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Neal Cassady and His Influence on the Beat
Generation

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This thesis deals with Neal Cassady, who was one of the central figures of the Beat Generation. Cassady himself was not a prolific author, however, he was a major inspiration for other beat writers, such as Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg. I will analyze and search for concrete examples of how Cassady's character is reflected in the literature of the Beat movement.

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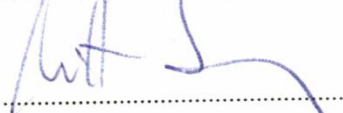
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1. Introduction

In the 1950s in the United States, the literary world was forever changed by the Beat Generation. The Beats were a literary movement which rejected the traditional American social and political values and which made America freer by living their individual truths and by writing about it.¹

Behind the literary works of the Beat Generation stands the characteristic lifestyle of its members, who rejected the traditional materialistic values and experimented with life and literature in a much more free-spirited way, preparing a way for the hippies. In the center of them, personifying everything the Beat Generation represented, stood Neal Cassady. Neal Cassady was not a prolific author himself, which is the reason why he tends to be left out from the literature textbooks. However, his unique character and appreciation of life to its extremes presented a huge inspiration for the Beats. In this thesis I want to show that he was a key figure of this movement and that even though he is often ignored, without his crucial influence the Beat movement would not have been at all possible.

The most important authors of the Beat Generation and at the same time the most known ones were Allen Ginsberg, as a poet, and Jack Kerouac, as far as prose is concerned. These two were very close friends with Neal Cassady, and the goal of this thesis is to show that this friendship is the reason for the enormous literary success of Ginsberg and Kerouac and of Beat literature itself. Because of the length limitations of this thesis, I chose only these two authors that I will mainly deal with. Others, such as Ken Kesey and Charles Bukowski, will be also mentioned, though not in great detail.

In the first chapter, I will introduce Neal Cassady, his social and family background. The key moments of his life, when and under which circumstances he met other important figures of his life, such as Ginsberg, Kerouac (or, important later on in his life, Ken Kesey) will be described. I will then discuss the role of Neal's wives, especially of Carolyn Cassady, who was also closely connected with the members of the Beat Generation.

In the subsequent chapters I will talk about the crucial parts of the Beat writers' lives, especially when in contact with Cassady. Then I will analyze specific examples of the

¹ Ann Charters, ed., *The Portable Beat Reader* (New York: Viking, 1992), xxxi.

works where Neal Cassady appears as a fictional character in the prose of Kerouac (specifically in *On the Road*, *Visions of Cody*, *The Dharma Bums*, and *Big Sur*) and I will also describe the importance of the famous “Joan Anderson letter,” which inspired Kerouac to his now so characteristic writing style. After that I will focus on Ginsberg’s poetry and on his relationship with Cassady.

Finally, I will talk about works of other Beat authors, in which characters based on Neal Cassady appear as protagonists. Specifically, in the short story “The Day After Superman Died” by Ken Kesey, and then in an untitled short story published in *Notes of a Dirty Old Man* by Charles Bukowski.

Among my main resources are two biographies: *Neal Cassady, The Fast Life of a Beat Hero* by David Sandison & Graham Vickers, and *The Holy Goof, A Biography of Neal Cassady* by William Plummer. Next, I will use the biography *Neal Cassady Volume 1* and *Volume 2* by Tom Christopher, who gathered an enormous number of different documents concerning Cassady’s life and interviewed many of his friends and members of his family. A unique inside view on Cassady’s everyday life when he was not crossing the country with his friends but spent time at home with his family offers Carolyn Cassady in *Off the Road*. Cassady’s plentiful correspondence will also play an important role for the thesis. There has not been much research on the topic of Cassady’s direct influence on the Beat literary output, especially not in the Czech Republic. Therefore the aim of this thesis is to demonstrate this influence on specific examples of various Beat writers.

2. The Real Neal Cassady

2.1. Youth

Some myths surround the exact circumstances of Neal Cassady's birth, mostly supported by Neal himself. To his friends Neal told that he was born in the back seat of a car and this story appears in Kerouac's *On the Road*.² In the autobiographical and unfinished novel *The First Third*, Neal claims that he was born in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City,³ however it was probably in a different hospital. What we know certainly is that he was born on February 8, 1926 in Utah and grew up in Denver, Colorado.⁴

Neal's childhood was complicated, wild and unstable, to say the very least. He moved around a lot, experiencing the poorest sort of life conditions. Coming from a family with a complicated history and having many step-siblings, he lived with both of his parents until the age of 6. Among other siblings, his abusive half-brother Jimmy Daly left a strong mark on young Neal whom he forced into violence.

Neal spent some of his early childhood with his alcoholic father, Neal Cassady Sr. In 1932 Neal's mother Maud divorced Neal Sr., who was unable to financially provide for the family, and left the youngest of her children, Neal, to be taken care of by her irresponsible ex-husband. This situation was not unwelcomed for the child who was, despite all of his father's faults, closely emotionally attached to him. The two of them moved to a small cubicle where they shared an old bed. This small space was occupied also by another roommate, a constantly drunk invalid beggar.

Though failing in many aspects of his life, Neal Sr. made sure that his son would get at least an elementary education. The way to and from school became a daily adventure for Neal, making various shortcuts and detours around the city and generally spending most of his time without any supervision. Neal Sr. was trying to make a living by being a barber but managed to work only on Saturdays and spent the other days drunk in bed.

² Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (New York: Penguin Books, 1991), 3.

³ Neal Cassady, *The First Third* (San Francisco: City Lights, 1981), 40.

⁴ The factual biographical information in this section (2.1. "Youth") is taken from the book David Sandison and Graham Vickers, *Neal Cassady: The Fast Life of a Beat Hero* (Chicago, IL: Chicago Review Press, 2006), 1–50. Factual biographical information from other sources will be footnoted separately.

The money was always short in the family and Neal ate his meals at different charity institutions during the day.

However, these unsupervised times of freedom which Neal treasured dearly were to end soon. In the summer of 1932 a life-changing experience took place in Neal's life, when in order to visit his aunt, he joined his father in the first hitchhiking trip of his life. This, however exciting for young Neal, did not go unnoticed and unpunished by his older brothers Jack and Ralph Daly who beat Neal Sr. for his irresponsibility and brought Neal back to their mother. With them he spent the upcoming four years, only allowed to visit his father during the summer when they looked for a job all around the country.

In the year 1936 Maud died of bronchial pneumonia and Neal went to live with Jack Daly and his wife. Only three years later Neal was sent to live with his father again. From an early age it became apparent how bright and highly intelligent Neal was but also how he did not want to be held back by any rules. One day he would skip school, the other he would leave such an impression on a priest John Harley Schmitt at Roman Catholic summer camp that this young man decided to become Neal's godfather.

When Tom Christopher interviewed people who knew Neal at school, most of them remembered him as someone who was really smart and really good at football and other sports. The ones who knew him a little better also associate with him that he always tried and often succeeded to win at everything. Neal's friend Chuck Wooster recalls competing who could hold their breath or who could endure the pain of a lighted match the longest.⁵ No matter the competition, if it was a matter of will (and usually also of athletic skills), Neal would be the winner.

Neal desired to be best at everything he was doing. However, he also loved freedom and lacked respect for authorities. As a result, it did not matter to Neal whether he excelled in his job where as a bicycle courier his earnings were dependent on his speed or whether it was in stealing (or as he called it "borrowing") cars of which he is said to taken up to 500 during his life. As long as he was the best at what he chose to do, the morals, safety or even usefulness of his actions did not much seem to concern him. Neal mastered whatever he set his mind to, be it sports, changing tires in an extremely short time, driving over speed limit or sending flat stones to bounce over the river.

⁵ Tom Christopher, *Neal Cassady: Biography, Volume One 1926-1940* (Vashon, Wash: T. Christopher, 1995), 34.

All his childhood, Neal knew nothing but poverty. Born in 1926, he practically grew up during the Great Depression. This and also the part of his character which made him want to exceed in everything is probably what made him into a very hard-working person. It was not rare for Neal to work night shifts and then go to school after finishing at the factory.

More than with his father, Neal spent time at his friends' apartments. At one of these places, at the age of 15, he encountered a man who would try to set a direction to his life in the upcoming years. Justin Brierly, who was a lawyer, a teacher and a very talented high school counselor, was instantly impressed by the Neal's intelligence and took it upon him to develop his potential. Brierly helped Neal to get into the East High School⁶ and met with him regularly to discuss the reading he gave the boy.⁷ Literature became Neal's new passion.

However, Neal was not to be made into an obedient citizen. 1943 he got arrested for joyriding but escaped quickly from the forestry camp where he was sent. Two years later the police were led to Neal's apartment where there were kept stolen items. For almost a year (from August 1944 to June 1945) Neal ended up being incarcerated.

2.2. Marriages

Neal often struggled between the desire to settle down and lead a respectable life and between his natural want of freedom.⁸ Women in general played an important role in Neal's life. Many have entered his life and three of them he married. His intimate life was characteristic for him and is often pictured in the beat literature.

2.2.1. First marriage and moving to New York

Neal's first wife was LuAnne Henderson, a rebellious teenager and a high school dropout who worked at various jobs,⁹ often lying about her age to get the place.¹⁰

LuAnne moved to Denver when she was twelve with her mother who just re-married. She had a "so-so relationship" as she describes it with her abusive stepfather. He beat

⁶ Tom Christopher, *Neal Cassady: Biography, Volume Two 1941-1946* (Vashon, Wash: T. Christopher, 1995), 8–11.

⁷ Neal Cassady and Dave Moore, *Collected Letters, 1944-1967* (New York: Penguin Books, 2004), 1.

⁸ Carolyn Cassady, *Off the Road: Twenty Years with Cassady, Kerouac, and Ginsberg* (London: Black Spring, 2007), 369.

⁹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 51–2.

¹⁰ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*. 25.

her mother whom LuAnne pitied. However, she also had mixed emotions about her mother's drinking because she was raised by her biological father in the belief that women do not drink alcohol at all.¹¹ Later "things have become uncomfortable" for LuAnne at home and the way she talks about it, she was probably sexually abused by her stepfather. LuAnne's mother either did not know about it or did not know how to handle it and the family relationships even worsened.¹²

When in the summer of 1945 Neal and LuAnne first met, she was fifteen and beautiful. The first thing he said when he saw her was "I'm gonna marry that girl"¹³ and a few months later he actually did.¹⁴ He invited her to a party but both of them were dating other people at that time and did not start an affair until later.¹⁵

During the winter 1945, Neal, who again got into trouble with the police, went to work to his friend Ed Uhl's farm.¹⁶ When he returned, he began an affair with LuAnne but officially still stayed with his girlfriend Jeannie Steward. In the summer LuAnne and her friends broke into a cabin to have a party there but got arrested. Her mother sent LuAnne to her brother for a few weeks before the court took place. Meanwhile, Neal asked LuAnne's mother if he can marry her daughter. When LuAnne came back, everything was settled and it did not even occur to her to object. On August 1, 1945 LuAnne and Neal got married.¹⁷

Both of them soon lost their jobs and were not able to pay their bills. They moved around and Neal felt encouraged to cheat and steal. LuAnne was not sure how to feel about it. In an interview with Tom Christopher she said: "I never let him know I disapproved. With Neal it was just a matter of survival, it was just the way things were ... he didn't think of it as wrong or stealing. We owed the money, but we didn't have it. (...) If Neal had the money he would pay."¹⁸ This gives a true picture of Neal's character. He took things as they came and was not troubled by the moral consequences.

¹¹ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 16.

¹² Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 77.

¹³ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 50.

¹⁴ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 56.

¹⁵ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 69–70.

¹⁶ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 53–4.

¹⁷ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 71–7.

¹⁸ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 81.

