

## Kerouac and Burroughs in Tangier

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## Recommended Citation

Weinreich, Regina. "Kerouac and Burroughs in Tangier." *CLCWeb: Comparative Literature and Culture* 18.5 (2016): <<https://doi.org/10.7771/1481-4374.2974>>

This text has been double-blind peer reviewed by 2+1 experts in the field.

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**Volume 18 Issue 5 (December 2016) Article 7**  
**Regina Weinreich,**

**"Kerouac and Burroughs in Tangier"**

<<http://docs.lib.purdue.edu/clcweb/vol18/iss5/7>>

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Contents of **CLCWeb: Comparative Literature and Culture 18.5 (2016)**  
Special Issue **Global Beat Studies. Ed. Oliver Harris and Polina Mackay**  
<<http://docs.lib.purdue.edu/clcweb/vol18/iss5/>>

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**Abstract:** In her article "Kerouac and Burroughs in Tangier" Regina Weinreich discusses the two authors' and their friends' lives in Tangier. Given Burroughs's need for collaboration as a significant part of his method of writing, Kerouac's more solitary approach to writing, and taking into account unpublished journals and new scholarship on this subject, Weinreich explores their time together in Tangier in order to shed some light on the two writers in an "interzone" of their processes of creation.

## Regina WEINREICH

### Kerouac and Burroughs in Tangier

Jack Kerouac, the famous "Road" writer, was not really a great traveler, at least not when it came to Tangier. Summoned by William S. Burroughs, himself tasked to put together the messy "word hoard" manuscript as Allen Ginsberg had brokered it with Maurice Girodias, Kerouac, was called upon to help. Kerouac's letters, journals, diaries, and dream notes from that time in 1957 indicate what a nightmare this trip was for him, a horror mitigated by a few good meals and some mischief. Burroughs, for his part, had to cajole Kerouac, an able typist with his own penchant for turning a phrase. He was, after all, credited with having come up with the title, "Naked Lunch" in at least one version of that legendary naming. Anticipating the publication of *On the Road* (1957), Kerouac was already looking for his next moment though, and might have been inspired by the North African landscape to new works of fiction. As has been noted, Burroughs could have been anywhere. His rationale for being in Tangier had to do with "invisibility," and as he wrote to Ginsberg, some features of this locale had a Mexico City familiarity. For Kerouac, the exotic landscape presented an opportunity for new reveries aboard a boat, an excuse to retrace his heritage. Later on, his writings about these travels would appear in a section of *Desolation Angels* called "Passing Through." True, this may have been a title tacked on by an editor hoping to make for a more full collection of writings, but the title also recognizes a quality of Kerouac's perception of the transient, fleeting nature of life on earth. Included is his hilarious fictionalized description of his friend Burroughs at work.

While much of Kerouac's adventure in North Africa has been explored, this essay will attempt to illuminate further how his worldview may have been expanded by his cross Atlantic voyage and collaboration with Burroughs in Tangier, with the understanding that travel for Kerouac was an interior trip, a melding of geography with locations already in his head. Except for a handful of haiku, and some detailed journal notes of his travels, he came away nearly empty of writing that would make it into his published *Legend of Duluoz*. These writings meshed with his imagination as he developed recurring images of the isolated figure, overwhelmed at times by his surroundings, a speck in the cosmos. By 1955, he had written his own biography of the Buddha, and had translated works done by great Rimbauvian Frenchmen at the Abbeys of Tibet (Weinreich, introduction, *Book of Haikus* xiii). His visions of Moroccan fishermen and shepherds echoed his spiritual meditations on Buddha.

Kerouac's intentions were honorable. This journey was not about him, but concerned Burroughs's need for assistance and, with Allen Ginsberg's intervention, he wanted to support Burroughs's publication. Burroughs was writing friends to ask for assistance. As a matter of practicality, Kerouac worked alone. Burroughs preferred—required—collaboration. How did these distinctively different writers work together? They had before, crafting the intertwining chapters of their 1945 *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks*. As James Grauerholz explains this collaboration in his Afterword to the 2008 publication, the would-be writers were two of many who seized on the juicy material of Lucien Carr killing Dave Kammerer, two young men in their circle. "We wrote alternate chapters and read them to each other," Burroughs said. "[Jack] knew one thing, and I knew another. We fictionalized" (*Hippos* 195). Hoping to get a critique from his friend on his chapters, Kerouac waited expectantly, as he recounted in *Vanity of Duluoz* (1968), but all he got was "Good, good" (*Hippos* 199). Even at this early, pre-career stage, neither writer would commit to a commentary that would intrude on the other's creativity. Their respect for one another came first. They were not rivals either, recognizing their different visions even as they conversed endlessly about their readings, often Burroughs's recommendations, and philosophies.

