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## Reflections on the Beat Movement

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It is a commonplace to observe that Western civilization is dying, if not already dead. Such declarations have taken and do take many forms, in philosophic work of the highest order, in various manifestations in all the arts, in political revolutions and revolutionary movements, even in carelessly parroted statements in the popular press; and analyses and criticisms have pointed the finger of blame in various ways at the West's bias for the rational, seen as a relationship to the world which can result only in despair, political and economic tyranny, materialism, individual isolation, and spiritual deadness. Analyses have been unending, and among those movements of action which have sought actually to change the situation, most have been abortive, misplaced, or not sufficiently fundamental, all more form than substance. But a few of these movements initiated promising directions, and I believe the Beat movement of the mid-1950s to early 1960s in America is significant within this framework.

The movement is in part a literary phenomenon, its central spokesman the poet Allen Ginsberg and the novelist Jack Kerouac. Most were poets, notable among them also Gregory Corso and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. They read their works in numerous small coffee shops in San Francisco's North Beach area and had their work published by small, sympathetic presses. A few older, established poets supported them, men like Kenneth Rexroth, Karl Shapiro, and Gary Snyder (none of whom were themselves Beats, however).

But the primary goal of the Beats was social rather than literary, for they wished to create an intellectual and spiritual revolution that challenged "squareness," a word designating all the conformity to the prevailing morals and mores of society in those "Eisenhower years" of what analysts still see as gray, faceless people with narrow, dishonest, and isolated souls, isolated from each other and from all true, direct contact with reality. The opposite of this squareness and the essence of the revolution was to be in every action "open to *life*," i.e., at every moment to embrace everything of life in all its forms and variations openly, freely, and wholeheartedly. The Beats claimed that this way of life was inspired by Eastern thought, particularly by Zen Buddhism. (That several of their supporters like Rexroth and Snyder were well-acquainted with the East and Buddhism gives some credence to their claim.) In fact, one of the novelistic embodiments of the advocated way of life is even titled *The Dharma Bums*.

Names often mislead, of course, and in fact Lawrence Durrell asks scornfully in a letter to Henry Miller, "And how can you not see that God or Zen is simply a catchword, as Freud was in our time?"<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, it is also true that,

although the Beat writers' reliance on their personal actions more than on their literature to create a revolution in sensibility is neither surprising nor inconsistent with Zen, they in fact became "showmen" of their way of life, putting on performances of deliberately exaggerated behavior played for all it was worth before an increasingly sensationalist mass media. What they embraced was not everything, but everything that the square American hated—carefreeness, impulse, drunkenness, drugs, relatively promiscuous sex, profanity, joblessness. Gain publicity they did, but from being in and out of courts on morality charges. Was Lawrence Durrell right? Was Zen only a Beat catchword? Let us examine *On the Road*, the novel written by Kerouac which is commonly considered the best and most important portrayal of the Beat way of life, to see whether therein lies Buddhist inspiration and wherein it may be true or false.

Kerouac wrote *On the Road* in 1951, typing on large sheets of art paper run continuously through the typewriter and without revision, a method which has been the occasion for a large share of the total criticism of the novel. It was first published piecemeal, then in its entirety in 1957 and picked up by a public ready for such a departure from the traditional. Although in novel form, the events recorded apparently occurred during Kerouac's actual travels over a three year span. The novel is quite simple in format, being well within the picaresque journey genre. The narrator, Sal Paradise, in his mid-20s and with a divorce already behind him, is moping around New Jersey and New York trying to finish a book he is writing when he meets Dean Moriarty, five years younger than himself and just released from prison. Sal abandons his writing and undertakes various trips, sometimes in the company of Dean and sometimes simply following him. The novel details the physical country he passes through, the many people they meet, and the forming and dissolving of various longer relationships during four cross-country trips made at a hectic pace of driving, partying, and discussing. Sal finally ends up in New Jersey again, presumably married for the last time, and Dean, now the saint who either speaks only in disconnected, almost Shakespearian clownfool sentences or is silent in his final achievement of some ecstatic insight into reality, just disappears into the West, a land as immense and unbelievable as Dean himself despite all Sal's acquaintance with it.