When LuAnne found out that Neal was still cheating on her with Jeannie, she gave him a choice whether he wants to stay in a marriage with her or break off their relationship. He chose to stay with his wife and they left for Nebraska to start over. However, the working conditions turned out to be unbearable and so they soon decided to flee again. Taking a scary ride during a night of a freezing and snowing, they headed for New York.¹⁹

As it turned out, Neal had been planning to go to New York all along for over a year. Back in Denver Justin Brierly told Neal about a former student of East High School, Haldon (Hal) Chase. When Hal and Neal met, they became friends quickly. Hal was now a student of Columbia University in New York City and had a lot of exciting stories to tell about his friends, including Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Neal could not be more excited to finally meet them.²⁰

And so they did. Neal and LuAnne arrived in NYC, met up with Hal and tried start a life in New York. There were efforts to get Neal enrolled in college but because of the lack of his educational background they were unsuccessful. Neal finally met Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, which will be discussed in detail in chapters three and four. Neal got involved in the intellectual circle and spent a lot of time with his new friends away from home and away from LuAnne. Finally, she got too tired of being neglected and decided to return to Denver. Neal went after her in an effort to reestablish their relationship. However, he was unable of empathy and understanding and the marriage began to collapse.²¹

2.2.2. Neal's first years with Carolyn

Still in an unstable marriage, in March 1947, shortly after coming back to Denver, Neal was introduced to Carolyn Cassady.²² Carolyn was a beautiful 24 year-old girl with a strict conservative upbringing and parents who respected Victorian values. She loved art and costume design and was now studying Fine Arts and Theater Arts in the University

¹⁹ Christopher, *Neal Cassady, Vol. Two*, 81–85.

²⁰ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 64–4.

²¹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 65–86.

²² The factual biographical information in this section (2.2.2. “Neal’s years with Carolyn”) is taken from the book Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 67–181. Factual biographical information from other sources will be footnoted separately.

of Denver. Carolyn had heard many stories about Neal from her suitor Bill Tomson and was astonished to find out that there actually are people who lead such wild lives.²³

When Carolyn found out that Neal is married, she first refused to think about any relationship with Neal. However, they started seeing each other almost every day and she took immense pleasure in their discussions which intellectually fulfilled her. Neal acted unusually gallantly and Carolyn soon fell at ease with him. LuAnne, however, decided to get Neal back and so he visited both of the girls. In the meantime, he wrote letters to Allen, signing them with words of love and to Jack as “your friend” or “your pal” and sometimes referring to him as his brother.²⁴

Allen Ginsberg came to Denver and met Carolyn. She did not know about him being a homosexual, let alone about them both loving the same man, and they soon befriended each other. At least that was how Carolyn felt; Allen was heart-broken. However, he lived with them for a while and even helped her with different school assignments.²⁵ Carolyn felt perfectly happy and even her moral dilemma seemed to be soon resolved; Neal asked her to marry him and promised to get an annulment from the marriage with LuAnne.

Soon Carolyn met the other great friend of Neal, Jack Kerouac. First shy, they soon developed tender feelings for each other and started a long-lasting friendship. In *Off the Road*, Carolyn remembers one night when they were dancing together and, recognizing attraction between each other, Jack telling her “It’s too bad, but that’s how it is. Neal saw you first.”²⁶ Jack soon left for San Francisco and Carolyn enjoyed the perfect weeks of living together with Neal.

Then Carolyn found a job in California and Neal decided to go to Texas with Allen. They agreed that some time apart might prove useful before they get married. Before Carolyn left, she went to surprise Neal in the hotel room, where, however, she found him in bed together with Allen and LuAnne. It was August 1947 and it had been six months since Neal and Carolyn got together. Shocked, Carolyn left, wondering whether this meant the end of their relationship.

²³ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 1–2.

²⁴ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*.

²⁵ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 21.

²⁶ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 30.

And so Neal and Allen set out to visit William S. Burroughs in Texas. (Their trip to the ranch will be discussed in chapter 4, “Allen Ginsberg and the secret hero of his poems.”) From the ranch Burroughs and Neal travelled to New York where they wanted to reunite with Jack and Allen. The meeting failed to take place and Neal left in October only two days before Allen returned from Africa and Jack from California.²⁷ Neal managed to reconcile with Carolyn through letters, which however did not stop him from visiting LuAnne in Denver on his way back to San Francisco and to Carolyn.

In October 1947, Neal and Carolyn moved into a new apartment and started over. Carolyn found employment and Neal started to work on his autobiography *The First Third*. He admitted to visiting LuAnne in Denver, who he said had not annulled the wedding yet. However, his commitment to Carolyn seemed to be strong again and he wrote to Jack “(...) don’t worry about your boy Neal, he’s found what he wants and in her is attaining greater satisfaction than he’s ever known.”²⁸

Soon also Neal found a job. It was in a competitive environment (he was supposed to service a car as fast as possible), which, as always, suited him perfectly. Carolyn was captivated by Neal; how he absorbed every detail of everything around him and passionately talked about it. In her book Carolyn says: “Neal always added another dimension to the entertainment. No matter what amusement we indulged in, whether table games at home, movies, plays, lectures, concerts, jazz musicians, the zoo, Chinatown, galleries, or just watching sailboats on the bay, Neal’s mind elaborated on the scene before us and expanded the enjoyment, (...) relating his observations of obscure minutiae to corresponding ideas in life, literature, philosophy and history.”²⁹ They were the few months of a perfect marriage, except that they were not married.

Nevertheless, Carolyn felt very confident about their relationship and so when in December 1947 LuAnne suddenly turned up at their house, she stayed calm. Neal, taking advantage of that, started an affair with his wife again. The misunderstanding about their relationship continued also during the Christmas time. Neal got alarmed by the reaction of Carolyn’s family who kept sending presents from all over the North

²⁷ Jack Kerouac wrote a short story named “The Mexican Girl” based on his experience in California from this period of his life. It is about his encounter with a beautiful Mexican-American girl. This story was later published as a part of *On the Road*.

²⁸ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 59. (November 5, 1947)

²⁹ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 44–45.

America. This clear acceptance of him as a part of the family frightened him and without even telling Carolyn about his worries, he wanted to flee.³⁰

Then Carolyn got pregnant. The situation was not happy; Carolyn was scared about the shame it would bring upon her conservative family and Neal obviously did not know what to do. On February 8, his birthday, he tried to commit suicide. When Carolyn found him in the car with a gun, he asked her to shoot him. He had been trying the whole day to do it but did not have enough courage in the end. Jimmy Holmes said to Tom Christopher that Neal had suicidal tendencies quite often.³¹ Neal's complicated mind proved that it went to extremes in every direction.

When Neal recovered from the shocking experience, he went to Denver to speed up the annulment. His state of mind changed, he got out of the depression and decided to provide for the baby. On March 29, 1948 the marriage with LuAnne Henderson was annulled. On April 1, Neal and Carolyn could finally get married.³²

Thanks to Al Hinkle, Neal found a new job on the Southern Pacific Railroad,³³ which was a considerable deal. He successfully hid the fact that he was colorblind and got accepted. However, it was in Watsonville (about 90 miles from San Francisco) and so he left Carolyn once again. She stayed alone, without any money, surviving on peanut butter, lettuce and milk. It was a very difficult time, especially for Carolyn, but they exchanged letters and hoped for a brighter future.

Finally Neal returned to San Francisco and he also reestablished the correspondence with Allen and Jack. He promised to both of them that he would name the baby after them if it is a boy. On September 7, Carolyn gave birth to Cathleen Joanne Cassidy. Neal loved the child and took care of it tenderly.

However, the short family happiness was soon to end. Neal got laid off for the winter and the Cassadys had enough savings to manage until spring without any problems or work. For Neal it was a completely new situation. He had money and nothing to do; that had never happened before. And so he got restless. He decided to visit Jack over

³⁰ On January 7, 1948, Neal sent an important influential letter to Jack about what was happening in his life. More about it in the subchapter 3.1. "Jack and Dean."

³¹ Christopher, *Neal Cassidy, Vol. Two*, 47.

³² At this point Carolyn still believed that both Neal's parents were dead and that he had attended Columbia University.

³³ Later as SPRR

Christmas.³⁴ Expecting disapproval, he did not tell Carolyn until the last moment. One day he just bought a new car, spending all their savings on it, and headed to New York with Al Hinkel and his new wife Helen, who was supposed to pay for the travel expenses. Carolyn told him to never come back again.

The cover-up story was that the trip was a honeymoon for the newlywed couple. However, the men left Helen in Tuscon, Arizona and continued onwards without her. She went to Burrough's in Algiers, Louisiana to wait until they come back. On the way, Neal picked up Jack's mother from North Carolina and also newly engaged but still free LuAnne. When they all finally arrived to New York, it was everything they had hoped for. Among others they met John Clellon Holmes³⁵ and Lucien Carr.³⁶ Al sent for Helen to join them saying that they must stay for at least a month.

When leaving New York in January 1949, they decided to visit Burroughs' anyway, even though they did not need to pick up Helen anymore. And to Carolyn's surprise, Neal did return to San Francisco in the end of January. He did not travel without any company though. LuAnne and Jack came too. Of LuAnne Carolyn first did not know; Jack, however, moved in with the Cassadys. Jack and Neal often stayed the nights out in jazz clubs and such which was really hard on Carolyn. The situation escalated when she picked up a phone meant for Neal, LuAnne calling.

Jack ran back to New York in an attempt to escape the stormy atmosphere. Neal got into a fight with LuAnne and injured his thumb hitting LuAnne in the head. It got infected and Neal was unable to work. The family was once more in financial trouble. The situation calmed down when Carolyn found a job helping a radiologist and let Neal take care of little Cathy. Neal was very good in reassuring desperate Carolyn of his love and she once again started to believe in a happy marriage. It was obvious that Neal loved both her and their child.

³⁴ Ann Charters. "Introduction," in *On the Road*, by Jack Kerouac, (New York: Penguin Books, 1991), xiv.

³⁵ John Clellon Holmes was another Beat writer. He met Ginsberg and Kerouac in 1948 in New York and he was the one who first used the term "Beat Generation" in print (after Kerouac used in a conversation they had). His most famous novel is *Go* in which he also writes about Neal (as Hart Kennedy), Kerouac, Ginsberg, etc. (Ann Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*, 153.)

³⁶ Lucien Carr was a friend of Ginsberg and Kerouac. He was convicted for a murder of his friend, David Kammerer. In 1945 Kerouac and Burroughs wrote a novel about the accident, called *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks*. It was not published until 2008.

William S. Burroughs and Jack Kerouac, *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks* (New York: Grove Press, 2008).

Then Carolyn got pregnant with a second child. This time Neal tried to react in a more appropriate way. However, one day Jack showed up again, unannounced and it started all over again. Jack and Neal spent then nights out partying, while pregnant Carolyn had to work. Completely desperate she threw both of them out. Against her expectations, Neal did not resist and wrote to her: “(...) Won’t ever bother you again. I won’t come back in a month to make you start it all over again (...). I am going to Denver, Detroit, and New York City and won’t ever come back to Frisco.”³⁷

Carolyn did not stay entirely alone though. Helen’s husband Al was also travelling and so the two abandoned women became close friends. In January 1950, Carolyn went into labor after a regular day at work. Melany Jane, later known as Jami(e) was born. And then, out of nowhere there came a phone call from New York. Diana Hansen claimed she was Neal’s lover, now pregnant with his child and asked Carolyn to divorce Neal so that she can marry him.

2.2.3. Short third illegal marriage

Diana Hansen was a fashion model from a wealthy family, living in Manhattan. She and Neal met at a party in New York and Neal almost instantly moved into her apartment. He found a job in New York and was working at a parking lot. They met with Jack often but other than that there was not much to keep him occupied.³⁸ (Diana was not such an important figure for the Beat generation as LuAnne and Carolyn were. All the crucial relationships, such as with Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, were already established and Diana did not play a significant role in them as the first two of Neal’s wives did. However, she was an important part of Neal’s life and is therefore mentioned.)

Of course, Carolyn was shocked when asked for the divorce but she filled in the necessary documents. However, the procedure was taking too long and so Neal decided to go to Mexico, where he hoped to have it done faster. This offered him a long sought after opportunity for another adventure. He picked up Jack and together they headed to Mexico. Obviously, there were many detours along the way, before they got the actual

³⁷ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 129.

³⁸ The factual biographical information in this section (2.2.3. “Short third illegal marriage”) is taken from the book Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 182–209. Factual biographical information from other sources will be footnoted separately.

divorce documents, which, incidentally, proved to be invalid.³⁹ Nevertheless, on July 1950, Neal and Diana entered into a bigamous marriage.

Within hours after the wedding, Neal left Diana in New York and returned to California. He claimed that it was because of the job on SPRR, which, unpredictable and exciting, was indeed perfect for him. Thus it might have been partially the reason for his return. However, the main motive was, in fact, to see Carolyn again. Carolyn says in her book that when Neal arrived to her house, his reaction was: “Oh, darling, you can’t know how great it is to be home.”⁴⁰ Neal was not sure which woman he wanted after all.

