

Beat Contenders (Micheline, Sanders, Kupferberg)

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A. Robert Lee,
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Abstract: In his article "Beat Contenders (Micheline, Sanders, Kupferberg)" A. Robert Lee asks if we are in danger of too fixed a Beat canonization. That is, do the Usual Suspects—Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Burroughs, with Corso, Ferlinghetti, Cassady, and Snyder in the frame—assume too presiding a role? There is, for sure, rightly, increased recognition of Beat women writers and attention has been given to the Afro-Beat circuit and, indeed, to a wider multicultural roster to include Latino/a and Asian American authorship. Beat's international reach has won its place, from the United Kingdom and Continental Europe to Japan and Australia. Even so, other voices invite their due. Lee gives context and a brief exploration of three voices, each Beat to the one extent or another although whose styling remains insistently their own: Jack Micheline (self-termed street poet for whose *River of Red Wine* Kerouac wrote a preface), Ed Sanders (classicist, musician, and author of *Tales of Beatnik Glory*), and Tuli Kupferberg (poet-musician, anarchist, and co-founder of the rock-satirical group *The Fugs*).

A. Robert LEE

Beat Contenders (Micheline, Sanders, Kupferberg)

Beat. The usual suspects forever? Mention Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Burroughs, with Corso, Ferlinghetti, Cassady, Hunke, Holmes, and Snyder always within the frame and the Beat canon often enough persists in looking the known and fixed quantity. Were not these the literary names that set the running, and who gave America's 1950s-into-1960s its new grammar, at once dissident, countercultural, "hip"? If there was to be a pantheon, Village to City Lights, early dissidence at Columbia University and other campuses to eventual Woodstock, here were its out-front luminaries. Beat authorship and demeanor carried a freshness of challenge, controversies of lifestyle or word with boldest reaches into sexual freedom, drugs, road, and jazz. Consensual Middle America had been put on notice (whether it took that notice is another question). Beat as a regime of disengagement and yet vital hope may well have been at its most prominent in the 1960s against a backdrop of the Red Scare, McCarthyism, Eisenhower's military-industrial complex, and the Cuban Missile crisis. But its footfalls have continued to be heard, across the arts and popular culture, from the Nixon-Watergate era through to the Carter, Reagan, Bush Sr., Clinton, Bush Jr., and Obama presidencies, and into the new digital century.

Howl (1956), *On the Road* (1957), *Naked Lunch* (1959), and with *The Vestal Lady on Brattle* (1955) and *Gasoline* (1958) and *Pictures of the Gone World* (1955) in the cohort: the textual canon persists, new American Renaissance to admirers, publicity stunt and crudity not to say careerist fellow boys club for those less enamored. Even so, and right from the start, a plethora of Beat companion voices was not to be discounted whether immediate compeers or subsequent outriders. They, no less than Beat's core players, saw themselves striking against a One America of nuclear Cold War and suburbia. Their flag, too, was raised against the dead idioms of power politics, the corporations and consumer acquisition, not to mention the collusion of the media and the academy. The upshot at times bordered on ruckus, distemper as in the case of Burroughs. But the notion of Beat as a celebratory ethos given over to an America authentically free in creative spirit runs through the life and works of almost all caught up in its literary circuit.

One kind of measure would be signaled in the historic transitions from Beat to Beatnik to Hippie. Another has taken direction from "alternative" spirituality, notably Buddhism in the case of Kerouac or Snyder and, if passingly, scientology in the case of Burroughs. Eco-politics have equally had their place in the Beat dynamic, never least Ginsberg's "Sunflower Sutra" indictment of industrial waste in 1957 or Snyder's *Mountains and Rivers Without End* in 1996. A musical sound wrap spans Dylan, The Doors, Joplin, Reed, Hendrix, Patti Smith, not to say from an Atlantic away Lennon and The Beatles. Beat verse, in its own turn, has long taken form as performance art, the voiced café or cellar or platform reading, the jazz-accompanied text. Beat fiction, with *On The Road* as lodestone, has ever fashioned itself as life on the existential edge, outsider fare. Who, in both respects, would overlook Beat's claim to new working poetics, Ginsberg's breath line, Kerouac's first thought/best-thought spontaneity of voice?