In this study, I discuss Kerouac's journals and text in order to explore the Kerouac-Burroughs collaborative venture in Tangier. Why was it not, for example, a "third mind" celebration as Burroughs was to achieve with Brion Gysin? By the late 1950s Burroughs's work had evolved. The cut-ups Gysin discovered at the Beat Hotel in Paris in 1959, could explain in hindsight the fragmentary form of *Naked Lunch*, but more importantly, Burroughs was off to new forms for his writing, that became more and more visual as his friendship with Gysin deepened. He had left the Carr-Kammerer affair behind, writing more about drugs and sex, and then came the cataclysmic killing of Joan Vollmer Adams in 1951, the event that exiled him from America for decades, geographically. But now in 1957, Kerouac was coming in to help, and in at least one account, Kerouac was alarmed at the effect *Naked Lunch* was having on his friend, who seemed to change personae whenever they came together. With Burroughs, Kerouac was as put off and lonely as he ever could imagine.

Kerouac arrived in Tangier on February 22, 1957, at Burroughs's request for help, apprehensive, as his correspondence indicates. Just imagining Burroughs and Kerouac and company in the North African

port city at the Hotel Muneria assembling Burroughs's pages, as Paul Bowles described the scene as papers strewn all over the floor in disarray with rat turds and foot prints stomped into them, begs the question: Was this manuscript simply a housekeeping problem or something more? In the typing process, did Kerouac make changes, offer advice about the novel, or perhaps suggest possibilities for his own work? Given Burroughs's need for collaboration as a significant part of his method, a glimpse of Jack Kerouac's time in Tangier may shed some light on the two writers in an "interzone" of their processes.

"Mexico City is a terminal of space-time travel, a waiting room where you grab a quick drink while you wait for your train. That is why I can stand to be in Mexico City or New York. You are not stuck there; by the fact of being there at all, you are traveling" (*Queer* 131-32). What Burroughs says about Mexico City goes for Tangier. He moved to Tangier after the tragedy of killing Joan in Mexico City as an escape, and as a refuge. Allowing Burroughs's remarks about Mexico City to spill onto his impressions of Tangier, either place could stand for a state of consciousness, a place whose reality neither threatened nor imposed on the writer's imagination, and more specifically his lifestyle. Surely he had no tourist romanticism about the site: for him, it was one of what he described as a "waiting room." It was not the allure of the Mediterranean on which Tangier borders on one side, with the Atlantic Ocean on the other, nor was it that life was cheap, as became an important consideration for Paul Bowles' migration there. That Bowles, a writer he admired, was there too was enticing. Installing himself in a grim hotel on a slope overlooking the port, Burroughs was to the locals "el hombre invisible." With apologies to Truman Capote for disparaging remarks over his tin-eared dismissal of Jack Kerouac's oeuvre, "That's not writing, that's typing," when it comes to his work on Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*, sometimes typing is simply typing. Again, Paul Bowles would come by the Hotel Muneria: and again, as he described Burroughs's pages, as papers strewn all over the floor in disarray. You couldn't move around the small room without stepping on his words. Whether or not this description mythologizes Burroughs's particular madness in his method, the story is an apt often-repeated appraisal. And, though he became a good friend eventually, Bowles was not part of the assembling process.

The medieval sounding "word hoard" was an original title for the piles of writings from which *Naked Lunch*, and later novels like *Soft Machine*, was assembled. Alan Ansen, a poet from Woodmere, Long Island and one-time assistant to Auden now in Tangier, had attracted interest with Maurice Girodias of Olympia Press in Paris, and Burroughs had little time to construct his manuscript, so he called on his friends. But there was more to his urgent plea: "Please Allen," he writes on Feb. 14, 1957, "Don't delay any more. Just as well you did not arrive a month ago, because I needed to work out my method alone. Now I am badly in need of advice, editing, collaboration. You see Alan showed my prologue to someone in Paris. Olympia Press may be interested. They want to see as much as I can send in finished form, but will not be able to give it attention till the beginning of April. It is hard for me to evaluate this material. Some of it obviously should be omitted and the whole put in some sort of order, but I keep writing more and no time to revise. I wonder how collaboration would work out. I think might be terrific. As you see I am running more and more to prose poems and no straight narrative in over a month. I must take it as it comes" (*Letters* 356-57). Burroughs thus identified his problem with assembling his book, and thought a good look from Ginsberg and Kerouac would offer the appropriate editorial eye. But Jack was waffling, and time was running out, so Burroughs urged Allen to assure the intrepid Jack: "TANGIER IS AS SAFE AS ANY TOWN I EVER LIVE IN... So for Christ sake tell Jack to stop this nonsense" (349). Ginsberg and Kerouac had different agendas. Allen was traveling with Peter Orlovsky, and was attempting to avoid a sexual liaison with Bill. Jack was just ambivalent. Allen paid for Jack's freighter.

