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, (editor), City Lights Journal No. 2, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1964).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, "Lawrence Ferlinghetti: a Candid Conversation with the Man who Founded the 'Beat' Generation", Penthouse, Vol. 1, No. 4, (August, 1965).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, Starting From San Francisco, New Directions, New York, (1967?)

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, The Mexican Night, New Directions, (NDP 300), New York, (1970).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, City Lights Anthology, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1974).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, Who Are We Now?, New Directions, New York, (1976).

Ginsberg, Allen, Howl and other Poems, Pocket Poets Series No. 4, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (October, 1956).

Ginsberg, Allen, "Notes Written on Finally Recording *Howl*", Fantasy, Spoken Word Series, 7006, (1959), A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 27-30*.

Ginsberg, Allen, "The Dharma Bums: a novel by Jack Kerouac", The Village Voice Reader, Doubleday & Co., New York, (1962), pp. 339-43.

Ginsberg, Allen, Reality Sandwiches, Pocket Poets Series 18, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1963).

Ginsberg, Allen, "The Great Marijuana Hoax: First Manifesto to End the Bringdown", The Atlantic, Vol. ccxviii, (1966), pp. 104-12.

Ginsberg, Allen, "The Art of Poetry VIII", Paris Review, 37, (1966), Reprinted: Writers at Work - "The Paris Review" Interviews, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1972), pp. 255-95*.

Ginsberg, Allen, Ankor Wat, Fulcrum Press, London, (1968). N.B. This work is sometimes quoted or referred to using the alternative spelling "Angkor Wat".

Ginsberg, Allen, Planet News, The Pocket Poets Series 23, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1968?).

Ginsberg, Allen, Indian Journals, City Lights Books/Dave Haselwood Books, San Francisco, (May, 1970).

Ginsberg, Allen, Empty Mirror, Totem/Corinth Books, New York, (1961). Newly designed edition 1970*.

Ginsberg, Allen, Kaddish, The Pocket Poets Series 14, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1961?). Edition used: 12th printing, (April 1971)*.

Ginsberg, Allen , "Craft Interview with Allen Ginsberg", New York Quarterly, 6 (Spring 1971), pp. 12-20.

Ginsberg, Allen, The Gates of Wrath, Rhymed Poems: 1948-1952, Grey Fox Press, Bolinas, California, (1972).

Ginsberg, Allen, The Fall of America poems of these states 1965-1971, The Pocket Poets Series 30, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1972?).

Ginsberg, Allen, "The Great Rememberer", Saturday Review, Vol. 55, (2nd December, 1972), pp. 60-3.

Ginsberg, Allen, The Visions of the Great Rememberer, Mulch Press, A Haystack Book, Amherst, Mass., (1974). N.B. This book is an expanded version of Ginsberg's preface to Jack Kerouac's Visions of Cody, McGraw Hill, New York/San Francisco, (1973).

Ginsberg, Allen, Allen Verbatim, Gordon Ball (editor), McGraw Hill Paperbacks, New York, (1975).

Ginsberg, Allen, First Blues Rags, Ballads and Harmonium Songs 1971-74, Full Court Press, New York, (1976).

Ginsberg, Allen, Mind Breaths Poems 1972-1977, The Pocket Poets Series 35, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1977).

Ginsberg, Allen, Songs of Innocence and Experience by William Blake, M.G.M. ETS 3083, (date unknown).

Holmes, John Clellon, Go, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, (1952)*. First publication in Britain under the title The Beat Boys, Ace Books, (H262), The Harborough Publishing Co., London, (1959).

Holmes, John Clellon, The Horn, Andre Deutsch, London, (1959), Sphere Books, London (1968)*.

Holmes, John Clellon, Get Home Free, Corgi Books, London (1966).

Holmes, John Clellon, Nothing More to Declare, Andre Deutsch, London, (1968).

Kerouac, Jack, The Town and the City, Harcourt Brace, New York, (1950); Harvest Books, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, (N.D.)*; Quartet Books, London, (1973).

Kerouac, Jack, On the Road, Viking Press, New York, (1950); Andre Deutsch, London, (May, 1958); Pan Books, London, (1961)*; Penguin Modern Classics, Penguin, Harmondsworth, (1972); Signet Books, 75285, New York, (N.D.).

Kerouac, Jack, The Dharma Bums, Viking Press, New York, (1958); Signet Books, New York, (1959); Pan Books, London, (1962)*; Mayflower Dell, London, (July, 1965); Mayflower Books, London, (1967); Panther Books, London, (1972).

Kerouac, Jack, Mexico City Blues, Evergreen E-184, Grove Press, New York, (1959).

Kerouac, Jack, Old Angel Midnight, Unicorn Bookshop, Carmarthen, (1976); Booklegger/Albion, no details given. N.B. "Old Angel Midnight" first appeared in Big Table No. 1, (Spring, 1959), and parts of it appear in Jack Kerouac, Scattered Poems, The Pocket Poets Series, 28, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971).

Kerouac, Jack, The Subterraneans, Grove Press (hard back) and Evergreen Book E99 (paperback)* simultaneously, (1958); Avon Books, Avon-T-302, New York, (1959) (N.B. It is this edition which contains the preface by Henry Miller); Andre Deutsch, London, (1960); Panther Books, London, (1962); Black Cat Books, Grove Press, B300N, New York, (1971).

Kerouac, Jack, "Belief and Technique for Modern Prose", Evergreen Review, Vol. 2, No. 8, (Spring 1959), p. 57. A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 67-8*.

Kerouac, Jack, "The Origins of the Beat Generation", Playboy, Vol. 6, No. 6, (June, 1959), pp. 31-2, 42, 79. A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 68-76*.

Kerouac, Jack, Visions of Cody, (excerpts), New Directions, New York, (December, 1959). Full edition, McGraw Hill, New York, (1973)*; Andre Deutsch, London, (1973).

Kerouac, Jack, The Scripture of the Golden Eternity, Token Press, New York, (1960); Corinth Books, New York, (1970)*.

Kerouac, Jack, Rimbaud, (broadsheet), City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1960). Also included in: Jack Kerouac, Scattered Poems, The Pocket Poets Series 28, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971), pp. 32-9.

Kerouac, Jack, Lonesome Traveller, (alternatively, in American editions, Lonesome Traveler), McGraw Hill, New York, (1960); Pan Books, London, (1964)*; Mayflower Books, London, (1968); Black Cat B.253, Evergreen/Grove Press, New York, (1970); Panther Books, London, (1972).

Kerouac, Jack, Tristessa, Consul Books, WDL, London, (1963). N.B. This was the first British edition, though it carries the statement: "Originally published in Great Britain by Andre Deutsch, Ltd.", (unpaged).

Kerouac, Jack, Pull My Daisy, (text by Kerouac for the film by Frank, Robert, and Leslie, Alfred), Evergreen Original, simultaneously published in New York and London, (1961).

Kerouac, Jack, Book of Dreams, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1961).

Kerouac, Jack, "Are Writers Made or Born?", Writers Digest, Vol. 42, Part 1, (January, 1962), pp. 13-4.

Kerouac, Jack, Big Sur, Farrar, Straus and Cudahay, New York, (1962); Andre Deutsch, London, (1963); Four Square, London, (1965); NEL Times/Mirror, Underground Classics Series, London (September, 1972).

Kerouac, Jack, Satori in Paris, Grove Press, New York, (1966); Andre Deutsch, London (1967); Black Cat 135, Grove Press, New York, (N.D.); Quartet Books, London, (1973); Quartet Books, reprinted (1977), with different cover illustration and notes.

Kerouac, Jack, Desolation Angels, Coward-McCann, New York, (1965), Mayflower, London, (1968); Panther Books, London, (1972)*.

Kerouac, Jack, "The Art of Fiction LXI", Paris Review, 43, (Summer, 1968), interview with Berrigan, Ted; Saroyan, Aram; and McNaughton, Duncan, pp. 60-105.

Kerouac, Jack, Vanity of Duluoz, Andre Deutsch, London, (1969); Quartet Books, London, (1973); Panther Books, London, (1972)*.