Sal's acknowledged leader is Dean, so he is meant to be the living embodiment of the Beat way of life. That way of life is seen to be a search, and Dean goes through several stages in both action and thought. At first he is the madman of the "wild, yea-saying overburst of American joy."<sup>2</sup> His speech is punctuated with "Yes, Yes, Yes" (11), and he talks and talks, trying to gather every moment past and present and maybe even future into one "Yes" (42, 43). The incessant talking becomes more focused and he develops a consuming passion with time. "We all know time" (95) becomes his prophetic message for a good part of the novel, though it suddenly changes meaning. At first it is translated into action as violent motion. He first starts talking about time while he is urging people to be up and going, for there is no time to lose. Death and life are in violent opposition. As they begin another trip he says:

"Then we'll all go off to sweet life, 'cause now is the time and we all know time!" He rubbed his jaw furiously, he swung the car and passed three trucks, he roared into downtown Testament, looking in every direction and seeing everything in an arc

of 180 degrees around his eyeballs without moving his head. Bang, he found a parking space in no time, and we parked. He leaped out of the car... He had become absolutely mad in his movements; he seemed to be doing everything at the same time. It was a shaking of the head, up and down, sideways; jerky, vigorous hands; ... (95)

Notice the jerky sentences with their abruptness and tension that mirror exactly the condition of the characters. It is Dean's tone for about two-thirds of the novel.

Most of the time this furious action on the road is motivated by a search for what must be some kind of ultimate, for Dean says, "If you go all the time you'll finally get IT!" (106) Told about one of Sal's dreams in which Sal is pursued by a shrouded traveller, Dean immediately recognizes death and refuses to have any concern but only to drive on because "we're all of us never in life again" (103). At this stage it seems to be death that defines time and time that defines life. Is "to know death" to run before it, the indefatigable pursuer? Their last trip takes them to what is seen as a timeless land, Mexico, and Dean declares that "Man, this will finally take us to IT!" (217).

But by the time they actually do go to Mexico, Dean has changed for the most part and his IT is redefined. The change occurs in a moment that might possibly be justly called his *satori* experience. Dean regularly becomes involved directly or indirectly with many women whom he and/or his male friends abandon, return to full of promises, and then abandon again. One day they confront him together and accuse him of irresponsibility, of thinking only of the sex or money or fun people can give him and then throwing them aside. Their strongest criticism is, furthermore, that "life is serious and there are people trying to make something decent out of it instead of just goofing all the time" (160). But Dean only stands giggling, does a dance during which a bandage on his thumb unrolls and becomes floppier with the motion, grows uncharacteristically silent, and then says continually, "Yes, yes, yes," as though tremendous revelations were pouring into him all the time now, and I am convinced they were, and the others suspected as much and were frightened" (161). But though he tries, Dean cannot succeed in telling forth his vision, and he walks out of the apartment and waits downstairs until "we'd all made up our minds about *time*" (161). Sal sees him "alone in the doorway, digging the street. Bitterness, recriminations, advice, morality, sadness—everything was behind him, and ahead of him was the ragged and ecstatic joy of pure being" (161). Is this *satori*, or indifference produced by shock? Some indication is given by Dean's future changed behavior.

Henceforth, Dean's theme is "Ah, man, don't worry, everything is perfect and fine" (162). Henceforth, too, it seems that Dean finally dissociates IT, the meaning of life as gained through experiencing, from time. Time is no longer seen as enclosed by death, and there is no longer the urgency nor the violent action. When they reach Mexico City, their goal, Dean is sleeping in the car while another drives, something he never did before, and he wakes only for a brief glimpse. That quiet glimpse can be recalled however in full detail and he says "Oh, Lord, what shall I do? Where will I go?" (246). But there is no urgency and no follow-up; the answer is clearly nowhere and anywhere. They stay till dawn "in a field with a boy in a straw hat who laughed and chatted with us and wanted to play catch, for

nothing ever ended" (248). The moment is shorn of the pressures of past and future, is self-existent. Once, in the back of the car, Dean tries to explain to Sal that the jazz musician reaches and communicates the IT at the moment when he gathers up all the past "with such infinite feeling soul-exploratory for the tune of the moment that everybody knows it's not the tune that counts but IT" (170), and he can explain no further. Then Dean and Sal exchange episodes from their pasts until the car is swaying with the two of them "to the rhythm and the IT of our final excited joy in talking and living to the blank tranced end of all innumerable riotous angelic particulars that had been lurking in our souls all our lives!" (172).