Far from least in the evolving creative mix arises each different gallery of Beat women and ethnic writers (the latter never an easy term), gender and multicultural pluralities that with the inevitable one or so exception seemed almost unthinkable in the first years and which are mapped in my book *Modern American Counter Writing: Beats, Outriders, Ethnics* (2010). Inaugural and center-stage Ginsberg and Kerouac may have been, the shock-horror impact of "Howl," the generational "open" life trajectory of *On The Road*, with Burroughs positioned as visionary-satiric Darth Vader, the Ferlinghetti of Pocket Books as custodial publisher-poet, and Corso as modern claimant to Shelley's laurel. But Beat, in truth, always carried the wider compass, even at the outset and indeed across the subsequent decades. Maybe something akin to a literary-Beat telephone directory can come into play. Rightly there has been due and ever fuller recognition of women Beats, the there-at-the start Diane di Prima, Joanne Kyger, and Anne Waldman, each the begetter of key Beat-feminist epics—*Loba: Parts 1-VIII* (1973, 1975, 1977, 1978, 1998), *The Tapestry and the Web* (1965) and *The Jovis Trilogy: Colors in the Mechanism of Concealment* (1993, 1997, 2011). The company extends to Elise Cowen, now splendidly available in Tony Trigilio's *Elise Cowen: Poems and Fragments* (2015), a jazz and poetry virtuoso like ruth weiss, life writers like Joyce Johnson and Hettie Jones, and as far away as Japan, the jazz and scroll figure of Kazuko Shiraishi. Scholarship has had good cause to be busy: Brenda Knight's compendious *Women of the Beat Generation* (1996) to Frida Forsgren and Michael Prince's *Out of the Shadows: Female Beats* (2015), are works of intensive recognition and analysis.

The multicultural and international spectrum has similarly evolved into greater swathe. An Afro-Beat presence, full of community and color-line history, music, argot, and manner, has its voice in Jones/Baraka's 1957-62 phase, Ted Joans's Jazz-surreal compositions, Bob Kaufman's beatific odes and riffs, and the writings of the sax virtuoso and University of Massachusetts professor Archie Shepp. Searching for Beats who engage Latino/a authorial tradition we can look to the poet Lorna Dee Cervantes ("I know my roots come out of the Beat movement" she witnesses in *Beats at Naropa* [Waldman and Wright 113]) and Oscar Zeta Acosta, Chicano lawyer-activist but also on his own reckoning in *The Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo* (53), the self who is also "a faded beatnik," "a flower vato." Asian America, likewise, has its contributing roster, whether Albert Saijo as co-author with Jack Kerouac and Lew Welch of *Trip-Trap: Haiku on the Road* (1973) or Shig Murao, arrested as City Lights manager for selling "Howl" and editor of *Shig's Review*. Frank Chin has won Beat double-repute, on the one hand for fiction like *Gunga Din Highway* (1994) with its kaleidoscopic canvas of Oakland-Berkeley and Hawai'i counterculture and demolition of Charlie Chan stereotype, and as Wittman Ah Sing, cartoon Beat-hipster-dramatist, in Maxine Hong Kingston's *Tripmaster Monkey* (1989).