Carolyn was trying to fight her feelings but she was overjoyed to see her husband again. She did not allow him to move in their house in Russell Street immediately but he spent most of his time there anyway, playing with the children. As Carolyn stayed at home during the day, trying to make a career for herself, he charmed her all over again, as was his specialty.⁴¹

Diana called Carolyn on the phone several times a week and spent enormous money on it, even though she was always complaining about her financial difficulties. She acted as if they were best friends, yet Carolyn despised her and did not try to hide it. This escalated one day in September, when, despite Carolyn clearly telling her not to visit, Diana still invited herself over and stayed overnight. Ignoring the criticality of direct conflicts, Diana always acted like nothing serious was happening.

Neal temporarily moved to Watsonville again, because of the job on SPRR, and invited Diana to stay with him for a few weeks. He intended to do a kind of a trial period when he would decide with which woman he would stay. This never happened in the end; Neal quickly realized he wanted a family life with Carolyn and persuaded her to let him live with her again.

In the meantime in New York, Diana and Allen were meeting occasionally and he wrote to Neal on her behalf. She wanted Neal, the father of her child, desperately back. On November 7, 1950, Diana gave birth to a boy, Curtis Neal. Furthermore, Jack got suddenly married. This was the time when Neal wrote the famous “Joan Anderson letter,” which will be discussed in the subchapter 3.2. “The Joan Anderson letter.”

³⁹ This journey later became immortalized as part 4 of *On the Road*.

⁴⁰ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 118.

⁴¹ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 117–119.

All this would be an understandable reason for Neal to go to New York. However, reassuring Carolyn of his devotion, he spent Christmas with her in San Francisco, only making a brief visit to the East Coast to end the bigamous marriage.⁴² The official divorce of Neal and Carolyn was never finalized and so they were still legally married when Carolyn found out she was pregnant with her third child. This time Neal was genuinely happy and promised to take care of her and the children. On September 9, 1951, John Allen Cassady was born.

2.2.4. Neal's last years with Carolyn

Soon after the wedding, Jack split up with his wife Joan, and in January 1952 he came to San Francisco to live with the Cassadys. They prepared the attic for him and Neal helped him to get employed with the SPRR. First, the parties and nights out which Carolyn so despised returned. The stress left its mark on her and she began to have health problems. Then one time Neal was sent to San Luis Obispo for two weeks because of the railroad job and when he was leaving, he practically told Jack and Carolyn that he expects them to begin an affair. It caused a lot of embarrassment for the two and they tried to avoid each other for the two weeks. However, when it later turned out that Neal really wished to “share” his wife with his best friend,⁴³ Carolyn decided that this was her chance to gain a better stand in the household and she seduced Jack.⁴⁴ Now both of the men competed for her attention, she no more felt pushed aside and the upcoming five months counted among the most harmonious in the family.⁴⁵

Then Jack left for Mexico, a journey on which Carolyn was originally supposed to accompany him but in the end it was Neal again who went instead. Jack did not return to California until 1953 when Neal badly hurt his leg at the railroad and could not work for several months. Jack moved into another house in San Francisco but then suddenly moved to Canada to his mother. They continued to exchange letters.⁴⁶

In the 1950s, the Beats began turning to the Eastern philosophies; Ginsberg to Zen Buddhism, Kerouac to Buddhism, and the Cassadys to Edgar Cayce. Neal and Carolyn

⁴² Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, xxi.

⁴³ William Plummer, *The Holy Goof: A Biography of Neal Cassady* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1981), 89–93.

⁴⁴ Jean-François Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*, trans. Vladimír Čadský (Praha: PRAGMA, 2014), 83–84.

⁴⁵ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 89–93.

⁴⁶ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 197–207.

became obsessed with the teachings of Cayce, a religious teacher, who concerned himself with reincarnation and karma. They attended various lectures, sessions, and studied tirelessly; they now believed they can never divorce as their joint life-journey would be the way to perfection.⁴⁷

They discussed their new interests when Jack came to visit them again in February 1954. This time the triangle relationship did not function well and Jack left angrily before Allen, who was on his way to finally visit the Cassadys, arrived. When he did, everything went great; he helped Carolyn with the cooking and the dishes, everyone behaved thoughtfully and considerately. Then one day in August Carolyn walked in on Neal and Allen having sex and shocked but apologetically asked Allen to leave. Later that year Allen found Peter Orlovsky, who then became his life-long partner.⁴⁸

The Cassadys then moved to Los Gatos and enjoyed a happy harmonic year together. Then Neal began to spend more and more time in San Francisco with Allen (who has been living in the Bay Area now) and some new friends. He stopped answering Jack's letters as well as others'. Besides friends, he also found a new girlfriend there, Natalie Jackson.⁴⁹ When Neal decided to move in with Natalie, Carolyn did not object, trying a new approach inspired by Cayce. Neal now enjoyed betting at horse races and he also lost a lot of money there. In November 1955, Natalie Jackson committed suicide after a mental breakdown. Neal suffered from guilt and Carolyn invited him back to their home.⁵⁰

By the end of 1950s, Neal became less central for the Beat movement. Ginsberg was now a famous poet, living with Petr Orlovsky, Kerouac was slowly losing his battle to alcoholism while trying to cope with both fame and negative reviews, and Neal was at home with Carolyn.⁵¹

In 1958, Neal was arrested for possession of marihuana. Based on an unfair trial, he was convicted of much more than what he actually did. He was to serve five years in prison. The first three months in the Vacaville jail were almost pleasant for Neal, as well as for Carolyn whom the neighbors out of compassion helped with everything from baby-

⁴⁷ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 94–101.

⁴⁸ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 207–234.

⁴⁹ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 238–254.

⁵⁰ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 102.

⁵¹ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 105.

sitting to buying food. Then Neal was moved to San Quentin, a maximum security prison with considerably worse conditions. He spent a lot of time praying and sending letters,⁵² also to his children, who were blissfully unaware where their father was. In 1960, Neal was released after two years of his sentence.⁵³

Neither Neal nor Carolyn had been communicating with Jack lately and it came as a surprise when he showed up drunk at their door one day. It developed into a pleasant reunion party. Jack had been staying alone in the Ferlinghetti's cabin in Big Sur and the Cassadys went to visit him there later.⁵⁴ This period Kerouac later fictionalized in his novel *Big Sur*.

Then everything worsened. After a weekend away with the children, Carolyn returned to the house to find it in a desolate state. It was obvious Neal was seeing other women again and that he was not satisfied with the peaceful family life and the monotonous job he had after losing his place at the SPRR due to his jail time. Carolyn decided to end the marriage with Neal. They agreed to wait a year until Neal's parole ended and in 1963 they divorced.

2.3. The Merry Pranksters

Already before the divorce, in the summer of 1962, Neal met Ken Kesey, who had just published his novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. They immediately became friends and Neal was soon spending most of his time at Kesey's secluded house in La Honda (about 70 miles south from SF). Neal joined the group which gathered around Kesey. This group called themselves the Merry Pranksters, enjoyed psychedelic drugs (still legal then) and also lived in La Honda with Kesey.⁵⁵

The New York World's Fair plus the publication of Kesey's new book *Sometimes a Great Notion* was about to take place in New York in July 1964. The Merry Pranksters decided to make an adventure out of the cross-country journey to the East Coast. They bought an old school bus and painted it with psychedelic colors and named it "Further."

⁵² These letters are collected in the book Neal Cassady, *Grace Beats Karma: Letters from Prison, 1958-60* (New York: Blast Books, 1993).

⁵³ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 106-111.

⁵⁴ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 334-351.

⁵⁵ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 119-124.

They added a sound system and microphones to the bus to be ready for a movie which they intended to shoot on the way. The driver was, of course, Neal.⁵⁶

Neal was already a legend when he joined the Merry Pranksters thanks to Kerouac's *On the Road* but now they could see it for themselves. Although Carolyn thought the 1960s were only years of decline for Neal,⁵⁷ the Merry Pranksters recall him to be in great form.⁵⁸ They also remember him as the one that they could always rely on; no matter the circumstances, he was always able to drive and it seemed he never needed to sleep.⁵⁹ Once more, he was on the road where he felt the best. The trip was characterized by a jolly atmosphere and a plenty of psychedelic drugs. Neal started to take amphetamine (speed) to which he became addicted and which would bring him closer to his end. Taking speed, always talking non-stop, and Neal's crazy driving skills earned him the nickname Speed Limit.⁶⁰ When the group arrived to New York they would also meet with Ginsberg and Kerouac. Kerouac was, however, in a bad shape then, troubled by his mother's bad health and his alcoholism, and he was unimpressed by the Pranksters' craziness.⁶¹ Neal did not stay on the bus on its way back.

The movie the Merry Pranksters planned to make never got finished due to extensive technical problems. However, in 2011, a movie called *Magic Trip* was released, where the old recordings from the trip were used.⁶² In 1968 the nonfiction book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* by Tom Wolfe was published. A part of this book also deals with the cross-country bus trip.

The Merry Pranksters organized huge LSD parties which became known as the Acid Tests. Neal and the concerts of the band The Grateful Dead were central to it. Not long after the trip, the police started to watch the house in La Honda. While LSD was still legal, marijuana was not, and Kesey got eventually arrested because of it. To avoid his sentence, Kesey fled to Mexico, where many of the Merry Pranksters, including Neal, soon joined him.⁶³

⁵⁶ Tom Wolfe, *The Electric Kool-aid Acid Test* (New York: Bantam Books, 1999), 65–8.

⁵⁷ Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*, 98–99.

⁵⁸ Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*, 231–232.

⁵⁹ Tom Wolfe, *The Electric Kool-aid Acid Test*, 92–3, 139–140.

⁶⁰ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 124.

⁶¹ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 152.

⁶² *Magic Trip*. Dir. Alex Gibney and Alison Ellwood (Magnolia Pictures, 2011).

⁶³ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 134–147.

The frequent usage of amphetamine started to show its terrible side effects and began to leave its mark on Neal. His body aged, he was slower and not so fun to be around anymore. He needed help from his friends but it became difficult to be around him. He did not keep in touch with Kerouac whom he had not seen since that unfortunate party with the Merry Pranksters in New York. Neal did contact Ginsberg (after several years of no correspondence) who then tried to help him and visited him several times in 1967.⁶⁴

One night Neal called Carolyn if she could come and pick him up that he was sick. Al Hinkle and Carolyn then drove him home to Los Gatos and planned that he could try to get his railroad job back. Neal seemed excited for the idea but it never happened. The next morning Neal got arrested and spent two weeks in jail. A few weeks later, in the beginning of February, he took a train to Mexico. One night after leaving a Mexican wedding, he attempted to walk some 15 miles back to one of his girlfriends, J.B.⁶⁵ He was found outside on the railroad tracks in the morning on February 4, 1968, by the locals and died a few hours later.⁶⁶

3. Jack Kerouac and Dean Moriarty

3.1. Jack and Dean

Jack Kerouac was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 12, 1922,⁶⁷ (four years earlier than Neal) into a French Canadian family. His first language was Joulal (a French-Canadian dialect) and he did not learn English properly until he was a teenager.⁶⁸ In 1939 he moved to New York, where he received a football scholarship to Columbia University. Among the strongest of his early literary influences was Thomas Wolfe (in particular apparent in Kerouac's *The Town and the City*).⁶⁹

Jack and Neal first met in New York in 1946, after Neal had escaped hardships of Nebraska with his first wife LuAnne. Hal Chase had long wished for his friends,

⁶⁴ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 150–153.

⁶⁵ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 155–7.

⁶⁶ It is not 100 % sure how exactly he died. Carolyn says she heard several different possibilities. This is the one that appeared in the press. (Cassady, *Off the Road*, 425–431.)

⁶⁷ Ann Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*, 18.

⁶⁸ Ann Douglass, “A Hoop for the Lowly,” in *The Dharma Bums*, by Jack Kerouac (London: Penguin Books, 2000), ix.

⁶⁹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 67–8.

including Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, to meet Neal and was happy to finally introduce them. His hopes that they would impress each other instantly did not fulfill, however, it had not taken long before Jack and Neal became very close. Jack wrote about how they first met in *Visions of Cody* and *On the Road*, each time depicting the scene differently. This shows that even though Kerouac's books were largely autobiographical, not all events were described realistically or exactly as they actually happened.

