

The Beats

Good Times..
no Bread
A STORY OF
JAZZ
Baba Gonzo


Ann, a product of the
beat generation;
boldly curious about
life and love ...

26

halfway
down the
stairs

and her search for
excitement in the
turbulence of college days

Charles Thompson

Steve Allen's

**BOP
FABLES**

HOLLOCKE AND THE THREE COOL BEARS
THREE MIXED-UP LITTLE PIGS
CRAZY BEE RIDING HOOD
JACK AND THE REAL FLIP BEANSTALK

illustrated by
GEORGE PRICE

D1619
SIGNET
50¢

JACK KEROUAC
ON THE ROAD

THE BIG JOLT from **BEATSVILLE!**
FREE-LIVING WORLD OF THE OVER-TEENS!

THE REBEL SET

Here's
Your
OPENING
DAY
AD
Ad. 10¢ (10¢)
4 Col. 1.25 (1.00)

BY BOLLS!
The Beatniks!
Living and loving
the strange world!

THE BEATSVILLE!
Beatniks meet!
a million others!
Search for freedom!

THE "MEMBERT"
Beatniks dance
with Satyrus Stone
1958

CREGG PALMER • KATHLEEN CROWLEY • EDWARD PLATT • JOHN LUPTON • VIKKI DOUGAN
Director: PHILIP J. WILLIAM HARRIS • Producer: EARLE LYON • Screenplay by: GENE FOWLER, JR.
Music by: LOU VITALE and BERNARD GRAND • An ALLIED ARTISTS PICTURE

**TODAY'S KIND OF
HOWMANSHIP**
-from ALLIED ARTISTS

HIGH BEAT A FABIAN ORIGINAL NOVEL
Arthur A. Howe
50¢

It wouldn't end when the final stroke
was rendered. Elaine would see to that.
Justin was hers—and somehow, somehow,
she'd make him realize it...

Background

The “War to End All Wars”

The Bomb

Pink and Red

Returning Home

Squaresville

Rebel Without A Cause

“Beatniks”

Locale?

Greenwich Village and North Beach

City Lights Bookstore

The Bohemian Tradition in San Francisco

What is the purpose of life?

In one word...

KICKS



Co-Existence Bagel Shop, North Beach, 1955

Why North Beach?

