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# "Through the keyhole of his eye": The restoration of Jack Kerouac's Duluoaz legend

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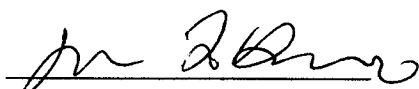
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'Through the Keyhole of His Eye:' The Restoration of Jack Kerouac's Duluoz Legend

(TITLE)

BY

Gina Marie LoBianco

**THESIS**

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS  
FOR THE DEGREE OF

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CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

2012

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"TI JEAN"  
JOHN L. KEROUAC  
MAR. 12, 1922 — OCT. 21, 1969  
— HE HONORED LIFE —  
STELLA HIS WIFE  
NOV. 11, 1918 — FEB. 10, 1990

While working on this thesis, I talked my project over with my committee. I first went to the desk of Dr. Angela Vietto who directed me to The Berg Collection at the New York Public Library. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have had the hands-on experience with Kerouac's original manuscripts. I also sat down for coffee with Dr. Michael Loudon who told me his stories of driving around Las Vegas with John Logan, Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Michael drove the car and listened to Allen and Peter bicker because Allen was showing interest in other boys and all three were competing for the attention of the young student leaders at the University of Nevada—Las Vegas who had organized a reading for them. As Michael told me the story, his eyes glowed. He told me about how he was supposed to go home that night, but he instead decided to stay out chauffeuring them around the city because they were tripping on acid and couldn't drive—but they *just had to see* the neon lights cascading into the streets and *just had to check out* the gay bars of Vegas. It must have been a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

I also sat outside of Coleman Hall catching second-hand-smoke with Dr. Stephen Swords who told me a story about living in Colorado. When he was a kid, he watched a poet get onto a bus; and his father pointed out, "That's Gregory Corso." Then, when he was older and Stephen was sitting in the park with his children, Corso—homeless, drunk, tired, really "beat" looking—came up to him and told him what beautiful children he had.

Hearing these stories has inspired me to continue to promote the work of these writers. After all, after they are gone, all we'll have left is their stories. And those will be quite enough to inspire writers yet to come.

## Special Gratitude and Acknowledgements

A very special thank you to John Martone for my library (among other things), my family, including my dad for my ticket to Florida and all of his support; my mother for all of her moral support throughout college; my sister for her generosity with her closet, car and for all of the coffees; my brother who shares his library of beat literature with me (including his most sacred novel *Tristessa*); Allison for the relaxing time in Florida with the palm trees and free Willys; the Starbuck's baristas for all of their hospitality; Michael Loudon, Stephen Swords and Angela Vietto, for their expertise and great advice, and for pointing me in all of the right directions; Fifi, for helping me transcribe Kerouac's "chicken scratches" from his original manuscripts; special collections librarian Isaac Gerwicz and Kerouac's literary executor John Sampas for allowing me access to documents from the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library; the Eastern Illinois Graduate Studies Committee for giving me permission to pursue this project; my friends at the farm for the music; and Justin for spoiling me with five-star dinners.

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## Chapter 1: An Introduction to Jack Kerouac's Duluoz Legend

*"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

### Kerouac's Views on the Duluoz Legend

In this epigraph or author's note found in the beginning of his novel *Big Sur*, Jack Kerouac states his intentions for the future of his novels. By attaching his work to that of Proust's, he places his work in the realm of a chronicle, but, by distancing himself from Proust's method, he creates a new method of writing "on the run," or as he goes, rather than writing in the style of memoir, or from memory. This note takes on the tone of a last will and testament as he discusses the future that he wishes for his Legend. Since there are several autobiographical anecdotes that concede that Kerouac was overwhelmed by

the idea of creating the Legend as he wished it to be in this letter, and since he died young at the age of forty-seven, Kerouac's Legend still remains only an idea. By publishing the novels he mentions here, as well as the remainder of his "road novels," as "chapters" in the Duluoz Legend, Kerouac's work will finally be read as he had envisioned that it would be. The idea of the Legend is also reinforced since he "referred to the corpus of his work, primarily his thirteen books of prose as well as his long poem *Mexico City Blues* and the prose poem *Old Angel Midnight*, as the Duluoz Legend" (Grace 4). Kerouac has stated that the Legend formed, "ONE BOOK....in which everything, past, present, and future....is caught like dust in the sunlight," in which he promised to "treat '[him]self' like in third person and discuss [his] own vanity—nothing will be concealed in the end" (Grace 4). Likewise, Ann Charters has noted that Kerouac imagined writing based on "an idea about sagas, or legends, novels connecting into one grand tale," and he lost "interest in *The Sea is My Brother*, seeing it half-jokingly as more an example of handwriting than a novel" (39). Since it took Kerouac lots of practice in his writing to come to find his style of Spontaneous Prose, he has disregarded novels that don't follow his innovative method. Unlike *The Sea is My Brother*, the first manuscript of *On the Road* used this spontaneous method, as well as all of the characters' real names "to help give a raw frankness to his story, all the details just as they'd happened" (Charters 127).

Kerouac has also thoroughly discussed his Legend with his circle of friends. He told John Clellon Holmes, most famous for his novel *Go!* about Beat writers in their early days in New York City, that he: "[has] to cut the 'Duluoz Legend' into suitable chronological lengths—that [he] just couldn't pour the whole thing into one mould, if [he] did it would be a big round ball instead of figures." He then told Holmes "I suppose

Lipschitz thought of this, one final big round ball sitting on a pedestal. But no, he divided his ball. Would Mozart blame all the 86 keys of the piano at once with his 86 fingers? Or divide his ball into suitable symphonies, concerti, sonatas, serenatas, masses, dances, oratorios.....” (Charters 174-175). Kerouac thought that the Duluoz Legend would reach thirty-five volumes, but, after thinking it through, he questioned whether or not it would be worth it for him to compile his legend (Charters 200), especially since he insisted that his “eventual LEGEND will run into millions of words” (Jones 24).

#### The Implications for the Restoration of the Duluoz Legend

In the film *Jack Kerouac: King of the Beats* (2003), Allen Ginsberg elaborates on Kerouac’s vision, stating that he mythologized the people in his life. He says that Kerouac “made a mythology of his life and put people into that mythology. It was a mythology that was so tender and dear and mortal that people knowingly fell into it with pleasure.” This mythology, as Allen Ginsberg explains it, involved Kerouac linking his circle of friends to other fictional literary characters, making them appear larger than life. Kerouac was forced to revise and to edit his work in order to avoid legal issues involving real people. In doing so, the expression of his insight into a post-war generation was compromised. Although Kerouac is not writing an autobiography, he is writing *autobiographically* in the sense that he is writing about “how an individual or group live, as recorded from within” and is “thus seen to provide the most direct narrative enactment and immediate manifestation of the ways, the motives, and the beliefs of a culture foreign to the reader” (Olney 6).

Since there is a copious amount of literature (i.e., letters, correspondences and so forth) surrounding the Beat Generation and its writers, having Kerouac's work published with the characters' real names instead of their aliases will open up his work into the larger body of Beat literature, not to mention that the Duluoz Legend with the names unified throughout will also open up Kerouac's novels to each other, reading them as one large, unified work rather than several separate stories or discrete novels. This Duluoz Legend will also allow for the evolution of each character, since rather than appearing under different names, each character will be allowed to be viewed as the same person in different mythic forms presented by Kerouac.

Complications that may arise out of viewing these texts as a whole are only due to the fact that Kerouac was writing autobiographical fiction. Questions of genre are inherent within the Duluoz Legend's publication, though Kerouac himself admits that "the novelist must never give bare facts, but soliloquize them with a reason which is inseparable from the mood of the word in the whole. Otherwise it's journalism" (Brinkley 254). With this in mind, Kerouac was not striving for factual truth but for artistic truth, much like poets do in writing poetry. Although changing the characters' names within each of the novels adds a more non-fictional element to the novels, Kerouac's work will remain under the guise of fiction, though more appropriately, autobiographical fiction, since Kerouac "resist[s] the impulse to rest firmly upon either" (Grace 9).

The Duluoz Legend does not raise issues of what contemporary readers of Kerouac have said about his work, though the contemporary reader will definitely benefit from reading Kerouac's work in this context, but my proposed edition of the Duluoz Legend remains focused on the writer's intent. Kerouac could not have made his concept

any clearer of what he wanted for his work than he did in this epigraph above. Although some critics debate which novels should and shouldn't be included in the Legend, I have found that an all-inclusive method to Kerouac's work is a more accurate method to approaching Kerouac's work than second guessing to establish artificial categories for what belongs and what doesn't. Since, like any autobiographical writer, Kerouac creates and surrounds himself in contradictions, an all-inclusive method will only serve to benefit Kerouac's work and how it is read. I welcome these contradictions in my idea of what constitutes the Legend, and I believe that they only portray my Ti Jean, or Jack Duluoz, in a more realistic and humanly complex way than would be possible with the manipulation of categories necessarily speculative in nature.

Since publishers edited Kerouac's work with a great intensity, some of his integrity was lost in translation. These sweeping revisions are especially true for *On the Road* (1957), which poet Phillip Whalen said "ought to be a good book" because "the Viking editors spent three years revising it" (Morgan 353). One of the principal editors of this manuscript, as well as of other novels in the Legend, was Malcolm Cowley who made several comments on the "On the Road" manuscripts that he reviewed. Of the manuscript, Cowley wrote: "I thought there should be some changes to make it more of a continuous narrative. It had swung back and forth between East Coast and West Coast like a huge pendulum. I thought that some of the trips should be telescoped, and Kerouac agreed and did the job....All the changes I suggested were big ones, mostly omissions. I said why don't you boil down these to two or three trips and keep the mood of the content" (Charters 223). Howard Cunnell has published the version of the *Original*

*Scroll* in order to retrace Kerouac's original voice through all of the editing that was done by Cowley and other publishers by releasing the raw version to the public.

*On the Road* was not the only book that Cowley altered. Kerouac also wrote about his disgust with Cowley's revisions in letters to Allen Ginsberg: "Cowley wants me to write more childhood scenes for *Doctor Sax* and deliver them by Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> and I suspect he will yank fantasy out of it without my permission, as he yanked much out of *On the Road* (review copies of which are out) (*On the Road* undecimateable [*sic*], unlike *Sax*) without my permission or even sight of galley proofs!" (Morgan 352). Here we see that Kerouac had no say whatsoever in some of the revisions that Cowley made to *On the Road*. Rather than creating an authentic novel, Cowley took Kerouac's manuscript, had him endlessly revise it, and then added in some revisions himself. Kerouac wasn't even sure what the novel actually included until he received the published versions alongside the general public. Jack Kerouac expressed further his anger in a letter to Allen Ginsberg where he writes about trying to escape Cowley's "editorial fucking-up" (Morgan 354). For Kerouac, the *On the Road* publishing process is an integral part of the writing that followed since the novel's publication made Kerouac and his characters known to the general public, and since several other novels were spawned from the outtakes of *On the Road*. If *On the Road* was published in its original form, Kerouac may have never felt the need to write the novel *Visions of Cody*.

## The Restoration of *On the Road* as a Model for the Duluoz Legend

Howard Cunnell has taken the first steps towards accomplishing Kerouac's Duluoz Legend by publishing *On the Road: The Original Scroll*. His edition of *On the Road* includes essays in the beginning, one of which is written by him. My edition of Kerouac's Legend will bear a likeness to that of Cunnell's in this way, as well as in the way that Cunnell's intent in publishing *The Original Scroll* was to make "a contribution to an ongoing counter-narrative intended to displace mythology [of Kerouac as "King of the Beats"] and recover Kerouac as a writer first and always" (Cunnell 52). Since the remainder of Kerouac's work has yet to be published in this fashion, I will discuss Kerouac's Legend as a whole, drawing on how the united work known as the Duluoz Legend reads as a chronicle once the characters' names are unified throughout the Legend. Cunnell's work will be used as a model for the remainder of the Legend. By beginning with *On the Road*, Cunnell has established the authentic text from which the other novels have sprouted. As Cunnell has noticed, "Kerouac changed the story to avoid most of the libel danger" and obscenity probes (46). In his essay "Fast This Time," he recognizes the same issues that should be considered when discussing the remainder of the Legend:

Is the scroll the real *On the Road*? This is a natural question, especially as the novel trades so strongly in questions of authenticity, but it is perhaps the wrong one to ask. The scroll does not call into question the authenticity of the published novel but is in dialogue with it and all other versions of the text, including the proto-versions of the novel and *Visions of Cody*, so that Kerouac's road novel becomes a twentieth-century Song of Myself. The scroll version of *On the Road* is, however, a markedly darker, edgier, and uninhibited text than the published book, with a rough, demo-tape urgency that feels contemporary. The original version of *On the Road* is also, of course, a young man's book. Kerouac was still only twenty-nine in the



spring of 1951. By the time the novel was published he would be thirty-five. (31).