Very soon the two began to exchange letters. The first one of a long series was sent to Jack on March 7, 1947⁷⁰ and he loved it. One could see Neal's true nature and spirit in the letter and it was as if one could hear him speak.⁷¹ Only a few months after their first meeting, Jack went to visit Neal, who was now in Denver with Carolyn. It was the first encounter for the two and it started off pleasantly. Not long after, Neal, rather unkindly, left Carolyn in San Francisco and visited Jack to spend Christmas with him. In January 1949, both of them returned to Carolyn's house with the intention to live there. They spent many nights partying or locked up in a room having all night long conversations on Benzedrine. All this madness upset Carolyn deeply and so Jack left only to return unannounced later, when Carolyn was pregnant for the second time. The insanity began all over again and so she threw them out for good. The men headed to New York once again. Neal fell in love with Diana, therefore wanted to divorce Carolyn and went to Mexico in order to do that. Jack fell sick in Mexico and Neal left him there (for which Neal is often criticized).⁷²

1951 Jack and his wife Joan separated, which was a perfect opportunity for Jack to come and live with the Cassadys once more. This time, Carolyn tried to put on a more positive attitude and the visit came off successfully. Jack arrived in January 1952 and stayed several months. On Neal's impulse, Jack and Carolyn began an affair and the three of them lived together happily in love until April. Jack then had to leave for Mexico but they all already planned to reunite soon. The dream was to always live in the same neighborhood or in the same house every now and then. That did not work out but Jack did visit the Cassadys for a shorter or longer time on several occasions in the

⁷⁰ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 17.

⁷¹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 82.

⁷² Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*, 75.

future. They established a strong friendship, much like brothers.⁷³ They complemented each other perfectly. Jack, in fact, a rather shy person, drew from Neal's madness⁷⁴ which inspired him, and Neal admired his intelligence and writing abilities.⁷⁵

Neal's influence on Jack's work was of double nature. First, Jack's books were generally mostly autobiographical or at least contained autobiographical elements. Jack wrote about his life and as Neal appeared in it, he consequently appeared also in the stories. And of course, much of what Jack experienced was *because* Neal was there to provide the adventure to be written about. The prototypical example is the novel *On the Road*, but Neal appears at least as a minor character also in many other Kerouac's books.

And second – whenever Neal and Jack were not together, they exchanged letters. Many of these became very influential for Jack. Neal always desperately wanted to become a writer but he had great troubles trying to create a novel. (He worked on his autobiography *The First Third* for many years but never finished it. Although its final version was probably longer than what has been published. Jack referred in his letter to some chapters from the years 1953-54, but the published storyline ends with Neal as a child.)⁷⁶ He had too much to say and his thoughts were too fast to put them down on paper in the way he would wish to. However, Neal had an enormous talent for writing letters.

In them, he was able to express everything he wanted in the moment. Despite sometimes being many pages long, they were still short segments of writings and not extensive pieces of work such as novels. In letters, as well as in real life, Neal mixed different stories together, made up exciting details, and exaggerated repeatedly, etc., which resulted in transforming the actual experience into a new narrative. So, even though not a prolific writer, he was definitely an inventive story teller.⁷⁷ However, not only the contents but mainly the form was the core of the exceptionality as Neal managed to sustain the style of his natural flow of speech and energy. Jack was often

⁷³ Cassady, *Off the Road*, 15.

⁷⁴ The famous quote from *On the Road*. (Kerouac, *On the Road*. New York, 7.) “(...) because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn (...)”

⁷⁵ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 78–9.

⁷⁶ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 204–5.

⁷⁷ He presented these skills also in his unfinished book *The First Third*. Although he presented it as a family history, it was more of a fiction.

immensely impressed with the writings and used some of the correspondence almost word-for-word in his published books.

Neal did not always write about his adventures, plans, or just for the sake of writing itself. The letter from January 7, 1948 was to help feel Jack more relaxed about his writing.⁷⁸

I have always held that when one writes one should forget all rules, literary styles, and other such pretensions as large words, lordly clauses and other phrases as such, (...). Rather, I think, one should write, as nearly as possible, as if he were the first person on earth and was humbly and sincerely putting on paper that which he saw and experienced, loved and lost; what his passing thoughts were and his sorrows and desires; and these things should be said with careful avoidance of common phrases, trite usage of hackneyed words and the like. (...) Art is good when it springs from necessity. This kind of origin is the guarantee of its value; there is no other.⁷⁹

Jack's first published work, *The Town and the City* is written in a traditional way. It is usually assumed that Neal's influence on Jack's work was not apparent until the great "Joan Anderson letter" (discussed in the upcoming subchapter 3.2.). However, looking at their correspondence, Neal had a noticeable impact already on his debut novel. On June 27, Jack wrote to Neal:

How wonderful it is to recall that months and months ago, years ago, you were here in Ozone Park tempting me and taunting me and pushing me to continue writing *Town and City*, and I went on blasting away at it just to impress and more to please you. That was the turning point of the novel... that was when I got to doing it, toward getting it done, wham wham wham.

And guess what? IT IS NOW FINISHED... IT IS IN THE HANDS OF SCRIBENER'S. What an amazing thing to realize that you, more than anyone else, can be said to be the biggest pitchfork that got me howling and screaming across the pea-patch toward my inevitable duties. It's that wonderful Nealish creativeness that did it. Others may criticize, others may hurt me, others may suggest darkly, others may not care, others may watch without emotion – but

⁷⁸ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 133.

⁷⁹ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 69–70.

you yell and gab away and fill me with a thousand reasons for writing and getting a big story done.⁸⁰

3.2. The Joan Anderson Letter

“The Joan Anderson letter” is a letter written by Neal and sent to Jack on December 17, 1950. It has been credited to be the impulse and the main inspiration for Kerouac to write his second novel *On the Road* in the spontaneous way he did, and consequently making it the most famous prose work of the Beat Generation. In reaction to this letter, Kerouac repeatedly compared Neal to such renowned authors as Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Wolfe, Earnest Hemingway, or Herman Melville and claimed the writing was “among the best things ever written in America.”⁸¹

The letter is a recollection of a love affair Neal had with a girl named Joan Anderson in Denver 1945 and about her getting an abortion. Neal also remembered another affair with Mary Ann Freeland and a reunion with his godfather Harley Schmitt⁸² whom he had not seen for years. He was the priest that Mary’s mother summoned to give Neal a moral lecture. Due to Neal’s inclination to exaggerate and (at least partially) invent his stories, we will probably never know whether these events actually ever took place as described. However, Neal’s friends (mainly Jack and Allen) were thrilled by the letter and considered it a masterpiece also as far as style is concerned. Everything that was ever interesting and inspiring in Neal’s letters combined in this one; the energy, the natural flow of speech, but also the literary quality.⁸³

For many years the letter had been lost and it was thought that only a segment of about 5,000 words⁸⁴ survived. The estimations of the length of the original letter varied from 13,000 to 40,000 words.⁸⁵ The reason why only a part of the original survived was unclear but it is assumed that it was probably a partial copy that Kerouac did in April 1952 while visiting the Cassadys, but never had a chance to finish because of his trip to Mexico.⁸⁶ This segment was published in the magazine *Notes from Underground #1* in 1964 under the confusing title “The First Third,” (Neal might have planned to publish it

⁸⁰ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 158.

⁸¹ Charters. “Introduction,” xiv.

⁸² Neal’s godfather was mentioned in the subchapter 2.1. “Youth.”

⁸³ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 195–8.

⁸⁴ This segment is attached as an appendix to this Thesis.

⁸⁵ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 244.

⁸⁶ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 195–8.

as a part of his autobiography) and later by City Lights in 1971 as an appendix to the unfinished novel *The First Third*.⁸⁷ In 1977 a movie *The Last Time I Committed Suicide* based on this extract was filmed (directed by Stephen T. Kay).

Until very recently, the fate of the letter had remained a mystery. It was known that Kerouac lent it to Ginsberg, who gave it to the poet Gern Stern so that he would try to get it published in the publishing company where he worked. Stern then claimed that he returned the letter to Ginsberg after it was rejected. However, Ginsberg opposed it and blamed Stern for losing it. Generally it was assumed that Stern probably lost it in the sea from his houseboat where he lived.⁸⁸

In 2014 the actual events came to light; the whole of the letter was found, undestroyed and all the speculations were dismissed. It has 18 single-spaced pages and 16,000 words. It turned out that Stern did mail it back to Ginsberg, who then tried to get it published elsewhere and sent it to the Golden Goose Press in San Francisco. There it remained unnoticed, until the owner closed the business and it was to be thrown out with other unopened letters.⁸⁹ Mr. Spinosa, who ran a music label in the same office, decided to take them all home. After his death, his daughter Jean Spinosa found the letter when sorting out her father's possessions.⁹⁰ The letter was supposed to be auctioned on the anniversary of it being sent, that is on December 17, 2014. However, the auction never took place due to the Kerouac and Cassady estates, which both claim it is theirs.⁹¹ The legal process has not yet been finished and at present the rediscovered manuscript or its contents are not accessible to the public.

3.3. On the Road

In April 1951, approximately three months after receiving "the Joan Anderson letter," Kerouac wrote the *On the Road*. He used one very long scroll of paper instead of traditional individual sheets of papers, so that he would not lose time inserting them in

⁸⁷ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 224.

⁸⁸ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 224.

⁸⁹ Jennifer Schuessler, "Neal Cassady's Long-Lost Letter to Jack Kerouac to Be Auctioned," *The New York Times*, November 24, 2014. http://artsbeat.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/11/24/neal-cassadys-famous-lost-letter-to-jack-kerouac-to-be-auctioned/?_r=0 (accessed March 25, 2016).

⁹⁰ Katy Steinmetz, "Long Lost Letter That Inspired 'On the Road' Found in Oakland," *Time*, December 2, 2014, <http://time.com/3613118/joan-anderson-letter/> (accessed March 25, 2016).

⁹¹ Jennifer Schuessler "Auction of Neal Cassady's Long-Lost Letter to Jack Kerouac Is Suspended," *The New York Times*, December 11, 2014, http://artsbeat.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/12/11/auction-of-neal-cassadys-long-lost-letter-to-jack-kerouac-is-suspended/?_r=0 (accessed March 25, 2016).

the typewriter. He wrote the entire book in only three weeks, succeeding thanks to being high on Benzedrine the whole time.⁹²

Jack himself gave a lot of credit for the inspiration of how and in what way to write *On the Road* to Neal. For example, in an interview for *The Paris Review*, he answered the question what encouraged him to use the “spontaneous” prose with: “I got the idea for the spontaneous style of *On the Road* from seeing how good old Neal Cassady wrote his letters to me, all first person, fast, mad, confessional, completely serious, all detailed (...).”⁹³ Kerouac had tried to write *On the Road* before but was struggling endlessly;⁹⁴ it was this letter that showed him how to approach it. He switched to first person narrative, making the story flow as one would tell it to a friend. In this novel he started to use the characteristic style for which he is now famous.

However, Neal’s influence was not only in terms of form and structure but also literal. Kerouac used parts of the letters he received from Neal almost verbatim, the most significant change being the alternation of the names. In *On the Road* he himself appears as Sal Paradise, Neal as Dean Moriarty, Allen Ginsberg as Carlo Marx, LuAnne Henderson as Marylou, Carolyn Cassady as Camille, Diana Hansen as Inez, and William Burroughs as Old Bull Lee. The names of all other characters based on real people were also changed for publication.⁹⁵ Kerouac said he wanted to leave the pseudonyms in his other books the same but that his publishers would not let him.⁹⁶

And of course, Neal was the inspiration for the main protagonist, Dean Moriarty. There would be no *On the Road* without him. The book is divided into five parts and it takes place between the years 1947 and 1950. As suggested earlier, the names of the characters are changed and also the places and events are moved around or blend together. The story is based on true events but it is by no means a transcription of reality. However, one can definitely identify traces from Neal’s and Jack’s life as described in earlier chapters.

⁹² Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 196–197.

⁹³ Ted Berrigan, “Jack Kerouac, The Art of Fiction No. 41,” *The Paris Review* 43 (Summer 1968), <http://www.theparisreview.org/interviews/4260/the-art-of-fiction-no-41-jack-kerouac> (accessed April 30, 2016).

⁹⁴ Charters. “Introduction,” xiv.

⁹⁵ In the original scroll of paper, on which Kerouac wrote *On the Road*, he used the real names. 2007, on the 50th anniversary of the *On the Road* being published, the transcription of the original manuscript was published. Jack Kerouac, *On the Road: The Original Scroll* (London: Penguin Group, 2007).

⁹⁶ Jack Kerouac, “A Note by the Author,” in *Visions of Cody* (London: Penguin, 2012).