Cajoled, Jack Kerouac stepped up to the plate. On 15 February 1957, Joyce Glassman, Cessa and Lucien Carr watched him depart from New York harbor on the Yugoslavian freighter SS Slovenija to Tangier. Not wanting to be conned into renewing their romantic relationship and now travelling with Peter, Allen was hesitant. The couple arrived just before he left in early April on a boat to Marseilles. Alan Ansen began indexing Burroughs's material while Ginsberg and Orlovsky picked up where Kerouac left off typing, working in 6 hour shifts and sitting on the porch of the Muneria at sunset sipping sherry. By June they had 200 pages of what would become *Naked Lunch* when published two years later. Kerouac famously suggested this was a good title, after Ginsberg was reading aloud from the manuscript of *Queer*, and misread "naked lust" for "naked lunch." Alan Ansen described the collaboration as something of a quilting bee with the writers making suggestions. His was "The Wide Sargasso Sea": "You can see why it wasn't chosen," he laughed (Weinreich 199).

The city of Tangier played an important role in the novel's construction: there would be no *Naked Lunch*, at least in the form we know it, without Burroughs's sojourn in Tangier from 1954-1958. (Hibbard passim.) But Tangier was a different place for Kerouac, who never lost his ambivalence and sense of horror: A "hateful place," he would call it, "Tangiers has filled me with a constant physical irritableness—

I don't understand—can it be bad vibrations or just me?" (*Door Wide Open* 12-13). Nevertheless his letters to friends are sunny, each tailored to its recipient. Anticipating the publication of *On the Road*, by March he was writing glowingly to his editor Malcolm Cowley, about his room with a patio facing the sea: for 20 dollars a month and eat every day in a restaurant in the native quarter for 35 cents, adding "Burroughs did not deliberately shoot his wife, and I am one of the few who know it ... He has just written the most fantastic book since Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers* and it is called *Word Hoard*." (*Letters* 13) Alan Ansen had introduced Burroughs to Genet's writing in 1948, and Girodias had recently had the novel translated and published in his Olympia Press, which may have influenced his enthusiasm for the publication for *Naked Lunch*. Bill was in good company. And Kerouac, from the 1940's, took reading suggestions from the older and wiser Burroughs.

"Together we take long walks over the green hills in back of the Casbah and watch the fantastic sunsets over Moroccan fields, where little burros trot, men in robes, women in veils ... we even smoke opium and I find it distasteful (I thought I would like it) ... we chat at international sidewalk cafes with the curious scum of Europe ... we brew tea and have long talks, go rowing in the bay ... I go alone on long walks along the sea and watch the ancient Arab fishermen, seven on each of two lines hauling in the nets from the shore with a beautiful slow rhythmic dance they all do ... in my room at night I read Van Wyck Brooks' Melville and Whitman, the New Testament, Genet, Time and Perspectives Magazine ... I drink the most delicious wine in the world, Malaga, for 28 cents per litre ... in my room I brew coffee over an alcohol stove and boil eggs ... little short on money for the beautiful veiled Arab whores who come to your room for 3 dollars but O they are passionate & sweet" (*Letters* 13). Kerouac would be more intrigued with the fishermen than with the medina, his romantic vision of the fellaheen hero, the food and wine, and his reading.