By recognizing the fact that these are all questions that arise when dealing with Kerouac's work, Cunnell has also insisted on an all-inclusive method in compiling the Duluoz Legend. Due to the fact that Kerouac was forced to revise *On the Road* for six years, other novels such as *Visions of Cody* and *Pic* have arisen like a phoenix out of the ashes of *On the Road's* unpublished remains. This initial unity in the would-be chronicle is also the reason why it is less effective to read any of Kerouac's novels as disparate texts. Since he is working on many of these novels simultaneously over the years, characters and events are always reappearing and reoccurring from one novel to the next.

Cunnell also notes the complexities that come about when Kerouac is attempting to publish his novels. By recognizing these complexities, Cunnell points to the real quandary when reading Kerouac which is how he is forced to obscure the very thing that he is trying to define. Cunnell so brilliantly notices that:

We can see how in the complex process of revision and redrafting it is Kerouac who begins tempering the sexual content of his novel. In this instance the excising of the sexual relationship between Neal and Allen serves to obscure the erotic aspect of the image Kerouac is simultaneously trying to refine. Also significant are the later editorial changes that break Kerouac's single long sentence into two. It is these changes to his sentences, rather than the cutting of scenes, which Kerouac would blame Malcolm Cowley for making "endless revisions" and inserting "thousands of needless commas," although it is Helen Taylor who very likely made these changes. Prevented from seeing the final galleys before the novel was printed, Kerouac would say that he "had no power to stand by my style for better or for worse" (31).

The editorial discretion that it took to get Kerouac's work published may very well be the very reason why the Duluoz Legend needs to be published in its own restored integrity.

Howard Cunnell establishes a standard and a model for such restoration by first publishing the pivotal text to the Duluoz Legend, *On the Road: The Original Scroll*, but, now, in order for any of his novels to be read fully, the rest of the road novels must follow suit.

## Chapter 2: Toward a Restored Reading of Kerouac's Duluoz Legend

The remainder of the Duluoz Legend's publication is central to reading Kerouac because: 1) By reading these novels together, we can see the evolution of the way Kerouac portrays reoccurring characters. This evolution is valuable because it gives insight into the ways Kerouac's relationships are in constant flux, and because readers can also refer back to the published text and acknowledge how Kerouac was creating a mythology surrounding these characters. 2) By changing the names back to the names of the original characters, readers can observe parallels with the letters of Kerouac and his friends, mainly Ginsberg. By reading the letters side-by-side with the texts, certain methods of Kerouac's mythologizing become more apparent than is possible in the disparate publications. 3) Autobiographical and biographical information suggests that Kerouac's intentions are to create one large chronicle instead of several different works. Therefore, by reading all of these novels together, readers are able to comprehend the complete works of Kerouac as he intended his work to be read.

### The Unifying Voice of First-Person Narrative in the Duluoz Legend

When Jack Kerouac was trying to figure out how to unify all of his novels, "all he could think of was to change the names in the various books back to their original forms, hoping that this single stroke would give sufficient unity to the disparate books, magically making them fit more smoothly into their larger context as the Duluoz Legend" (Charters 359). Since several of the characters reappear throughout the Legend, the

unifying of their names will enhance the fluidity of Jack's chronicles. Since he is writing autobiographically in the realm of fiction, the narrative voice throughout the Legend remains constant, despite the shifting opinions and ideals that the narrative voice discloses. Regardless of the subject matter in each of the novels, every narrative takes place from "the keyhole" of Kerouac's eye. By unifying these disparate texts, Kerouac's shifting narrative "I" is now perceived through a journey of evolution. Rather than observing narrators through different aliases such as Peter Smith, Ray Smith, Leo Percepied, Sal Paradise, Ti Jean, and Jack Duluoz, we can now read the Legend as if narrated by one, consistently evolving narrator, Jack Duluoz.

#### The Transformation of Characterization in the Duluoz Legend

When discussing the Duluoz Legend, the characters play some of the most important roles in why Kerouac's novels are traipsing the lines between fiction and non-fiction. Since his novels are driven by the myths that he is creating around characters, rather than a plot, the characters bear an obvious importance when discussing Kerouac's work. Throughout most of the Duluoz Legend, Kerouac is masking characters with their names rather than mythologizing them. The actual mythology emerges throughout his detailed descriptions of his characters, and by the ways which he likens his characters to other famous writers and other famous characters from well-known stories. By masking characters' names from one novel to the next, much remains hidden about Kerouac and the real people who reoccur from one novel to the next with different aliases. Some of the reoccurring characters in Kerouac's Duluoz Legend are Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady,

Gary Snyder, William Burroughs, and his mother Gabrielle, his father Leo, and his late, older brother, Gerard. By reading each distinct novel with the characters' names sometimes different and sometimes the same, the mask unnecessarily distorts each alias and each novel: the personal and cultural autobiographical ground recedes and with it the force of Kerouac's mythology. The rectification of names in a restored Duluoz Legend would clarify characterization, capturing the raw energy of the cultural moment.

### Neal Cassady

One of the most prominent heroes, as well as anti-heroes, in Kerouac's novels is Neal Cassady. In *On the Road*, Neal Cassady is famously named "Dean Moriarty"; however, in Jack's homage to Neal, a book titled *Visions of Cody*, his name is "Cody Pomeray." He also appears briefly in *The Subterraneans* as Leroy. As George Mouratidis has noticed, "spanning his Road novels, Kerouac's representation of his relationship with Cassady is one of contrasts, consisting of various and distinct incarnations of Cassady between which we as readers move in our attempt to establish a sense of his development and changing significance" (69). Jack Kerouac's relationship with Neal Cassady was in constant flux throughout the span of time when he wrote his novels. Cassady went from being a central figure in *On the Road* through being barely present to being replaced with a new hero, Japhy Ryder (Gary Snyder) in *The Dharma Bums*. Cassady transforms from being viewed as "the new American saint" to an "underground monster" throughout the time that Kerouac and he knew each other. Not only is Kerouac's vision of Cassady changing throughout the Legend, but Cassady is also changing himself. No characters within the novel are static, since Kerouac is writing characters that are based on real people. After Neal met Carolyn, got a divorce, and had children, he swings back and

forth between being a family man, going on road trips, and maintaining relationships with other women. Neal Cassady is anything but a simple character to portray. His complexities, as well as Kerouac's, would sometimes cause them to argue, especially when Kerouac was living in the Cassadys' attic, staying home with Carolyn while Neal went to work for long periods of time as a brakeman on the railroad. All of these details make it into Kerouac's novels, only with Neal under the guise of different names. By having Neal's name uniform throughout the Legend, Kerouac and Cassady's relationship becomes more complex than when his characterizations shift from novel to novel. For instance, when Cassady gained notoriety as his character Dean, from *On the Road*, his life changed dramatically. At one point, Carolyn Cassady remembers Neal grappling with Dean Moriarty. His opinion of Dean changes, depending on the crowd he is with. Carolyn remembers Neal telling her that "deep down he was appalled at the guy in the book" (Charters 332). For Neal, the book had a real effect on his everyday life.

Since, in *On the Road*, he is portrayed not only as the central hero, but also as a thief who does drugs, Cassady is subsequently targeted by the police and arrested and put in jail (Jones 168). According to Ginsberg, however, this consequence due to the characterization in the novel is speculation shaped by Carolyn. In a letter to Jack, Ginsberg wrote: "Two facts are 1) that he was arrested selling to Narco agents, has been tied (mistakenly) into series of other arrests as source of supply (since he comes up in trains from south), there is a long list of charges against him (tho Carolyn didn't enumerate them), 2) that he is discovered as Dean M. of *On the Road* by the fuzz." That's what LaVigne says Carolyn says, though I doubt the latter means anything, maybe just her paranoia" (396). This speculation adds to the idea that it isn't exactly clear whether

fiction is defining life or visa versa. In this sense, Kerouac's "fiction" has taken on a whole new role. By the time his novel is published and in the public's hands, the thinly veiled characters are being taken seriously and the enticing mythology that Kerouac's work embodies is being taken for fact. Aside from the public's reception of the character Dean, Kerouac also uses the name in his circle of friends. When Neal Cassady and poet Lew Welch met for the first time, Kerouac introduced him as the infamous Dean. Kerouac's reinforcement of the alias did not always yield a mutually generous affirmation of relationships, but his use of aliases in daily life was common. Kerouac also writes a letter to Allen Ginsberg, saying, "Tell him ole Sal Paradise wants to come out and re-visit the jazz scenes of Dean" (Morgan 300). There are also several other instances of Kerouac referring to his friends as the aliases that he gives them in the novels.

Years after the notoriety of Dean Moriarty, Carolyn Cassady remarked that she believed that Kerouac felt a sense of guilt for creating the character of Dean, and felt that he was, in part, responsible for Neal's decline" (Charters 332). Kerouac, however, is not the only author who was writing his vision of Cassady. Since the Beat Generation writers all wrote about each other, readers have a panoramic view of Cassady. Gary Snyder also wrote about Cassady in his journal, pinpointing the mythic character in Neal:

Neal's a beautiful memory because it's so archetypal. My vision of Cassady is of the 1880s cowboys, the type of person who works the high plains of the 1880s and 1890s—like he is the Denver grandchild of the 1880s cowboys with no range left to work on. Cassady's type is that frontier type, reduced to pool halls and driving back across the country. But he could have been another Jedediah Smith. Smith was one of the great mountain men, a fur trapper for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and married to an Indian. An illiterate, violent man. Half for fun, but half for some vision that went beyond that, he took off across Utah—was the first white man to go through Utah—walked along the southern edges of Death Valley, got himself arrested by the Spaniards at the

Pueblo de Los Angeles, who had never seen anybody who had come across the plains before, got out of jail, walked over Tehachep Pass, as the first American white man to walk through the length of the San Joaquin Valley, walked around in Northern California and ended up in Oregon. Finally he got himself back to the Plains and was killed by the lance of a Cheyenne horseman. But this man was incredible; like, you break with the Bible, and you break with, fight with your father, and you take off....The source of this thing is—what do you see when you move across the Plains day after day? That’s a mind-bending experience, a wild ecology and an unpopulated terrain. That becomes an archetype immediately for America, literally mythical” (as qtd in Charters 289).

By viewing Snyder’s vision of Neal, alongside Kerouac’s vision, readers can get a wider lens when reading about Cassady. By changing Cassady’s name back to his original and unifying all of the aliases under Cassady’s real name, Cassady’s character is more easily understood through consistent characterization than the various aliases will permit.

Although both Snyder and Kerouac are admittedly mythologizing him, by unifying the names, this myth becomes expansive and all-inclusive. Since we have several different views of Cassady, we can put them all together and understand his character within and outside of the Legend. Because each point of view of Cassady is obviously subject to mythologizing, perspective is always called into question once a person is “written down,” or fixed in the text. When we put all of these perspectives together by restoring the actual name through the Duloz Legend, the vision of Neal becomes more complete and more complex than characterization distorted by the confusion inherent in changing aliases.

#### Allen Ginsberg

After Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg might be the most constant character and consistent characterization throughout the novels. Allen’s name is one that is consistently changing throughout nearly every novel. In *Big Sur*, *Visions of Cody*, *Book of Dreams*,



*Desolation Angels*, and *Vanity of Duluo*, he is known as Irwin Garden. He is named Carlo Marx in *On the Road*, Alvah Goldbrook in *The Dharma Bums*, Adam Moorad in *The Subterraneans*, and Leon Levinsky in *The Town and the City*. Allen Ginsberg might just be one of the most elusive characters in all of Kerouac's novels. Since Allen Ginsberg is also famous for his poetry and he shows up in Kerouac's work under several different aliases, readers find it more difficult to correlate the poet Ginsberg with the characterizations in Kerouac's novels. At the time that Kerouac is writing, Ginsberg is an important public figure, yet his character is masked by a handful of aliases. Ginsberg was so pleased to be mythologized in Kerouac's novels that he wrote a poem called "Sweet Levinsky," after the name that Kerouac gives him in his novel *The Town and the City* (Jones 68). Kerouac also writes about Allen, describing "Levinsky's giggle" in his journals (Brinkley 267). This seemingly unconscious, ambivalent transposition of name and alias suggests strongly that the aliases that Kerouac gives his close friends become a living mythology. The characters in the book are reflecting the real people who they describe, yet the people whom the aliases describe are also living up to the descriptions of the aliases that Kerouac gives them. This symbiotic relationship complicates the Legend in this respect. The lines become blurred when it comes to figuring out who is mimicking whom. Is Kerouac writing Allen Ginsberg as Levinsky, or is Allen Ginsberg living up to the mythologized version of himself that Kerouac has expressed? In this way, as it is with Neal Cassady, the question is whether the mythology defines the characters that it portrays.