The moment now holds everything in itself, all particulars and all time, and Time then has no existence so there's no need to worry or be distressed. This "detachment from teleological consciousness"<sup>3</sup> is a central concept in Zen. The moment for Dean has been released from anything extraneous like plans or regrets or attachments or intellectual conceptions. Life is the moment, complete and whole. He says things like:

"Ah, but we know time. Everything takes care of itself. I could close my eyes and this old car would take care of itself."

(132)

"IT is and we know TIME and we know that everything is really FINE."

(172)

"I've decided to leave everything out of my hands."

(206)

And in fact he does leave everything out of his hands in terms of pursuing and planning. Although "to the blank tranced end" is a disquietingly ambiguous note, these words are Sal's rather than Dean's, and Dean himself no longer shows any sense of limited time. Sometimes he is still hectic and noisy and sometimes quiet and restrained, but always now it is natural and tied to the conditions of each present moment. Perhaps he really has passed beyond death and life into the realm beyond and underlying both. We see him last "in a motheaten overcoat he bought specially for the freezing temperatures of the East, walk [ing] off alone, . . . round [ing] the corner of Seventh Avenue, eyes on the street ahead, and bent to it again" (253). It is a quiet picture, a paradoxical nothing and everything of this person who came across the country yet again only to see Sal, and then could not talk coherently to him.

The preceding material may provide some basis for analyzing the Buddhism in the novel. Certain aspects do seem influenced by it, the most important being perhaps a rootedness in everyday, concrete reality. When Sal crosses the Colorado-Utah border he sees "huge gold sunburning clouds above the desert" that seem to tell him that he should go on, for he was on the road to God; but he found himself instead drawn to the concrete things about him:

Ah well, alackaday, I was more interested in some old rotted covered wagons and pool tables sitting in the Nevada desert near a Coca-Cola stand and where there were huts with the weather-beaten old signs still flapping in the haunted shrouded desert wind, saying, "Rattlesnake Bill lived here" or "Brokenmouth Annie holed up here for years." Yes, zoom!

(150)

That some of that detail is tawdry is typical of a number of such passages, probably intended to shock the ordinary reader and as such part of the "showman" aspect of Beat life, but yet ordinary reality is clearly preferred to the elevated or the religious or the standardly significant. And Dean, during one of their early trips, declares:

"Everything since the Greeks has been predicated wrong. You can't make it with geometry and geometrical systems of thinking. It's all *this!*" He wrapped his finger in his fist; the car hugged the [highway] line straight and true, . . .

(99, 100)

The characters immerse themselves in ordinary physical reality, and though there is almost ceaseless talk in most sections, it is not metaphysical or even psychological. A basic premise of the Beats does seem to be that it is necessary to experience things directly and concretely rather than analytically. Outraged critics have assailed the Beats for the behavior portrayed in their lives and literature, mostly on the grounds of irresponsibility as did Dean's women, but also with a heavy emphasis on what they call immorality (usually sexual), shiftlessness in not being settled and having jobs, and mindlessness in the Western sense. They assert that the experiencing is valued only for the fun it provides, as evidenced by their unending motion which is only a search after sensation. Even the kindest critics, men such as John Ciardi, see in the Beat way of life only a rather harmless adolescent fling. Nor would a true Buddhist approve of Beat behavior I think, but more of that in a later paragraph. Their criticism would lie in quite a different direction, I believe.

It seems to me that the IT spoken of so often is in fact the Dharma, the ultimate reality, and that through the influence of Buddhist thought the Beats have glimpsed, however dimly, that it resides not in what reason can affirm about "reality" but in reality itself as directly experienced. In some sense there is even some awareness that it is within the self, not the ego self but the "self-nature" which is the Buddha. This self-nature is *Tathata* (Suchness) and *Sunyata* (Emptiness), according to the *Prajnaparamita*, in a complex relationship whereby *Tathata* designates the Absolute but, being not subject to relativity, is therefore beyond form and hence formless, or the same as *Sunyata*. This *Sunyata* is always in and about us and in fact forms life itself, but when it is sought it eludes us, as indeed the characters in the novel discover. But in the very self-nature of *Tathata*, consciousness rises, and when it is known, the *Tathata* and *Sunyata* become one in the *Prajna* (Wisdom) *samadhi*, according to Hui-neng, the sixth patriarch of Chinese Zen. What the Beats seek is more adequately described as this *chien-hsing* or *satori*, that is, "seeing self-nature," than as metaphysical or religious enlightenment in the Western tradition, for the closest to it is the Christian mystics' experience, which always has highly personal elements arising from the Christian relationship to a personal God.