To Joyce Glassman, Kerouac calls Burroughs's friends in Tangier "an international hive of Queens," emphasizing the sexual freedom of the former International Zone (*Door Wide Open* 11). The Hotel Muneria housed many female prostitutes. Jack rented a rooftop room for \$20/month with a tile patio facing the vivid green waters of the bay. It was chilly in Jack's room and Burroughs bought him a kerosene stove in the medina for 225 pesetas as payment for his excellent typing. Burroughs also provided meals in exchange. Paul Lund, a gangster from Birmingham visited. He and Jack brought whores to Jack's room, veiled, dark-eyed, \$3 whores, shedding their djellabas but leaving on their high heels, taking "turns with the tricksters." These details, especially chosen for Joyce, were to deter her from having any illusions about traveling with her there. His relationship with Joyce began when Allen suggested they meet on a blind date in January. She had one important asset, an apartment. For two years they lived together when he was in New York, but most often the relationship was epistolary. When Jack lived in Mexico City, she was to join him there, and gave up her job and apartment. He then wrote to her that he was leaving. So, this writing would have been a way to keep her at bay, to tell of the sexual goings on in Tangier.

Kerouac wrote with other intentions to Neal Cassady, showing off those aspects that Neal would wish for: that the whores did a lot of heavy breathing, either enjoying themselves or putting on a very good show. A pot-head and also keen to provide the information of interest to Cassady, Kerouac was in paradise, writing to Neal that North Africa was "ruled by t-smokers" (*Letters* 20). Yet by night, Burroughs brought binoculars to Kerouac's rooftop apt, and they enjoyed the harbor view, alight with brightly illuminated boats arriving from Casablanca. A beacon from the harbor strafed Kerouac's room at intervals. Jack roamed the medina in a cloud of self-medications, Sympatina for ups, Diosan for downs, and Soneryl for a complete knock out. In the medina he dined in a Spanish restaurant, on shrimp soup with noodles, pork in tomato sauce, bread, a fried egg, an orange, espresso and wine, all for 35 cents. Details about food and meals are pervasive in Kerouac's journals, not only for the city itself, but for the voyage on sea. Burroughs's drugs made Kerouac feel paranoid; a big wad of Burroughs's home-brewed black opium plunged him into a 36-hour funk. He lay vomiting in his room. The opium had been cut with arsenic. Burroughs's smiling sad Spanish lover had laid a huge dung in the bidet. This trip for Kerouac was fraught, a mixed bag complete with nightmares in which he pulled mile-long salamis out of his mouth. By contrast, Kerouac could find visions of eternity and write haiku prose for Gary Snyder, with whom he shared a mountain-climbing experience that would be the basis of his novel, *The Dharma Bums* (1958). The book opens with two characters, these poets thinly disguised, hiking and trading off haiku: "On the beach today, the gulls all together, in a group, at their dinner table the sea surf, the head gull saying grace ... The microscopic red bugs/ in the sea-side sand/ do they meet and mate? Trying to count a pinch of sand on the beach, knowing there are as many worlds as the sands in the ocean! Oh honored of the worlds!—then old robed Bodhisattva, old robed bearded realizer of the greatness of wisdom walking by with a staff and a shapeless skin bag and a cotton pack and a basket on his back, with white cloth around his hoary brown brow ... the shrouded Arab by the sea" (*Letters*

21-23). Kerouac likens the movement of an old man to iconic images of the Bodhisattva, the great nomadic teachers, the interpreter of the greatness of wisdom, the shrouded Arab by the sea like the shrouded traveler following him in *On the Road*. Kerouac's projections onto the Moroccans and the North African landscape he observed reflect more of his own sensibility as seen in his *Legend*, than in what he was actually observing. As critics have pointed out, Tangier in spring of 1957 was anything but the serene image presented in Kerouac's letters to Snyder.

Burroughs found the louche life mostly simpatico. When asked why the writers gravitated there in the mid-'50s Alan Ansen replied, "Boys Boys Boys" (Weinreich 202), while Allen had a more sobering view, perhaps an algebra of need, pointing out that the boy you were with one day would come round the next with his kid brother explaining that the boy needed dental work. No doubt, Tangier influenced Burroughs's aesthetics. In Tangier, a man you saw at a bar yesterday would show up on a street today. A coincidence, you might think, but not for Burroughs who was beginning to see these random occurrences as normal and natural. The calligraphic marketplace visions in Brion Gysin's paintings depict figures and bicycles surfacing from hallucinatory abstract landscapes as if in a crystal ball. These and Francis Bacon's Tangier 'scapes resemble the discontinuities of *Naked Lunch*. He wrote to Ginsberg in September 1956: "Tanger extends in many dimensions. You keep finding places you never saw before. There is no line between 'real' world and 'world of myth and symbol.' Objects, sensations, hit with the impact of hallucination" (qtd. in Miles 289).