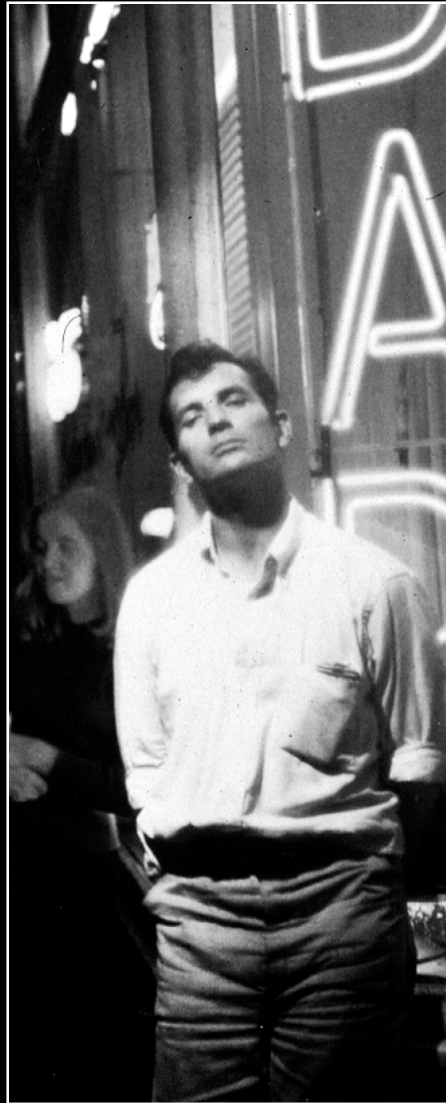
Uncool



Cool



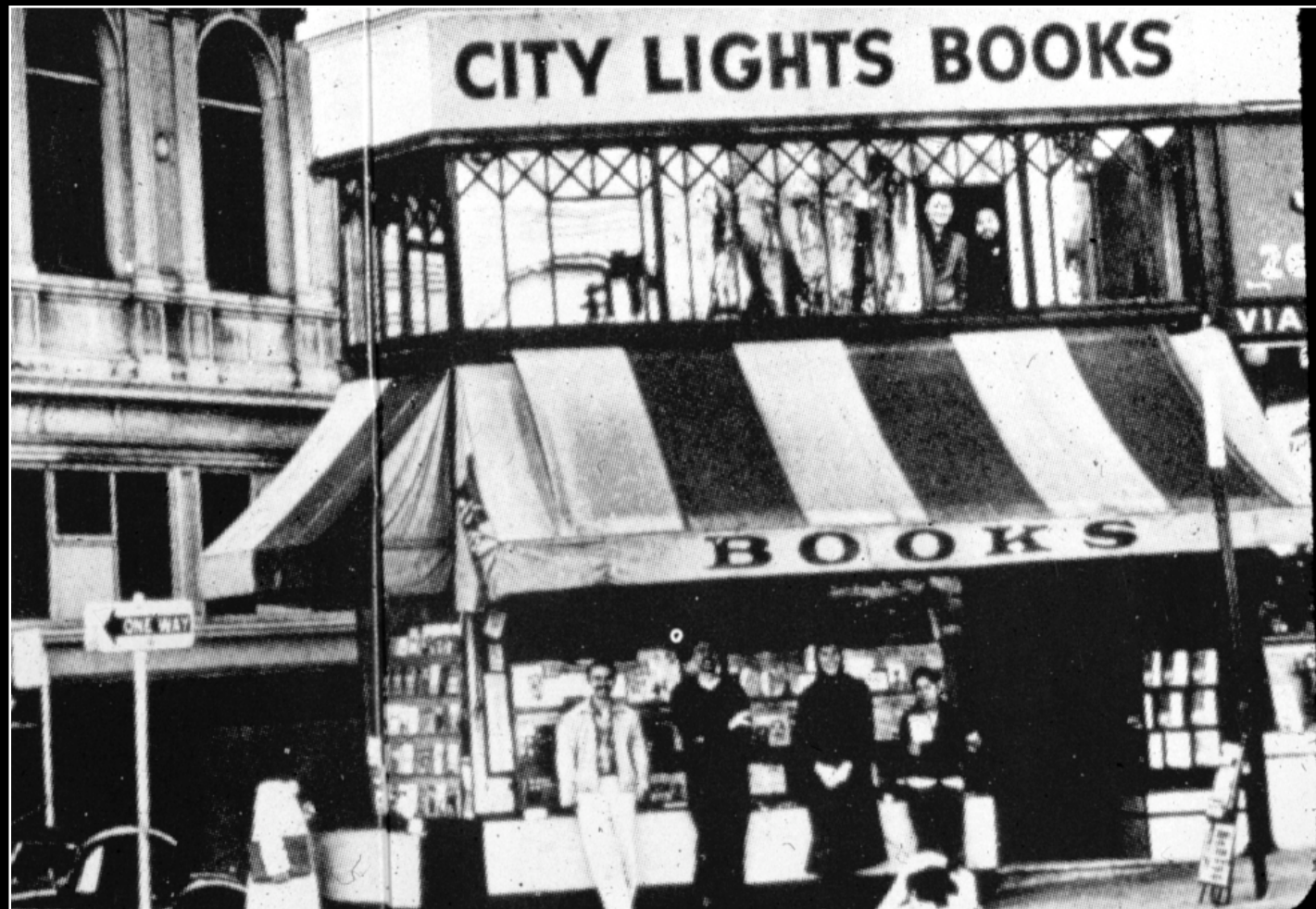
Jack Kerouac on *The Scene*



The Pad



Beat Mecca



Golden Gate Park

In Golden Gate Park that day
a man and his wife were coming along
thru the enormous meadow
which was the meadow of the world
He was wearing green suspenders
and carrying an old beat-up flute
in one hand
while his wife had a bunch of grapes
which she kept handing out
individually
to various squirrels
as if each
were a little joke

And then the two of them come on
thru the enormous meadow
which was the meadow of the world
and then
at a very still spot where the trees dreamed
and seemed to have been waiting thru all time
for them
they sat down together on the grass
without looking at each other
and ate oranges
without looking at each other
and put the peels
in a basket which they seemed
to have brought for that purpose
without looking at each other