Kerouac, Jack; Saijo, Albert; Welch, Lew, Trip Trap, Grey Fox Press, Bolinas, California, (1973).

Kerouac, Jack, Scattered Poems, The Pocket Poets Series 28, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971).

Kerouac, Jack, Pic, Zebra Books, Grove Press, New York, (1971); Quartet Books, London, (1974); reprinted with new cover illustration and notes, (1977).

Kerouac, Jack, "Man, Am I the Grandaddy-O of the Hippies?" Miami Tropic, (12th October, 1969), pp. 11, 2, 3. "Kerouac: The Last Word From the Father of the Beats", The Washington Post, (October 22nd, 1969), pp. B1, 18. N.B. This entry refers to the same article published in two different newspapers, under different names.

Secondary Sources

Books, Articles and Recordings Mentioned in the Text

Allen, Donald M., The New American Poetry 1945-1960, Grove Press, New York/Evergreen Books, London, (1960).

Allen, Donald, and Creeley, Robert, The New Writing in the U.S.A., Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1967).

Anon., "Big Day for Bards at Bay, Trial Over Howl and other Poems", Life, Vol. 43, (9th September, 1957), pp. 105-8.

Anon., "Manners and Morals: Fried Shoes", Time, Vol. 73, (February 9th, 1959), p. 14.

Anon., "California: Bam; Roll on With Bam!", Time, Vol. 74, (September 14th, 1959), p. 22.

Anon., "End of the Road", Berkeley Barb, (February 9-15th, 1968), p. 3.

Aronowitz, Alfred G., "Portrait of a Beat", Nugget (The Man's World), (October, 1960), pp. 15, 17-8, 24.

Askew, Melvin W., "Quests, Cars,and Kerouac", University of Kansas City Review, Vol. 28, (1962), pp. 231-40.

"Aztec Two-Step", "The Persecution and Restoration of Dean Moriarty (On the Road)", Aztec Two-Step, Elektra, K42118; New Magic in a Dusty World, Elektra K2 2002, (1972).

"Bad Company", Desolation Angels, Swansong, SSK 59408, (1979).

Beriault, Gina, "Neal's Ashes", Rolling Stone, No. 119, (October 12th, 1972), pp. 21-3.

Bradshaw, Steve, "Words by Allen Ginsberg, Music by Bob Dylan", Melody Maker, (March 18th, 1972), pp. 24, 5.

Brown, Mick, "Music: In the City and On the Road", Penthouse, Vol. 13, No. 11, pp. 12, 3.

Bukowski, Charles, "Letters to the editors from Charles Bukowski", The Outsider, Vol. 1, No. 3, (Spring, 1963), New Orleans, pp. 75-8, 92-6.

Bukowski, Charles, Notes of a Dirty Old Man, City Lights, San Francisco, (1973).

Carroll, Paul, "Five Poets in Their Skins", Big Table, Vol. 4, pp. 133-8.

Carruth, Hayden, "Four New Books", Poetry, Vol. 93, (November, 1958), pp. 107-16.

Cassady, Carolyn, Heartbeat My Life with Jack and Neal, Creative Arts Book Company, Berkeley, (1976).

Charters, Ann, A Bibliography of Works by Jack Kerouac (1939-67), Phoenix Bookshop Inc., New York, (1967).

Charters, Ann, A Bibliography of Works by Jack Kerouac, (revised edition, 1939-75), Phoenix Bookshop Inc., New York, 1975)*.

Charters, Ann, (compiler), Scenes Along the Road, (with three poems, and comments, by Allen Ginsberg), Portents/Gotham Book Mart, New York, (1970).

Charters, Ann, Kerouac: a Biography, Straight Arrow Books, San Francisco, (1973)*. First English edition, Andre Deutsch, London, (1974).

Ciardi, John, "Epitaph for the Dead Beats", Saturday Review, Vol. 43, (February 6th, 1960), pp. 11-3.

Ciardi, John, "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen", Saturday Review, Vol. 40, (June 27th, 1957), pp. 22, 30.

Clarke, Gerald, "Checking in with Allen Ginsberg", Esquire, Vol. LXXIX, No. 4, (April 1973), pp. 92-5, 168-70.

Conrad Barnaby, "Barefoot Boy with Dreams of Zen", Saturday Review, Vol. 42, (May 2nd, 1959), pp. 23-4.

Cook, Bruce, The Beat Generation, Charles Scribners' Sons, New York, (1971).

Cooper, James Fenimore, The Last of the Mohicans, Frederick Warne, (London), undated.

Craig Copetas/William Burroughs, "Beat Godfather Meets Glitter Mainman", Rolling Stone, No. 155, (February 28th, 1974).

Creeley, Robert, Contexts of Poetry: Interviews 1961-1971, (editor Donald Allen), Four Seasons Foundation, Bolinas, (1973).

Crowe, Cameron, "Ground Control to Davy Jones", Rolling Stone, No. 206, (February 12th, 1976) , pp. 29-33.

Dead Fingers Talk, Storm the Reality Studios, Pye NS PH 24, (1978).

Dick, Kay, Writers At Work - "The Paris Review" Interviews, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1972).

Dickey, James, "From Babel to Byzantium", Sewanee Review, LXV, (Summer, 1957), pp. 508-30.

Dowden, George, A Bibliography of Works by Allen Ginsberg, City Lights, San Francisco, (1971).

Dylan, Bob, Bringing It All Back Home, CBS BPG 62515, (1965).

Dylan, Bob, Desire, CBS 86003, (1975).

Dylan, Bob, Blood on the Tracks, CBS TC 33235, (1976).

Eberhart, Richard, "West Coast Rhythms", The New York Times Book Review, VII, (September 2nd, 1956), pp. 7, 18.

Eckman, Frederick, "Neither Tame Nor Fleecy", Poetry Vol. 90, (September, 1957), pp. 386-97.

Flood Page, Mike, "Tom Waits: There's No Success Like Failure", Street Life, Vol. 1, No. 17, (June 12-25, 1976), pp. 12-3.

Fiedler, Leslie A., Waiting For the End, Johnathan Cape, London, (1964).

Gosling, Ray, Sum Total, Faber and Faber, London, (1962).

Gutman, Walter, The Gutman Letter, Something Else Press, New York, (1969).

Gysin, Brion, Cut-Ups: A Project for Disastrous Success, Evergreen Review, Vol. 8, No. 32, New York (April-May, 1964).

Harrington, Alan, The Secret Swinger, Johnathan Cape, London, (1967).

Henri, Adrian, Tonight at Noon, Rapp and Whiting, (1968).

Henri, Adrian/McGough Roger/Patten, Brian, The Mersey Sound, Penguin Modern Poets 10, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1967). (Revised and enlarged edition, 1974).

Henri, Adrian, The Best of Henri, Jo nathan Cape, London, (1975).

Hentoff, Nat, "Is it Rolling, Zeus?", Rolling Stone, No. 204, (January 15th, 1976), pp. 1, 20-7.

Horovitz, Michael, Children of Albion, Penguin, Harmondsworth, (1969).

Hotchner, A.E., Papa Hemingway, Wiedenf eld and Nicholson, London, (1966).

Huebel, Harry Russell, "The 'Holy Goof': Neal Cassady and the Post-War American Counter Culture", no publication details available.

Irwin, Colin, "Guess You're Waits", Melody Maker, (April 29th, 1978).

James, Clive, Extract from: The Book Programme, transmission date, 17th February, 1974.

Jones, Leroi, (editor), The Moderns, Corinth Books Inc., New York, (1963), MacGibbon, London, (1965).

Joyce, James, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1960).

Kesey, Ken, Ken Kesey's Garage Sale, Viking Press, New York, (1973).

Knight, Arthur and Glee, (editors),The Beat Book, Volume 4 of the unspeakable visions of the individual, California, (1974).

Knight, Arthur and Kit, (editors), The Beat Diary, Volume 5 of the unspeakable visions of the individual, California, (1977).

Kramer, Jane, Paterfamilias: Allen Ginsberg in America, Victor Gollancz, London, (1970).

Krim, Seymour, "King of the Beats", Commonweal, Vol. 69, (January 2nd, 1959), pp. 359-60.