Rather than emphasizing traditional morality, critics might better have noted that the novel's characters are lost in the *dharmā*, that is, in the concrete dualistic world of multiplicity, which perhaps they mistake for the world of *Tathata*. It is true that the characters aspire to accepting experience whole instead of worrying it with plans, controls, fears, and endless explanations, which is a Zen attitude, but they neglect the rigorous discipline posited by Zen as the necessary road to enlightenment. They exhibit anything but discipline in their frenzied pursuit of experience. This

must seem laughable to anyone who truly understands or follows Zen. In their respective ways, both large schools of Zen insist that enlightenment is not found this way. Approaching from the standpoint of *Dhyana* (Meditation), which is self-nature seeing itself ontologically or statically, the *tso-ch'an* (*zazen*) school views the mind as a mirror which is to be made absolutely clean of all motions by sitting in meditation until no thoughts arise. It is a gradual way of coming to see into one's Nature. Ironically, this activity is commonly conceived of in the West as an exercise in vacuity; the mind is seen as completely empty and the connotation is utterly negative. (The Western mind is not conditioned to think of emptiness as a positive concept, especially not in philosophy.) The critics would have been little kinder to the Beats had they adopted this approach.

There was, of course, no danger that the Beats would have chosen meditation. Instead they are inspired by the teachings of the second major school of Zen. Interestingly, Hui-neng, mentioned before as the sixth patriarch, also felt that *zazen* led to the error of reducing the mind to nothing or to the error of considering the self-nature as independent of the knower.<sup>4</sup> His condemnation is clear: "There are some people with the confused notion that the greatest achievement is to sit quietly with an emptied mind, where not a thought is allowed to be conceived" (Suzuki, 161). Such practice of seeking to rid the Mind of darkness is itself a bondage, he says, because it is dualistic and the attempt to destroy the darkness futile, resulting only in more subjection to *karma*. He insisted that enlightenment is a dynamic action, is *Prajna*, that is, intuited truth in which the seeing is itself the functional self-nature (Suzuki, 161), but that *Prajna's* grasping of Emptiness or Suchness must be "no-grasping, a paradoxical statement which is inevitable" (Suzuki, 191). Thus we are "neither to cling to the notion of a mind, nor to cling to the notion of purity, nor to cherish the thought of immoveability" (Suzuki, 161).

Thus the state of *wu-hsin* ("no-mind") is reached neither by banishing thoughts nor by encouraging whatever thoughts come. And it is evident from numerous anecdotes that the same is true for all types of perceptions that arise in daily life, whether emotional or physical or intellectual. Whatever is is; "no-mind" really seems to mean non-attachment to the flow of life's sensations, an ability to let them be, not to take thought about them, not to let them arouse passions. One's mind is then:

disconnected from the present, and the events before your eyes are done away with. When the past, present, and future are thus in no way taken in, they are completely done away with. When thoughts come and go, do not follow them, and your pursuing mind is cut off. When abiding (with thoughts) do not tarry in them, and your abiding mind is cut off.

(Ta-chu Hui-hai, in Suzuki, 196)

In this sense, the desired state seems very like that encouraged by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount when he chides his listeners: "And why should you be anxious over clothing? See how the wild lilies grow, they do not toil or spin, and yet I tell you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. . . . Do not fret, then. . . (Matthew 6:28~30). From out of this attitude one can surely experience the meaning of that less cryptic than usual Zen remark that before Zen is studied mountains are mountains and rivers are rivers, that during

study mountains are more than mountains and rivers more than rivers, but then once enlightenment is attained the mountains are again mountains and the rivers rivers, but in a new and transformed sense.

Such detachment is utterly unrealized for the Beats, in fact seems utterly unrecognized. For Sal, the prototype of the searcher, the only people 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 like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes "Awww!"