and then

he took his shirt and undershirt off

but kept his hat on

sideways

and without saying anything

fell asleep under it

And his wife just sat there looking

at the birds which flew about

calling to each other

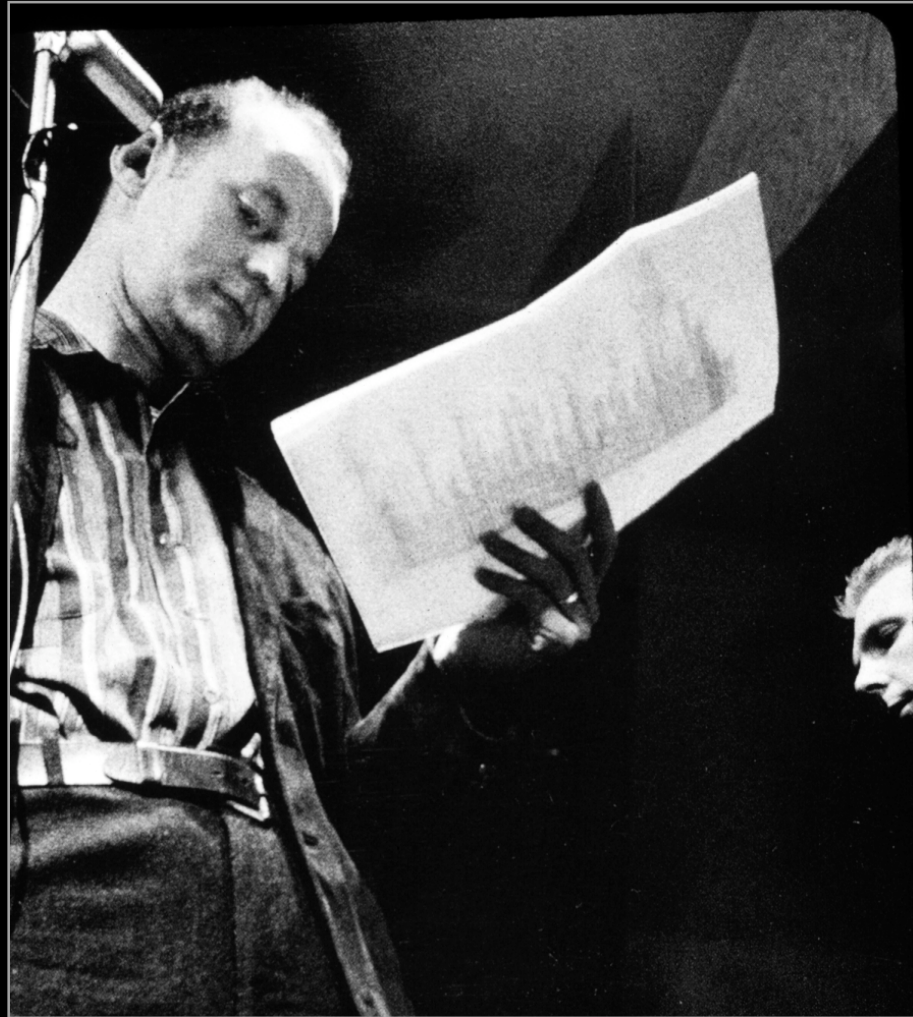
in the silly air

as if they were questioning existence

or trying to recall something forgotten

But then finally
she too lay down flat
and just lay there looking up
at nothing
yet fingering the old flute
which nobody played
and finally looking over
at him
without any particular expression
except a certain awful look
of terrible depression

LAWRENCE FERLINCHETTI: Reading



The Statue of Saint Francis

They were putting up the statue
of Saint Francis
in front of the church
of Saint Francis
in the city of San Francisco
in a little side street
just off the Avenue
where no birds sang
and the sun was coming up on time
in its usual fashion
and just beginning to shine
on the statue of Saint Francis
where no birds sang



And a lot of old Italians
were standing all around
in the little side street
just off the Avenue
watching the wily workers
who were hoisting up the statue
with a chain and a crane
and other implements
And a lot of young reporters
in button-down clothes
were taking down the words
of the one young priest
who was propping up the statue
with all his arguments



And all the while
while no birds sang
any Saint Francis Passion
and while his arms outstretched
to the birds which weren't there
a very tall and purely naked
young virgin
with very long and very straight
straw hair
and wearing only a very small
bird's nest
in a very existential place
kept passing thru the crowd
all the while
and up and down the steps
in front of Saint Francis
her eyes downcast all the while
and singing to herself