Krim, Seymour, The Beats, Fawcett Publications, Greenwich Conn., (1960).

Lucie-Smith, Edward, The Liverpool Scene, Donald Carroll, London, (1967).

Mailer, Norman, Miami and the Siege of Chicago, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1969).

McClintock, Jack, "This is How the Ride Ends", Esquire, Vol. 73, (March, 1970), pp. 138, 9.

McClure, Michael, "The Poet's Poet", Rolling Stone, No. 156, (March 14th, 1974), pp. 32-4.

Melville, Herman, Moby Dick, Everyman Paperback, Dent/ Dutton, London/New York, (1968).

Millstein, Gilbert, "Books of the Times", New York Times, (5th September, 1957), p. 27.

Montgomery, John, Jack Kerouac - a Memoir, etc., Gilgia Press, Fresno, (1970).

Moraes, Dom, "Allen Ginsberg kissed the carpet", Daily Telegraph Magazine, No. 208, (September 27th, 1968), pp. 65, 6.

Mottram, Eric, William Burroughs The Algebra of Need, Marion Boyars, London, (1977).

Nuttall, Jeff, Bomb Culture, MacGibbon and Kee, London, (1968), Paladin Books, London, (1970).

Olson, Charles, Call Me Ishmael, Jo nathan Cape, London, (1967).

Parkinson, Thomas, (editor), A Casebook on the Beat, Crowell Literary Casebooks, New York, (1961). ("Phenomenon or Generation", Thomas Parkinson, pp. 276-90).

Perlman, "How Captain Hanrahan Made Howl a Best-Seller", The Reporter, (December 17th, 1957), pp. 37-9.

Podell, Albert, N., "Censorship on the Campus: the Case of the Chicago Review", San Francisco Review", San Francisco Review, Vol. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 71-89.

Podhoretz, Norman, "The Know-Nothing Bohemians", Partisan Review, Vol. XXV, No. 2, (Spring, 1958), pp. 305-11; 313-16; 318. (Reprinted in A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 201-12; The Beats, Seymour Krim, editor, Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, Conn., (1960), pp. 111-24).

Polsky, Ned, "The Village Beat Scene: Summer 1960", Dissent, Vol. 8, (1961), pp. 339-59.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "San Francisco's Mature Bohemians", Nation, Vol. 184, (February 23rd, 1957), pp. 159-62.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "Disengagement: the Art of the Beat Generation", New World Writing No. 11, The New American Library, New York, (1957), pp. 28-41. A Casebook on the Beat, pp. 179-93.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "Beat Generation? Dead as Davy Crockett Caps, Says Rexroth, Passing Through", The Village Voice Reader, editors Wolf and Fancher, Doubleday & Co., New York, pp. 337-9.

Robbins, Tom, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Corgi Books, London, (1977).

Rosenbaum, Ron, "Interview with Bob Dylan", Playboy, Vol. 25, No. 3, (March, 1978), pp. 61-90.

Sanders, Ed, Tales of Beatnik Glory, Hillstone Books, distributors Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, (1975).

Scott, James F. "Beat Literature and American Teen Cult", American Quarterly, Vol. 14, (1962), pp. 150-60.

Shapiro, Karl, "Romanticism Comes Home", Prairie Schooner, Vol. 21, (Fall, 1957), pp. 182-3.

Shepard, Sam, Rolling Thunder Log book, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1978).

Sheppard, R.Z., "Sweet Jack Gone", Time, (January 22nd, 1973).

Sigal, Clancy, "Nihilism's Organization Man", Universities and Left Review, No. 4, (Summer, 1958), pp. 59-65.

Simmons, Patrick, "Neal's Fandango", Stampede, Warner Bros. Records, K56094, Burbank, (1975).

Sinclair, Iain, The Kodak Mantra Diaries, Albion Village Press, (October, 1971).

Sisk, John P., "Beatniks and Tradition", Commonweal, Vol. 70, (April 17th, 1959), pp. 75-7.

Snyder, Gary, The Back Country, New Directions, New York, (1968?).

Snyder, Gary, Riprap, and Cold Mountain Poems, (Writing 7), Four Seasons Foundation, San Francisco, (1976).

Solomon, Carl, "The Reading/Thoughts on Swatting Flies", Fruit Cup, Mary Beach, (editor), Beach Books, Texts and Documents, (New York), (1969), unpaged.

Stewart, Al, Modern Times, CBS 80477, (1975). ("Modern Times", Dave Mudge and Al Stewart).

Sugerman, Danny, "Jim Morrison - a Shaman's Journey Through The Doors", Sounds, (July 24th, 1976), pp. 14-5.

Trilling, Diana, "The Other Night at Columbia: a Report From the Academy", Partisan Review, XXVI, (Spring, 1959), pp. 214-30.

Twain, Mark, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Penguin English Library, Harmondsworth, (1966).

Tynan, Kenneth, Tynan Right and Left, Longman's, London, (1967). Contains: "The Non-conformists of San Francisco", pp. 374-5.

Waits, Tom, Foreign Affairs, K53068, Asylum Records, (1977).

Welch, Lew, Hermit Poems, (1965). (Also see: The New Writing in the USA, pp. 276-80).

Whitman, Walt, The Complete Poems, Francis Murphy, (editor), Penguin, Harmondsworth, (1975).

Weir, Bob, "Cassady", Ace. Further details unavailable.

Widgery, David, "Goodbye Jack Kerouac", Oz, 25, (December, 1969), pp. 40-1.

Wilentz, Elias, (editor), The Beat Scene, Corinth Books, New York, (1960).

Wolf, Daniel, and Fancher, Edwin, (editors), The Village Voice Reader, Doubleday, New York, (1962).

Wolfe, Tom, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, (1968), Bantam Books, New York, (1969).

Books and Articles Mentioned in the Text - Addenda

Ansen, Alan, "After the Naked Lunch", City Lights Journal No. 2. City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1964), pp. 260-71.

Barry, Ernie, "A Convention with Allen Ginsberg", City Lights Journal No. 2, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1964), pp. 131-9.

Beach, Mary (editor), Fruit Cup, Beach Books, Texts and Documents Inc., New York, (1969).

Burroughs, William, The Soft Machine, first published Paris, (1961), (no other details available). Revised edition, Corgi Books, London, (1970).

Norse, Harold, "The Death of Rue Git-le Coeur", City Lights Journal No. 1, pp. 49-52.

Secondary Sources

Other Books, articles, recordings and films consulted

Ackroyd, Peter, "Mawkish Moments", The Spectator, (August 24th, 1974), (pages unknown).

Acosta, Oscar Zeta, The Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo, Charisma Books, Spice Books Ltd., London, (1974).

Adkins, Carl, "Jack Kerouac: Off the Road for Good", Story (The Yearbook of Discovery), Four Winds Press, New York, (1970), pp. 27-35.

Algren, Nelson, Who Lost an American?, Mayflower Dell, London, (August, 1965).

Algren, Nelson, "Chicago is a Wose", Nation, Vol. 188, (28th February, 1959), p. 191.

Allsop, Kenneth, Hard Travellin' The Hobo and his History, Hodder and Stoughton, London, (1967).

Amis, Kingsley, "The Delights of Literary Lecturing", Harpers, Vol. 219, (October, 1959), pp. 181-2.

Ammons, A.R., "Ginsberg's New Poems", Poetry, Vol. CIV, No. 3, (June, 1964), pp. 186-7.

Amram, David, "In Memory of Jack Kerouac", Evergreen Review, Vol. XIV, No. 75, (January, 1970), pp. 41-76.

Anon, "New Test for Obscenity", Nation, Vol. 185, (9th November, 1957), p. 314.

Anon, "The Cool, Cool Bards", Time, Vol. 70, (2nd December, 1957), p. 41.

Anon, "The Blazing and the Beat", Time, Vol. 71, (24th February, 1958), pp. 68, 70, 72.

Anon, "Minister for the "Beatniks"', Newsweek, Vol. 53, (16th March, 1959), p. 88.

Anon, "The Beat Friar", Time, Vol. 73, (25th May, 1959), pp. 39-40.