Part one starts with the first meeting of Dean (Neal) and Sal (Jack) in 1947. Sal is inspired by Dean and sets off for his first trip across the country. He meets with Dean in Denver and also with Marylou (LuAnne) and Camille (Carolyn). Part two continues a year after, when Dean unexpectedly visits Jack and his relatives during the winter holidays and they then begin their first big journey together, going to New York, visiting Old Bull Lee (Burroughs) and then San Francisco. In part three, Sal joins Dean and Camille in Denver, where the men party wildly, which is why Camille then throws them out. They then travel more across the United States and they cross the border to Mexico in part four. The last fifth part is only five pages long; a conclusion where Dean marries Inez and returns to Camille.

Although Kerouac finished *On the Road* in 1951, it did not get published until 1957. There were many arguments about the layout and modifications of the novel, where Jack liked it as it was while the publishers wanted a more polished version or did not like it at all. Kerouac had to make a lot of changes and revisions in order for the book to be published. It was his second published book and also his break-through. Jack became famous and was now able to publish also other novels, many of which he wrote already before publishing *On the Road*.⁹⁷

3.4. Other works

Kerouac wrote many books between the year 1951, when he finished *On the Road*, and 1957, when he finally managed to get it published. Establishing himself as a famous writer, he was now able to publish what he had piled up during the past years. In several of his books, Neal reappears again. The most notable work from this period is the book *Visions of Cody*, written in the years 1951–52, but not published until 1972, posthumously.⁹⁸

Jack Kerouac himself characterized the book in contrast to *On the Road* in these words: “Instead of just a horizontal account of travels on the road, I wanted a vertical, metaphysical study of Cody’s character and its relationship to the general America.”⁹⁹ It is divided into three parts. The first long flow of stream of consciousness ends with Jack deciding to visit Cody and Evelyn (Neal and Carolyn) in San Francisco. In the second part, Jack collected and fictionalized Neal’s memories, including much of his childhood

⁹⁷ Charters. “Introduction,” xxiv.

⁹⁸ The years when the book was written are taken from the Charters. “Introduction,” xxv.

⁹⁹ Kerouac, “A Note by the Author.”

recollections. The third part consists mostly of nearly verbatim transcribed recordings of the discussions which Jack and Neal led, high on marijuana, and recorded.

Kerouac also wrote many books after the year 1957. Among the most noteworthy ones belong *The Dharma Bums*, written in 1957 and published in 1958, and *Big Sur*, published in 1962. Kerouac originally planned to make Neal once more the protagonist of his newest novel *The Dharma Bums*. The tragic suicide of Neal's girlfriend Natalie Jackson (as Rosie in the book) was originally supposed to be the main theme.¹⁰⁰ This episode does appear in the story, however, the layout of the book changed rapidly. The poet Gary Snyder (Japhy Ryder) became the new role model and inspiration for Jack, as well as the central character of *The Dharma Bums*. This book signifies Kerouac's transition to his new main interest, Buddhism. In the novel *Big Sur*, Kerouac talked about the troubles he had coping with fame, consequently increasing his alcohol problem, and how he tried to run away from everything to the nature, namely to the Big Sur cabin, which belonged to another Beat, Lawrence Ferlinghetti (Monstanto in the book). He also meets with Cody and Evelyn again, who play a significant role in the novel.

Some of Kerouac's books return to his childhood and so Neal does not appear in every one of them. However, even when Neal was not a direct inspiration of any of the characters of the given book, his mark was still evidently there. Kerouac found his voice in the spontaneous prose inspired by Neal and never returned to the way he wrote before meeting Cassady (as in *The Town and the City*).

4. Allen Ginsberg and the secret hero of his poems

Allen Ginsberg was born on June 3, 1926, the same year as Neal, in New Jersey. His mother Naomi Levy Ginsberg, a Communist, was mentally ill and had to be hospitalized several times. Allen used to spend a lot of time taking care of her. His father was a teacher and a fairly well-known poet. The family was Jewish but not very religious. In 1943 Allen started attending Columbia University, originally majoring in law but soon switched to English. Here he met Lucien Carr, who introduced him to William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac.

¹⁰⁰ Douglass, "A Hoop for the Lowly," xxii.

Unlike his friends Jack and Neal, Ginsberg lived to an advanced age (he died in 1997) and had therefore time to experience much more of the world. He travelled all around it; he visited South America, Cuba, Europe, and he had been to Czechoslovakia¹⁰¹ (and later to the Czech Republic, including Olomouc) several times. Besides being a poet, he was politically active (also in his poetry) and a part of the hippie movement. He wrote and published throughout his whole life.

Neal first met with Allen in 1946, the same year and the same circumstances as when he got to know Jack. The first meeting was not successful; Allen was not interested in what Neal had to say and he even insulted LuAnne with a mean comment about her name.¹⁰² Next time they met in January 1947 in Vicki Russell's apartment and it was to go in a much better humor. They immediately took liking to each other, enjoyed talking about their inner thoughts, secrets, or half-forgotten childhood memories.¹⁰³ Kerouac was also amazed how the two clicked and fictionalized the scene in *On the Road*.¹⁰⁴ In a few days, Neal and Allen started an affair (the poem "Many Loves").¹⁰⁵

Allen fell in love with Neal, who was, however, not a homosexual and did not share the feelings in the same physical intensity. Nevertheless, they did have an intimate relationship for many years. After LuAnne left Neal in New York and returned to Denver, Neal gave his undivided attention to Allen for several weeks. Then he left him to chase LuAnne and only wrote him short abrupt letters. Allen was devastated by this change in Neal's behavior towards him. He expected love letters and instead received only complaints about LuAnne and about financial difficulties.¹⁰⁶ He had a lot of trouble accepting his homosexuality, which was then still perceived as something wrong and immoral, and even underwent "treatment" therapies before he accepted his sexual orientation.¹⁰⁷

Soon Allen went to Denver to visit Neal, who was at that time occupied courting Carolyn. When these two first met, they were very shy; Carolyn did not know about

¹⁰¹ In 1965 Ginsberg was elected the King of May in Prague.

¹⁰² Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 65.

¹⁰³ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 79–80.

¹⁰⁴ Kerouac, *On the Road*, 7.

¹⁰⁵ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 79–80.

¹⁰⁶ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 80–86.

¹⁰⁷ Allen Ginsberg and Bill Morgan, *The Letters of Allen Ginsberg* (Philadelphia, PA: Da Capo Press, 2008), 16–80.

Allen's love for Neal and Allen was hurt by the display of Neal's affection to Carolyn. Before Carolyn moved to California because of her new job, Neal admitted to her the nature of his and Allen's relationship. She then found both of them together with LuAnne in bed. In the upcoming years Allen adopted a hostile attitude towards her.¹⁰⁸

In 1947 Allen and Neal hitchhiked together to Texas to visit Burroughs. Along the way they shared an experience which became unforgettable for Allen; in a particularly striking moment, they knelt in the rain on the road and swore to be spiritual lovers forever.¹⁰⁹ This incident was very important to Allen and he reflected it for example in the poem "The Green Automobile:"

The windshield's full of tears
rain wets our naked breasts
we kneel together in the shade
amid the traffic of night in paradise¹¹⁰

When they arrived to Texas, they found out that there was no place for them to sleep. They tried to build a bed and it seems that it was a memorable experience. Neal would tell about it to Kerouac who then put it in the *Visions of Cody* (where Allen's name is changed to Irwin). Allen was again disappointed in Neal's lack of physical interest in him and in an attempt to come to terms with it, he returned to Columbia University and eventually left for Africa.¹¹¹ When he came back, instead of Neal waiting for him, he learnt that Neal was about to marry Carolyn.¹¹²

Allen sent desperate letters to Neal who did not reply to them. They did not resume their regular correspondence until the summer 1948. Neal informed Allen about Carolyn's pregnancy and Allen's sarcastic reaction offended Neal. But they settled their disputes and Neal visited Allen in New York in the winter 1948, where he, together with Al Hinkle and LuAnne, moved into Allen's apartment and they all celebrated the New

¹⁰⁸ Carolyn and Allen started corresponding regularly in 1952 (when Jack was living in the Cassadys' attic) and their relationship turned into a friendship. Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 125.

¹⁰⁹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 113.

¹¹⁰ Allen Ginsberg, *Collected Poems, 1947-1980* (New York: Perennial Library, 1988), 85.

¹¹¹ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 116-122.

¹¹² Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 122.

Year.¹¹³ Allen then visited the Cassadys in 1954 (as described in the section 2.2.4.) and later he and Neal met often in San Francisco, since Allen had moved to the West Coast.

Neal's influence on Allen's writing was not as visible and evident as on Jack's. However, Allen was in love with Neal for many years and Neal was a big part of his life. Ginsberg often talked in poems about specific people that he knew and Neal also appears in many of these poems. Besides Neal, he also wrote a lot about Jack, his mother Naomi and later Peter Orlovsky and Gary Snyder. Unlike Kerouac, Ginsberg did not purposely change the names of his friends and he named them directly and therefore it is usually not difficult to find the specific references to Neal. Neal was not a poet¹¹⁴ and so he was not so much of an influence in the form of the poetry, but rather as more of a muse for Allen. Although, in an interview for the *Paris Review*, Ginsberg praised Kerouac's writing and said that it often sounded as poetry: "Kerouac, most of all, was the biggest influence I think—Kerouac's prose."¹¹⁵ He was talking about the same spontaneous prose which Kerouac adopted in big part thanks to Neal.

In 1953 Allen wrote "The Green Automobile" which was mentioned earlier. In an interview for *Gay Sunshine*, he said that this was the first poem in which he revealed his love for Neal. Not the physical love but all the other parts, such as the tenderness and their travelling together.¹¹⁶ Then between the years 1955 and 1956,¹¹⁷ he wrote his most famous poem "Howl," where Neal appears as "N.C., secret hero of these poems." One night in 1947, Jack and Allen accompanied Neal home and it was too late for them to return and so they stayed overnight. Because there were not enough beds, Neal shared one with Allen.¹¹⁸ That was when they became lovers and the poem "Many Loves," written in 1956, is a detailed description of that night.

¹¹³ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 161–172.

¹¹⁴ Although there is one poem published under his name. In 1949, Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Cassady composed a poem together called "Pull My Daisy."

A short movie was later (1959) filmed based on an event which happened in the early 1950s when a Bishop came to visit the Cassadys and, among others, Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Orlovsky were also present. The name of the 30 minute movie is inspired by the poem the three friends wrote and it is also called Pull My Daisy. Kerouac narrated it and Ginsberg and Orlovsky played themselves in the movie. *Pull my Daisy*. Dir. Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie (a G-String Enterprise, 1959).

¹¹⁵ Berrigan, "Jack Kerouac, The Art of Fiction No. 41."

¹¹⁶ Allen Young, *Interview s Allenem Ginsbergem pro Gay Sunshine*, trans. Dušan Krejčí (Olomouc: Votobia, 1996), 49–50.

¹¹⁷ Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 133.

¹¹⁸ Sandison and Vickers, *Neal Cassady*, 80.

Then for long years Ginsberg wrote many other poems which were not primarily about Neal but in which his name appears in one or two verses, e.g. “The Names,” “Nov. 23, 1964,” “The States: into L.A.,” or “Iron Horse” where his name is briefly mentioned alongside with Carolyn’s. These kinds of poems he wrote until Neal’s death.

When Neal died in 1968 (and then shortly also Jack in 1969), it deeply affected Allen, despite the fact that they had not talked frequently in the last few years. A lot of his new poetry was then inspired by his grief. In the book *The Fall of America* one whole section (out of five) is dedicated to Neal. It is named Section III *Elegies for Neal Cassady 1968*. The first poem of this section Ginsberg wrote on February 10, at 5 am, two days after Neal would have celebrated his 42nd birthday. It is called “Elegy for Neal Cassady” and it portrays Neal as a “tender spirit.”¹¹⁹ Another intense poem from this section is “On Neal’s Ashes,” where in a short reflection Allen thinks about the body that he used to touch and how it is now all turned to ash.

Ginsberg returned to the death of his friends also later in life. “Over Denver Again” is a short poem about Allen in Denver – Denver without Neal who had then been dead for a year. And in “Flash Back” from 1969, he laments “Jack’s just not *here* anymore, Neal’s ashes.”¹²⁰ Later there can be found verses where Allen was trying to get over the death: “Look out on Denver, Allen, / mourn Neal no more, / Old ghost loves departed / New lives whelm the plains, rains”¹²¹ in “Over Laramie.” Then in the first part of a 1973 poem “Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit,”¹²² he reflects back on Jack and Neal.