(9)

They are not truly detached because they have too much desire, there is too much of everything, whatever their sense of "nothing matters." "Nothing" is a dangerous word, and though "nothing matters" sounds like a Buddhist concept, it does not really mean the same thing unless buttressed by behavior towards everything that shows detachment. The "Wow!" response to all of life is shallow attachment. In the face of this, I believe it must be demonstrated that the Beats are not essentially Buddhist (partly for the sake of the image of Buddhism among the unknowing), whatever may have been borrowed from it. The notion of nothingness has been twisted into a vacuum into which all the *desires* of the moment, those sources of endless *karma*, can be poured and satisfied. Lawrence Durrell further comments on the Beats in this connection:

When under the pretence of destroying whatever is artificial—idealizing rhetoric, the mystical ethics of 'perfection'—people seek to swamp themselves in the primitive flood of instinct, in whatever is primeval, formless and foul, they may imagine they are recapturing real life but actually they are being swept away by a torrent of waste-matter pouring from the disintegration of the ancient culture and its myths.<sup>5</sup>

And Suzuki, from his standpoint of Zen, says that "A contentment gleaned from . . . a *laissez-faire* attitude of mind is a thing most to be abhorred. There is no Zen in this, but sloth and mere vegetation" (Suzuki, 16). Alan Watts makes the point several times in his *The Way of Zen* that Zen offers a method for freeing the soul from the strictures of a tight social organization in societies which are much more oriented to the social than Western societies, especially American society. Though the Beats did want to free the genuine souls of people from social prisons, all too often unknowingly endured, still they and their audience are part of a tradition of values which places great emphasis on the individual. The danger of mistaking individualistic ego-gratification (to introduce a psychological category not to be taken too rigidly) for emancipation in the Buddhist sense is all too great, and certainly this happened to some extent in the case of the Beats. Even in the Western tradition few can understand and many mistake the meaning of a comparable freedom, that embodied in the Christian idea "love God and do what you will."

Nonetheless, whatever "sins" Dean is guilty of, it may be that he did experience enlightenment, and I am inclined to argue that he did. Suzuki observes that *Prajna* functions when reasoning is seen as futile and the willpower is defeated (Suzuki, 186), so that *Sunyata* suddenly faces one. Dean had long ago realized the former,

if indeed he ever did trust the intellect, and the latter is at a particularly low point during his scene with the women. From that time on, his behavior becomes much quieter, and as already observed also, he is no longer concerned about time, which in the Zen world is an illusion anyway. He no longer worries; he is aware of countless things large and small around him but rarely shows the attachment he did before, not trying to control the events in his life; and thus in a sense he is unconscious about his affairs. In that last image of him on Seventh Avenue, it may be that he shows the three major characteristics of Zen, that he has thoughts and yet does not have them (*wu-nien*: no consciousness), that he is in form and yet detached (*wu-hsing*: no form), and that he is non-abiding (*wu-chu*), the last being the most debatable perhaps. That he continued to enjoy and suffer his world is not contradictory, for Mind is like a tapestry with two aspects, the dualistic mind of the multiple world which delights in it but which is also linked to the *Prajna*-mind and so is in contact with the Unconscious, i.e., self-nature. Apparently he is in contact with all the conditions of life in a direct and unmediated fashion at last, thus in "no-mind," and he would say "When I am tired, I sleep" and "When I am hungry, I eat." Gone is the "Wow" and the "Zoom" in favor of these truly simple words of the practical language of the Zen koan and the patriarchal stories.

No matter what the view about Dean, it is surely unarguable that none of the other characters—nor the Beats themselves—seem to have become detached. They never pass beyond Dean's first and second stages of frenetic activity and hollow words. They do not balance time with eternity. Their moment contains no eternity and they become, in Suzuki's words, "irresponsible in a bad sense, anti-moral, not at all free, not masters of themselves, for they are controlled by the consciousness of momentariness" (267). Sal is incapable of detachment, either Buddhist detachment or the ironic or humorous detachment of the Western tradition. He is caught by history and even more by his strong desire for a savior. Both are rooted in feeling not quelled. He is haunted by history and death and feels the great void of inner and outer spaces as always sad. These feelings pervade the book and strike me as quite untrue to Buddhism, despite Buddhism's essentially rather pessimistic attitude. Perhaps it is because Sal, unable to relinquish time in its form of history and in the notion of a savior coming, cannot ever transcend the pessimism; the remedy lies beyond his accomplishment.