Anon, "Every Man a Beatnik?", Newsweek, Vol. 53, (29th June, 1959), p. 83.

Anon, "Far Out Mission", Time, Vol. 73, (29th June, 1959), pp. 42-3.

Anon, "Beatnicks Just Sick, Sick, Sick", Science Digest, Vol. 46, (July, 1959), pp. 25-6.

Anon, "Bang Bong Bing", Time, Vol. 74, (7th September, 1959), p. 70.

Anon, "Squaresville USA vs. Beatsville", Life, Vol. 47, (21st September, 1959), pp. 31-7.

Anon, "Endsville Zen-hur", Time, Vol. 74, (14th December, 1959), p. 48.

Anon, "Cowboys and Indians", Times Literary Supplement, No. 3,177, (18th January, 1963), p. 42.

Anon, "The Final Fix", Times Literary Supplement, (6th August, 1964), p. 682.

Anon, "Stirring Times", Times Literary Supplement, (17th June, 1965), p. 519.

Anon, "Alkohul is een Schadelyker", International Times, No. 1, (31st October-13th November, 1965?), p. 5.

Anon, "Dharma-Titis", Guardian, (May, 1966?), page unknown.

Anon, "Brion Gysin LET THE MICE IN", International Times, No. 22, (15th-20th December, 1967), p. 3.

Anon, "disintegration in Drug city", Observer?, (1968?), no other details available.

Anon, Review of The Soft Machine, Observer?, (1968?), no other details available.

Anon, "Sanity of Kerouac", Time, (23rd February, 1968), p. 58.

Anon, "Mr. Jack Kerouac. Novelist of the Beat Generation", Times, (22nd October, 1969), page unknown.

Anon, "End of the Road", Time, Vol. 94, No. 18, (31st October, 1969), unpaged.

Anon, Review of Vanity of Duluoz, Observer?, (1969), no other details available.

Anon, Review of Vanity of Duluoz, Sunday Times?, (1969), no other details available.

Anon, "In Praise of Electric Folk", publishers' notes to Leonard Cohen, The Favourite Game, Panther Books, London, (1970), unpaged.

Anon, "Book Review", And It Is Divine, Vol. 1, Issue 5, (April, 1973), p. 66.

Anon, "American Drama and American Dream", Times Literary Supplement, No. 3,784, (13th September, 1974), p. 971.

Anon, New English Library Paperbacks, (N.E.L. Booklist), (February, 1974).

Anon, "Musical News", Rolling Stone, No. 188, (5th June, 1975), p. 4.

Baker, George, "Avant Garde at the Golden Gate", Saturday Review, Vol. 41, (3rd August, 1957), p. 10.

Balaban, Dan, "'Witless Madcaps Come Home to Roost", The Village Voice Reader, (Woolf and Fancher, eds.), Doubleday and Co., New York, (1962).

Bangs, Lester, "Elegy for a Desolation Angel", Rolling Stone, No. 47, (13th December, 1969), p. 28.

Baro, Gene, "Beatniks Now and Then", Nation, Vol. 189, (5th September, 1959), pp. 115-7.

Baro, Gene, (editor), Beat Poets, The Pocket Poets, Studio Vista, London, (1961).

Beatty, J., "Trade Winds", Saturday Review, Vol. 40, (28th September, 1957), p. 6.

Beaulieu, Victor-Levy, Jack Kerouac: a Chicken Essay, translated by Sheila Fishman, Coach House Quebec Translations, Toronto, (1975).

Bermopohl, Charles, "Torment of Security", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 11-3.

Bittner, William, "The 'Beat' Generation Attacks", Saturday Review, Vol. 40?, (5th October, 1957), pp. 13-4.

Boston, Richard, "Trend Setters", Guardian, (7th August, 1976), p. 6.

Bowles, Paul, A Hundred Camels in the Courtyard, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1962).

Bowles, Paul, "Things Gone and Things Still Here", Rolling Stone, No. 204, (15th January, 1976), pp. 14-5.

Bradbury, Malcolm, "A Very Exclusive Club", The Reporter, Vol. 21, (9th July, 1959), pp. 40-2.

Brandon, Henry, "The New Left and the 'hippies' are motivated", Sunday Times, (29th January, 1967), page unknown.

Bremser, Bonnie, For Love of Ray, first published Croton Press, New York, no date available. Editions consulted: London Magazine Editions, London, 1971; Tandem Books, London, (1972).

Brown, Pete, "Americans in Albion", Circuit, No. 2, Cambridge, (1966), pp. 15-7.

Brownjohn, Alan, "Fblup", New Statesman, (10th January, 1969), p. 52.

Brownjohn, Alan,"Time and Change", New Statesman, Vol. 82, No. 2,124, (3rd December, 1971), pp. 791-2.

Bubin, Louis B., "Two Gentlemen of San Francisco", Western Review, Vol. 23, (Spring, 1959), pp. 278-83.

Bukowski, Charles; Lamantia, Philip; Norse, Harold; Penguin Modern Poets No. 13, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1969).

Bukowski, Charles, Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions and General Tales of Ordinary Madness, edited by Gail Chiarello, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (fifth printing, 1977).

Burdick, Eugene, "The Innocent Nihilists Adrift in Squaresville", The Reporter, Vol. 18, (2nd April, 1958), pp. 30-3.

Burgess, Anthony, "The Big Daddy of the Beats", Observer, (22nd May, 1966), page unknown.

Burroughs, William, S., "Quo Vadis",Mademoiselle, (January, 1960), pp. 17-8, 34-5.

Burroughs, William, S., The Ticket That Exploded, Olympia Press, Paris (1962); Calder and Boyars, London, (1968).

Burroughs, William, S., "They Just Fade Away", Evergreen Review, Vol. 8, No. 32, (April/May, 1964), pp. 62-3, 84-5.

Burroughs, William, S., "The Literary Techniques of Lady Sutton-Smith", Times Literary Supplement, (6th August, 1964), pp. 682-3.

Burroughs, William, S., "Anti-junk", Books and Bookmen, (November, 1966), pp. 19, 20-1, 101.

Burroughs, William, S., Nova Express, Jo nathan Cape, London, (1966).

Burroughs, William, S., "The 'Priest' They Called Him", Daily Telegraph Magazine, No. 132, (14th April, 1967), p. 46.

Burroughs, William, S., "23 Skidoo Eristic Elite", International Times, No. 18, (31st August/13th September, 1967) p. 4.

Burroughs, William, S., "Do You Remember Tomorrow?", Mayfair, Vol. 3, No. 8, pp. 28-9.

Burroughs, William, S., "Oh God, Get Me Out of This!", Mayfair, Vol. 3, No. 9, pp. 32-4.

Burroughs, William, S., "Tactics of Deconditioning: William Burroughs Speaks", International Times, No. 57, (23rd May/5th June, 1969), pp. 4-5.

Burroughs, William, S., "The Brain Grinders", Mayfair, Vol. 4, No. 4, (June, 1969?), pp. 32-4.

Burroughs, William, S., "The Final Crusade of the Veteran Warriors", Mayfair, Vol. 4, No. 6, (August, 1969?), pp. 52-4, 6.

Burroughs, William, S., "D.E. My Super-Efficiency System", Mayfair, Vol. 5, No. 7, (September, 1970?), pp. 52-4, 6.

Burroughs, William, S., "Mind Engineer", interview by Masterton, Graham, and Rossabi, Andrew, Penthouse, (September, 1971), Vol. 6, No. 6, pp. 37-40, 60.

Burroughs, William, S., "DC 49", The Image, No. 7, (1972), pp. 42-7.

Burroughs, William, S., The Wild Boys, Corgi Books, London, (1973).

Burroughs, William, S., White Subway, Aloes Books, London, (1975?).

Burroughs, William, Jnr., Kentucky Ham, Picador, Pan Books, London, (1975), N.B. This work is by William Seward Burroughs' son.

Charters, Ann, "Jack and Neal and Allen and Luane and Carolyn", Rolling Stone, No. 131, (29th March, 1973).

Chouk ri, Mohamed, Jean Genet in Tangier, introduction by William Burroughs, translated by Paul Bowles, Ecco Press, New York, (1974).