Reading Sung poems, I think of my poems to Neal
dead few years now, Jack underground
invisible – their faces rise in my mind.
Did I write truthfully of them? In later times
I saw them little, not much difference they’re dead
They live in books and memory, strong as on earth.¹²³

¹¹⁹ Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 487–489.

¹²⁰ Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 534.

¹²¹ Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 558.

¹²² Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 599–600.

¹²³ Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, 599.

5. Other writers

Neal Cassady inspired not only Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg but also many other artists. Among the most famous writers who wrote about him was also Ken Kesey. Kesey was a well-established writer by the time he met Neal in 1962. He had already published *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and was about to publish his second novel *Sometimes a Great Notion*. They became very close friends in the 1960s (as described in the subchapter 2.3. "Merry Pranksters"). Kesey, as so many others, was thrilled by the way Neal lived and behaved. "I saw that Cassady did everything a novel does, except that he did it better because he was living it and not writing about it."¹²⁴ he said.

Like Ginsberg, Kesey was deeply affected by Neal's death in 1968. He responded to it with a short story "The Day After Superman Died"¹²⁵ which is a fictional story about the days around Neal's death.¹²⁶ Deboree (Ken Kesey), lives on his farm in Oregon, when two hitchhikers coming back from Woodstock come to see him. But they do not get along well and he sends them away. Then Sandy, an old acquaintance, comes to tell him that Houlihan has just died yesterday. Deboree seems exhausted, he is not on the same wave with Sandy either and disapproves of her taking so many drugs. But he is curious and so he asks about Houlihan's last words. Sandy tells him that they were 'Sixty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.' He was counting the railroad ties between the two towns where he was walking. Deboree sheds bitter tears and instead of the adventures they shared together he thinks of Houlihan's defeat he once witnessed. The whole story carries an odor of exhaustion.

Another author who wrote about Neal was Charles Bukowski. The two just met once, only a few days before Neal's death in 1968. However, Neal left a strong impression on Bukowski and he then wrote a short story about the meeting as one of his weekly columns to a Los Angeles underground newspaper. It was later published as one of the stories in the collection *Notes of a Dirty Old Man* in 1973.¹²⁷

Bukowski knew Neal from Kerouac's books and the story opens with the sentence: "I met Kerouac's boy Neal C. shortly before he went to lay along those Mexican railroad

¹²⁴ Plummer, *The Holy Goof*, 135.

¹²⁵ The story was published as a part of a collection of short stories called *Demon Box* and was translated into Czech as "Den poté, co zemřel Superman" in the same collection under the name *Skříňka s démonem*. Ken Kesey and Luboš Snížek. *Skříňka S Démonem* (Praha: Argo, 1996).

¹²⁶ Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*, 245.

¹²⁷ Ann Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*, 438.

tracks to die.” After they were introduced to each other by a mutual friend, they drank a little together and talked. Bukowski also mentions that he read and enjoyed the Joan Anderson Letter (section 3.2. “The Joan Anderson Letter”). Then the friend invited them over for a dinner and Bukowski got to experience Neal’s mad driving skills by which he was thrilled. Although they only spent one night together, Bukowski shows he saw what others did in Neal. “I understood.” he says, “it was *holy* and necessary.”¹²⁸ Then a few days later he got a phone call that Neal died and he ponders about the absurdity of Neal, having led a life full of people, dying completely alone.

¹²⁸ Ann Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*, 440.

6. Conclusion

This thesis concerns with the great importance of Neal Cassady and with his influence on the Beat Generation. In the chapters about Cassady's life and about how he was involved in the lives of different Beat writers, it is shown that the influence was substantial.

Cassady is not a famous writer. He never finished his intended autobiography *The First Third* and the part he wrote was only published posthumously. In spite of that, this thesis demonstrates that he was a crucial figure of the Beat movement. The Beats wrote about life as it was and Neal had a prototypical beat lifestyle. Because of that, a lot of space is devoted to the biographical description.

In section 2.1. "Youth" there is described how Neal's complicated family background, growing up in poverty, first hitchhiking experiences and different child adventures formed him into the person he was. His captivating personality attracted many people to him. Women of the Beat Generation are often pushed to the background but as can be seen in section 2.2. "Marriages," they were an inseparable part of the movement. LuAnne Henderson was the most spontaneous of Neal's wives and the most similar in character to him. She was with Neal when he first met Ginsberg and Kerouac and she often joined them on their adventures.¹²⁹ Carolyn Cassady endured the emotionally demanding relationship the longest.¹³⁰ Neal had several illegitimate children¹³¹ and then a son with Diana but he always felt that his family was with Carolyn. Neal Cassady was definitely not perfect and he often behaved irresponsibly, especially towards his family which he repeatedly abandoned. However, this was a part of his charm – never boring and always on the move.

To live freely as they wanted was very important to the Beats and to Neal freedom equaled to being on the road. His most appreciated quality was living in the moment, which included travelling, cars, parties, sex, drugs, and jazz. He was not afraid to work but never sought wealth. The Beats rejected materialistic values. Their friendships

¹²⁹ Her side of the story can be found in Gerald Nicosia and Anne Marie Santos. *One and Only: The Untold Story of On the Road and Lu Anne Henderson, the Woman Who Started Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady on Their Journey* (Berkeley, CA: Cleis Press, 2011).

¹³⁰ 1998 Carolyn Cassady visited Prague ("Praha oslavuje beatnickou generaci," *Mladá fronta Dnes*, April 23, 1998, 18.) and Olomouc ("Cassadyová potěšila příznivce beatnik vzpomínkami na Kerouaka a Burroughse," *Hanácké noviny*, April 25, 1998.).

¹³¹ Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 249.

played an important role in their lives but with Neal it was sometimes complicated. He led a fast life and people around him could only keep up with him for a shorter or longer time but not for ever. However, the time they would spend with him, they would enjoy. Neal's enthusiasm for life would inspire and impress them.

Seeing how one can absorb every moment of life like Neal did was an enriching experience and in this thesis it is shown how it affected the Beat Generation. On the examples of Kerouac's prose and letters it is apparent how crucial Neal was to Jack's work. Kerouac found his voice in spontaneous prose thanks to their correspondence, which inspired him in style, and thanks to the life experiences they shared, which provided him material for the contents of his novels. The long lost "Joan Anderson letter," the supposed masterpiece, which was the key to the greatness of Kerouac's *On the Road*, was found in 2014. We can now only hope for the legal matters to be settled so that the contents of the letter can be made accessible to the public.¹³²

Allen Ginsberg long outlived both Cassady and Kerouac and he continued to publish poetry and led a whole life of his own after their deaths. However, Neal was around when Ginsberg was becoming famous as well as for the famous reading of the "Howl." Allen was in love with Neal for many years and that Neal served as a muse to his poetry can be seen in many of his poems, as discussed in chapter 4 "Allen Ginsberg and the secret hero of his poems."

As other writers of the Beat Generation are concerned, it is difficult to define who actually belongs to the movement. Kerouac and Ginsberg were definitely the core of it but almost no writer actually liked to identify with the label "Beat Generation."¹³³ However, if we consider other writers of this time who also enjoyed untraditional lives, shared similar untraditional values and who wrote openly about whatever they wanted, often introducing some controversy to the American literature, such as sex and vulgar language, writers such as Ken Kesey and Charles Bukowski can be added.¹³⁴ These were both well established writers before they met Cassady but, even though he did not influence their whole work, he clearly left a strong impression on them. Bukowski and

¹³² The segment which is accessible to the public is attached in the appendix.

¹³³ Ann Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*, xxxv.

¹³⁴ Another argument which supports Kesey and Bukowski at least partially belong to the Beat Generation is that they are often covered in the books concerned with the topic, such as Charters, *The Portable Beat Reader*. or Duval, *Kerouac a Beat Generation*.

Cassady only met briefly but even that caused Bukowski to feel the need to write about Neal's death. Kesey and Cassady became close friends in the later part of Neal's life. Together with the Merry Pranksters they helped to begin a new chapter of the American history. Neal was not only a central figure for the Beat Generation but he also built the cross-generational bridge to the Hippie movement.

Of course, it is not possible to say what exactly would have had happened if Cassady had not met Kerouac and Ginsberg. However, it is shown in this thesis on specific examples from the works of the Beats' and also on their correspondence and biographies that Neal Cassady was an inseparable part of the whole movement. He tied the Beat Generation together and was an inspiration to all of its members. Without him there would have had been individual authors but without Cassady as the central figure, the movement could not have taken place.

7. Resumé

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá Nealem Cassadym a tím, jak ovlivnil beat generation. V kapitolách o Cassadyho životě a o jeho roli v životech různých beatníků se ukazuje, že jeho vliv byl opravdu velmi zásadní.

Cassady nepatří mezi příliš známé spisovatele. Svou autobiografii *První třetina*, jejíž část byla publikována posmrtně, nedopsal. Navzdory tomu tato bakalářská práce ukazuje, že byl klíčovou postavou beat generation. Beatníci psali o životě takovém, jaký doopravdy byl, a Neal vedl typický beatnický život. Právě proto je věnováno hodně prostoru popisu jeho života.

V kapitole 2.1. „Mládí“ je popsáno, jakým způsobem Neala ovlivnila složitá rodinná situace, vyrůstání v chudobě, první zkušenosti se stopováním a nejrůznější dětská dobrodružství. Jeho okouzující osobnost přitahovala mnoho lidí. Ženy beat generation jsou často opomínány, jak je však popsáno v kapitole 2.2. „Manželství“, byly neodlučitelnou součástí tohoto hnutí. LuAnne Henderson byla nejspontánnější z Nealových žen a také jemu povahově nejpodobnější. To ona byla s Nealem, když se poprvé setkal s Ginsbergem a Kerouacem, a také je často doprovázela na jejich dobrodružstvích. Carolyn Cassady vydržela v emočně náročném vztahu nejdéle. Neal měl několik nemanželských dětí a syna s Dianou Hansen, avšak právě s Carolyn měl pocit bezpečí rodiny. Neal Cassady rozhodně nebyl dokonalý a často se choval

nezodpovědně, a to zejména vůči své rodině, kterou několikrát opustil. Avšak i to bylo součástí jeho šarmu, nikdy nehrozila nuda a vždy byl v pohybu.

Žít svobodně bylo pro beatniky velmi důležité a pro Neala se svoboda rovnala tomu být na cestě. Jeho nejvíce oceňovanou vlastností bylo žít naplno přítomností, což zahrnovalo cestování, auta, drogy, sex a jazz. Neštítel se práce, ale nikdy netoužil po bohatství. Beatníci odmítali materialismus. Přátelství hrála důležitou roli v jejich životech, i když s Nealem to nebylo vždy jednoduché. Vedl velmi rychlý život a lidé v jeho okolí s ním dokázali držet krok na kratší či delší dobu, avšak ne navždy. Nicméně v čase, který s ním trávili, se bavili. Nealův životní entusiasmus inspiroval a imponoval.

Vidět, jak Neal dokázat plně vstřebávat každý okamžik života, bylo obohacující zkušeností a tato práce ukazuje, jak tím byla ovlivněna beat generation. Na příkladech Kerouacovy prózy a dopisů je patrné, že Neal byl pro Jackovu tvorbu nepostradatelný. Kerouac se nadchl pro spontánní prózu, pro kterou je dnes tak známý, díky stylu Nealovy korespondence. Dále ho inspirovaly společné zážitky, které mu poskytly materiál pro jeho knih. Nealův dopis Jackovi z prosince 1950 (v angličtině jako „Joan Anderson letter“), který je považován za klíč k úspěchu Kerouacova románu *Na cestě*, byl dlouho považován za nenávratně ztracený. V roce 2014 se však našel a nyní doufáme, že jeho obsah bude brzy zpřístupněn veřejnosti.

Allen Ginsberg žil a publikoval i dlouho po Cassadyho a Kerouacově smrti. Nicméně Cassady byl velkou součástí Ginsbergova života v době, kdy začínal být slavný. Allen byl do Neala dlouhá léta zamilovaný a Neal mu byl múzou, což je patrné v mnoha jeho básních, jak je ukázáno v kapitole 4 „Allen Ginsberg a tajný hrdina jeho básní“.

