

# MC-SIG

## Many Conspiracies – Special Interest Group

MC-SIG Newsletter  
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### Subterranean Beat

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*Bebop into the underground where the voices carry to the crowds above. Those sheep of a doomsday generation that never comes. Empty forms that've left creativity to the media, to consume as hotdogs at the game. "Sure, load it up with the condiments," a spectator says consuming again and again. "Bring it on, do it to me." Can they look below?*

*Where Burroughs injects experience, Kerouac beats off with Dean and friends, and Ginsberg's a menace to young boys as he rings Buddhistic bells. The product of their acts aborted as unwanted reality that will not be tolerated yet lives. I vomit and still, my stomach churns. Over and over—what have they done? Had they been working the room for a buck? Were they mere characters in a story acted-out on the big screen staring the CIA?*

*Then, there is Laurel Canyon and the Mountain where subliminal beats generated movement toward a breakdown with nihilistic front doors and the Process Church. Offering copy that is a stream, unedited, word for word; trash with meaning. The desired result lost to scrutiny with the glass-floor smashed. There they hid below in darkness with a plan. They offered their souls to Faust. An everlasting starvation.*

*It is a hitler of the mind. Subverting the next generation too. Their beat carried into the universities of praise for shit after Y2K. A dump with a following. A toilet unflushed. A pretended movement that became real. Was it so easy? Time had come for God to die, 1966. The beat goes on. Do not mention God for the media announced his death. "I saw the best minds...."*



Oh, Kerouac had his photo taken for *Mademoiselle* or the *New York Times* magazine and when it was printed they erased the crucifix that had been put around his neck by Gregory Corso.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Ginsberg, Allen. *The Best Minds of my Generation: A Literary History of Beats*. New York: Grove Press. 2017.

# Off Beat



Ann

Ann Kucera, a former Maine Mensa member was the cause for me to investigate the Beat Literary and Arts Movement. She had been married to Beat poet Robert Creeley. What were the motivations for the Beat Movement? This is a serious question for the conspiracy-minded. The antecedents to a coalescence of the emerging Beat authors and artists are generally thought understood. One aspect was the Mimeo Revolution allowing for self-publishing and the mutual support between an elect few.

Earlier in Paris, an epicenter of the Bohemian Arts and Literary Movement started in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and eventually these ideas migrated to the United States. After the madness of World War II, the youth in America had become disillusioned with the conformity that developed. The remnant Bohemian socialist and a utopian ideology influenced the Beats which merged into a 1960s-happening and dawn of the hippies.

Ann had a front-row seat as the Beat movement got underway and met many of the most influential writers and poets of the early 1950s. I questioned her several times trying to discover a connection to a hidden hand, an outside influence manipulating the movement. Could it have been fostered behind the scene by the CIA in its endeavor to influence the Arts and Letters, and with an MK-Ultra agenda? The acid and other drugs came from somewhere. Ginsberg's publication *Howl* challenged censorship laws and won. The connection may have been found, but it's sketchy, or when describing their *company*, spooky.

Around May 18, [1959] Allen went down to the Palo Alto Medical Institute, to volunteer as a subject in a research experiment for Dr. Joe Adams. Dr. Adams was working with Dr. Charles Savage and Dr. Harold Abramson, two CIA consultants who specialized in "mind-control" drugs. The scientists needed human guinea pigs to sample LSD-25, a drug they were experimenting with.<sup>2</sup>

She told me stories of these times. One was about their oldest son David, and his 11th birthday in 1958. Robert had not gotten anything for David and Ann asked if he could. He was hanging out with Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Jackson Pollack and others. Ann said, "As usual he just went off with his friends drinking and smoking pot." As told to me by Ann, when Robert mentioned to Allen Ginsberg about

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<sup>2</sup>Morgan, Bill. *Celebrate Myself: The Somewhat Private Life of Allen Ginsberg*. New York: Viking. 2006. P. 296.

Ann's request for a present for David, Allen inscribed a copy of *Howl* to him. "To David. Does your mother still make you cry? Allen Ginsberg."

This seems harsh, but Allen Ginsberg was. He was a pervert with a mind. A friend that grew up in San Francisco told me that a friend of hers from that area had to stop Allen from bothering her sons. Ann said that the book was not given to David; she destroyed it. I too would not give an 11-year-old a copy of *Howl* to read. It is Satanic in my estimation. It is about drug addiction, Moloch,<sup>3</sup> sexual depravity and getting shock treatments, which he received while institutionalized. Allen's mom had been institutionalized and received electroshock therapy too, and finally was lobotomized. *Howl* is a monumental work. It did elicit a strong reaction in me. I felt like crying for Allen, and for the extreme experience of evil that this work represents.