Choukri, Mohamed, "The Converse City: 5 Examples", translated by Paul Bowles, Translatlantic Review, Nos. 53/54, (February, 1976), pp. 110-24.

Ciardi, John, "In Loving Memory of Myself", Saturday Review, Vol. XLII, No. 30, (25th July, 1959), pp. 22-3.

Colbert, Alison, and Box, Anita, "The West End Excerpts of an interview with Allen Ginsberg", West End, Vol. 1, (1971), pp. 32-43.

Coleman, John, "Off the Road", Observer, (1967), no other details available.

Coleman, John, "One Damn Thing After Another", Observer, (26th August, 1974), page unknown.

Cooper, Lettice, "New Novels", The Listener, (29th May, 1958), p. 912.

Corso, Gregory; Ginsberg, Allen; and Orlovsky, Gregory, "Reply to Symposium", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 30-1.

Corso, Gregory, "Rembrandt-Self Portrait; Emily Dickenson (sic) Walk", Big Table, Vol. 4, (1960).

Corso, Gregory, "Interview with Allen Ginsberg", Journal For the Protection of All Beings, Vol. 1, (1961), pp. 21-9.

Corso, Gregory, "Moroccan Writing - for Jane Bowles, a brilliant, lovely soul - ", Outburst, No. 2, (1963), unpaged.

Coyne, John R., Jnr., "Jack Kerouac, RIP", National Review, (4th November, 1969), pp. 1104.

Coyne, John R., Jnr., "Co-opting Kerouac", National Review, Vol. 23, (5th November, 1971), pp. 1246-7.

Coyne, John R., Jnr., "Living a Legend", National Review, (3rd August, 1973), p. 853.

Creeley, Robert, The Island, John Calder, London, (1963).

Crewe, Quentin, "Beyond the Beatnik", Sunday Mirror, (21st August, 1966), pp. 16-17.

Daniels, Guy, "Post Mortem on San Francisco", Nation, Vol. 237, (2nd August, 1958), pp. 53-5.

de Jongh, Nicholas, "New End - Highway Shoes", Guardian, (3rd September, 1976), p. 8.

di Prima, Diane, Freddie Poems, Point Reyes Eidolon Editions, (1974), published in a limited edition of one thousand.

Dix, Carol, "Bullock's Book of Ignorance - The Short Cut to Understanding the 20th Century", Sunday Times Magazine, (16th October, 1977), pp. 24-5.

Dolbier, Maurice, "Beat Generation; Parade of Paperbacks", New York Herald Tribune Book Review, (22nd September, 1957), p. 2.

Durand, Robert, The Yes! Press Anthology, Christopher's Books, Santa Barbara, California, (1972?).

Ehrmann, Eric, and Davis, Stephen, "There is Really Nothing Inside", Rolling Stone, No. 47, (13th December, 1969), p. 26.

Elliott, Janice, "Last Testament of Beat", Sunday Times, (22nd May, 1966), page number unknown.

Esterly, Glenn, "Bukowski in the Raw", Rolling Stone, No. 215, (17th June, 1976), pp. 10-7.

Farrell, Barry, "The Guru Comes to Kansas", Life, Vol. 60, (24th May, 1966), pp. 79, 9, 80, 3-6, 90.

Farren, Mick, "Angels and Violence", International Times, No. 21, (17th-30th November, 1967), p. 13.

Farren, Mick, and Barker, Edward, Watch Out Kids, Open Gate Books, London, (1972).

Farfalla, Angelica, "Fakeniks: the Liberal Fallout", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1 (Spring, 1959), pp. 8-10.

"A.F., G.S., A.K." "First Big Table", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 72-3.

"A.F., P.Z.", "Review of The Happy Birthday of Death", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 2, (1960-1), pp. 97-8.

Feldman, Gene, and Gartenberg, Max, Protest, Souvenir Press, London, (1959); Panther Books, London, (1960, reprinted 1966); Quartet Books, London (1973).

Feldman, Irving, "Stuffed Dharma", Commentary, Vol. 26, (December, 1958), pp. 543-4.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, "Note on Poetry in San Francisco", Chicago Review, Vol. 12, No. 1, (Spring, 1958), p. 4.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, Lawrence Ferlinghetti Reading at Better Books, Better Books L.P. 16158/9, (1965). Published in a limited edition of one hundred.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, "Pound at Spoleto , (Summer, 1965)", City Lights Journal 3, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1966), pp. 157-8.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, and Kesey, Ken, "Ralph J. Gleason in Perspective", Rolling Stone, No. 191, (17th July, 1975), pp. 14, 5, 22-30.

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, "Populist Manifesto", Z-revue, Leicester, (1976?).

Fischer, John, "The Old Original Beatnik", Harper's, Vol. 218, (April, 1959), pp. 14-9.

Fisher, Stanley, (editor), Beat Coast East, Excelsior Press, New York, (1960).

Fleischmann, Wolfgang, B., "Those 'Beat' Writers", America, Vol. 101, (26th September, 1959), pp. 766-8.

Flynn, Arthur, "William Burroughs: Walden Revisited" Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 2, (1960-1), pp. 47-52.

France, Peter, "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?", The Listener, (2nd April, 1978), pp. 135-6.

Frank , Robert, The Americans, introduction by Jack Kerouac, An Aperture Book, Grassman Publishers, New York, (1969).

Frank, Robert, The Lines of My Hand, Lustrum Press, (printed in Los Angeles, distributed from New York), (1972).

Frank , Robert, Me and My Brother, (film). No details available. N.B. The subjects of this film are Peter and Lafcadio Orlovsky.

Frank, Robert, Pull My Daisy, (film). No details available. Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso appear in this film, the script of which was written by Jack Kerouac.

Fryer, Peter, "A Map of the Underground", Encounter, (October, 1967), pp. 6-20.

Fuller, John G., "Trade Winds: (Ginsberg Trial)", Saturday Review, Vol. 40, (5th October, 1957), pp. 5-7.

Gifford, Barry, Kerouac's Town, Yes! Capra Chapbook Series, (No. 12), Santa Barbara, (July, 1973).

Gifford, Barry, (editor), As Ever: The Collected Correspondence of Allen Ginsberg & Neal Cassady. Creative Arts Books Company, Berkeley, California, (1977).

Gifford, Barry, and Lee, Lawrence, Jack's Book, St. Martin's Press, (New York), (1978). N.B. No copy of this work could be obtained during the preparation of the thesis.

Gill, Andy, "Any Old Apocalypto Gold?", Darts, No. 374, (13th May, 1974), p. 13.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Quo Vadis", Mademoiselle, (January, 1960), pp. 17-8, 34-5.

Ginsberg, Allen, Kerouac, Jack, Cassady, Neal, "Pull My Daisy", Metronome, Vol. 78, Part 4, (April, 1961), p. 27. N.B. This collective effort, of which there are several versions, should not be confused with the film of the same title. This version of the poem is reprinted in: Jack Kerouac, Selected Poems, pp. 6-7. Another version may be found in the same volume (pp. 3-5), and in: Allen Ginsberg, The Gates of Wrath, pp. 27-8.

Ginsberg, Allen, "A Letter from Allen Ginsberg", Eros, Vol. 1, No. 4, (Winter, 1962), p. 24.

Ginsberg, Allen, "To An Old Poet in Peru", Outburst, No. 2, unpaged.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Back to the Wall", Times Literary Supplement, (6th August, 1964), pp. 678-9.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Studying the Signs. Guru (on Primrose Hill)", Isis, No. 1502, (26th November, 1965), pp. 12-3.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Dear Neal", Esquire, Vol. LXIV, No. 6, (December, 1965), pp. 151, 276, 78, 80.

Ginsberg, Allen, T.V. Baby Poem, Beach Books, No. 2, distributed by City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1968).

Ginsberg, Allen, Airplane Dreams, House of Anansi/City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1969).

Ginsberg, Allen, "Manhattan Thirties Flash", New York Quarterly, (1970), p. 15, no other details available.