Also during the time that Kerouac is writing his novels, his correspondence with Ginsberg was flourishing. Over the years, Kerouac and Ginsberg wrote copious numbers

of letters to each other about everything from the state of their friends' lives to publication issues that Kerouac is having with his novels. Their letters reflect the very mythological, autobiographical writing that Kerouac is doing in his novels. Kerouac and Ginsberg are constantly referencing and comparing themselves to literary figures in their letters. They both refer constantly to Dostoyevsky's characters, and, at one point, Kerouac writes "I feel more and more like Myshkin as time goes on" (Morgan 22). Aside from referring to other famous characters in well-known literature, Ginsberg and Kerouac also use the aliases in the novels within their correspondence to each other. This casual substitution partially arises out of the need to mythologize, but there is also the fact that, after running into issues with the police, Ginsberg feels reluctant to write truthfully in letters. As Allen Ginsberg wrote to Kerouac in 1949: "When you write, if you have any news of anybody out of the way, give them novel-names: Pomeroy [Cassady], Claude [Carr], Denison [Burroughs], Virginia [Vicki]. Junky [Huncke] call Clem (nice name?) If I am in the future to put efforts out in correspondence I might as well think to prepare safeguards from the beginning. Maybe I should invent a secret code" (71). After his recommendation to use aliases due to the suspicion that their letters had voyeurs, Kerouac and Ginsberg refer constantly to their friends by their different aliases. They consistently change the names of their friends, partly to mask them and partly to mythologize them. Ginsberg further expresses his anxiety to Kerouac by stating that he has, "a restless anxiety about [his] journal and correspondence which was taken [by the police], otherwise am well in spite a severe car crash and the uncertainty of the immediate future.... You might notify Denison and his sister [Burroughs and Joan] what happened. They (the police) have your letters" (67). Much like in Cassady's situation, Ginsberg was

worried primarily about his own confidentiality for his own safety. After Ginsberg's arrest, much like after Cassady's, awareness encroached quickly on them that the police are a real presence, so the mythology is quickly built up even further. After this surveillance became apparent, Kerouac addressed Ginsberg's letters to different names. For instance, one letter is addressed "Dear Gillette" (Morgan 80). The letters are also signed by different names. Their attempts to mask themselves in myth become more and more apparent by reading their correspondence. At one point, Ginsberg even admits that he is "afraid to say too much" in his letter (Morgan 235). This self-editing even within their letters to each other accurately parallels the editing that Kerouac is doing in his novels.

Aside from self-editing, other parallels exist between the letters and the novels in the Legend. Echoes of Allen Ginsberg's "Sunflower Sutra" can be found in letters to Kerouac as Ginsberg is composing the poem. In the letter, he writes: "yellow, yellow flower, flower of industry, tough spiked ugly flower—but it has the form of the great yellow rose in its brain, it's a flower none the less—so brittle on the bench the wind keeps brushing it away from me where I sit near the shack in the sunlight writing—I have to get up and get it again. This is the flower of the world, ugly, worn, brittle, dry—yellow—miracle of gravel life springing to the bud—Thistles" (Morgan 299). There are also buds of Kerouac's novels within the letters. Kerouac writes to Ginsberg "When I see a leaf fall I always say goodbye" (136). This line eventually makes it into the published version of *Visions of Cody*. Kerouac writes further to Ginsberg, "don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? Or that the Mountain is a Pipi?" which is a line that he uses in *On the Road* (296). The letters between Ginsberg and Kerouac can be read alongside the literary works of

both of them in order to understand further the composition that goes into their poetry and novels. Likewise, this compilation of letters helps to formulate these works. By publishing the restored Duluo Legend, all of these parallels will become more apparent than they are in the present series of discrete novels. By merely changing the aliases back to the real names, a more autobiographical element links the people in the novels to what is happening outside of the novels than is readily discernible in the texts as they are published presently.

### William Seward Burroughs

William S. Burroughs' relationship with Kerouac is also reflected in writing. Kerouac spent a great deal of time living with Burroughs in Mexico. This stay had an impact on his writing, as well as on his subject matter. In *On the Road*, Kerouac calls Burroughs "Old Bull Lee" after the pseudonym that Bill penned as the author of *Junkie* (Charters 157). Burroughs calls himself "William Lee" on the cover of *Junkie*. This use of pseudonym reflects the impact that Ginsberg's correspondence had on Kerouac's aliases. Here, we see Kerouac attempting to give his friends aliases that are true to their character yet that significantly enough mask them in order to shield them from legal scrutiny. Burroughs was also an influence on Kerouac as an author. After Kerouac read *Junkie*, Burroughs' "factualist" style had an effect on him. Burroughs argued for writing "what people do," rather than "what people should do," which Burroughs thinks to be "irrelevant" to the reader (Charters 126). Burroughs also suggests that Kerouac write on his aesthetic strategies in his essay "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose," which *Evergreen Review* eventually publishes in 1957 (Grace 27). This essay expresses Kerouac's method of composing in his novels. Before this point, his method had merely been an idea, but,

after Kerouac writes the “Essentials of Spontaneous Prose,” his idea becomes an explanation of his method—or a justification. Like Ginsberg, Bill Burroughs is also running from the law at this time. After an unfortunate incident while playing William Tell, Burroughs accidentally shot and killed his wife, causing him to flee to Mexico. This fugitive status may have added to why Burroughs is also kept elusive throughout the Legend. The other names that he appears under are Bull Hubbard in *Book of Dreams* and *Desolation Angels*, Will Hubbard in *Vanity of Duluoaz*, Will Dennison in *The Town and the City*, and Frank Carmody in *The Subterraneans*. In letters to Allen Ginsberg, he refers to Burroughs by several names but mainly as Dennison. For those readers who are less familiar with Burroughs as an author than they may be with Kerouac himself, William Burroughs is one of the better kept secrets of Kerouac’s Legend.

#### *Memere* or Gabrielle

In addition to his friends, Kerouac’s family members also reappear throughout the Legend. Jack’s mother, Gabrielle, appears under several different aliases throughout the novel. She is most famously known as Sal’s aunt in *On the Road*. In *The Town and the City*, her alias is Marguerite Martin; in *The Vanity of Duluoaz* and in *Dr. Sax*, her name is Ange. At home, Jack called her “*Mermere*,” a French word meaning “old lady.” Jack’s relationship with his mother is one of the most complicated of the relationships in the Duluoaz Legend. As his father, Leo Kerouac, was dying, Jack made him a deathbed promise to take care of his mother. With his brother, Gerard, and his father, Leo, dead, Jack still traveled around the country with his friends, but he always came back to *Memere*. If he had any extra money, he sent it to her, but, if he were short, he wrote to her for financial help. Kerouac felt guilty while his mother worked in the shoe factory, and he

tried the hardest that he could to publish his novels in order to be able to send her money. Some critics seem to believe that this obsessive devotion to his mother is due to an Oedipal lust for her; however, the Oedipal link to Kerouac's devotion—to me—seems to be an extreme leap in speculation. Though Kerouac is devoted to his mother, it is unproductive to regard Kerouac in this way. Rather, we should view him as a boy who never grew up and became financially stable in a career. Kerouac did spend some time in manual labor when he worked as a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He did not like it, and he decided to dedicate himself to his writing instead. The main complication that occurs for Kerouac's devotion to his writing arose when he is was in financial trouble. There were periods of time where Kerouac had to break his promise to take care of *Memere* since he could hardly take care of himself. This obligation from his devotion to *Memere* may be the reason that Kerouac never stays married or only marries out of convenience. In the novel *The Subterraneans*, after a love fails, Jack returns to his mother's house to have a quiet place to write: "Throughout his career, Kerouac's preferred place of composition was the family home, near his mother" (Jones 85). Even within the novel itself, Leo, the narrator, is grappling with his love for Mardou. He is trying to talk himself into believing that his work is more important than Mardou, yet, after his jealousy rises, he succumbs and admits to himself that Mardou is more important than his work. By going back to his mother's house to write the book, Leo is living up to his promise to support his mother, and he is also able to support himself and his work. Any Freudian transference from Mardou to *Memere* occurs as much in his return to his writing as it does in his return to his mother.

Kerouac's desire to return to his writing and freedom is mistaken for a son's lust once again in an Oedipal interpretation of his short story "Good Blonde." Kerouac is hitchhiking, and he is picked up by a blonde girl. James T. Jones links the narrator's Shakespearean quotes to what Hamlet says to Ophelia, suggesting that he is "rejecting the blonde for the sake of his mother," but this choice also parallels the scenario in *The Subterraneans*. In "Good Blonde," the narrator also acknowledges the fact that, if he pursues her, there would be a chance that he would be tied down to the blonde woman who picks him up. Although he is attracted to her, he values his own freedom more than he does his time with this woman. With regard to his relationship with his mother, he is free to do as he wishes, deciding that he's "better off without a doll like this" (Jones 141).

Gabrielle is one of the most pervasive characters in the Legend. Even when she wasn't around, Kerouac was basing his decisions on her well-being. When his mother was able to support herself, Kerouac began to devote himself fully to his work. As James T. Jones notes, "With his mother about to begin receiving her pension and (safe & sound) at his sister's home, Kerouac truly felt that he was free to devote himself entirely to this new, devotional version of his fictional autobiography. He adopted a new pen-name, Asvaghosha Kerouac, suggesting that the new legend will treat his own life in the way that the ancient Indian scribe recorded the life of the Buddha" (239).

Although Gabrielle's house benefited him because it gave him a sanctuary to come home and write in without being disturbed, she did affect the subject matter in his novels. Jack knew that what he was writing could reach his mother. Kerouac knew that he was writing "with his mother looking over his shoulder," so he did his best to continue "minimalizing his participation in the action, emphasizing his gullibility, never describing

anything he knew she wouldn't forgive" (Charters 362). This self-editing serves Kerouac because as long as he wrote about "unacceptable" events as an observer, he could expect to be allowed back into Gabrielle's house where he would always have a place to write. This editing, even censoring, allows Kerouac's work to be published without him having to worry about what his mother would think. He could, therefore, continue to publish his work, to support his mother and to have a working space in which he has the freedom to devote himself not solely to *Memere*, but more pointedly to his craft of fiction.

James T. Jones also notes that Kerouac projects familial relationships on the relationships that he is writing his friends into. He recognizes that other indications also suggest that Duluoz is projecting his family history onto his relationships with friends:

Irwin's lover, Simon (modeled after Peter Orlovsky), reminds Jack of his cousin Noel, and Rose Wise Lazuli (the character name for Ruth Witt Diamant, founder of the San Francisco Poetry Center) presides over the rivalries of these young poets like a "Mother." Jack even believes and reports that the painter Robert LaVigne, to whom Kerouac gives his mother's maiden name—Levesque—in the novel, is the reincarnation of his dead brother, "who was a great painter and drawer at nine." In 1993, LaVigne confirmed to me that the conversation in which LaVigne is described as a reincarnation of Gerard actually occurred and that Kerouac went so far as to calculate that Gerard's soul had spent the specified number of days on the Bardo plane before being reborn on the painter's birthday in 1926" (Jones 160).



These projections of a mother figure and the presumed reincarnation from brother to friend are examples of the complexities embedded within the Legend. The truth as it is autobiographically is still a part of the Legend, though some events and people are rearranged in order to mask the reality. In Jack Kerouac's biography, Ann Charters writes about her experience while visiting the Kerouac residence in Kerouac's older years. She writes that Jack:

walked out of the room to go to the toilet and Memere showed her a gouge in the plaster of the wall she says "He got mad at me last week and threw a knife. You go away like a good girl while he's in there, don't bother to say goodnight" Jack came back in and said "What are you showing her that for?" She said "What? It really happened" (Charters 354).

This encounter is a glimpse into the life of Jack and his mother, though it is surely only a snippet of what really goes on with them when nobody else is around. Like any human relationship, Kerouac's relationship with his mother is too complex for words. By piecing together small parts of Jack and his mother's relationship, the Legend becomes more panoramic than psychological, especially since Gabrielle plays such a large role in the Legend, whether she is present or not.