Some of Ann's stories I now know were just that. Her escapade where she came onto Robert Duncan, or he tried to seduce her is unclear. It is highly unlikely that he tried to jump her bones. She said Duncan got scared of a sexual encounter with her, a woman, after coming onto her. Exasperated he left her house in Mallorca and they were no longer friends. I know that she found him fascinating and enjoyed talking with him. He and his "husband" Jess, the artist, had a 50s-style 'gay marriage.' They visited the Creeleys in Mallorca to pursue writing and for a honeymoon. They had been together for three years and had not been able to get away together. It is blatantly clear how Duncan felt about Ann from his writings and letters. They still had to work together in the publication of his book of poems containing Jess's art.

A more substantial tension arose in Duncan and Jess's relationship with Ann Creeley, stated bluntly in Duncan's first correspondence to Denise Levertov from Mallorca:

I can't restrain myself from a comment or two on the Creeleys. Bob we both liked very much indeed . . . But what must be sketched in is that she isn't really likeable. She is embittered—and while one can piece together why—what has that to do with it as Jess says. Plenty of unembittered people have all the why in the world. And then she is, I am afraid, stupid.<sup>4</sup>

Ann had a sorry upbringing and did not feel loved. In addition to being augmentative, she had been promiscuous when young, and while married to Creeley. He was promiscuous as well. Alfred Kensey's publications and research into human sexuality during the 1940 and into the 60s opened the doors to open marriage, homosexuality and many aberrant sexual behaviors. The 1950s was a time for sexual experimentation and the Beat artists and poets embraced sex as an entertainment and no big deal, and drugs and alcohol made it much easier to let go of social conventions. Sex can be a form of rebellion, and that is no different for a group as it is for an individual.

As a member of Mensa and the International Society for Philosophical Enquiry (I.S.P.E.) Ann qualified as a smarty. However, she could be *pigheaded*. She was complicated, generous, and curious but a somewhat broken person.

A pretty but plain face with wide apart eyes, the nose with a slight snub. Once at a friend's birthday party, Ann, normally allowed no more than one or two cookies per dinner, gluttoned herself on cake and ice

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3Moloch is an evil god that children were sacrificed to.

4Jarnot, Lisa. *Robert Duncan: The Ambassador from Venus: A Biography*. Los Angeles: University of California Press. 2012. Page 138

cream. The house resounded with the screaming and laughter of neighbourhood kids. Ann let three boys feel her small breasts while they hid with her behind a couch.<sup>5</sup>

Robert Duncan had been married to a woman for a short while in the 1940s. When his wife got pregnant they opted for abortion, which doomed their marriage, besides his being homosexual. Several of the Beat poets were gay but experimented being with women. *Dean Moriarty* was clearly a bisexual rebel<sup>6</sup> and other contemporary poets and artists were conflicted gay men and women. There were several abortions due to these Beats' irresponsible lifestyles and inability to settle down. Ann had several abortions as well.

Another of Ann's stories was that Robert Duncan committed suicide after the publication of the biography about him by Faas, *Young Robert Duncan: Portrait of the Poet as Homosexual in Society*. Apparently, she considered that this exposé of his lifestyle and intimate details of his sexual escapades reason enough for him to kill himself. This was not true as he died in 1988 and Faas's biography was published in 1983. However, a hundred pages of her memoirs being published in Robert Creeley's biography by Faas might have caused Ann to have second thoughts about allowing them to have been published.

She had felt an affinity with Duncan, as he had been adopted and she had been as well. His early education in the classics had been close to her own. She could talk with him on many subjects having similar reference points. In addition, he was interesting and smart, two things that she valued greatly. As Ann said, "His parents were high ranking Theosophists and picked him out on purpose," and for a purpose apparently. One of the Theosophists seminal works, *Externalization of the Hierarchy*, is by Alice Bailey. I do not underestimate the influence that Theosophy has had on our current society and political endeavors and evolving New World Order.

His adoptive parents were looking for a child to program. They remained childless and decided to look for a child born under specific circumstances. If, as Ann said, they were high ranking, then they were insiders and knew the design Theosophy<sup>7</sup> had to move the world into a New Age and one-world religion. Books and lectures by the Monkey Lady,<sup>8</sup> Madame Blavatsky, a co-founder of Theosophy, and other Theosophists, talked about manipulating world-thought and introduced Eastern religions to the Western world. Their motto is, 'There is No Religion Higher than Truth.' Besides other specific requirements for a chosen child, the child's mother had to have died in childbirth or just after, which was the case with Robert's birth mom.