Further context of necessity summons the Jewish making of Beat, writers each intimately American yet inescapably alert to the footfalls of Talmud and Shoah and the vast resources of Yiddish: Ginsberg always, the fated Cowen, pre-marriage Hettie Cohen, Joyce Johnson (née Glassman), the dadaist Carl Solomon of *Mishaps, Perhaps* (1966) and Beat's most famous dedicatee, Cid Corman as founder-editor of *Origin*, Ira Cohen and his Tangier-based journal GNAUOJA, and a lesser known author litany whose work spans Barbara Probst Solomon's *The Beat of Life* (1960) with its portrait of postwar student disaffiliation and which invites close comparison with John Clellon Holmes's *Go* (1952), Irving Rosenthal's reflexive and homocentric *Sheeper* (1967), and David Meltzer's verse history of the movement's flux and challenge *Beat Thing* (2004). If *Italianetá* were to be enlisted, di Prima, Ferlinghetti, and Corso would feature, their origins Mediterranean, their time-present Manhattan and San Francisco. Beat international enters the account, at once connected in overall style yet in terms of each national culture, be it Michael Horowitz in the UK, Andrei Vozenesenyky in Russia, Simon Vinkenoog in the Netherlands, Nanao Sakaki in Japan, or Michael Wilding in Australia. Which, at whatever risk of giving hurry to the field, brings into focus the title names of Jack Micheline, Ed Sanders, and Tuli Kupferberg. Beat contenders may well do a disservice. Each of these author-artists can stand boldly in their own shadow, nothing if not distinctive creative identities and possessed of a formidable oeuvre to match. Even so the Beat ligatures are unmistakable, ties of time and place, vision and poetics. Each has been explicit as to the connection, most especially to Kerouac and Ginsberg, co-spirits, as it were, co-Beats. In this they can be said to join other Beat-affiliated cohorts, Michael McClure, say, or Philip Lamantia, Philip Whalen, Ray Bremser, Janine Pommy Vega, Lenore Kandel, Kathy Acker, and Andy Clausen. It would be unfair, if nothing else, to insist only on the one Major Canon. Ginsberg, Kerouac and Burroughs evidently emerge as key presences even if their authorship runs counter to mainstream notions of literary success. But they had their accompanying spirits, voices who help give variety, a more inclusive reach, to literary Beat.

The bow Jack Micheline made with *River of Red Wine* (1957) famously carried an Introduction by Jack Kerouac, allegedly penned when he, too, was full of wine. The enthusiasm, however, was sober enough: "Micheline is a fine new poet, and that's something to crow about. Doctor William Carlos Williams I think would like him, if he heard him read out loud. He has that swinging free style I like ... I like the free rhyme, and these sweet lines revive the poetry of open hope in America" (7). The terms refract nothing if not a Beat aesthetic, poetry read live, the swing of free style, an American poetry of hope. In the twenty or so collections that would follow through to *67 Poems for Downtrodden Saints* (1997), to include *North of Manhattan: Collected Poems, Ballads and Songs 1954-1975* (1976), a slew of *Beatitude* and other pamphlet and small press publication, and not to be overlooked, story collections like *In The Bronx and Other Stories* (1965), it could hardly be said that Micheline, self-dubbed a street poet, was always quite exactly pledged to hope. But there can be no mistaking the improvisational energy, the edge and bite of a versifier unwilling to settle for easy compromise with his society. It is also no doubt in keeping that he decried being called a Beat poet, a near classic Beat contra-Beat statement. Here was dissent against the dissenters.

To come on to his poetry is to also meet a life of some eventfulness. Jewish birth in the East Bronx in 1929 as Harold Silver (the Jack he assumed from Jack London), a stint in the US Medical Corp 1947-8, a kibbutzer in 1949, winner of the Village's "Revolt in Literature Award in" in 1957, and publication in the first issue of LeRoi/Hettie Jones' *Yugen*, led on to an almost unbroken life on the road. That includes 1961-62 in Mexico where he developed the art study that would continue through to the word-and-image graphics he left on the walls of San Francisco's Abandoned Planet Bookstore long after the eventual full-time move to North Beach. No doubt he was a roustabout, at times a ranter and

barfly who several times ended up in jail or hospital, but like his writer friends Charles Bukowski, Harold Norse, Bob Kaufman and A.D. Winans he kept up a steady output of fiction and poetry and even theatre as in his play *East Bleeker*.