#### Gerard

Another important family member of Kerouac's is his late, older brother Gerard. Since Gerard died at such a young age from rheumatic heart disease, he left a lasting impression on Jack. Although Gerard was not actually present during any of the Legend at all, Kerouac wrote his memories of his brother, Gerard, especially in his novel *Visions*

*of Gerard*. In this novel, Kerouac discusses his first memories of his older brother, as well as his first memories of childhood life in Lowell, Massachusetts. Although the novel begins in 1917, the year of Gerard's birth, Kerouac isn't actually born until five years later. Kerouac writes the book thirty years later. This date is known due to the fact that Kerouac inscribed the exact date of completion in the end of the novel: "now 1956, Jan. 16, Midnight" (Jones 33). Gerard was not actually present during most of Jack's life, but he remained a very important character in the Legend for several reasons. Much like Gabrielle, Gerard maintains a presence in Jack's writing. Kerouac writes about his friend, Henri Cru, who is "sheparding [*sic*] a younger brother named Gerardo, obviously meant to reflect Kerouac's sainted older brother" (Jones 173). Kerouac also writes about a dream that he has in which he is looking for Gerard and, according to James T. Jones, "Gerard's presence is also signified by the frequent appearance of Cody, the surrogate brother-rival—" (183). Cassady's characters in the book act as a stand-in for Kerouac's lost brother. Cassady was born in the same year of Gerard's death, signifying to Kerouac a mystical balancing out of his brothers and echoing Kerouac's assertion of the "reincarnation" of Gerard's birth in 1926. In fact, at one point Kerouac even debates whether he is Gerard reincarnated (Jones 90). Gerard's death also becomes a metaphorical presence throughout the Legend, along with the death of his father, and the death of his friend, Sebastian Sampas. As Cunnell notes "it is death, in the form of the dreamed figure of the shrouded stranger, who pursues the traveler across the land" (Cunnell 15-16). The image of the "shrouded figure" is one that is pervasive throughout Kerouac's novels, as well as in his letters to Allen Ginsberg. Both Kerouac and Ginsberg talk about the "shrouded stranger" so much in their letters that Ginsberg can't remember

who originates the phrase. This figure of death is so prevalent in their discussions that Ginsberg uses the image in his poetry, although Kerouac tells Ginsberg “that the ‘shrouded stranger’ itself was my original phrase, and as you say, ‘lovingly mixed up with my phrases’ etc. there’s nothing we can do about it—” (147). Although Kerouac and Ginsberg share this same image of death, Kerouac claims it. The “shrouded stranger,” an image synonymous with death that stands in for those who’ve died in the Legend, mainly Gerard and Leo Kerouac, persists throughout the Legend, as well as throughout Kerouac and Ginsberg’s letters.

*Visions of Gerard* maintains its originality, except for that fact that, as Kerouac writes: “Meanwhile, I’m insisting that Viking take and publish glorious *Visions of Gerard* next. No changes except where I’m going to take out the Buddhist imagery and transfer Catholic since the story is about a little Catholic saint. There will be no theological difference....The Holy Ghost is Dharmakaya (the body of truth). See? Etc. Dharmakaya literally means the Holy Spirit” (Morgan 413). As in the remainder of the Legend, minor changes appear in the published versions of the novels. This change in theological context seems to be one envisioned by Kerouac to make it more “true.” Since Kerouac is writing the book in a reflective state of mind, he has to fall back on his Catholicism rather than on his current undertaking with Buddhism. Through Buddhism, however, he understood that the changes that he was making were not really colossal ones. Kerouac chose to stay true to the religion that his family and he practiced at the time he is writing about, rather than the time of his composition. This revision suggests that Kerouac is attempting to be accurate about the events about which he is writing—a voluntary revision rather than one coerced by editors. He is writing about his brother

whom he considers to be a “Catholic saint,” so he uses Catholic imagery throughout the novel, rather than his Buddhism, which he comes to believe, is equivalent. Gerard also appears under his real name. Since he died before Kerouac ever started writing, he felt safe using his brother’s name without having to worry about any of the libel issues that he would have to worry about for his friends. As I’ve pointed out, even Kerouac’s mother, Gabrielle, appears as Sal’s aunt in *On the Road*. This inclusion of her as an alias is perhaps so that he can talk about his mother without necessarily having to concern himself with being accurate according to his family or his readers. By creating that distance between the actual person and the character, a certain amount of fictionalizing is the catalyst of his free expression. He didn’t have to worry about this distance with Gerard, so there was no need to fictionalize since it is already obvious that Kerouac must fictionalize in order to have any story at all. He is writing about events that happened before he was ever born. This conscious use of fictional distance allows Kerouac to maintain control over his narrative without having any outside forces infringe on his “visions,” leaving only himself to be disappointed in his “inability to measure up to the saintly stature of Gerard” (Jones 158).

#### The Minor Characters

Other minor characters in the Duluoz Legend appear in only one novel and then fall out for the remainder of the Legend. Although it may seem less important to change the names of these characters, background information does exist on many of these characters, especially in Kerouac’s journals published under the title *Windblown World* and edited by Douglas Brinkley. As editor, he includes characters’ brief biographies such as Rhoda, a girl who Kerouac and Cassady picked up on a road trip to New York; Don

Wolf, Kerouac's classmate at Horace Mann; and Sarah Yokley, who dated Kerouac in 1950.

An example of one of these characters who appears in only one novel is Tristessa. Her real name is Esperanza Villanueva. In changing her name in the novel, Kerouac "had replaced the Spanish word for *hope* with a partly French word meaning *sadness*" (Jones 133). In doing so, Kerouac was not only masking this character, but also he seemed to be largely mythologizing her by altering the meaning of her name to reflect a mood that permeates the novel. By changing Esperanza's name back to the original, something else is accomplished. Rather than merely lifting the veil to reveal a famous poet's name, in this scenario, changing the name reveals a place where Kerouac was mythologizing with full force. When one reads the Duluoz Legend with Tristessa's name appearing as Esperanza, Kerouac's mythology becomes more apparent where it was once perhaps mistaken for non-fiction. By having the Duluoz Legend published with all of the characters' original names, this set of texts emerges as more autobiographical than the original published versions. By distinguishing between the two, Kerouac's artistic methodology becomes apparent from one set of published texts to the next. By reading the Duluoz Legend hand-in-hand with the published texts, much is revealed about Kerouac's writing. Although Tristessa's name may reflect her character as Kerouac portrays her, his characterization also perpetuates the Buddhist idea that "all life is suffering." As he tells Ginsberg, he is "very happy with the book, partly because it exemplified more than any of his novels the first law of Buddhism....and partly because it was written at a time when he had premonitions of literary success" (Charters 232). Rather than attempting to portray Esperanza accurately by naming her Tristessa, Kerouac

seemed more excited that her character fits in with his newfound Buddhist beliefs. This extension of the First Noble Truth in Buddhism—that life is suffering—into his characterization of Tristessa, and perhaps even the remaining trace of the Spanish word for *hope*—another Noble Truth that one can do something to alleviate sadness—is carried out within the novel more so than any strictly autobiographical portrait of Esperanza, especially since “Tristessa, more dramatically, skirted the edges of nightmare, Kerouac’s nighttime adventures in the slums mixing bourbon and morphine, surrounded by people he didn’t know well, never really at ease, yet caught in his romantic fantasies about Tristessa, idealizing her as he had Maggie Cassidy and Mardou” (Charters 230). Kerouac seemed to be in a state of complete intoxication, unable to see the world around him for anything except what had previously existed in his own mind.

This idealization also happens to be true for the other female characters in Kerouac’s novels who have a novel devoted to them. Kerouac rarely writes about these women again outside of their opus, which really is not theirs but a part in Kerouac’s larger story. Like Tristessa, characters like Mardou Fox from *The Subterraneans* and Maggie Cassidy from her self-titled novel are also examples of this idealization of character into characterization. By comparing the mythologizing that goes on in all three of these novels centered around women, we can come to understand the tropes that Kerouac is playing with in his novels. As James T. Jones has recognized, both Maggie Cassidy and Tristessa are “compared to the Mother of God....Tristessa is also identified with Damena, a wife of the Tibetan Buddhist sage Milarepa, whose epithet is “Mother of Buddhas” (34). Much like in *Visions of Gerard*, Kerouac moves back and forth between two religious imageries which pervade these three novels. Tristessa is “literally a whore,

as well as an addict,” and, while Kerouac attempts to “turn her into a goddess,” he is trying to “resolve the same issue that he presented in contrast between Pauline Cole and Maggie in the novel *Maggie Cassidy* (Jones 135). This dynamic between angel and whore is a popular one, and, by looking at these novels in discourse with each other, as a whole, we can further see how this dynamic plays out repeatedly from one story to the next.

Ann Charters discusses the real Mardou Fox, Alene Lee:

She was a black girl he met after coming back to New York in the late summer of 1953, a new face among the new people hanging around Ginsberg’s apartment in the East Village. Jack wanted her the moment he saw her. She was beautiful, with high cheekbones that reminded him of an Indian, a girl of such vibrant sexuality that he wanted to kiss her feet in her thronged sandals even before he was introduced to her (181).

Ann Charters also recognizes that after Jack and Alene’s affair was over, she still hung around the group, so, in order to get himself over what had happened, he had to “have the last word on what had happened” (185). Kerouac says that he modeled his book after Dostoevsky’s *Notes from the Underground*, “a full confession of one’s most wretched and hidden agonies after an affair of any kind” (Charters 185). In doing so, the novel takes shape not from the character of Mardou, necessarily, but from Kerouac’s need to wipe his hands clean of the affair so that he could move on, proving to himself that his writing is still the most important thing in his life and not any woman. Kerouac spends “three full-moon nights in October” typing *The Subterraneans*, “one of his most

astonishing creative bursts” (Charters 185). For all of these reasons, *The Subteranneans* may be one of Kerouac most honest works, having only changed the location from New York to San Francisco before publication (Charters 186). This novel also remains one of the greatest examples of Kerouac’s Spontaneous Prose, especially considering the short period of time in which it was written.

### The Spontaneous Prose Paragraph

Another aspect of Kerouac’s work that was incredibly altered during publication is his method of composition which he called “Spontaneous Prose.” Kerouac is probably most famous for his belief in this method of composition. Although he did not completely invent this method of writing, he definitely personalized it by giving it his own characteristics, mainly writing in block paragraphs with sentences that go on for pages, and writing without revision. He also lectured his close friends who are writers, such as Lawrence Ferlinghetti, on the benefits of Spontaneous Prose, “emphasizing that he didn’t believe in changing a word of a poem or the shape of a paragraph after he’d once written it” (Charters 316). He also lectured Ginsberg endlessly on his method of composing literature and poetry. As Kerouac writes to Allen: “Your *Howl For Carl Solomon* is very powerful, but I don’t want it arbitrarily negated by secondary emendations made in time’s reconsidering backstep. I want your lingual spontaneity or nothing, that goes for you and Gregory Corso, I won’t read hackled handicapped poetry manuscripts. Send Robert LaVigne’s address (I want to swim a few days in Mazatlan) and some spontaneous pure poetry, original manuscript of *Howl*, I’ll be headed out sometime Sept. 1 or 15<sup>th</sup>”



(Morgan 318). Here Kerouac outwardly expresses his contempt for even reading a poetry manuscript that has been reworked. Bill Morgan and David Stanford both acknowledge that Kerouac and Ginsberg's correspondence "illuminates both their convergences and their conflicts as writers. They shared an uncanny and remarkable versatility as word "sketchers," both devoted to fully exploring writing as a disciplined "spontaneous thought" (xxii). If Kerouac refused to read his close friends' poetry if it had been revised, I can only imagine his outrage at having to rewrite his own works for publication. By steeping himself in this method, Kerouac may have thought that it excused his own work from being endlessly revised, though that is seldom the case. Kerouac had "hoped [his new method] would revolutionize American literature" though publishers do not agree with his style (Charters 358). By publishing the *Duluoaz Legend*, Kerouac's work can be read the way that he envisioned it to be read with all of his spontaneity intact.

Spontaneous Prose contributes just as importantly to the *Duluoaz Legend* as having the real characters' names in the body of the text. This method of composing takes on its own personae throughout the course of the *Legend*, becoming a trademark of Kerouac's writing. By reading Kerouac's novels without the revisions brought on by publishers, the *Duluoaz Legend* can read as Kerouac initially intended it to be read. By publishing *On the Road: The Original Scroll*, Howard Cunnell has taken the first steps towards making this possible; however, without the remainder of the *Legend* in this discourse, Kerouac's body of work remains incomplete, thus, making it harder to read as a chronicle than a restoration would permit. By reading the *Legend* without the red ink in Kerouac's other novels, the restored texts may be read as Kerouac wished them to be read. As Jones explains it:

“Single-spaced and without paragraphs, and using the real names of the characters, the scroll version of *On the Road* ran on for over a hundred feet. Jack’s enthusiasm for his newfound spontaneous prose, as he called it, carried him into a further revision, eventually published as *Visions of Cody*, but more importantly, it compelled him to begin his career anew. Automatically, he reverted to his boyhood for a source of material, composing *Doctor Sax* during a visit to Burroughs in Mexico City in 1952. He also began to think more seriously about the Duluoz Legend, and one of his teachers at the New School for Social Research, where he enrolled for creative writing classes at least in part to obtain money through the GI Bill, has testified that Jack’s application for a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1951 included a plan for a novel about “Canuks [an epithet for French Canadians] in their dense complicated New England milltowns” to be called *The Vanity of St. Louis*” (24).