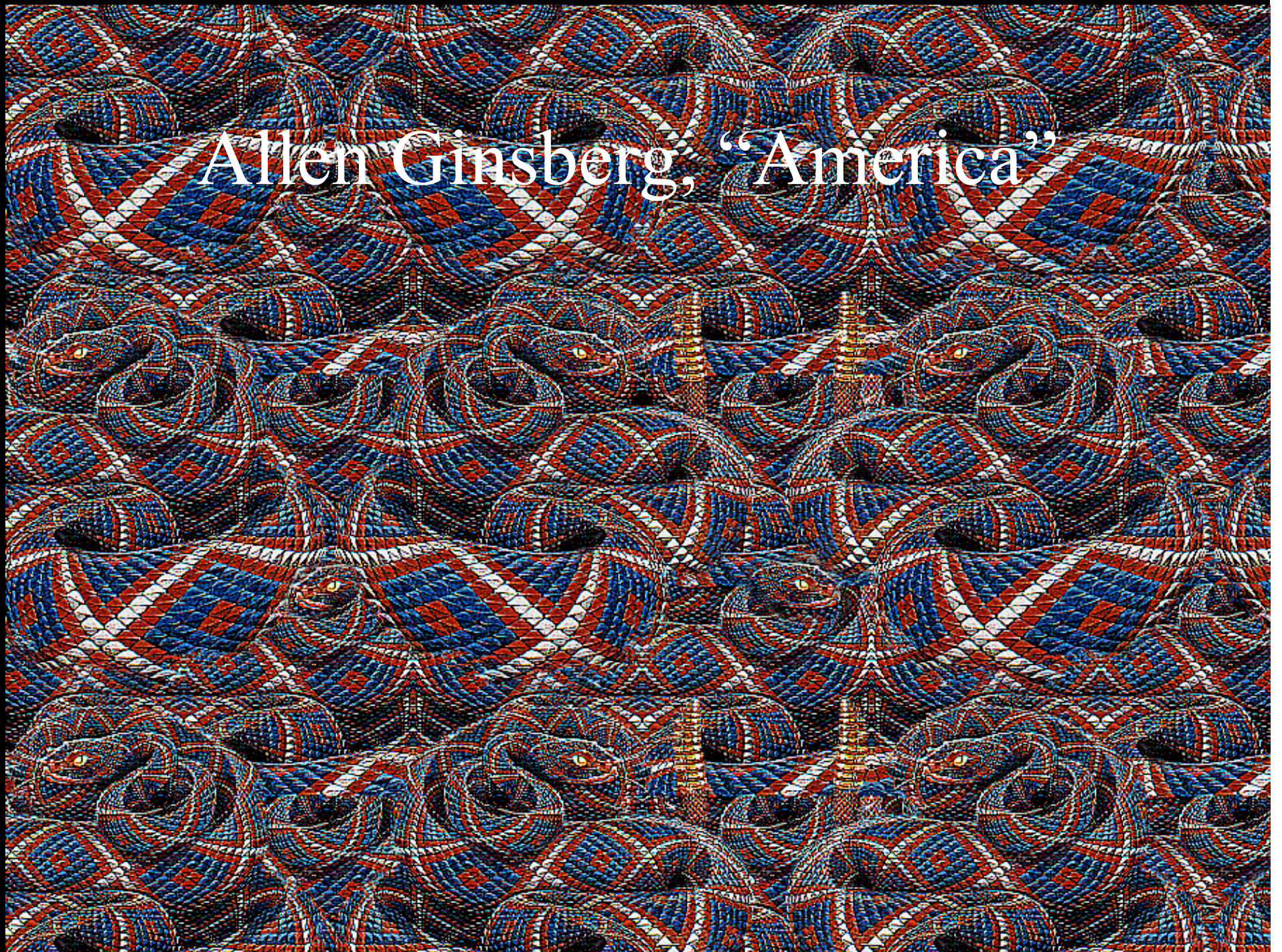




Fliberty Jib



Allen Ginsberg, "America"





Swingin
with
MY BABY

Live Low

Stay High

Be Young

Forever

Some Time During Eternity...

Sometime during eternity
 some guys show up
and one of them
 who shows up real late
is a kind of carpenter
 from some square-type place
 like Galilee
and he starts wailing
and claiming he is hip
 to who made heaven
 and earth
and that the cat
 who really laid on us
 is his Dad

And moreover
he adds
It's all writ down
on some scroll-type parchments
which some henchmen
leave lying around the Dead Sea somewheres
a long time ago
and which you won't even find
for a coupla thousand years or so
or at least for
nineteen hundred and fortyseven
of them
to be exact
and even then
nobody really believes them
or me
for that matter

You're hot
they tell him

And they cool him

They stretch him on the Tree to cool

And everybody after that

is always making models

of this Tree

with Him hung up

and always crooning His name

and calling Him to come down

and sit in

on their combo

as if he the king cat

who's got to blow

or they can't quite make it

Only he don't come down from His Tree

Him just hang there

on His Tree

looking real Petered out

and real cool

and also

according to a roundup

of late world news

from the usual unreliable sources

real dead

What Time Is It?

Ginsberg America

Columbus

A Manhattan Fable

