In the footfalls of Ginsberg's *Howl* and Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, his story "Skinny Dynamite" with its uninhibited portrait of the sexual adventuring of a young woman bohemian, led to prosecution of his publisher in 1968. His work so joins a notable Beat litany of work, ritually thought obscene, brought before the courts of justice. Micheline may well have chosen the street as his bailiwick, but he inhabited ambits well beyond as his readings to Mingus's jazz and Naropa Prize for "Most Valuable Performance" give witness. With good reason his memorial in Los Angeles in March 1998 drew a list of Beat notables to include Orlovsky, Baraka, Janine Pommy Vega, and Ira Cohen. It was justice for a writer perhaps too infrequently feted, or given full place in Beat and allied ranks, but who in "Poet of the Streets" (1960) had announced himself "unconquered with the legacy of Whitman and Lorca/a poet unconquered by stone, by glass, by greed, by madness" (this poem, like others, first appeared in obscure small press publication; those cited can be found online at the Jack Micheline Foundation <<http://www.jack-micheline.com>>). Micheline in symptomatic Beat mode can rarely be bettered than in "Chasing Jack Kerouac's Shadow," composed as he himself indicates "on a bus from San Francisco to Santa Rosa, March 1987." Writing as though in confessional persona, the landscape and curriculum vitae it details bespeaks a poet of margins, society from below: "Streets, poems, nuthouses, paintings, con men and time/My twenty years of poems and paintings stored away in houses and cellars/relentless with anger and love/I ponder at live and the world around me." The voice to hand remembers an artist's indigence, etching out a living, "years spent begging and hustling/carrying paintings on buses/carrying mattresses through streets." Each of the "evictions" and "lost loves" yields to the speaker's own actual body with its "hangovers, rheumatism, hemorrhoids." And yet, beatifically, there persist light and warmth, a prospect of human warming ("We are all the sun/You are the sun/We are one").

Almost any selection of Micheline's poems plays upon these Beat-like antimonies, the poet at lower-depth margin, the poet fortified by the energies of imagination. "Poem for a Dead Pigeon," set in London, contrasts the expired bird with his "sunlit" kiss of its wing. "Poem for the Children of the World," co-written with Bob Kaufman, bespeaks a special tenderness towards infancy as stellar and an eternity of invention and fable ("A child walks in a dream/Her eyes dance in the night of stars"). "Blues Poem" draws these kinds of Beat thread into a single composition, the poet street-farer unsmiling because "down" yet able to contrive a "solo riff" riff on his blues horn through which to find "life, "dance," an as yet "unborn sun." In that prospect is to be discovered "a song," "a poem," "some paradise of mind." Human benignity returns, beatitude over despair ("I got to smile now/I'm feeling good/The city street/The palace of my mind"). The upshot is a call to wellbeing, nothing if not in shared spirit with Beat's encompassing wider good faith.

In "A Book of Verse," the chapter he appended to the re-issue in 1990 of *Tales of Beatnik Glory* (1975), and in continuance of pitching his story in the third person, Ed Sanders gives memory to the impact of reading Ginsberg as teenager. "He read *Howl* and was stunned ... *Howl* ripped into his mind like the tornado that had uprooted the cherry tree in his backyard when he was a child" (281). The upshot could not have been more decisive, leave-taking from the Kansas City home where he was enrolled at the University of Missouri and, as he told his best friend, with the resolve that "I'm going to New York to become a poet" (286). In doing so he launched a career as politically activist and countercultural as it was literary, not to say underwritten, by the degree he took in Classics from New York University in 1964. Homer, among other Greek influences, would thread through his life and writing. Neither the literary career, nor the politics, meant any want of ironic playfulness. Not a few times, the prankster never far hidden, he has taken to describing himself as "the only Beatnik who can yodel."