For literary compatibility, Ginsberg said: Burroughs shared with Paul Bowles a relishing of the surreal, exotic, non-contiguous, and scary aspects of this city in political flux, with the International Zone (what Burroughs had re-invented as Interzone) already annexed by the new Moroccan state. As Brian Edwards explains this period in Moroccan history, "individuals did not need to live multilingual lives . . . to be part of an experiment in internationalism" (Edwards 138) and for Burroughs, *Naked Lunch* would not be *Naked Lunch* without Tangier, in that the novel reflects a political and social context that could only have been created in the context of Tangier: "Burroughs' piercing indictment of a culture of control and a society of hypocrisy emerges from an especially rich global imagination that helps provide the energy and terms of his disruption" (Edwards 161). By contrast, Kerouac's linear sensibility was at play, not the "wild form" and jazzy sequences that would become *Visions of Cody* (published posthumously in 1973). The writing in his journals and letters were tinged with romantic nostalgia, his fisherman and men in djellabas picture innocence, connecting one to one, as it were, to the Bodhisattvas and iconic Catholics of his upbringing and Buddhist studies. Add to that his dream vision a melding of Hollywood images of Arab cities, the 1943 movie *Casablanca* with a *Thief of Baghdad* chase scene: "The 500 mile high windows of the Tangiers yellow light night—Starts with a Nazi officer leading me up a snowy hill to execute me via automatic shnortzel Luger and makes German jokes in the falling snow making me think "O why do these dreary sexual executioners always have to come on so dull with their tired out straight jokes" (*Book of Dreams* 176).

Fact is, Jack Kerouac was happiest as a writer writing, and Tangier was paralyzing, rendering him able to produce hundreds of diary pages from which he culled a few haiku and passages to insert in letters to friends wherein he could incorporate the sights into his joyful exclamation: "Then like seeing sudden slow files of Mohammedan women in white I saw the white roofs of the little port of Tangier sitting right there in the elbow of the land, on the water. This dream of white robed Africa on the blue afternoon sea, wow, who dreamed it? Rimbaud! Magellan! Delacroix! Napoleon! White sheets waving on the rooftop!" (*Desolation Angels* 304) in which Burroughs becomes an "arm swinging and swaggering like a Nazi into the first queer bar." Perhaps this image of Burroughs as a Nazi relates to the image of the Nazi leading him up a snowy hill to execute him, especially as he invokes an image of sexual executioners. After all, part of his ambivalence regarding his Tangier visit has a good deal to do with the differences in their sexual experiences there. His exuberance is followed by a down journey, his travels becoming the catalyst for a "complete turningabout ... turning from a youthful brave sense of adventure to a complete nausea concerning experience in the world at large ... Avoid the World, it's just a lot of dust and drag and means nothing in the end" (*Desolation Angels* 300). By the time of these travels, Kerouac had studied Buddhism extensively, taking notes on the teachings of Avalokisvara Buddha (Kerouac Papers). Dovetailing with his Catholicism, Buddhism intensified his belief that "All life is suffering." Best, to be out of this world entirely.

Through all, Kerouac avoids writing about how typing up Burroughs's writing influences him until March 13: "How beautiful all of a sudden the brightly lit ships on the black bay, tonight ... The Spanish freighter, the Dutch freighter, in today ... now the crews so jostle in the socco looking for cunts to stick their fingers in and instead vulgar Arab boys offer pictures of their own cocks—gentlemen in fezzes, hombres qui rison piss—bread, wine, olive oil, cheese stores (Typing B's ms. Makes me write dirty like him) (he's a great writer)" (Kerouac Papers). To interpret Kerouac's reaction to typing Burroughs's

manuscript—and this is the only instance in the journals—he actually does not know how to write "dirty"—to clarify, the writing only incites him to think "dirty," which is not at all Burroughsian. Much has been made of Kerouac's sexual proclivities—for example, at least one critical study has it that all of Kerouac's life problems would have been solved had he only accepted his homosexuality. Even Gore Vidal claims to have spent a night with him. But Kerouac's sexuality may have been defined more by Catholicism, and Hollywood macho images, than by the company he kept. If all he could muster was the image of the men seeking women to lay, which seems more like an image borrowed from *On the Town* with its dancing sailors on leave for just one night. Instead, it is the "boys boys boys," who offer themselves.