Ginsberg, Allen, and Duncan, Robert, (edited by Gordon Ball), "Words and Consciousness", The American Poetry Review, Vol. 3, No. 3, (1974), pp. 52-8.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Thus Crosslegged . . .", Rolling Stone, No. 161, (23rd May, 1974), pp. 26-7.

Ginsberg, Allen, "Songs of Redemption", sleeve notes to: Bob Dylan, Desire, C.B.S. 86003, (1975).

Ginsberg, Allen, "Rolling Thunder Stones", Rolling Stone, No. 204, (15th January, 1976), p. 27.

Glaser, Alice, "Back to the Open Road for Boys", Esquire, Vol. 60, Part 1, (July, 1963), pp. 48-9, 115.

Gleason, Ralph, J., "Kerouac's 'Beat Generation'", Saturday Review, Vol. 41, (11th January, 1958), p. 75.

Gleason, Ralph, J., "Perspectives: the Lessons of Bird and Kerouac", Rolling Stone, No. 133, (26th April, 1973), p. 33.

Gold, Herbert, "Hip, Cool, Beat - and Frantic", Nation, No. 185, (16th November, 1957), pp. 349-55.

Gold, Herbert, "How to Tell the Beatniks From the Hipsters", Noble Savage, No. 1, (Spring, 1960), pp. 132-9.

Golffing, Francis, and Gibbs, Barbara, "The Public Voice: Remarks on Poetry Today", Commentary, Vol. XXVII, (July, 1959), pp. 63-9.

Grieg, Michael, "The Lively Arts in San Francisco", Mademoiselle, (February, 1957), pp. 142-3, 90-1.

Grimshaw, Julie, "Against the Old and the Evil: the American Drug Culture of the Mid-60's", Broad Left Journal, (November, 1973), pp. 14-7.

Grossman, Allen, "Allen Ginsberg: The Jew as An American Prophet", Judaism, Vol. 11, (1962), pp. 303-8.

Guthrie, Woody, Bound for Glory, Picador, Pan Books, London, (1974).

Hall, Donald, Contemporary American Poetry, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1962).

Hamilton, Alex, "Blues in the Light", Guardian, (31st May, 1975), p. 8.

Harris, Lee and Levy, Bill, "Michael McClure Meat Sculptor", International Times, No. 46, (13th-31st December, 1968), pp. 4, 5.

Harrison, Hank, The Grateful Dead, Star Books, London, (1975).

Hart, John E., "Future Hero in Paradise: Kerouac's The Dharma Bums", Critique, Vol. 14, Part 3, (1973), pp. 52-62.

Hassan, Ihab, Radical Innocence, Princeton University Press, Princeton, (1961).

Hecht, Anthony, "The Anguish of the Spirit and the Letter", Hudson Review, Vol. XII, (Winter, 1959-60), pp. 593-603.

Hill, Richard, "Jack Kerouac and the Strange Gray Myth of the West", Los Angeles Free Press, (7th August, 1970), p. 36.

Hillyer, Robert, "Speaking of Books", New York Times Book Review, (4th January, 1959), p. 2.

Holloway, David, "Jack Kerouac", Daily Telegraph, (22nd October, 1968), page unknown.

Homburger, Eric, "Beating It", The New Review, Vol. 1, No. 3, (June, 1974), pp. 85-6.

Horovitz, Michael, "A Circle for the Square World", Times Literary Supplement, (6th August, 1964), pp. 710-1.

Horovitz, Mike, "Original 'private eye'", Tribune, (18th December, 1964), pp. 12-3.

Horovitz, Michael, "On the Beat with Gregory Corso", Penthouse, Vol. 1, No. 8, (1965).

Horovitz, Michael, and Horder, John, "Poets or P.R.O.'s?" Ambit, No. 27, (1965), pp. 43-5.

Horovitz, Michael, "Poets and their Audience", New Society, (3rd June, 1965), pp. 22-3.

Houedard, Dom Silvester, "Beat and Afterbeat", Aylesford Review (Summer, 1963), pp. 140-56.

Howe, Irving, "Mass Society and Post-Modern Fiction", Partisan Review, Vol. XXXVI, (Summer, 1959), pp. 420-36.

Hynes, Sam, "The Beat and the Angry", Commonweal, Vol. 65, (5th September, 1958), pp. 559-61.

Jacobson, Dan, "America's "Angry Young Men"", Commentary, Vol. XXIV, (December, 1957), pp. 475-9.

Jarvis, Charles, E., Visions of Kerouac, Ithaca Press, Lowell Mass., (1974).

Joans, Ted, A Black Pow-Wow of Jazz Poems, Calder and Boyars, London, (1973).

Jones, Leroi, Blues People - Negro Music in White America, Wm. Morrow and Co., New York, (1963).

Kelly, John, (editor), "Beatitude" Anthology, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1960).

Kerouac, Jack, "Billowy Trip in the World", New Directions, No. 16, New Directions, New York, (1957).

Kerouac, Jack, "San Francisco Blues: (two excerpts)", Ark, III, (Winter, 1957), pp. 21-2.

Kerouac, Jack, "Lamb, No Lion", Pageant, Vol. 13, (February, 1958), pp. 160-1.

Kerouac, Jack, "Aftermath: The Philosophy of the Beat Generation", Esquire, Vol. 49, Part 3, (March, 1958), pp. 24-6.

Kerouac, Jack, "Two Poems", Chicago Review, Vol. 12, No. 1, (Spring, 1958), pp. 5-6.

Kerouac, Jack, "The Origins of Joy in Poetry", Chicago Review, Vol. 12, No. 1, (Spring, 1958), p. 3.

Kerouac, Jack, "Ronnie on the Mound", Esquire, Vol. 49, Part 5, (May, 1958), pp. 87-8.

Kerouac, Jack, "Alone on a Mountaintop", Holiday, Vol. XXIV, No. 4, (October, 1958), pp. 68-9, 76-8, 81.

Kerouac, Jack, "The Origins of the Beat Generation", Playboy, Vol. 6, No. 6, (June, 1959), pp. 31-2, 42, 79.

Kerouac, Jack, Maggie Cassidy, Avon Books, New York, (1959); Panther Books, London, (August, 1960); Andre Deutsch, London, (1974); Quartet Books, London (1975).

Kerouac, Jack, Dr Sax: Faust, Part 3, Grove Press, New York, (1959); Evergreen E-513, Grove Press, New York, (1959).

Kerouac, Jack, "The Thrashing Doves", The White Dove Review, Vol. 1, Part 1, (1959), p. 13.

Kerouac, Jack, "Word From Jack", Metronome, Vol. LXXVIII, No. 5, (May, 1961), p. 4.

Kerouac, Jack, "Dave", Kulchur, Vol. 3, (1961), pp. 3-5.

Kerouac, Jack, Visions of Gerard, Farrar, Straus and Co., New York, (1963); Mayflower Books, London, (November, 1966).

Kerouac, Jack, "On the Road with Memere", Holiday, Vol. 37, (May, 1965), pp. 74-5.

Kerouac, Jack, "Good Blonde", The 12th Anniversary Playboy Reader, editor Hugh Hefner, Souvenir Press, London, (1965), pp. 639-49.

Kerouac, Jack, "In the Ring", Atlantic, Vol. 221, (March, 1968), pp. 110-111; Mayfair, Vol. III, No. 11, (Summer, 1968?), pp. 60-1.

Kerouac, Jack, "On the Road to Florida", Evergreen Review, Vol. XIV, No. 74, (January, 1970), pp. 43-7, 64.

Kerouac, Jack, "The Great Western Bus Ride", Esquire, Vol. 73, (March, 1970), pp. 136-7.

Kerouac, Jack, Cassady, Neal, "Letters From . . . ", Mano-Mano, Vol. 2, (Summer, 1971), pp. 11-6.

Kerouac, Jack, "Poems", Bastard Angel, Vol. 1, (Spring, 1972), pp. 7, 23-4, 42, one unpaged.

Kerouac, Jack, "Nosferatu", Focus on the Horror Film, editors, Huss, R.G., and Ross, T.J., Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, (1972). Reprinted from New Yorker Film Society Notes, (9th January, 1960).

Khan, Nassem, "Underground Dreamers: Theatre at New End", Evening Standard, (1st September, 1976), p. 15.