The busy overlap of activism and the writing life, both connected into Beat circuits of friendship, influence, and frequent co-publication, began early into the move to the Village. His 1961 incarceration for trying to board the warship *Ethan Allen* in protest of Polaris missiles led to *Poems from Jail* (1963), his first verse-collection, and publication to his great delight by Ferlinghetti under the City Lights imprint. In 1964 his founding of the Peace Eye Book Store at 383 East Tenth Street created a landmark gathering place for Beat-Bohemian culture—books, readings, mimeograph and small press publication, happenings, improvisation, and the center for The Campaign to Legalize Marijuana. It was from there that he published *Fuck You! A Magazine of the Arts* with its repertoire of Beat and countercultural contributors. Copies, almost by duty, went to Ginsberg, Burroughs, Ferlinghetti, and Charles Olson, but also, audaciously, to Castro, Khrushchev, Picasso, and Beckett. Kerouac, often the worse for drink, was known to phone in poems to be transcribed by Sanders. The January 2 1966 NYC police raid on the store for holding obscene material, and Sanders's 9th Precinct arrest and protracted court case with

the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) in defense (to include Kenneth Koch and John Ashbery as witnesses), invites being thought a virtual Beat rite of passage. His longtime mobilization against America's military-industrial complex, anti-nuclear and anti-Vietnam War stance, Civil Rights commitment, and aid to draft refuseniks heading to Canada would find its apotheosis in the formation with Tuli Kupferberg in 1965 of the folk-rock satire group *The Fugs*. Named in kind, if ironically, with Norman Mailer's euphemism in *The Naked and The Dead* (1948) and pledged to "fierce pacifism," the ensemble continues to stand out whether in live performances like those initially at the Players Theatre and then other venues, or the recordings first contracted with Reprise Records (its principal stockholder Frank Sinatra), or the different tapes, CDs, and videos many of which, over time, to become available on the web. "I was soon enmeshed in the culture of the Beats," Sanders would write in *Fug You: An Informal Memoir of the Peace Eye Books Store, The Fuck You Press, The Fugs & Counterculture in the Lower East Side* (2011), "as found in Greenwich Village bookstores, in the poetry readings in coffee houses on MacDougal street, in New York City art and jazz, and in the milieu of pot and counterculture that was rising each month" (xiii). Given the book's overall contrarian posture, and contextual proliferation of detail, it perhaps little surprises that William Burroughs in his cover blurb would call it "eight years of total assault on the culture."

If radical communitarian and anti-war politics have always weighed in Sanders's life, so equally has authorship, to range from his documentary *The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion* (1971), with its chronicle of Hippiedom turned murderous, to *Let's Not Keep Fighting the Trojan War: New and Selected Poems 1986-2009* (2009), with its "page become history" in the words of the Introduction by Joanne Kyger (xiii). This output edges towards the voluminous, whether a City Lights manifesto like *Investigative Poetry* (1976), his poet's vision of the 1960s as change-era in *Thirsting for Peace in a Raging Century: New and Selected Poems 1961-1985* (1987), or the ambitious multi-volume poetic chronicles inaugurated with *1968: A History in Verse* (1997) and continued unremittingly in *America: A History in Verse* (Volumes 1-9, 2000-2016). Not the least in this regard has been Sanders's *Woodstock Journal*, latterly moved from print to on-line, his timely chronicle of region, culture, and politics, and the audio-volume recited to the music of Mark Bingham, *Poems for New Orleans* (2007), a verse-panorama of the city's history in the wake of Hurricane Katrina and spanning Voodoo, Dixieland, Andrew Jackson, Mark Twain, and a host of contemporaries caught up in the catastrophe. In each of these multiple activities, Beat and its cultural folds, its connecting ligatures and ripples, is unmistakable.

Two texts likely best make explicit Sanders's connection to Beat as literary current. *The Poetry and Life of Allen Ginsberg: A Narrative Poem* (2000), fond, dense, assiduous in detail and date, offers what he calls in the Afterword "a kind of pathway through the Forest Ginsberg" (245). The affiliation is to be heard, typically, behind each vignette, as in the view of Ginsberg's relationship with Naomi ("Ginsberg/with a crazy mother/ was very sensitive/to craziness/Crazy Wisdom/Crazy Times/& Vision" [14]). Equally pertinent would be the angle of vision given to Ginsberg's lifetime love tryst with Kerouac ("On way back from seder in Paterson/(at Louis's house)/Allen and Kerouac/parted at 125th Street/Allen demanded Jack hit him—I wanted attention from him/any kind of attention" [20]). The cancer that killed Ginsberg in 1997 affords a quite special poignancy in Sanders's account, the dying of the light for Beat's wholly pre-eminent bard amid Orlovsky and others of the cadre and under the gaze of his evident poetic forerunner ("They brought him home on Wednesday, April 2/to the light-wood-hued/loft with his books & paintings/& set up his final encampment/They placed a hospital bed near the/white-bearded photo of Whitman/on a brick wall/between two windows that looked/upon 14th Street" [236]).