Kerouac had only one visit to Tangier. Burroughs spent so much time on and off, was so taken with the life in North Africa he wrote about it extensively in *Interzone*. In his essay, "International Zone," published in *Interzone* (1989), Burroughs observes the city as a marketplace, describing in detail how one might acquire anything from majoun to men, an algebra of need, in the old formula, in Tangier's "psychic exchange," as "glutted as are the shops" (*Interzone* 49): "Everyone looks you over for the price tag, appraising you as merchandise in terms of immediate practical or prestige advantage" (47). The writers would have different takes on this commodification, and dehumanization, but each one noticed the vibe. By 16 March he was getting into the swing of it: "doin my day's work typing Bill's magnificent manuscript, he buys me excellent dinner ... I do a little every day, now 1/3rd done" (Kerouac Papers). While it may be considered that during the many hours Jack Kerouac spent at the Hotel Muniria in Tangier in his room overlooking the port, he may have embellished a word or two, probably not. Kerouac observed too well his own non-revising stance. Besides, his reverence was so great he would not embellish, emend, edit, or change Burroughs's language in any way. The fictionalized account in *Desolation Angels* has Jack Duluo hanging around Bull Hubbard's room for several hours a day: "while typing out his story, he'd suddenly double up in laughter at what he'd done and sometimes roll on the floor ... But so wont no Truman Capote he's only a typewriter, sometimes he'd whip out his pen and start scribbling on typewriter pages ... till the floor was littered with the strange Etruscan script of his handwriting" (*Desolation Angels* 310). Bull looks up from his writing and notices Jack: "'You know you are the only person in the world who can sit in the room while I am writing and I dont even know you're there?'" (310).

On their most unusual literary collaboration, the nature of writing being what it is *askesis*, a pulling away, a solitary act, collaboration is most rare: an example is Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot showing each other their poems, offering esoteric epigraphs in acknowledgment. The publication of Burroughs / Kerouac's *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks* with its alternating chapters retelling the story of a real-life scandal, the *acte gratuite* in which Lucien Carr kills his stalker Dave Kammerer in a hardboiled detective mode is less important as literature and most important as indicator of writerly intentions for each of them. In this literary *pas de deux* each at this early stage of writing was finding a voice. Burroughs's contribution to the book's style is a bit more successful as opposed to Kerouac's attempts. Kerouac tried the material again in another version, "I Wish I Were You," much more successful in terms of the evolution of his voice. With its vivid detail of their milieu and fresh language, this fragment is surprisingly great Kerouac, a revelation, and more linear than his 1950 first novel *The Town and the City*, with its overlay of a legion of literary voices, its self-conscious nods to Wolfe and Dostoyevsky. The alternating chapters present New York City Kerouac and Burroughs more or less in sync in working with early beat lore: but just how similar was their sensibility now in Tangier over ten years later? Was their orientation and practice as writers the same?

In the time recounted in *Hippos*, Burroughs was the guru, offering reading recommendations, psychoanalysis, and philosophies for all to ponder. Describing the particular Burroughsian sensibility, Kerouac wrote in his journals from that period: he follows the Galilean-Cartesian road of discovering causes in experience. When you come upon something, you're coming on the achieved side of it: it is your duty to detect the cause, and then gauge its direction, as a "thing-becoming." Kerouac concludes in a journal, "He who says what it pains and horrifies him to say, is the authentic voice" (Kerouac Papers). By comparison to Burroughs's need for collaboration, in Kerouac's lonely, isolated practice, he considered himself a great imitator, writing in his journals as early as spring 1946: "I am a great imitator, but the day I imitate myself I shall become merely great. It is much more profitable to sit at this gray gloomy man's feet than anybody else I know" (Kerouac Papers). Again, intact, was his fierce admiration for Burroughs. With the anticipation of *On the Road*'s publication in 1957, Kerouac was already looking toward his next moment. His voice was securely "on the road," and yet he still derived inspiration and support from Burroughs even as he was supporting him. Hassan Melehy's suggestion regarding these writers' complex relationship may shed light on their time together in Tangier: "In his fiction Kerouac makes family connections among friends and fellow writers, staging a wish for the return of lost fathers"

(59). As Burroughs has figured as paternal model for *Doctor Sax*, so too Burroughs fit into this pattern during this sojourn in Tangier, and Kerouac could accept his wisdom. On Friday March 1, on opium, Kerouac railed against publishers concerning their changes for *The Subterraneans* and proclaimed to want to be a "Dharma Bum" and write what he wants. "Goodbye Grove Press/ I know where I am," he writes. "Then sensible Bill told me collect my scratch from publishers and forget their shit" (Kerouac Papers). And so Jack went with him and ate a mushroom steak, for sure a better cut of meat.

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