This observation reveals the role that Spontaneous Prose plays in the Duluoz Legend. In reading the texts as a unified whole, it is important not only to read the characters as evolving, but also to note the evolution of Kerouac’s style of writing. Once he writes *On the Road* and discovers this method, the rest of his novels follow suit. This exuberance in his experimental style is not reflected in the published editions of every novel. Nancy M. Grace also discusses the role that Kerouac’s method of Spontaneous Prose plays in the entirety of the Legend:

In so doing, his writing foregrounds the speaker whose language is an act of mediation between the reader and the roiling world of babble, between thought and its artful expression. This system, while dominant, shares space with the page as a place upon which the poet demonstrates the complexities of human perception, the speaker, in Hunt’s words, “dropping from the equation” as the reader enters the mind of the seeing, or doodling, eye. In the tension uniting these functions, Kerouac situated Duluoz squarely on the most powerful forms of melopia and phanopoeia. The result challenges and affirms language as experience itself and the intermediary of that experience (Grace 33).

This observation articulates the role of Spontaneous Prose and the narration of the story. The narrator’s importance to the story as mediating observer is emphasized through the

voice. By changing, perhaps unknowingly, the voice of the narrator within some of the novels, Kerouac's publishers compromised his own characterization as the continuous narrator in the Duluoz Legend's entirety. The "Duluoz" character in each novel is telling a story in such a way that it reflects his own improvisational nature. By writing this way, Kerouac is immersing himself in a jazz discourse in which he otherwise would not belong. In compromising the narrative voice, publishers also compromise the characterization of the narrator. Aside from the jazz elements in his writing, Kerouac also writes Spontaneous Prose because it is "confessional by its very nature, and [Kerouac's] various narrators all hasten to invite the audience into their confidence by playing on a natural human sympathy for expressions of frankness and honesty" (Jones 26). In this way, Kerouac's confusion and excitement come through by way of the words on the page that embody his voice as a consistent, honest narrator. As Charles Olson states in his own methodology, "form is never more than an extension of content." If we apply this principle of poetics to Kerouac's work, then there is no better way to extend his content than by the form that he chooses.

Kerouac didn't fail in his attempt to mimic jazz. At the time he is writing, he was immersed in the music scene and in the culture of the music. He personally knew the musicians, and he performs in the genre on record. This mimicry becomes apparent in his texts because specific elements in the text mimic specific idiomatic elements of jazz. Namely, 1) Rhythm which can be observed in the syncopated poetic aspect of the prose mimics the syncopated rhythms of the melody and percussion of jazz. For instance, in *The Subterraneans*, Kerouac writes "So there we were at the Red Drum, a tableful of beers a few that is and all the gangs cutting in and out, paying a dollar quarter at the door,

the little hip-pretending weazel [*sic*] there taking tickets, Paddy Cordovan floating in as prophesized (a big tall blond brakeman type subterranean from Eastern Washington cowboy-looking in jeans coming in to a wild generation party all smoky and mad and I yelled “Paddy Cordovan?” and “Yeah?” and he’d come over)” (*The Subterraneans* 13) .

All jazz in the 1950’s, particularly bop, has syncopated rhythm and irregular accents giving it a disjunctive and angular feeling. 2) Phrasing is another aspect of jazz which Kerouac was mimicking. This previous passage also demonstrates the relationship that Kerouac’s work had to jazz. Jazz music, particularly bop, which is what Kerouac was interested in, alternates from short to long phrase lengths with irregularity. 3) The use of nonsensical syllables is the third element of jazz apparent in Kerouac’s writing. Jazz singers “scat” sing, meaning that they use words with no meaning, or create new words, as a part of their language just as poets use vocables, words without semantic content. For instance, Kerouac writes “squawk, lawk, leek,” an obvious onomatopoeia (30). Likewise, the word *be-bop* represents the swing rhythm that Charlie Parker, who Kerouac writes about, created. 4) Kerouac also quotes, or borrows from his peers, much like bop jazz musicians do. In *The Subterraneans*, he says, “Smart Went Crazy,” which is a direct quote from Allen Ginsberg. Jazz musicians also frequently quote each other in their improvisations. For all of these reasons, it is obvious that Kerouac has successfully created a genre that interacts intimately with the material that he is writing about.

Although Kerouac attempted to stand by his method of Spontaneous Prose, that is not the reality of how his writing comes to take shape. Since he was forced to revise his novels for publication, complexity grows out of his desire to maintain his style. Since he did go against his own invented methods and since he revised in order to get his books

published, his novels lack a chronological composition or storyline. Much of Kerouac's work rehashes the same stories. As Nancy M. Grace notes:

“Retelling or rehearsing stories, such as those of his birth, his father's death, his travels with Cassady, his brother Gerard, and his childhood in Lowell, reshaped and reinforced structural features of his autobiographical memories. But verbal rehearsal was also complimented by revision and editing of large as well as small portions of spontaneously drafted texts. This latter practice, a secret reality undergirding his published manifestos, fueled his innovation predicated upon improvisation and spontaneity, allowing him, as Tim Hunt argues, to manipulate the page as a space in which and place upon which to work with the dual systems of writing—that is, script as oral analogue and as visual code. (Grace 33)

This concept, brought to our attention by Grace and Hunt, contributes significantly to recognizing the structure of the Duluoz Legend. The stories are not chronological, but they do discuss chronological events. There is some overlap, however, because Kerouac is writing two stories simultaneously at times. In his novels, he revisits events discussed at length in previous novels. This scrambling of “oral analogue” and “visual code,” the confusion of cacophony and the spontaneity of an uncertain witness, is all the more reason to unify Kerouac's work into a coherent whole. In doing so, all of these issues will appear as if on a timeline of Kerouac's life, rather than disparate stories written by one author.

### The Compilation of Disparate Novels into the Duluoz Legend

By piecing together autobiographical and biographical information from Kerouac's life, I intend to compile the Duluoz Legend as closely to Kerouac's wishes as are specified by him. This restored Legend will start “from the beginning....with *Gerard*”

(Jones 25). Since it was Kerouac's intention to start with *Visions of Gerard*, set in a time before Kerouac was born, I will piece together the Legend not chronologically in the sequence that he wrote them, but chronologically in the way that the novels read so that the reader is experiencing the Legend as an order of events through a continuous narrator's voice. As Ann Charters notes, "*Visions of Gerard*...was about the death of Jack's older brother Gerard, who died in 1926, only nine years old. It is the earliest book in the Duluoz Legend, Kerouac's earliest memories of childhood" (252). From his childhood, I will then launch into *Doctor Sax*, then *The Town and the City*. Following those will come *The Vanity of Duluoz* and then *Maggie Cassidy*, which chronicles Kerouac's memories of adolescence and of growing up in Lowell. After these five "novels" would come the *On the Road Original Scroll*, followed by *Visions of Cody*. These two would be followed by *The Subterraneans* and *The Dharma Bums*, then *Tristessa*, *Desolation Angels*, *Big Sur*, and, finally, *Satori in Paris* will be placed at the end of the Legend. Additional material will include *Lonesome Traveler* and *Book of Dreams*, which are not novels but story collections (*Book of Dreams* is exactly what it sounds like); each of these books, however, include elements of the Duluoz Legend which need to be modified back to their original state. In the scenario where two novels cover the same time period, I would choose to place the novel that Kerouac began writing first before the other. As I have previously stated, I intend to compile the Duluoz Legend as closely to the way that Kerouac would have wished that I see possible.

In his book, James T. Jones also discusses the Legend at length in chronological order. Jones states that he, "for the sake of clarity and accessibility [has] arranged my chapters to follow the autobiographical chronology of the Legend, beginning with *Visions*

of *Gerard* and concluding with *Satori in Paris*, with the exception of *Maggie Cassidy* in chapter 6, which takes the novel out of order to emphasize its formal similarity to *The Subterraneans* and *Tristessa*" (31). By publishing the Duluoz Legend in chronological order, the texts also read in synchronicity with Jones' analytical text that follows the Legend.

I also intend to change all of the names of the novels that incorporate character names. For instance, I will change *Visions of Cody* to "Visions of Neal," *Tristessa* to "Esperanza," *Maggy Cassidy* to "Mary Carney." As I have previously stated, although this may demystify some of the mythology that Kerouac creates around his characters, the reader will always have the originally published material to refer back to so that nothing is lost. This restored edition of the Duluoz Legend would be intended only to shed light on Kerouac's intentions and methods.

By publishing the Duluoz Legend in this order with the proper names restored, under the correct titles, Kerouac's vision would become more apparent than is possible with the disparate texts now in publication alone. As Charters notes in Kerouac's biography, "Duluoz" means louse in French-Canadian, a sardonic joke of Kerouac's, mocking his own exaggerated view of himself as the hero of his private legend" (176). By viewing Kerouac's Legend in this sense, we can see the ways in which Kerouac views himself as the hero in his own Legend. Through this definition, we can see that he obviously thought very little of his capabilities to be the hero, or "The King of the Beats," a name given to him by the media. The title for this proposed work of restoration, *The Duluoz Legend*, is another insight into Kerouac's own mythology and into the way he views his character's role within his own Legend.

### Chapter 3: Application of the Principles for the Restored Duluoz Legend

In this part of my study for the proposed restoration of the Duluoz Legend, I demonstrate how making the changes specified in Chapter 2 have an effect on the way that Kerouac's novels are read. This section is intended to put the theories from the previous section into action in order to build a stronger foundation for the Duluoz Legend as Kerouac had wished it to be. I will demonstrate by incorporating an excerpt from the Duluoz Legend alongside the correlating excerpt from the published novels. After each excerpt, I will discuss the implications that arise out of reading the texts as a restored version versus reading them as discrete novels and how reading the Duluoz Legend alters the way that we read Kerouac's work.

In the novel *The Subterraneans*, Kerouac uses the aliases even while he's jotting down handwritten notes in his notebook. He writes about "Adam" (Allen Ginsberg) and stays consistent with his alias throughout the novel, except for one slip, when he mentions Ginsberg's actual name in the published version. He writes "'Smart went Crazy," wrote Allen Ginsberg" (41). In this slip, Kerouac is consciously quoting Ginsberg, the real person, though he had been writing about him throughout the entirety of the novel. Here we see Kerouac slipping in clues as to who he is talking about. Ginsberg appears not only as "Adam," Kerouac's alias for Ginsberg, but also, and surprisingly, as himself, Allen Ginsberg, only when it seems that Kerouac got tired of paraphrasing Ginsberg's famous quotes (for instance, referring to Ginsberg's famous poem "Howl" as "Wail" in *The Dharma Bums*). Ginsberg's alias in *The Subterraneans* is prevalent throughout much of the novel's duration, since he plays a major part in "Leo's"



(Jack's) relationship with "Mardou" (Alene). By revealing Ginsberg in that small slip, Kerouac is also doubling his character. This may lead readers to believe that Adam is not Allen, since they are two separate characters in this novel. By unifying Ginsberg's character from confusing characterization under one name throughout, Ginsberg's character becomes more obviously Allen Ginsberg than in the published novel. This transparency becomes obvious in the passage where Ginsberg's character is introduced:

"Julien Alexander (Anton Rosenberg) is the angel of the subterraneans the subterraneans is a name invented by Adam Moorad who is a poet and friend of mine who said 'They are hip without being slick, they are intelligent without being corny, they are intellectual as hell and know all about Pound without being pretentious or talking too much about it, they are very quiet, they are very Christlike' (2).

In this sense, the very name of the book is credited to Allen Ginsberg, yet there is no ability on the reader's part to attribute this to Ginsberg, though in this passage we do see the obvious parallels from Adam to Allen. Likewise, in another quote from Ginsberg's character, Adam follows the previous passage and states:

"Julien Alexander the Christlike unshaved thin youthful quiet strange almost as you or as Adam might say apocalyptic angel or saint of the subterraneans, certainly star (now)" (2).

This glimpse into Allen's psyche through the character of Adam might have more of a unifying effect on Ginsberg's all-around image if it read:

“Anton Rosenberg the Christlike unshaved thin youthful quiet strange almost as you or as Allen might say apocalyptic angel or saint of the subterraneans, certainly star (now)” (2).

By merely inserting the characters’ real names, the discourse is completely altered. We go from reading a fictional story of what Kerouac’s characters might have said to reading a chronicle about people who existed outside of Kerouac’s novels.

Aside from Ginsberg’s alias in this story, another very important character is Julien Alexander. Aside from explicating Mardou’s and his relationship, Kerouac spends a lot of time meditating on the character of Julien Alexander whose name in real life was Anton Rosenberg. From reading this obituary, we can get a glimpse into the life of Anton Rosenberg, who Kerouac describes in detail in his novel:

Anton Rosenberg, a Hipster Ideal, Dies at 71

By Robert McG. Thomas Jr  
Published: February 22, 1998

Anton Rosenberg, a storied sometime artist and occasional musician who embodied the Greenwich Village hipster ideal of 1950's cool to such a laid-back degree and with such determined detachment that he never amounted to much of anything, died on Feb. 14 at a hospital near his home in Woodstock, N.Y. He was 71 and best known as the model for the character Julian Alexander in Jack Kerouac's novel "The Subterraneans."

The cause was cancer, his family said.

He was a painter of acknowledged talent, and he played the piano with such finesse that he jammed with Charlie Parker, Zoot Sims and other jazz luminaries of the day.