"Ode to the Beat Generation," a banner piece in *Let's Not Keep Fighting the Trojan War* (230-31), leaves nothing to doubt of a legacy summoned, a time's flowering. Styled as an encomium its "wild dance" (230) presses also as a theatre of memory kept graphic in mimeograph, page, and canvas. There is, to de-solemnize matters, tease in the remembrance of Chianti bottles and their candles, sandal-wearing, bongo drums, even midnight crossings on the Staten Island Ferry. Lead players get their mention, whether Creeley stenciling "Howl" on Rexroth's typewriter, Ferlinghetti's leftist verse, di Prima writing "Revolution," or the differently hued literary identities of Burroughs, Ginsberg, Corso, Snyder, and Kyger. "Weaknesses," even, can be forgiven ("Kerouac's voting for Nixon" in the hope of Buddha-like "Eternity" [231]). Quest, voice, and the exhilaration of beauty are imagined to fuse into a single continuum ("The art of the Road and the art of the Word is the art of the Rose" [231]). Beat, on Sanders's evidentiary reckoning, so continues to exert serious beckoning but as always never without its own antic powers ("Ecstasy Fondue! Sax Clover! Tire-Sandal Soup!" [231]).

To summon Tuli Kupferberg almost obliges allusion to *Howl's* "best minds of my generation" (9). There, amid hipster and visionary, is listed the figure "who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actu-

ally happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alley-way & firetrucks" (14). That the bridge was the Manhattan Bridge and that he was treated for serious spinal injury at Gouverneur Hospital perhaps ranks in lesser significance than that this was Kupferberg after suffering a nervous breakdown. Could there have been a more determined Greenwich Village countercultural and bohemian luminary? Anarchist, pacifist, Yiddish-speaker, Brooklyn College graduate, his would be a lifetime of dissent ("I had intended to be a doctor, like a good Jewish boy" he is several times quoted on-line; e.g. by Ben Sisario in the *New York Times* <http://www.nytimes.com/2010/07/13/arts/music/13kupferberg.html?_r=0>). His magazine *Birth*, launched in 1958 and lasting only a few issues, was early to publish Ginsberg, di Prima, LeRoi Jones, and Ted Joans. But given his street performances, anti-war rallying, blizzard of pamphlets and poster-poems from Grove Press and other avant-garde publishers, nothing quite became him like the co-founding with Ed Sanders of *The Fugs* in the mid-1960s. Beat-anarchist energy, poetry as hex or exorcism or incantation, had found an apotheosis.

Composed by Kupferberg alone, or with Sanders, song upon song (which he called *parasongs*, a neologism in kind with his *perverbs*) took aim at Corporation and Pentagon, Vietnam and Commercialism, with radical co-spirits to be found in Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the Panthers, each anti-war alliance, and never least, Beat-Beatnik-Hippie and the early formations of punk culture. With the issue of *The Village Fugs Sing Ballads of Contemporary Protest, Point of View and General Dissatisfaction* in 1965, their first album, the compass was set. No quarter would be ceded to an America of reckless militarism, FBI control, and free-for-all Wall Street, no compromise with 9 to 5 office or cocktail-hour custom. Rather, in verse or cartoon, and subsequently YouTube aphorism and witticism (typically "Is there life after birth?"), this was to be art as satiric marauding, irreverence towards all the shibboleths of capitalism and the allures of middle-class conformity. In a 2000 web interview with Richie Unterberger, Kupferberg proffered the view that "I guess I was the urban commie kid, Ed was a kind of Mark Twain ... a Mark Twain of rock and roll" (Unterberger<<http://www.richieunterberger.com/kupferberg.html>>).