Co se týče dalších spisovatelů beat generation, je poněkud těžké definovat, kdo přesně k nim patřil. Kerouac a Ginsberg zajisté tvořili jádro, avšak téměř nikdo s nálepkou „beatnik“ nebyl spojený. Pokud však vezmeme v potaz spisovatele tehdejší generace, kteří sdíleli netradiční hodnoty a kteří psali otevřeně, o čem chtěli, a přiváděli tak často do americké literatury kontroverzní prvky jako například sex a vulgaritu, můžeme sem řadit i autory jako jsou Ken Kesey a Charles Bukowski. Oba spisovatelé byli již známí, když se seznámili s Cassadym. Avšak přestože Cassady neovlivnil celou jejich literární kariéru, zanechal v nich silný dojem. Bukowski znal Cassadyho teprve krátce, přesto však cítil potřebu napsat o jeho smrti. Kesey a Cassady se spřátelili v posledních letech

Nealova života. Spolu se skupinou Merry Pranksters pomohli začít novou kapitolu americké historie. Nejen že byl Neal centrální postavou beat generation, ale vytvořil také určitý mezigenerační most ke hnutí hippies.

Samozřejmě nelze říct, co by se bývalo stalo, kdyby se Cassady s Kerouacem a Ginsbergem nikdy nesetkal. Tato práce však ukazuje na jednotlivých beatnických dílech, na korespondenci beatníků a na jejich životopisných údajích, že Neal Cassady byl neodlučitelnou součástí celého hnutí. Spjoval celé hnutí dohromady a byl inspirací pro každého z členů. Bez Cassadyho by existovali samostatní autoři, ale celé hnutí by nemohlo vzniknout.

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9. Appendix

This is the segment of “the Joan Anderson letter,” which is accessible to the public, and which was discussed in the chapter 3.2. “The Joan Anderson Letter.” It was published in Cassady and Moore, *Collected Letters*, 244–255.

THE JOAN ANDERSON LETTER

To have seen a specter isn't everything, and there are deathmasks piled, one atop the other, clear to heaven. Commoner still are the wan visages of those returning from the shadow of the valley. This means little to those who have not lifted the veil.

The ward nurse cautioned me not to excite her (how can one prevent that?) and I was allowed only a few minutes. The headnurse also stopped me to say I was permitted to see her just because she always called my name and I must cheer her. She had had a very near brush and was not rallying properly, actually was in marked decline, and still much in danger. Quite impressed to my duties, I entered and gazed down on her slender form resting so quietly on the high white bed. Her pale face was whiter; like chalk. It was pathetically clear how utterly weak she was, there seemed absolutely no blood left in her body. I stared and stared, she didn't breathe, didn't move; I would never have recognized her, she was a waxed mummy. White is the absence of color, she was white; all white, unless beneath the covers, whose top caressed her breasts, was still hidden a speck of pink. The thin ivory arms tapered inward until they reached the slight outward bulge of narrow palms, and the hands in turn bent inward with a more sharp taper only to quickly end in long fingers curled to a point. These things, and her head, with its completely matted hair so black and contrasting with all the whiteness, were the only parts of her visible. Quite normal, I know, but I just couldn't get over how awfully dead she looked. I had so arranged my head above hers that when her eyes opened, after about ten minutes, they were in direct line with mine; they showed no surprise, nor changed their position in the slightest. The faintest of smiles, the merest of voices, “hello.” I placed my hand on her arm, it was all I could do to restrain myself from jumping on the bed to hold her. I saw she was too weak to talk and told her not to, I, however, rambled on at a great rate.

There was no doubt she was over-joyed to see me, her eyes said so. It was as though the gesture of self-destruction had, in her mind, equalized all the guilt. The courage of committing the act seemed to have justified her to herself. This action on her conviction, no matter how neurotic, had called for all her strength and she was now released. Free from the urge, since the will-for-death needs a strong concentration of pressure to fulfill itself and once accomplished via attempt, is defeated until another period of buildup is gone through; unless, of course, one succeeds in reaching death the first shot, or is really mad. Gazing down on her, with a grin of artificial buoyancy, I sensed this and felt an instant flood of envy. She had escaped, at least for some time, and I knew I had yet to make my move. Being a coward I had postponed too long and I realized I was further away from commitment than ever. Would hesitancy never end? She shifted her cramped

hand, I looked down and for the first time noticed the tight sheet covering a flat belly. It was empty, sunken; she had lost her baby. For a moment I wondered if she knew it, then thought she must know—even now she was almost touching her stomach, and she'd been in the hospital for ten days—surely a stupid idea. I resolved to think better. The nurse glided up and said I'd better go; promising to return the next visiting day, I leaned over and kissed Joan's clear forehead and left.

Off to the poolhall, back to the old grind; I seemed to have a mania. From the way I loafed there all day one would scarcely believe I'd never been in a poolhall two short years before; why, less than six months ago I still couldn't bear to play more than one game at a time. Well, what is one to say about things he has done? I never again went back to the hospital to bless Joan, oh, that's what I felt like; blessing her. Each day I lacerated myself thinking on her, but I didn't go back. "Sometimes I sits and thinks. Other times I sits and drinks, but mostly I just sits." I must have been in a pretty bad way.

Anyhow, two more weeks went by in this fashion, my inability to stir from my poolhall prison became a joke, even to me. It was the night before Christmas, about five PM, when a handsome woman near forty came inside the gambling gaol's gates and asked for me. I went up front to meet her, as I came closer I saw that she was better than handsome, a real good-looker and despite her age, making quite a stir among the boys. She introduced herself, said she was a friend of Joan and invited me to dinner. My heart bounced with guilty joy, I accepted and we walked the five blocks to this fine-thought-forty lady's apartment without talking. The fatherly taxidriver opened the door, my hostess said it was her husband and that Joan would be out in a minute. Preparations for a huge dinner were in the making. I sat on the sofa and waited. The bathroom—ugly word—door swung out and before my eyes was once again the gorgeous Joan, "second" of Jennifer Jones. Fresh from the shower, mirror-primped, stepped my heroine resplendent in her new friend's housecoat. Just when you think you've learned your lesson and swear to watch your step, a single moment offguard will pop up and hope springs high as ever. One startled look and I knew I was right back where I started; I felt again that choking surge flooding me as when first I'd seen her. I started talking to myself, determined to whip the poolhall rut and drag my stinking ass out of the hole.

Over the prosperous supper on which we soon pounced hung an air of excitement. Joan and I were leaping with lovelooks across the roastbeef, while cabby and wife beamed on us. And we planned, yesir, all four of us, and right out loud too. I was kinda embarrassed at first when the host began without preamble, "Alright, you kids have wasted enough time, I see you love each other and you're going to settle down right now. In the morning Joan is starting at St. Luke's as a student nurse, she's told me that's what she would like to do. As for you, Neal, if you're serious I'll get up a little early tomorrow and before I go to work we'll see if my boss will give you a job. If you can't get away with telling them you're 21—the law says you gotta be 21, you're not that old yet are you? (I said no) so that you can drive a taxi, you can probably get a job servicing the cabs. That okay with you?" I said certainly it was and thanked him; and everybody

laughed and was happy. It was further decided that Joan and I stay with them until we got our first paycheck; we would sleep on the couch that opened out into a bed. Gorged with the big meal, I retired to the bathroom as the women did the dishes and the old man read the paper. (By golly, it seems everything I write about happens in a bathroom, don't think I'm hungup that way, it's just the incidents exactly as they occurred, and here is another one, because—) A knock on the toilet door and I rose to let in my resurrected beauty. She was as coy as ever, but removed was much fear and embarrassment. We did a bit of smooching, then, seated on the edge of the tub to observe better as she parted the bathrobe to reveal an ugly red wound, livid against her buttermilk belly, stretching nearly from naval to the clitoris. She was worried I wouldn't think her as beautiful, or love her as much now that her body had been marred by the surgeon's knife performing a Caesarian. There might have been a partial hysterectomy too and she fretted that the production of more babies—"when we get the money"—would prove difficult. I reassured her on all counts, swore my love (and meant it) and finally we returned to the livingroom.

Oh, unhappy mind; trickster! O fatal practicality! I was wearing really filthy clothes but had a change promised me by a friend who lived at 12th and Ogden Sts. So as not to hangup my dwarf cabbie savior when we went to see his buddyboss next A.M., my foolish head thought to make a speedrun and get the necessary clean impediments now. Acting on this obvious need—if I was to impress my hoped-for employer into hiring me—I promised to hurry back, and left. Where is wisdom? Joan offered to walk with me, and I turned down the suggestion reasoning it was very cold and I could make better time alone, besides, she was still pretty weak, and if she was to work tomorrow the strain of the fairly long walk might prove too much—no sense jeopardizing her health. Would that I'd made her walk with me, would that she'd collapsed rather than let me go alone, would anything instead of what happened! Not only did the new promise for happiness go down the drain, and I lost Joan forever, but her peace was to evaporate once and for all, and she herself was to sink into the iniquity reserved for a certain type of beaten women!

I rushed my trip to the clothes depot, made good connections and was quickly on my way back to the warm apartment and my Joan. The route from 12th and Ogden to 16th and Lincoln Sts. Lies for the most part, if one so desires, along East Colfax Ave. Horrible mistake, stupid moment; I chose that path just to dig people on the crowded thoroughfare as I hustled by them. At midblock between Pennsylvania and Pearl Sts. is a tavern whose plateglass front ill-conceals the patrons of it's booths. I was almost past this bar when I glanced up to see my younger blood-brother inside drinking beer alone. I had made good time and the hard habit of lushing that I was then addicted to pushed me through the door to bum a quickie off him. Surprise, surprise, he was loaded with loot and, more surprising, gushed all over me. He ordered as fast as I could drink, and I didn't let the waitress stop, finishing the glass in a gulp; one draught for the first few, then two for the next several and so on until I was sipping normally by the time an hour had fled. First off he wanted a phone number—the reason for his generosity I suspect—

and I was the only one who could give it to him. He claimed to have been sitting there actually brooding over the very girl on the other end of this phone number, and I believed him; had to take it true, because for the last five months it had become increasingly clear that he was hot-as-hell for this chick—who was my girl. I gave him the number and he dashed from one booth to the other. I had cautioned him not to mention my name, nor tell her I was there, and he said he wouldn't. But he did, although he denied it later. The reason for his disloyalty, despite the fact that it cost me Joan, was justifiable since as one might when about to be denied a date of importance while drinking, he had used my whereabouts as a lastditch lure to tempt her out. He came back to the booth from the phonebooth crestfallen, she had said she couldn't leave the house just now, but to call her back in a half-hour or so; this didn't cheer him as it would have me, he's richer and less easily satisfied. He called her again, about forty-five minutes after I had first been pulled into the dive by my powerful thirst, and she said for him to wait at this joint and she'd be down within an hour. This length of time didn't seem unreasonable, she lived quite a ways further out in East Denver. I thought everything was going perfectly. Bill got the Girl, I got my drinks and still had a short period of grace in which to slop up more before she showed (I certainly didn't intend to be there when she arrived) and I'd only be a little late returning to Joan where I'd plead hassle in getting the clothes. O sad shock, O unpleasant time; had I just not guzzled that last beer all the following would not be written and I could end this story with "And they lived happily ever after."

Whoa, read slowly for a bit and have patience with my verbosity. There are two things I've got to say here, one is a sidepoint and it'll come second, the first is essential to the understanding of this story; so, I gotta give you one of my Hollywood flashbacks.

I'll leave out the most of it and be as brief as possible to make it tight, although, by the nature or it, this'll be hard—especially since I'm tired.