But if Mr. Rosenberg never made a name for himself in either art or music—or pushed himself to try—there was a reason: once he had been viewed in his hipster glory, leaning languidly against a car parked in front of Fugazzi's bar on the

Avenue of the Americas, there was simply nothing more he could do to enhance his reputation.

(Thomas)

Kerouac then goes on to explain Julien in-depth, even calling him a “thin aesthetic strange intellectual,” which is also echoed in his obituary. In fact, Kerouac’s descriptions of Anton read much like the praises in the obituary. Anton’s character, though, is masked. He is a lesser known “hipster” of Kerouac’s time, thus readers of Kerouac’s work probably do not recognize him. By changing his name back to the original, however, he stands out as a “Hipster Ideal,” partly because of Kerouac’s portrayal of him. By recognizing his existence outside of Kerouac’s work, the “Hipster Ideal” becomes a real cultural referent and can then be put into other contexts outside of Kerouac’s work. We can then look at the use of the word *hipster* around the time that Kerouac was writing this novel and discover the meaning of the word out of context of Kerouac’s novels. For instance, the Oxford English Dictionary states that a hipster is “a person who follows the latest trends and fashions,” but the definition in Kerouac’s contemporary culture is altered to mean the opposite. Another dictionary states that a hipster is someone who is “characterized by a particularly strong sense of alienation from most established social activities and relationships.” By viewing this title out of context, we can see how the word *hipster* related to Kerouac’s notion of being “beat,” which was meant to mean “beat down” or “beatific,” in reference to The Beatitudes, inspired by Kerouac’s Catholic upbringing, and to his love of The Bible.

“Visions of Neal”

By changing the names within the novels, as well as in the titles, the work of Kerouac reads more like it was meant to be read as a chronicle. By making these subtle changes, the novels fit more easily into the whole of the Duluoz Legend. For instance, *Visions of Cody* will change to “Visions of Neal.” This way, both of the books will obviously be alterations of each other, yet they will also remain distinctly different. By reading “Visions of Neal” alongside other texts in the Duluoz Legend as I have edited it, the novels more clearly fit into a discourse with each other. The following excerpt from a proposed “Visions of Neal” demonstrates the before-mentioned changes:

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1951 I begin thinking of Neal Cassady, thinking of Neal Cassady. We had been great buddies on the road. I was in New York and I wanted to go to California and see him, but I had no money. I’m in an old El station on Third Avenue and 47<sup>th</sup>, sitting in wooden sunken-seat benches along the walls— the Porter sign in the door is almost all faded— In the raw wood wall a strange beautiful window with blue and red stained glass fringes— two bare bulbs on each side of it— the floor old worn planks— the whole place shakes as the train approaches. A huge old iron potbEdie stove, its iron showing through grayish (not polished for years)— the stovepipe goes up four feet then over seven feet (climbing slightly) then up two feet to disappear into the fantastic ceiling of carved wood, into some kind of chimney flue characterized by a circular cover with carved openings— the stove sits on an ancient pad, and the floor sags away from it. At the wall tops along ceiling are carved raw buttresses like in Victorian porches. The place is so brown that any light looks brown in it – It’s fit for the sorrows of winter night and reminds me speechlessly of old blizzards when my father was ten, of “88” or some such and of old workmen spitting and Neal’s father. Outside – sprawling “alpine lodge” crazy crooked wood house with fringes, weathervane tower vane itself, pale shapeless snot green, stained with ages of rain and snow, onetime red (now forlorn hint of red) tower – fringes elaborate as hell – timbers on tracks are splintered and aged beyond recognition” (VON3).

This excerpt also reflects the very last page of *On the Road*, from which *Visions of Cody* initially came. The line, “I begin thinking of Neal Cassady, thinking of Neal Cassady,” is a variation of the last page of *On the Road* which reads “I think of Dean Moriarty, I think of Dean Moriarty.” It is very clear that these works are so closely related because they both focus on Neal Cassady, and Kerouac uses the same line to reflect that. By reading all of Kerouac’s work together, readers can better understand the relationship that each novel has with another.

In *On the Road: The Original Scroll*, the last page reads: “I think of Neal Cassady, I even think of old Neal Cassady the father we never found, I think of Neal Cassady, I think of Neal Cassady” (408). This last page of *The Original Scroll* also correlates to the first page which states “I first met Neal Cassady not long after my father died” (109). In Cunnell’s version, we can see the way in which Kerouac directly relates Neal Cassady with the death of his father (or brother). Since his father really did die briefly before he met Neal Cassady, removing the alias (as Cunnell has done) resituates Neal Cassady not only within the Legend, but also in Kerouac’s life as it has come to be known autobiographically and biographically. The next excerpt from the novel *Visions of Cody*, or “Visions of Neal” as I would rename it, demonstrates the close relationship between this novel and *On the Road*. In this excerpt, I have removed the alias “Cody” and replaced it with “Neal,” thereby re-entering this novel within the discourse of the rest of Kerouac’s Legend, particularly noting echoes of *On the Road*:

“I REMEMBER NEAL, awed telling me, the last time he ever came to New York, of knock on the door lasting a half hour at Josephine’s, his going down fire escape

backlot, landlord who'd bought the damned ground threw open his window and said "Yes, what is it? and Neal said "You wouldn't think a friendly looking fellow like me, and believe me I am a friendly nice fellow, would be and even though it's strange for me to say it openly and to a stranger – but I'm not a robber – look at me, just look at me, I assure you."

It's like when I'm looking through Clellon's bookshelf and start humming a tune while he's arguing with Marian –("Moonglow"). "What made you think of singing that?"

"I dunno"

"It'll forever be a mystery to me –"

No possible way of avoiding enigmas. Like people in cafeterias smile when they're arriving and sitting down at the table but when they're leaving, when in unison their chairs scrape back they pick up their coats and things with glum faces (all of them the same degree of semi-glumness which is a special glumness that is disappointed that the promise of the first-arriving smile moment didn't come out or if it did it died after a short life) – and during that short life which has the same blind unconscious quality as the orgasm, everything is happening to all their souls – this is the GO – the summation pinnacle possible in human relationships – lasts a second – the vibratory message is on – yet it's not so mystic either, it's love and sympathy in a flash. Similarly we who make the mad night all the way (four-way sex orgies, three-day conversations, uninterrupted transcontinental drives) have that momentary glumness that advertises the need for sleep – reminds us it is possible to stop all this – more so reminds us that the moment is ungraspable, is already gone and if we sleep we can call it up again mixing it with unlimited other beautiful combinations – shuffle the old file cards of the soul in demented hallucinated sleep – So the people in the cafeteria have that look but only until their hats and things are picked up, because the glumness is also a signal they send one another, a kind of a "Goodnight Ladies" of perhaps interior heart politeness. What kind of friend would grin openly in the face of his friends when it's the time for glum coatpicking and bending to leave? So it's a sign of "Now we're leaving this table which had promised so much – this is our obsequy to the sad." The glumness goes as soon as someone says something and they head for the door – laughing they fling back echoes to the scene of their human disaster – they go off down the street in the new air provided by the world.

Ah the mad hearts of all of us."

This excerpt from "Visions of Neal" reflects the mentality of Kerouac and his friends at the time that he is writing. It also is an echo of "Neal's big sex letter," which

heavily inspired Kerouac's writing style. This great "sex letter" is brought up continually in letters between Kerouac and Ginsberg. Kerouac also discusses the importance of Neal's letter on Allen Ginsberg's work, stating that while he gave Allen "America, which you finally dug from *Visions of Neal* type America, you actually gave me *Visions of Neal* type prose, it was not only from Neal's letter but from your wild racing crazy jumping don't care letters that all that sketching came out, it broke me off from American formalism a la Wolfe" (Morgan 337). In this letter, Kerouac discusses how heavily Neal Cassady's letter influenced their writing, as well as the fact that he initially intended the book to be titled "Visions of Neal." This difference explicates the need to have the names changed back not only within the novels, but also in the titles as well. By changing the names in the titles, we change the integrity of the entire novel, as well as the compilation of novels, the Legend.

#### "Esperanza"

Aside from "Visions of Neal," another text that has a name in the title that needs to be changed is *Tristessa*. This title will be changed to "Esperanza," though not for the exact same reasons that Neal's name should appear in the title of "Visions of Neal." Rather than appealing to unity, this name change brings up different artistic choices in Kerouac's composition. As I've previously discussed, *Tristessa* is a play on the name *Esperanza*. When the name *Tristessa*, meaning "sadness" is changed back to the original, we can see areas in Kerouac's work that he did fictionalize for a purpose. By reading the Legend alongside the published texts, readers have a greater insight into the mythology that Kerouac is creating around the characters in his novels. Rather than "demystifying" Kerouac's Legend, we are viewing it in its raw form in order to better understand his

methodology in spontaneous prose than is permitted in the revised novels. The following excerpt is from the novel *Tristessa*, with name changes and other appropriate changes made to form the new Legend's segment "Esperanza":

"ESPERANZA IS SITTING on the edge of the bed adjusting her nylon stockings, she pulls them awkwardly from her shoes with big sad face overlooking her endeavors with pursy lips, I watch the way she twists her feet inward convulsively when she looks at her shoes.

She is such a beautiful girl, I wonder what all my friends would say back in New York and up in San Francisco, and what would happen down in Nola when you see her cutting down Canal Street in the hot sun and she has dark glasses and a lazy walk and keeps trying to tie her kimono to her thin overcoat as though the kimono was supposed to tie the coat, tugging convulsively at it and goofing in the street saying "Here ees the cab—hey hees hey who—there you go—I breeng you back the m o a — n y." Money's moany. She makes money sound like my old French Canadian Aunt in Lawrence "It's not you moany, that I want, it's you l o a v e"—Love is loave. "Eets you l a w v" The law is lawv. Same with Esperanza, she is so high all the time, and sick, shooting ten gramos of morphine per month, —staggering down the city streets yet so beautiful people keep turning and looking at her—Her eyes are radiant and shining and her cheek is wet from the mist and her Indian hair is black and cool and slick hangin in 2 pigtail behind with the roll-sod hairdo behind (the correct Cathedral Indian hairdo)—Her shoes she keeps looking at are brand new not scrawny, but she lets her nylons keep falling and keeps pulling on them and convulsively twisting her feet—You picture what a beautiful girl in New York, wearing a flowery wide skirt a la New Look with Dior flat bosomed pink cashmere sweater, and her lips and eyes do the same and do the rest. Here she is reduced to impoverished Indian Lady gloomclothes—You see the Indian ladies in the inscrutable dark of doorways, looking like holes in the wall not women—their clothes—and you look again and see the brave, the noble *mujer*, the mother the woman, the Virgin Mary of Mexico.—Esperanza has a huge ikon in a corner of her bedroom.

It faces the room back to the kitchen wall, in right hand corner as you face the woesome kitchen with its drizzle showering ineffably from the roof tree twigs and hammerboards (bombed out shelter roof)—Her ikon represents the Holy Mother staring out of her blue charaderees, her robes and Damema arrangements, at which El Indio prays devoutly when going out to get some junk El Indio is a vendor of curious, allegedly, —I never see him on San Juan Letran selling crucifixes, I never see El Indio in the street, no Redondas, no anywhere—The Virgin Mary has a candle, a



bunch of glass-fulla-wax economical burners that go for weeks on end, like Tibetan prayer-wheels the inexhaustible aid from our Amida—I smile to see this lovely ikon—

Around it are pictures of the dead—When Esperanza wants to say “dead” she clasps her hands in holy attitude, indicating her Aztecan belief in the holiness of death, by same token the holiness of the essence—So she has photo of dead Dave my old buddy of previous years now dead of high blood pressure at age 55—His vague Greek-Indian face looks out from pale indefinably photograph. I can’t see him in all that snow. He’s in heaven for sure, hands V-clasped in eternity ecstasy of Nirvana. That’s why Esperanza keeps clasping her hands and praying, saying, too, “I love Dave,” she had loved her former master—He had been an old man in love with a young girl. At 16 she was an addict. He took her off the street, redoubled his energies, finally made contact with wealthy junkies and showed her how to live—once a year together they’d taken hikes to Chalmas to the mountain to climb part of it on their knees to come to the shrine of piled crutches left there by pilgrims healed of disease, the thousand *tapete*-straws laid out in the mist where they sleep the night out in blankets and raincoats-returning, devout, hungry, healthy, to light new candles to the Mother and hitting the street again for their morphine—God knows where they got it.

I sit admiring that majestical mother of lovers” (Tris 3-4).