Re-reading, and listening to, Kupferberg, is to be reminded of a kind of inspired Bad Behavior, Beat or Beat-style art aimed to be winningly in your face, whether publications like his pattern series *1001 Ways to Live Without Working* (1961), with Robert Bashlow, *1001 Ways to Beat the Draft* (1967)—"Marry your mother" was one of them—, and *1001 Ways to Make Love* (1969); or *3000000000...beatniks: or the War Against the Beats* (1961), or the solo albums *No Deposit, No Return* (1961) and *Tuli & Friends* (1989), or his Cable TV series *Revolting News*, or the final CD under the title *Be Free: The Fugs Final CD Part 2* with key song-poems like his wry send-ups "I Am An Artist for Art's Sake" and "Backward Jewish Soldiers." He could ever be relied upon to come through with tactical shock-parody, not least given labeling like *I Hate Poems About Poems About Poems* (1994), and, more eye-catchingly provocative, *Teach Yourself Fucking* (2000). Ginsberg or Corso could exhibit their own Bad Behavior moments but Kupferberg brought unique anarchist sensibility to bear, its sources Yiddish humor or dada with Kropotkin always distantly in the mix.

Best-known Kupferberg "Beat" compositions have long passed into legend, few more so than "Kill for Peace" (*Fugs Second Album*, 1966) as at once accusation and sardonic turn-about chant ("Kill, kill, kill for peace/Kill, kill, kill for peace/Near or middle or very far east/Far or near or very middle east ... /If you don't want America to play second fiddle/Kill, kill, kill for peace"). "Greenwich Village of My Dreams" acts as both spiritual call to affirmation and memorial countercultural geography leavened by typical jags of wit. If there was "Blues in the Soviet Union," there were "Onions in times square." Was not this a time, the poem asks, could there not again be a time, to encounter "A Japanese in Chinatown," "A soup sandwich," "The Battery of Startling sunlight"? How to resist the tableau of "Charlie Parker & Ted Joans talking/ in Sheridan Sq. Park" or the fantasy of "Lionel Trilling kissing Allen Ginsberg/after a great Reading in the Gaslight" (the Gaslight Café, closed in 1971, a key Beat venue)? The temper is contrarian, full of agile paradox, but is a remembrance of Beat time past, spoken performance poetry and jazz, Village and artist, allied against conformity.

The inventive run of paradox that follows adds impetus: "Civilians telling cops to move on," almost inevitably and with its echo of Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California," "Walt Whitman cruising on MacDougal," "Edgar Allan Poe becoming the dentist/ in the Waverly dispensary & giving/ everyone free nitrous oxide high," or "Ike & Mamie" improbably drunk in the Minetta Tavern. Taken overall, history and invention, this is the Beat and its panorama as "world of art," "joy," "the village come to life again." For the poet, no punches pulled, and with footfalls again of Whitman as Homeric bard ("I wake up singing") and Ginsberg ("How beautiful is love/And the fruit thereof./Holy holy holy/A kiss and a star"), Beat's time and place cannot but continue to signify, the inspirational cross-ply of "world" and "dreams." The argument on offer throughout this account is one pitched against the notion of a single

Beat template, some pre-ordained identikit. It is to remind that Beat always had, as it continues to have, allied creative fellow travelers, often enough close to and yet a shelf apart from the Ginsberg-Kerouac-Burroughs axis. Micheline's insistence on up-from-the-street idiom, makes for one direction. Sanders's deployment of Greek and Latin epic and the fusion of rare erudition with his performance verse makes for another. Kupferberg looks to Yiddish stand-up, his own songster version of vaudeville, to go with his fondness for Beat style, be it the historic Village or verse poetics. Un-affinities comport with affinities. But if each writer brings real idiosyncrasy to bear, a bold distinctiveness, that at the same time is to extend and vary the unmistakably shared Beat terrain.

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