Number 1: On June 23, 1945 I was released from New Mexico State Reformatory, after doing eleven months and 10 days (know the song?) of hard labor. Soon after returning to Denver I had the rare luck to meet a 16-year-old East Hi beauty who had well-to-do parents; a mother and a pretty older sister to be exact. Cherry Mary was her name because she lived on Cherry Street and was a cherry when I met her. That condition didn't last long. I ripped into her like a maniac and she loved it. A tremendous affair, countless things to be said about it—I can hardly help from blurting out twenty or thirty statements right now despite resolution to condense. I'm firm (ha) and won't tell the story of our five months' intercourse—with its many incidents that are percolating this moment in my brain; about carnival-night we met (Elitch's), the hundreds of mountain trips in her new Mercury, rented trucks with mattresses in back, at her cabin, cabins I broke into, day I got her to bang Hal Chase, time I gave her clap after momentous meeting between her and mother of my second child (only boy before Diana's), time I knocked her up; and knocked it, mad nights and early A.M.'s at Goodyear factory I worked alone in front from 4 P.M. to anytime I wanted to go home, doing it on golfcourses, roofs, parks, cemeteries (you know, dead peoples' homes) snowbanks,

schools and schoolyards, hotel bathrooms, her mother's vacant houses (she was a realtor), doing it every way we could think of any-old-place we happened to be, in fact, we did it in so many places that Denver was covered with our peckertracks; so many different ones that I can't possibly remember, often we'd trek clear from one side of town to another just to find a spot to drop to it, on ordinary occasions, however, I'd just pull it out and shove to her bottom if we were secluded, to her mouth if not, the greatest most humorous incident of the lot: to please her mother she'd often babysit for some of their socially prominent and wealthy friends several times a week, I drove out to that particular evening's assignment, after she called to let me know the coast was clear, (funny English joke; man and wife in living room, phone rings, man answers and says he wouldn't know, better call the coast guard, and hangs up, wife says, "Who was it, dear?" and man says, "I don't know, some damn fool who wanted to know if the coast was clear," har-har-har) and we quickly tear-off several goodies, then, I go back to work; in Goodyear truck, don't you know. We'd done this numerous times when the "most humorous" evening came up. It was a Sunday night, so no work, I waited outside 16th and High Street apartment till parents left and then went in and fell to it. I had all my clothes off and in livingroom as she was washing my cock in bathroom, (let this be a lesson to you, men, never become separated from your clothes, at least keep your trousers handy, when doing this sort of thing in a strange house—oops, my goodness, I forgot for a second that some of you are out of circulation and certainly not in need of "Lord Chesterfield's" counseling—don't show this to your wives, or tell them that I only offer this advice to pass on to your sons, or, if that's too harsh, to your dilettante friends, whew! Got out of that) there's a rattling of the apartment door and into the front room walks the mother of one of the parents of the baby Cherry Mary is watching, so fast did this old bat come in that we barely had time to shut the bathroom door before she saw us. Here I was, nude, no clothes, and all exits blocked. I couldn't stay there for what if the old gal wanted to pee, and most old women's bladders and kidneys are not the best in the world. There was no place in the bathroom to hide, nor could I sneak out due to the layout of the apartment. Worse, Mary suddenly remembered the fact that this intruder was expected to stay the night. We consulted in whispers, laughing and giggling despite all, and it was decided Mary would leave the bathroom and keep the old lady busy while suggesting a walk or coffee down the street and still try to collect my clothes and get them to me; no mean feat. My task was to, as quietly as a mouse, remove all the years-long collection of rich peoples' bath knick-knacks that blocked the room's only window, then, impossible though it looked, I must climb up the tub to it and with a fingernail file pry loose the outside screen. Now, look at this window, it had four panels of glass 6" long and 4" wide, it formed a rectangle of about 12 or 13" high and 8 or 9" across, difficult to squeeze through at best, but, being modern as hell, the way it was hooked to its frame was by a single metal bar in direct center! which when opened split the panes of glass down the middle and made two windows.

I could hardly reach outside to work on the screen—since the window opened outward—but I pushed and making a helluva noise, split the screen enough to open the

window. Now the impossible compressing of my frame for the squeeze. I thought if I could get my head through I could make it; I just was able to, by bending the tough metal bar the slightest cunthair (in those days I cleaned and jerked 220 lbs.) and of course, I almost tore off my pride-and-joy as I wiggled out into the cold November air. I was damn glad I was only on the second floor, if I'd been higher I would have been hungup in space for sure. So I dropped into the bushes bordering the walk along the side of the building, and hid there shivering and gloating with glee. There was a film of snow on the ground, but this didn't bother anything except my feet until some man parked his car in the alley garage and came walking past my hideaway, then, much of my naked body got wet as I pressed against the icy ground so he wouldn't see me. This made me seek better shelter sine it was about 9 P.M.—I'd been in the cold an hour—and a whole string of rich bastards with cars might be putting them away. I waited until no one was in sight then dashed down the walk to the alley and leaped up and grabbed the handy drainpipe of a garage and pulled myself up. The window I'd broken out of overlooked my new refuge and if anyone went in that bathroom they'd see the havoc wrought the place and be looking out to see me. This fear had just formed—I was too cold to be jolly now—when I saw Mary at last come into view. She had my pants, shoes, and coat, but not my T-shirt and socks, having skipped those small items as she bustled about in front of the cause of my predicament “straightening up.” The woman had only noticed my belt and Mary had said she had a leather class in school and was engraving it. When I'd bashed out the window Mary had heard the crashing about, (the old lady must have been deaf; while I was escaping kept talking about Thanksgiving turkey!) ***and had come in the bathroom to clean up, close the window and otherwise coverup. I out on my clothes and chattering uncontrollably from my freezeout walked with Mary to the Oasis Café for some hot coffee. And so it goes, tale after tale revolving around this Cherry Mary period; here's just a couple more:

At first the mother of this frantic fucking filly confided in me and, to get me on her side, asked me to take care of Mary, watch her and so forth. After awhile, as Mary got wilder, the old bitch decided to give me a dressing down, (I can't remember the exact little thing that led up to this, offhand anyhow) and since she wasn't the type to do it herself—and to impress me, I guess—she got the pastor of the parish to give me a lecture. Now, her home was in one of the elite parishes and so she got the monsignor—it was a Catholic church—to come over for dinner the same evening she invited me. I arrived a little before him and could at once smell something was cooking. The slut just couldn't hold back her little scheme, told Mary to listen closely and began preaching a little of her own gospel to warm me up for the main event. The doorbell rang and her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she sallied forth from the kitchen to answer it. The priest was a middlesized middleaged pink featured man with extremely thick glasses covering such poor eyes he couldn't see me until our noses almost touched. Coming toward me across the palatial livingroom he had his handshake extended and was in the midst of a normal greeting, the mother escorting him by elbow all the while and gushing introduction. Then it happened, he saw me; what an expression! I've never seen a chin

drop so far so fast, it literally banged his breastbone. “Neal!!! Neal!, my boy!, at last I’ve found my boy!” his voice broke as he said the last word and his Adam’s apple refused to articulate further because all it gave out was a strangled blubber. Choked with emotion, he violently clasped me to him and flung his eyes to heaven fervently thanking his God. Tremendous tears rolled down his cheeks, poured over his upthrust jaw, and disappeared inside his tight clerical collar. I had trouble deciding whether to leave my arms hanging limp or throw them around him and try to return the depth of his goodness by turning to it. Golly and whoooooeee!, what a sight!! The priest’s emotion had been one of incredulous joyous recognition, Mary’s mother’s emotion was a gem of frustrated surprise; startled wonder at such an unimaginable happening left her gaping at us with the most foolish looking face I’ve ever seen. She didn’t know whether to faint or flee, never had she been so taken aback, and, I’m sure, didn’t think she ever would be, it was really a perfect farce. Mary and her sister—who was there to lend dignity to her mother’s idea—were as slackjawed as any of us. Depend on sweet Mary to recover fast, she did, with a giggle; which her sister took as a cue to frown upon, thereby regaining her senses. The mother’s composure came with a gasp of artificial goo, “Well! what a pleasant surprise!!” she gurgled with strained smile, feeling lucky she’d snuck out from under so easily. Oho! But wait, aha! She’d made a mistake! Her tension was so unbearable—and she had succeeded so well with her first words—that she decided to speak again, “let’s all go into supper, shall we?” she said in a high-pitched nervous urge. The false earnestness of her tone struck us all as a most incongruous concern and she’d given herself away by being too quick—since her guest was still holding me tightly.

The ecstatic priest was Harlan Fischer, my Godfather when I was baptized at age 10 in 1936. He had also taught me Latin for some months and saw me occasionally during the following three years I served at Holy Ghost Church as altar boy. At our last meeting I was engrossed in the lives of Saints and determined to become a priest or Christian brother, then, I abruptly disappear down the pleasanter path of evil. Now, six and a half years later, he met me again in Mary’s house as a youth he’s come to lecture. Well, he didn’t get around to the lecture, it never seemed to enter his head because it was too full of blissful joy at finding his lost son. He told me how he’d never had another Godson—it just happened that way—and how he’d prayed every night and day for my soul and to see me again. He could hardly contain himself at the dinner-table, fidgeted and twittered and didn’t touch his food. He dragged the whole story of the long wait for this moment out into the open and before the sullen-hearted (she gave me piercing glances of pure hate when Father Fischer wasn’t looking) mother actually waxed moistly eloquent. When the meal was over the dirty old bitch knew her sweet little scheme had backfired completely for Fischer at once excused himself, saying he was sure everyone understood, because he wanted to talk to me alone, and we left. We drove to his church and then sat in his car for two hours before I got out and walked away, never to see him to this very day, now five years since. He started in with the old stuff, and I, knowing there could be no agreement and not wanting to use him unfairly, came down right away and for once I didn’t hesitate as I told him not to bother; I was sorry for it, but we

were worlds apart and it would do no good for him to try and come closer. Oh we did a lot of talking, it wasn't quite that short and simple, but as I say, I finally left him when he realized there was nothing more to be said, and that was that.

The other incident I wanted to tell you about can wait, I must cut this to the bone from here on out because I haven't the money for paper. Anyhow, the reason for this little glimpse into the months just prior to meeting Joan was to show there was some cause for what happened to me in the bar with my younger blood brother. Mind you, I haven't seen Mary's mother for at least a month before this night in the bar, although I'd seen Mary about two weeks earlier. Ah, what's another few lines, I gotta break in here and tell you that other funny little thing about C. Mary. It is this; she was such a hypochondriac that she often played at Blindness. Now wait a minute, this was unusual, because she never complained of illness or anything else, in fact, she didn't complain about her eyes either, just the opposite, she played at having a true martyr complex toward them. Often we'd spend 12-16 hours in a hotel room while she was "blind." I'd wait on her hand and foot (and cock) during these times. They'd begin casually enough, she'd simply announce that she couldn't see and that would go on until she'd just as quietly say she could see again. This happened while she was driving- I'd grab the wheel—while we were walking—I'd lead her—while we were loving—I'd finish anyhow—in fact, this happened any old place she felt like it happening. It was a great little game, she didn't have to worry, if she smacked up the car, or anything, the old lady would come to the rescue with lots of dough, wouldn't she? Oh enough!

Continuing then, from about 1,500 words ago, as to why Joan and I didn't live Happily Ever After; Very simple, we were given no chance.

You see, as I drank the last Blood-Brother beer—I remember deciding in all seriousness that it was definitely the last one—2 plainclothesmen approached, asked if I was Neal C and promptly hauled me away! It seems Cherry Mary's Mother, listening on the phone extension to my friend give my whereabouts, had called the police—and she was politically powerful! Why, why, after release on statutory rape with testifying flatly refused by panicky Mary and not a shred of evidence otherwise—flatly panicky, I continued to be held in jail charged with suspicion of Burglary! Of my poolhall hangout yet. Because the charge had a superficial plausibility, since I racked balls there a couple of times and knew the layout—I knew a lot of fearful moments before Capt. of Dicks admitted he knew I was clear all along, and released me finally weeks later.

Joan had disappeared completely!

Anotace

Příjmení a jméno:	Nováková Veronika
Katedra:	Katedra anglistiky a amerikanistiky
Název práce:	Neal Cassady a jeho vliv na beat generation
Vedoucí práce:	PhDr. Matthew Sweney, Ph.D.
Počet stran:	54
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Klíčová slova:	beat generation, Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, spontánní próza

Tato bakalářská práce se zabývá Nealem Cassadym, který byl jednou z hlavních postav beat generation. Sám Cassady nebyl plodný autor, avšak byl inspirací pro jiné beatniky, jako např. Jack Kerouac a Allen Ginsberg. Cílem této práce je ukázat, že Cassadyho vliv na beat generation byl klíčový. Na příkladech je rozebráno, jak je Cassady zobrazen v literatuře.

Abstract

Name:	Nováková Veronika
Department:	Department of English and American Studies
Title:	Neal Cassady and His Influence on the Beat Generation
Thesis Supervisor:	PhDr. Matthew Sweney, Ph.D.
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This thesis deals with Neal Cassady, who was one of the central figures of the Beat Generation. Cassady was not a prolific author himself, however, he was a major inspiration for other Beat writers, such as Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg. The aim of this thesis is to show that Cassady's influence on the Beat Generation was crucial. Specific examples of how Cassady's character is reflected in the Beat literature are discussed.