In this passage, we can see the person Esperanza as opposed to the character Tristessa whom Kerouac is mythologizing here as the “The Virgin Mary of Mexico.” By changing her name back to her real name, readers are one step closer to seeing her as a real person rather than as a character who Kerouac wrangled into his Legend. Now we are able to see through Kerouac’s mythology of Esperanza and into the real person. The reader can see through Kerouac’s mythology and create an image of Esperanza outside of Kerouac’s eye. This change enables the reader to better understand Kerouac’s methodology (the way in which he mythologized Esperanza as the “sad Virgin Mary”) and have a better understanding of the way that he was assessing the world around him by seeing through it. In this excerpt, Kerouac describes her in-depth, explaining the way

that she speaks, as well as her past as an addict. These are all windows into the life of the real person that we can come to understand outside of her portrayal as the Holy Virgin. Now, by reading this excerpt with the correct names, we can see Esperanza outside of Kerouac's glorification of her and outside of his Buddhist ideals of suffering and sadness. Now that she is Esperanza, she is once removed from Kerouac's mythology but still seen only through Kerouac's interactions with her.

"The Subterraneans"

In one of the drafts of *The Subterraneans*, obtained through the Berg Collection at New York Public Library, Kerouac's handwriting of the novel is almost exactly what gets into the published version of this text (after taking out "+" and adding in "and"). To maintain the spontaneous spirit of Kerouac's writing, the "+" will be included rather than the "and" which later came to replace it in the published version of the text. By this time, Kerouac is using the aliases in his drafting, and this draft is no exception. The name Adam appears in lieu of Allen in Kerouac's handwriting. Since the draft was nearly identical to the published version, the only item that would have to be altered is the unity of the names within this text to maintain unity throughout the Legend. This novel's alterations will be a process extremely different than that of *On the Road*; however, these changes are vital to the interpretation of the remainder of the Duluoz Legend. The excerpt that I obtained in draft begins:

She had to tell me everything—no doubt just the other day she'd already told her whole story to Adam and he'd listened tweaking his beard with a dream in his far-off eye to look attentive and loverman in the bleak eternity, nodding—now with me she was starting all over again but as if (as I thought) to a brother of Adam's greater lover and bigger, more awful listener and worrier.—

This excerpt correlates to page 19 of the published version of this novel.

Since evidence in Kerouac and Ginsberg's correspondence proves that he is self-editing his drafts in order to maintain security for his and his friends' personal well-being, the name change remains the most obvious change within this novel to link it with the remainder of the novels in the Duluoz Legend.

“The Dharma Bums”

In the beginning of the following excerpt, Kerouac explains that Gary Snyder is the one who coined the term *Dharma Bums*. In the published version of this novel, Gary Snyder is Japhy Ryder. Although this alias might seem more obvious than the others, by changing the name back to Gary Snyder, Snyder's character is put back into discourse with the Gary Snyder outside of Kerouac's novel. Snyder is a popular and well-recognized poet during the time that Kerouac is writing. By understanding that Snyder coined the term *Dharma Bums*, we as readers not only gain insight into Kerouac's mythology, but also into Snyder's creative insights from his encounters with Buddhism. In this novel, Snyder is portrayed as a “Zen Lunatic,” and Kerouac is along for the ride. Without Snyder to lean on, the reader may assume that all of the knowledge of Buddhism, Zen, and mountain climbing is coming from Kerouac's understanding of these topics; however, by realizing that Snyder is a real person and not a fictional character in Kerouac's mind, we can better understand where Kerouac gained knowledge about Buddhism and mountain climbing.

“The little Saint Teresa bum was the first genuine Dharma Bum I'd met, and the second was the number one Dharma Bum of them all and in fact it was he, Gary Snyder, who coined the phrase. Gary Snyder was a kid from eastern Oregon brought up in a log cabin deep in the woods with his father and mother and sister, from the beginning a woods boy, an axman, farmer,

interested in animals and Indian lore so that when he finally got to college by hook or crook he was already equipped for his early studies in anthropology and later in Indian myth and in the actual texts of Indian mythology. Finally he learned Chinese and Japanese and became an Oriental scholar and discovered the greatest Dharma Bums of them all, the Zen Lunatics of China and Japan. At the same time, being a Northwest boy with idealistic tendencies, he got interested in old-fashioned I.W.W. anarchism and learned to play the guitar and sing old worker songs to go with his Indian songs and general folksong interests. I first saw him walking down the street in San Francisco the following week (after hitchhiking the rest of the way from Santa Barbara in one long zipping ride given me, as though anybody'll believe this, by a beautiful darling young blonde in a snow-white strapless bathing suit and barefooted with a gold bracelet on her ankle, driving a next-year's cinnamon-red Lincoln Mercury, who wanted benzedrine so she could drive all the way to the City and when I said I had some in my duffel bag yelled "Crazy!")—I saw Gary looping along in that curious long stride of the mountain climber, with a small knapsack on his back filled with books and toothbrushes and whatnot which was his small "goin-to-the-city" knapsack as apart from his big full rucksack complete with sleeping bag, poncho, and cookpots. He wore a little goatee, strangely Oriental-looking with his somewhat slanted green eyes, but he didn't look like a Bohemian at all, and was far from being a Bohemian (a hanger-onner around the arts). He was wiry, suntanned, vigorous, open, all howdies and glad talk and even yelling hello to bums on the street and when asked a question answered right off the bat from the top or bottom of his mind I don't know which and always in a sprightly sparkling way.

"Where did you meet Jack Kerouac?" they asked him when we walked into The Place, the favorite bar of the hepcats around the Beach.

"Oh I always meet my Bodhisattvas in the street!" he yelled, and ordered beers.

It was a great night, a historic night in more ways than one. He and some other poets (he also wrote poetry and translated Chinese and Japanese poetry into English) were scheduled to give a poetry reading at the Gallery Six in town. They were all meeting in the bar and getting high. But as they stood and sat around I saw that he was the only one who didn't look like a poet, though poet he was indeed. The other poets were either hornrimmed intellectual hepcats with wild black hair like Allen Ginsberg, or delicate pale handsome poets like Michael McClure (in a suit), or out-of-this-world genteel-looking Renaissance Italians like Philip Lamantia (who looks like a young priest), or bow-tied wild-haired old anarchist fuds like Kenneth Rexroth, or big fat bespectacled quiet boobos like Philip Whalen. And all the other hopeful poets were standing around, in various costumes, worn-at-the-sleeves corduroy jackets, scuffly shoes, books sticking out of their

pockets. But Gary was in rough workingman's clothes he'd bought secondhand in Goodwill stores to serve him on mountain climbs and hikes and for sitting in the open at night, for campfires, for hitchhiking up and down the Coast. In fact in his little knapsack he also had a funny green alpine cap that he wore when he got to the foot of a mountain, usually with a yodel, before starting to tromp up a few thousand feet. He wore mountainclimbing boots, expensive ones, his pride and joy, Italian make, in which he clomped around over the sawdust floor of the bar like an oldtime lumberjack. Gary wasn't big, just about five foot seven, but strong and wiry and fast and muscular. His face was a mask of woeful bone, but his eyes twinkled like the eyes of old giggling sages of China, over that little goatee, to offset the rough look of his handsome face. His teeth were a little brown, from early backwoods neglect, but you never noticed that and he opened his mouth wide to guffaw at jokes. Sometimes he'd quiet down and just stare sadly at the floor, like a man whittling he was merry at times. He showed great sympathetic interest in me and in the story about the little Saint Teresa bum and the stories I told him about my own experiences hopping freights or hitchhiking or hiking in woods. He claimed at once that I was a great "Bodhisattva," meaning "great wise being" or "great wise angel," and that I was ornamenting this world with my sincerity. We had the same favorite Buddhist saint, too: Avalokitesvara, or, in Japanese, Kwannon the Eleven-Headed. He knew all the details of Tibetan, Chinese, Mahayana, Hinayana, Japanese and even Burmese Buddhism but I warned him at once I didn't give a goddamn about the mythology and all the names and national flavors of Buddhism, but was just interested in the first of Sakyamuni's four noble truths, *All life is suffering*. And to an extent interested in the third, *The suppression of suffering can be achieved*, which I didn't quite believe was possible then. (I hadn't yet digested the Lankavatara Scripture which eventually shows you that there's nothing in the world but the mind itself, and therefore all's possible including the suppression of suffering.) Gary's buddy was the aforementioned booboo big old goodhearted Philip Whalen a hundred and eighty pounds of poet meat, who was advertised by Gary (privately in my ear) as being more than meets the eye.

"Who is he?"

"He's my big best friend from up in Oregon, we've known each other a long time. At first you think he's slow and stupid but actually he's a shining diamond. You'll see. Don't let him cut you to ribbons. He'll make the top of your head fly away, boy, with a choice chance word."

"Why?"

"He's a great mysterious Bodhisattva I think maybe a reincarnation of Asagna the great Mahayana scholar of the old centuries.:

“And who am I?”  
 “I dunno, maybe you’re Goat.”  
 “Goat?”  
 “Maybe you’re Mudface.”

“Who’s Mudface?”

“Mudface is the mud in your goatface. What would you say if someone was asked the question ‘Does a dog have the Buddha nature?’ and said ‘Woof!’ ”

“I’d say that was a lot of silly Zen Buddhism.” This took Gary back a bit. “Lissen Gary,” I said, “I’m not a Zen Buddhist, I’m a serious Buddhist, I’m an oldfashioned dreamy Hinayana coward of later Mahayanism,” and so forth into the night, my contention being that Zen Buddhism didn’t concentrate on kindness so much as on confusing the intellect to make it perceive the illusion of all sources of things. “It’s *mean*,” I complained. “All those Zen Masters throwing young kids in the mud because they can’t answer their silly word questions.”

“That’s because they want them to realize mud is better than words, boy.” But I can’t recreate the exact (will try) brilliance of all Gary’s answers and come-backs and come-ons with which he had me on pins and needles all the time and did eventually stick something in my crystal head that made me change my plans in life” (5-7).

The next excerpt from “The Dharma Bums” emphasizes Kerouac’s method of transcribing conversations amongst his friends while composing his novels in the Duluoaz Legend:

“GARY: Well, Whalen, you old fart, what you been doin’

WHALEN: Nothin.

ALLEN: What are all these strange books here? Hm, Pound, do you like Pound?

GARY: Except for the fact that that old fartface flubbed up the name of Li Po by calling him by his Japanese name and all such famous twaddle, he was all right—in fact he’s my favorite poet.

JACK: Pound? Who wants to make a favorite poet out of that pretentious nut?

GARY: Have some more wine, Kerouac, you're not making sense. Who is your favorite poet, Allen?

JACK: Why don't somebody ask me *my* favorite poet, I know more about poetry than all of you put together.

GARY: Is that true?

ALLEN: It might be. Haven't you seen Jack's new book of poems he just wrote in Mexico—"the wheel of the quivering meat conception turns in the void expelling tics, porcupines, elephants, people, stardusts, fools, nonsense . . ."

JACK: That's not it!

GARY: Speaking of meat, have you read the new poem of . . ." (DB13).

This excerpt blatantly echoes the second part of "Visions of Neal" and *Visions of Cody* in which Jack uses a tape recorder and transcribes the conversations of Neal and Carolyn Cassidy with himself. Here we can see Kerouac's methodology of writing autobiographical fiction at play. Kerouac attempts to mythologize his friends, but he simultaneously wants to portray them in ways that are faithful to how they really act. By reinserting the characters' real names in this scene in "The Dharma Bums," the parallels to "Visions of Neal" become more apparent, since we can now tell that Kerouac is transcribing real conversations rather than creating dialogue, than is the case when we encounter dialogue in the revised, subsequently published novel.

The following scene from the second part of "Visions of Neal" corresponds to the excerpt in "The Dharma Bums." Both of these transcribed conversations show intense glimpses into the character of each of the heroes of the story. The previous excerpt from "The Dharma Bums" displays Gary Snyder's knowledge of Zen Buddhism, just like this next excerpt demonstrates Neal Cassidy's obsession with music. In either of these

scenes, Kerouac's values are emphasized. Each hero in these respective stories brings out some quality that Kerouac seems to be heavily influenced by. During the time that he is writing *The Dharma Bums*, he is heavily into his exploration of Buddhism. Likewise, when he is writing about Neal Cassady's admiration of jazz music, Kerouac, as well as his writing, is heavily influenced by jazz. The following passage from "Visions of Neal" demonstrates these similarities:

NEAL. Hey . . . . Ah . . . how to cook game, huh? Hooooee! *(to music)*  
*(Jack is whistling, swinging)*

PAT. That stuff was alright wasn't it?

NEAL. Oh was it alright! . . . Just a moment . . . just a moment please . . . just a moment. *(turns off music)* Just a moment please. *(as Jack goes on whistling to gone-off record)* Just a moment please . . . . Just listen to the piano. *(starts same record again)* Just listen to it

JACK. *(laughing)* No flutes!

NEAL. *(blowing jazz flute)* Listen . . . *(Jack joins him on black piccolo)*

JACK. You told him . . . . He blows though—*(clapping beat for Neal, then laughing and retiring)* *(to Jimmy)* Flip Phillips see? *(Neal playing and watching Jack)*

JIMMY. Yeah

JACK. *(laughing at Neal's swing)* All hollow blowing . . . all wind

NEAL. *(laughing in mi mi mi mi mi note, ha ha ha going up)* *(elaborately, and later said he didn't know he was an opera singer, that is, doing this)*

JACK. Well, ah . . .