The most troubling thing about Sal as a character is his looking for salvation, or rather his waiting for it to be given to him. He first sets out feeling that "Somewhere along the line I knew there'd be girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the line the pearl would be handed to me" (11). There are many Buddhist anti-pathies here, and from none of them does he recover. He frequently looks upon Dean in various Biblical images such as the Avenging Angel, the seer, the saint. Father images are saviors, too, as when one night standing on the Continental Divide in Colorado he imagines that all anyone can do is "yell. . . across the night, eastward over the Plains, where somewhere an old man with white hair was probably walking toward us with the Word, and would arrive any minute and make us silent" (47). At the end, back in New Jersey, he thinks of all America sliding into the darkness of evening hour by hour and that nothing remains but growing forlornly old. Sal continues ever to look back (or is it forward?) into the places he has already been and the dreams whose fulfillment he ever demands.

The fact that Sal is the narrator, and a first person narrator at that, leaves his imprint most heavily on the novel. Even if it can be argued that Dean reaches enlightenment, we are left with Sal's mediating voice primary, and it is in a condition of sadness brooding over thoughts linked throughout the novel with death. Sal's basically unsmiling intensity and restless emptiness, still waiting for the "pearl" of enlightenment to be given him, belie a true "Buddhist" attitude toward life. Yet it is Sal who leaves the final impression artistically on the novel, and thus, besides the theoretical problems with the portrayal of Buddhism in the novel, it is difficult to accept the Beat way of life from Sal's testimony.

Despite these problems, however, great though they are, I would affirm that the novel and the Beat way of life had true significance. At the most elementary level, enough of the writing is both energetic and lyric enough to make it enjoyable reading (the vacuous exclamations aside). Often the tone and rhythm of America and its people and its dreams is wonderfully captured. There are moments of lovely poetic prose, unpurpled but strong, in the Whitman tradition.

More than that, the novel is important because it attests aspirations for a different life at a time when that was badly needed, a life more aware of other values, of people, and of the land, whatever the indifference sometimes shown them by the novel's characters. The novel touched and brought out into the open a small but growing groundswell of desire for freedom from a life that cut off so much of joy and enjoyment; for freedom from the hypocrisy or bondage of wanting to allow more facets of life to have freer play but feeling it impossible, unAmerican, or irreligious to act on those feelings. The Beats, I think, helped give form and impetus to these desires. They were "forerunners" of the "greening of America." It did not finally provide a true alternate way of life, but it did make people aware of new values which then spurred on their efforts to form a new life in other directions. I think it not too much to claim that in its awareness and appreciation of the earth and even more in its emphasis on naturalness and not analyzing, together with the attendant underlying Buddhist attitude toward Nature as being something of which man is a part rather than to which he is opposed, the Beat movement contributed to the now quite large environmental and ecological movements.

And the Beat movement, perhaps more than any other, made people aware of Buddhism *per se*, and by extension, of other ways of looking at life, particularly Asian ways. Even though the Buddhism in *On the Road* may be mistaken, for the first time many people heard of it and pursued its insights more thoroughly. People in larger numbers began to read D.T. Suzuki; Alan Watts, a lesser figure than Suzuki but nonetheless truer to Buddhism than the Beats, became popular reading starting about 1957. Today there is an active Zen monastery in California with several branches, founded and guided until recently by Shunryu Suzuki. Buddhism will not become the American way of life, of course, but it has and will continue to modify it. Ciardi, in his typical wry way, says "perhaps the Beat Generations' dabble in Zen will even teach that detachment that leads to mercy and compassion."<sup>6</sup> There is much in American life of attachment still, of course, but the values either explicit or implicit in Buddhism are making some difference in that life, and some of the credit for this surely belongs to the Beat movement.

## FOOTNOTES

1. *Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller: Private Correspondence*, edited by George Wickes (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1964), p. 344.
2. Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (New York: The Viking Press, authorized reprint by The New American Library, Inc., 1957), p. 11. All further page references are included in the text and are taken from this source.
3. *Zen Buddhism: Selected Writings of D. T. Suzuki*, edited by William Barrett (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., published under Anchor Books, 1956), p. 190, 191. All further quotes from this source are within the text.
4. See the comparison of the kanji for *k'an* and *chien* in Suzuki, p. 160.
5. Durrell and Miller, *loc. cit.*, p. 345.
6. John Ciardi, "Epitaph for the Dead Beats," reprinted from John Ciardi, *Dialogue with an Audience in Patterns of Exposition*, Randall E. Decker (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1966), p. 204.

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