Kohn, Howard, "Slasher Row: Life and Chilly Death Among the Rag pickers of Los Angeles", Rolling Stone, No. 187, (22nd May, 1975), pp. 21-3.

Kostelanetz, Richard, "Ginsberg Makes the World Scene", New York Times Sunday Magazine, (11th July, 1965), pp. 22-3, 7-8, 30, 2-3.

Krim, Seymour, "The Holy Barbarians", Evergreen Review, Vol. III, No. 9, (1959?), pp. 208-14.

Krim, Seymour, Shake it for the World, Smartass, Alison and Busby, Alternative Editions, London, (1971).

Langford, Richard, E., Essays in Modern American Literature, Stetson University Press, Doland, Florida, (1963).

Latham, Aaaron, "Legacy of the 'Beats'", Dialogue, Vol. 7, No. 2, (1974), pp. 97-8.

Leamer, Laurence, The Paper Revolutionaries, Simon and Schuster, New York, (1972).

Leary, Paris, and May, James Boyer, (editors), Beloit Poetry Journal, Vol. 8, No. 2, (Winter, 1957-8).

Leary, Paris, and Kelly, Robert, (editors), A Controversy of Poets, Anchor Books, Doubleday and Co., New York, (1965).

Leary, Timothy, Jail Notes, introduction by Allen Ginsberg, New English Library, London, (1970).

Leech, Kenneth, Youthquake, Abacus, Sphere Books, London, (1976).

Leonard, George B., Jnr., "The Bored, the Bearded, and the Beat", Look, Vol. 22, (19th August, 1958), pp. 64-8.

Leonard, John, "The Ivory Tower", National Review, Vol. 7, (12th September, 1959), p. 331.

Lipton, Lawrence, The Holy Barbarians, Julian Messner Inc., (1959); Black Cat Books, BC-M, Grove Press, New York, (1962); Four Square Books, New English Library, London, (1962).

Lucie-Smith, Edward, "The King of the May", Sunday Times, (6th June, 1965), p. 43.

Ludwig, Jack, Recent American Novelists, Pamphlets on American Writers, 22, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, (1962).

McLintock, Jack, "Jack Kerouac is Alive and not-so-well in St. Petersburg", Miami Tropic, (12th October, 1969), pp. 8, 9.

McClure, Michael, Meat Science Essays, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1963).

McClure, Michael, "The Growl", Evergreen Review, Vol. 8, No. 32, (April/May, 1964), New York, pp. 75, 6, 88, 9.

McClure, Michael, "Michael McClure Recalls an Old Friend", Rolling Stone, No. 88, (5th August, 1971), p. 18.

McClure, Michael, The Adept, Delacorte Press, New York, (1971?).

McClure, Michael, Freewheelin' Frank, New English Library, London, (1969).

MacDougall, Ronald, (director), The Subterraneans, (film), M.G.M., (1960).

McFadden, I.P., "The Passing Scene: Howling in the Wilderness, National Review, Vol. 7, (12th September, 1959), pp. 338-9.

MacGregor-Hastie, Roy, "Waste Land in Russell Square: a Chat with T.S. Eliot", Trace, No. 32, (June/July, 1959), pp. 1-5.

McMurty, Larry, All My Friends Are Going To Be Strangers, Sphere Books, London, (1974).

Mahoney, Stephen, "The Prevalence of Zen", Nation, Vol. 187, (1st November, 1958), p. 311.

Mailer, Norman, Advertisements for Myself, Andre Deutsch, London, (1961).

Malcolm, Derek, "The quarterback who was better late than never", Guardian, (7th September, 1978), p. 8.

Marcus, Greil, "Undercover, Old Jack: The Harvest Has Surely Come", Rolling Stone, No. 201, (4th December, 1975), p. 35.

Michael Marland, Following the News, Chatto and Windus, London, (1967).

May, James Boyer, "Flipping the Coin(age)", Trace, Vol. 34,(October/November, 1959), pp. 20-7.

May, John, "Books: Junky by William Burroughs, (Penguin)", Home Grown, Vol. 1, No. 2, (Winter, 1977), p. 35.

Mazzocco, Robert, "Our Gang", New York Review of Books, Vol. IV, No. 8, (20th May, 1965), pp. 8, 9.

Menkin, Edward Z., "Allen Ginsberg: a bibliography and bibliographical sketch", Thoth, Vol. 3, (1967), pp. 35-40.

Miles, "Invisible Insurrection", International Times, No. 49, (31st January/13th February, 1969), p. 6.

Miles, "Jack Kerouac Dies in Florida", International Times, No. 67, (6th/20th November, 1969), p. 2.

Miles, "Cut Up the Word: The Original Hamburger Mary Speaks!", International Times, No. 76, (27th March, 8th April, 1970), p. 6.

Miles, "Poets and Intellectuals, Blacks and Homosexuals", International Times, Vol. 2, No. 2, (July, 1974), p. 35.

Mitchell, Adrian, "Poetry is bursting out of its Ghetto", Morning Star, (6th July, 1967), p. 4.

Montgomery, John, "Report from the Beat Generation", Library Journal, Vol. 84, (15th June, 1959), pp. 1999-2000.

Moore, Geoffrey, The Penguin Book of American Verse, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1977).

Marianne Moore (et al), "Comments", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 18-29.

Moore, Rosalie, "The Beat and the Unbeat", Poetry, Vol. 93, (November, 1958), pp. 104-7.

Morgan, Pete, (editor), C'mon Everybody, Corgi Books, London, (1971).

Morrison, Jim, The Lords and the New Creatures, A Touchstone Book, Simon and Schuster, New York, (1971).

Mottram, Eric, Allen Ginsberg in the Sixties, Unicorn Bookshop, Brighton/Seattle, (1972).

Mottram, Eric, "Dionysus in America", Other Times, Vol. 1, No. 1, (November 1975/January 1976), pp. 38-48.

Moynihan, John, "Still on that Road", Sunday Telegraph ?, (1966). No other details available.

Nichols, Luther, "Dharma Bums: Kerouac As the Savant of the Religious Beat", San Francisco Examiner, (5th October, 1958), pp. 17-8.

Nin, Anais , "Interview with William McBrien", Twentieth Century Literature, Vol. 20, No. 4, (October, 1974), pp. 277-90.

Norse, Harold, Hotel Nirvana, The Pocket Poets Series No. 32, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1974).

Norton, R.A., Through Beatnik Eyeballs, Pedigree Books, London, (1969).

Nuttall, Jeff, Pig, preface by William Burroughs, Fulcrum Press, London, (1969).

Nye, Robert, "Wuthering Depths - New Fiction", Guardian, (22nd August, 1974), p. 9.

Nye, Robert, "All of a City in a Tasty Crumb", Guardian, (21st April, 1977), p. 14.

Oberbeck, "Beat Boswell", Newsweek, Vol. 81, (2nd April, 1973), pp. 45, 6.

O'Neil, Paul, "The Only Rebellion Around", Life, Vol. XLVIII, (30th November, 1959), pp. 111-6, 19-29, 23-6, 9-30.

O'Rourke, P.J., and Kelly, Sean, "The Dramamine Bums", National Lampoon, Vol. 1, No. 61, (April, 1975), pp. 29-32.

Padgett, Ron, and Shapiro, David, (editors), An Anthology of New York Poets, Vintage Giant, Random House, New York, (1970).

Patchen, Kenneth, Poems of Humor and Protest, Pocket Poets Series 3, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1959).

"Pendennis", "Billie and the Beard", Observer, (1969). No other details available.

Perry, Charles, "From Eternity to Here", Rolling Stone, No. 207, (26th February, 1976), pp. 1, 3, 11-27.

Pinck, Dan, "Digging the San Franciscans", New Republic, Vol. 138, (3rd March, 1958), p. 20.

Plimpton, George, "Mata Hari with a Clockwork Eye, Alligators in the Sewer", New York Times, (21st April, 1963), p. 5.

Plymell, Charles, The Last of the Moccasins, City Lights Books, San Francisco, (1971).