PAT. Someone's been trying these sauces already, huh?

JACK. Here's a big roach for me *(laughing at discovery on the floor)*

NEAL. Boy you sure tricked him that time. . . . Did he look up when you said that?



JIMMY. Who?

NEAL. He said “Here’s a big roach for ye” –Don’t think I didn’t overhear that

JACK. Where did the, ah, tweezers go?

CAROLYN. Oh (*explaining where softly*)

NEAL. Man, somebody’s made away with my record

JACK. What did you do with the—

NEAL. What’s happening. . . . Oh no wonder, he’s got it all propped up here

JACK. Where’d you put your tweezers?

NEAL. Aw they—they’re up on top, man, in the bowl, where everything belongs

JACK. Oh yeah, there they are, sticking up. See I knew Neal is systematic

NEAL. (*starting “Honeysuckle Rose”*) Wait a minute! (*stops it*) What’s happening here? What’s happening in this household? What’s going on in the vicinity of this place? What’s happening?

CAROLYN. (*talking far back*) . . . parts that weren’t there . . . next time . . . you go on with the story . . . the part about Bull shooting out the window . . .

(MUSIC: *loud revelry interrupts Neal loud on flute*)

PAT. That stuff must be good, I’m tellin you

NEAL. (*laughing happily*) Hear that Jack? He says “That stuff must be—“ (*resumes flute*)

PAT. This is a good number, what the devil is that?

JIMMY. . . . drums on toy bongos

NEAL. (*as Jack and Carolyn ask him a question about what he meant by “Somerset T-type beach”*) Ah, I’ll tell you in one second . . . I’ll tell you in a little bit here, play that old standard classic. This record was made twenty years ago, I want you to hear their saxophones. Listen to this. (*starts “Crazy Rhythm”*) (*flutes*)

PAT. Dig the drum here. You know that one. You don't believe it, you know

NEAL. Listen to this *sax*, alto, listen. Listen. . . . Listen. . . . Listen . . . to Coleman Hawkins, listen . . .

PAT. Ralph Parker's the guy he was trying to think about in Australia

NEAL. Here he comes

JIMMY. Ralph Parker's the guy he was trying to think about in Australia?  
(*laughing*) An *hour* later!!

NEAL. He remembers! Listen to Coleman, real open tone. Here comes the alto again, now listen to the alto, here he comes. . . . Hear him? . . . real sweet but he rocks. . . . He'll play the same phrase again, he'll play it again, real sweet. Watch him hang on it. . . . Here comes Coleman real low

PAT. Man, that's fine. . . . He blows

NEAL. Bassplayer says "Come on man, come on!" He goes "Prrrr. . . ." Listen—He says "Come on—"

JIMMY. "Blow me an extra one," huh?

NEAL. Yeah. He says "No, no, no, the hell with you," you hear him? He says "Prrrr. . . ." He'll play anything. You like that?

PAT. Yeah

NEAL. Play it again, huh? Right away or do you want something in between? Right away?

PAT. Let's—let's go right on with it . . .

NEAL. Alright now that's great, now you're talking. Sit down and listen to that alto first . . . first they play together . . . this was their band in France in 1920 right after the war—

PAT. What was this?

NEAL. Coleman Hawkins and "After You've Gone." I mean ah—

PAT. In 1920?

NEAL. Yeah, listen to it, sure . . . that's the way they blew those old alto men. . . . Boy they're swell . . . listen to 'em swing! (flutes) Listen to the alto, see?

PAT. They played like that in 1920?

JIMMY. Some of 'em were terrific. People knew what the hell it was, in New Orleans . . .

PAT. Bet my old man knew, though . . .

JIMMY. Yeah he was always talkin, so, —

NEAL. Here comes Coleman, first time, here's Coleman . . . listen to him, real *low*. Listen to him walk in, hear it, here him come in there? Whooo! He blows. Now here comes the alto again, he plays the same way he did before only slower man and way up, listen, here he comes slow, he's very slow, wow, he'll play it, now listen, hear him blow that phrase? Whoo! But old Coleman he's got—dig him! (Jimmy's drumming) That's Coleman, remember how he sounds? (*tape runs blank, five seconds, then when it comes on again Neal is saying:*) . . . same thing . . . here's the way he plays that same song today. Real different, dig this . . . see how subtle he is? Here he is, listen . . . he's changed, he's twenty years older, playing the same song. Hear him? different

JIMMY. Can you change the needle?

NEAL. But I haven't got any needle. . . . That's the trouble man, my needles are all shot. (*pulls record off to change needle*) Don't have any

JIMMY. Let's find a needle (*sepulchrally*)

NEAL. (*music re-starts*) That's better! (141-143 Visions of Neal)

The next excerpt from “The Dharma Bums” explicates a well-known, real-life event. The reading at the Six Gallery in San Francisco is the explosion into national notoriety for this circle of poets. This reading, coordinated by Allen Ginsberg, was one of the most famous poetry readings in the Twentieth Century. Ginsberg discusses this reading at length and in-depth in letters to Kerouac and to his other friends. In Kerouac's

novel *The Dharma Bums*, he is forced to change Allen Ginsberg's famous *Howl* to "Wail." This excerpt takes an important historic event and falsifies it, calling into question the validity of the rest of what Kerouac describes about the event. By changing the name of the long poem back to its original title, this historic event is validated, thus making Kerouac's recollection of it more trustworthy than that echoed in his use of "Wail." By explaining the "Birth of the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance" using the real names associated with it, Kerouac's novel can be put back into the conversation with other accounts that recollect this particular event. This event is particularly significant for both Snyder and Allen Ginsberg. That evening's reading is the first time that Ginsberg ever reads *Howl* in public. For Ginsberg this night is a monumental event. Ginsberg's *Howl* ignites a chain of events that would also change the lives of several other poets involved with his poetry, especially of Lawrence Ferlinghetti who hears his poem and decides to publish it, and who famously goes on trial for the poem, which was accused of being "obscene."

Although the Six Gallery reading was groundbreaking for Ginsberg, it was also significant for the hero of Kerouac's novel, Gary Snyder, since this is his first public appearance reading his poetry (Jones 144). The following passage from the manuscript is a demonstration of how changing the names can reinsert the novel back into the discourse surrounding the Six Gallery Reading:

Anyway I followed the whole gang of howling poets to the reading at Gallery Six that night, which was, among other important things, the night of the birth of the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance. Everyone was there. It was a mad night. And I was the one who got things jumping by going around collecting dimes and quarters from the rather stiff audience standing around in the gallery and coming back with three huge gallon jugs of California Burgundy and getting them all piffed so that by eleven o'clock

when Allen Ginsberg was reading his, wailing his poem “Howl” drunk with arms outspread everybody was yelling “Go! Go! Go!” (like a jam session) and old Kenneth Rexroth the father of the Frisco poetry scene was wiping his tears in gladness. Gary himself read his fine poems about Coyote the God of the North American Plateau Indians (I think), at least the God of the Northwest Indians, Kwakiutl and what-all. Fuck you! sang Coyote, and ran away!” read Gary to the distinguished audience, making them all howl with joy, it was so pure, fuck being a dirty word that comes out clean. And he had his tender lyrical lines, like the ones about bears eating berries, showing his love of animals, and great mystery lines about oxen on the Mongolian road showing his knowledge of Oriental literature even on to Hsuan Tsung the great Chinese monk who walked from China to Tibet, Lanchow to Kashgar and Mongolia carrying a stick of incense in his hand. Then Gary showed his sudden barroom humor with lines about Coyote bringing goodies. And his anarchistic ideas about how Americans don’t know how to live, with lines about commuters being trapped in living rooms that come from poor trees felled by chainsaws (showing here, also, his background as a logger up north). His voice was deep and resonant and somehow brave, like the voice of oldtime American heroes and orators. Something earnest and strong and humanly hopeful I liked about him, while the other poets were either too dainty in their aestheticism, or too hysterically cynical to hope for anything, or too abstract and indoorsy, or too political, or like Whalen too incomprehensible to understand (big Whalen saying things about “unclarified processes” though where Whalen did say that revelation was a personal thing I noticed the strong Buddhist and idealistic feeling of Gary, which he’d shared with goodhearted Whalen in their buddy days at college, as I had shared mine with Allen in the Eastern scene and with others less apocalyptic and straighter but in no sense more sympathetic and tearful).

Meanwhile scores of people stood around in the darkened gallery straining to hear every word of the amazing poetry reading as I wandered from group to group facing them and facing away from the stage, urging them to glug a slug from the jug, or wandered back and sat on the right side of the stage giving out little wows and yeses of approval and even whole sentences of comment with nobody’s invitation but in the general gaiety nobody’s disapproval either. It was a great night. Delicate Philip Lamantia read, from delicate onionskin yellow pages, or pink, which he kept flipping carefully with long white fingers, the poems of his dead chum Altman who’d eaten too much peyote in Chinuahua (or died of polio, one) but read none of his own poems—a charming elegy in itself to the memory of the dead young poet, enough to draw tears from the Cervantes of Chapter Seven, and read them in a delicate Englishy voice that had me crying with inside laughter though I later got to know Philip Lamantia and liked him.

Among the people standing in the audience was Rosie Buchanan, a girl with a short haircut, red-haired, bony, handsome, a real gone chick and

friend of everybody of any consequence on the Beach, who'd been a painter's model and a writer herself and was bubbling over with excitement at that time because she was in love with my old buddy Neal. "Great, hey Rosie?" I yelled, and she took a big slug from my jug and shined eyes at me. Neal just stood behind her with both arms around her waist. Between poets, Kenneth Rexroth, in his bow tie and shabby old coat, would get up and make a little funny speech in his snide funny voice and introduce the next reader; but as I say come eleven-thirty when all the poems were read and everybody was milling around wondering what had happened and what would come next in American poetry, he was wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. And we all got together with him, the poets, and drove in several cars to Chinatown for a big fabulous dinner off the Chinese menu, with chopsticks, yelling conversation in the middle of the night in one of those free-swinging great Chinese restaurants of San Francisco. This happened to be Gary's favorite Chinese restaurant, Man Yuen, and he showed me how to order and how to eat with chopsticks and told anecdotes about the Zen Lunatics of the Orient and had me going so glad (and we had a bottle of wine on the table) that finally I went over to an old cook in the doorway of the kitchen and asked him "Why did Bodhidharma come from the West?" (Bodhidharma was the Indian who brought Buddhism eastward to China.)

"I don't care," said the old cook, with lidded eyes, and I told Gary and he said, "Perfect answer, absolutely perfect. Now you know what I mean by Zen."

I had a lot more to learn, too. Especially about how to handle girls—Gary's incomparable Zen Lunatic way, which I got a chance to see firsthand the following week" (7-9).

Also in this scene are two other famous poets, Philip Lamantia and Kenneth Rexroth. Lamantia's alias is Francis DaPavia, and Kenneth Rexroth's alias is Rheinhold Cacoethes. These aliases may not be as obvious as Snyder's because they do not bear the same striking similarities. These names should be changed back to their original for the same reason that Snyder's name should be restored. Both Philip Lamantia and Kenneth Rexroth are well-known poets of the Beat Generation, but, by disguising their names, Kerouac has displaced them. Both of these poets may not be as well-known by their aliases within Kerouac's novels. Although this mention is Rexroth's only appearance in

the Duluoz Legend, Philip Lamantia also appears in *Desolation Angels* as David D'Angeli, as well as in *Tristessa* as Francis DaPavia. The fact that he appears in two of the three novels under the same alias may also throw readers into confusion. Like many of the characters in the Duluoz Legend, Kerouac's unsteady portrayal of Philip Lamantia can be easily remedied by unifying both of his names under his real name.

### Conclusion: The Restoration of “One Enormous Comedy”

The publication of the Duluoz Legend remains an important stepping stone to fully understanding Kerouac’s work, as well as to the critical reading of other related Beat literature. By republishing these novels in the Duluoz Legend, Kerouac’s wishes will be fulfilled, and the vision of how he saw his work as a chronicle will be complete. Now, readers can look to the complete body of Kerouac’s work as one complete tale, rather than disparate texts. In doing so, all of the novels are put back into the same discourse with each other, as well as with other Beat poetry and literature of its time. Although, as Charters has pointed out, Kerouac’s grave may not have a headstone, the complete works of Kerouac compiled into one long Legend will mark the work of his life—that “long shelf of books” forming “one enormous comedy” will be complete.



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- [James Olney's work is relevant to my project because he discusses thoroughly the implications of autobiographical writing, as well as the problems that may arise when an "outsider" attempts to translate or understand the text. Although he is speaking specifically about African narratives, his research parallels my intent and can be applied to Kerouac's writing.]
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