Podhoretz, Norman, "A Howl of Protest in San Francisco", New Republic, Vol. 137, (16th September, 1957), p. 20.

Pritchett, V.S., "The Beat Generation", New Statesman, Vol. LVI, No. 1,434, (6th September, 1958), pp. 292-3.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "San Francisco Letter", Evergreen Review, Vol. 1, No. 2, (1957), pp. 5-14.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "Jazz Poetry", Nation, Vol. 186, (29th March, 1958), pp. 282-3.

Rexroth, Kenneth, "Revolt: True and False", Nation, Vol. 186, (26th April, 1958), pp. 378-9.

Rexroth, Kenneth, An Autobiographical Novel, Whittet Books, Weybridge, Surrey, (1977).

Reynolds, Stanley, "Off the Road", Guardian, (22nd October, 1969), p. 8.

Reynolds, Stanley, untitled, Guardian, (28th June, 1974), p. 12.

Reynolds, Stanley, untitled, Guardian, (5th May, 1975), p. 8.

Reynolds, Stanley, "I am beginning to feel the gum loosening on my false beard", Guardian, (8th December, 1975), p. 10.

Reynolds, Stanley, "All I ever wanted to do was get a cloak and stick and hang around stage doors", Guardian, (13th December, 1975), p. 8.

Reynolds, Stanley, "Why didn't someone pass the hat?", Guardian, (20th December, 1975), p. 8.

Reynolds, Stanley, "Rick Jukes and I . . . ", Guardian, (2nd July, 1977), p. 7.

Richler, Mordecai,"Nothing More to Declare . . . ", London Magazine, Vol. 8, No. 4, (July, 1968), pp. 94, 6.

Robbins, Thomas E., Another Roadside Attraction, Ballantine Books, New York, (1972).

Rogers, Michael, "Kerouac and Ginsberg: On the Road Again", Rolling Stone, No. 132, (12th April, 1973), p. 46.

Rogers, Michael, "Conversations in Morocco", Rolling Stone, No. 161, (23rd May, 1974), pp. 28-34.

Romano, John, "Angels and Rebels", Partisan Review, Vol. XLV, No. 1, (1978), pp. 146-50.

Rosenthal, M.L., "Poet of the New Violence", Nation, Vol. 184, (23rd February, 1957), pp. 159-62.

Rosenthal, M.L., "The Naked and the Clad", Nation, Vol. 187, (11th October, 1958), pp. 214, 5.

Roskolenko, Harry, "The Sounds of the Fury", Prairie Schooner, Vol. 33, (Summer, 1959), pp. 148-53.

Ross, Basil, "California's Young Writers, Angry and Otherwise", Literary Journal, Vol. 83, (15th June, 1958), pp. 1850, 4.

Rossett, Barney (editor), Evergreen Review Reader 1957-1967, Grove Press, New York, (1967?).

Rumaker, Michael, "Allen Ginsberg's Howl", Black Mountain Review, No. 7, (Autumn, 1957), pp. 228-37.

Sage, Lorna, "Beat Generation Gap", Observer, (8th April, 1979), p. 38.

Schleifer, Marc D., "The Beat Debated - Is It or Is It Not?", Village Voice, (19th November, 1958), pp. 1, 3.

Schleifer, Marc D., "Allen Ginsberg: Here to Save Us, But Not Sure From What", The Village Voice Reader, (eds. Woolf and Fancher), Doubleday & Co., New York, (1962), pp. 43-6.

Semsel, George, "In the Mad Dog Time", Wagner Literary Magazine, No. 1, (Spring, 1959), pp. 4-7.

Shapiro, Karl, "Poets of the Silent Generation", Prairie Schooner, Vol. 31, (Winter, 1957-8), pp. 298-9.

Smith, Howard, "Off the Road, Into the Vanguard, and Out", The Village Voice Reader, (eds., Woolf and Fancher), Doubleday & Co., New York, (1962), pp. 257-9.

Snyder, Gary, "Through the Smoke Hole", Poetry, Vol. 106, Nos. 1-2, (April/May, 1965), pp. 120-2.

Snyder, Gary, "Two Poems", Paris Review, Vol. 34, (Spring/Summer, 1965), page numbers unknown.

Snyder, Gary, "Why Tribe?", International Times, No. 28, (5th-18th April, 1968), pp. 1, 10.

Stanford, Derek, "Beatniks and Angry Young Men", Meanjin, Vol. 17, (Summer (December) 1958), pp. 413-9.

Straumann, Heinrich, American Literature in the 20th Century, Arrow Books, London, (1962).

Talbot, Linda, "Late, lamentable Lenny", Hampstead and Highgate Express and News, (3rd September, 1976), p. 31.

Tallman, Warren, "Kerouac's Sound", Tamarack Review, (Spring, 1959), pp. 58-74. Reprinted in Tallman, Warren, "Godawful Streets of Man", Open Letter, Third Series, No. 6, (Winter, 1976-7), Coach House Press, Toronto, Canada, pp. 7-19, which also includes: "Mad Song: Allen Ginsberg's San Francisco Poems", pp. 37-47.

Tallmer, Jerry, "Jack Kerouac: Back to the Village - But Still on the Road", The Village Voice Reader, (eds., Wolfe & Fancher), Doubleday and Co., New York, (1962), pp. 41-3.

Thompson, Hunter S., Hell's Angels, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, (1967).

"Tilling, Diana", (pseudonym), "The Other Night in Heaven", The Fifties, No. 3, pp. 54-6.

Tynan, Kenneth, Tynan Right and Left, Longman's Green and Co., London, (1967).

Tytell, John, "The Beat Generation", Commonweal, (17th December, 1971), pp. 285-6.

Tytell, John, Naked Angels: the Lives and Literature of the Beat Generation, McGraw-Hill, New York, (1978). N.B. no copy of this work was available during the preparation of the thesis.

Van Den Haag, Ernest, "Conspicuous Consumption of Self, National Review, Vol. 6, (11th April, 1959), pp. 658-60.

Vendler, Helen, "Books: Poets", The New Yorker, (18th September, 1978), pp. 165, 6, 8, 70, 3.

Vopat, Carol Gottlieb, "Jack Kerouac's On the Road: a Re:evaluation", Mid West Quarterly, Vol. 14, (July, 1973), pp. 385-407.

Wakefield, Dan, "Night Clubs", Nation, Vol. 186, (4th January, 1958), pp. 19-20.

Wakefield, Dan, "Jack Kerouac Comes Home", Atlantic Monthly, No. 1, (July, 1965), pp. 69-72.

Ward. David, "Desolation Angel", Guardian, (17th February, 1976), p. 8.

Webb, Jon Edgar, and Louise, "Gypsy Lou", The Outsider, Vol. 1, No. 3, (Spring, 1963), Loujon Press, New Orleans.

Wenner, Jann, "Coda: Another Round with Mr. C.", Rolling Stone, No. 132, (12th April, 1973), pp. 36-8.

Whalen, Philip, Every Day, Coyote Books, City Lights Books, (distributors), San Francisco, (1965?).

Whalen, Philip, "To the Muse", Paris Review, 34, (Spring/Summer, 1965), p. 95.

Whitehead, Peter (director), Wholly Communion, (film), no further details available.

Widmer, Kingsley, "The Beat in the Rise of the Populist Culture", The Fifties, editor, Warren French, Everett/Edwards Inc., Deland, Florida, (1970).

Whitcombe, Rick Trader, "Road Fever", Knave, Vol. 10, No. 1, (February, 1978?), pp. 38-41.

Wolfe, Bernard, "Angry at What?", Nation, No. 187, (1st November, 1958), pp. 316-22.

Woods, Crawford, "Reconsideration Jack Kerouac", New Republic, Vol. 169, (2nd December, 1972), pp. 26-30.

Young, Allen, "The Life and Loves of Allen Ginsberg", The Real Paper, (25th March, 1973), Cambridge, Mass., pp. 8-12, 14.

Zsedely, Miklos, "Jack Kerouac at Northport", Athanor, Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 2, 3, (Winter/Spring, 1971), pp. 1-17; (Fall/Winter, 1971), pp. 1-15; (Summer/Fall, 1972), pp. 1-24.