The Symmeses' six-year-old marriage had remained childless and their decision to adopt was reached by consulting the Astrological Charts from the Oakland Hermetic Brotherhood.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>5</sup>Faas, Ekbert. *Robert Creeley: A Biography*. Hanover, NH: University Press of New England. 2001. Page 33

<sup>6</sup>Kerouac, Jack. *On The Road*. New York: Viking Press. 1957. [Neil Cassady was Dean in the book and Neil was the driver of Kesey's Acid Kool-Aid Bus.]

<sup>7</sup>Theosophy is a religion whose god is Truth (the original sin being knowledge). Light Bearers for the New Age.

<sup>8</sup>Washington, Peter. *Madame Blavatsky's baboon: a history of the mystics, mediums, and misfits who brought spiritualism to America*. New York: Schocken Books. 1995.

Robert Duncan played an important role in the Beat movement. Jess Collins, his partner, appears to have been a minor insider. Jess was born in Long Beach, California and had been drafted. As a radio-chemist, he worked on the production of plutonium for the Manhattan Project (spawn of the Bohemian Grove), and he worked on the Hanford Atomic Energy Project. Jesse reported having had a dream that the world would be destroyed by an atomic explosion and quit this government work and went to art school in California.

A fear was being purposefully created of world annihilation by the prospect of exploding atomic bombs (and overpopulation). The arms race escalated from an origin in the 1950s and moved into the 60s and has overshadowed our world since. The “Doomsday Clock” was ticking. Public school children were being taught when the air raid alarm goes off that a bomb has been dropped, or will be, and they were to get under their desks, curl up into a fetal position to protect themselves, and “kiss their ass goodbye.” All over the nation, fear was institutionalized, and Jess had a dream. There was an agenda, and fear is an easy way to control people and can create cognitive dissonance.

The Creeleys’ Divers Press was the first to publish Duncan’s *Caesar’s Gate: Poems 1949-1950* along with Jesse’s collages. The following quote explains Robert Duncan’s motivation which represents the Theosophical endeavor.

His cause as poet was to denounce “dead Christianity,” the prejudices against minorities and sexual freedom, and the exploitation of the working classes.<sup>10</sup>

Ann often talked to me about her time with Creeley. Certain subjects still rankled her decades later. She committed suicide in November 2009. As her eldest son David (Creeley) Ebitz said in a personal conversation with me about her death, “She went out with a bang.” Ann had lived large. She shot herself in the mouth with a handgun while sitting in a wheelchair at home in her barn. I was not terribly sad for her end but numb; I pray for her immortal soul still. She was intolerant of pain and was over-using oxycodone which I am sure was a contributing factor in her demise.

Ann was my best friend. She was in my life for a fast-moving decade and changed the path I was on. We discovered each other at the Dexter Writers Group that met weekly in the basement of the Unitarian Universalist Church in Dexter, Maine in the 1990s. Married to Joseph (Joe) Kucera at that time, they both wrote short stories and we critiqued each other’s writings during these meetings. Joe was a piece of work – a way interesting guy. In addition to working on the issue of human immunity while employed at Fort Detrick, he allegedly found a way of unraveling DNA without it dying, which had been a problem, by using a cooling process. With only a Master’s Degree he did not receive the credit due to him for this discovery Ann said.

She was convinced, and there is certainly evidence to support such a belief, that AIDS had been created in a laboratory. Joe quit working on the project at Fort Detrick, a center for MK-Ultra research when he figured out what they were attempting to do, that was developing a devastating bioweapon AIDS. A Gay Bomb was bantered around this time to create a biological “weapon” that would turn the enemy’s army

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9Faas, Ekbert. *Young Robert Duncan: Portrait of the Poet as Homosexual in Society*. Santa Barbara: Sparrow Press. 1983. Page 18.

10Christenson, Paul. *Robert Duncans’ Life and Career*. American National Biography. New York: Oxford University Press. 1999.

gay. The guys would be too busy getting off with each other to pay any attention to war. The ability to influence sexual orientation through chemistry (and food) or to kill people with sexually transmitted weaponized diseases is believable in our world. Although I have little information about Joe's work, the point is he was a smarty too, being a member of Mensa and I.S.P.E. like Ann. They met at a Mensa meeting on Cape Cod.

He, like Ann, enjoyed saying outlandish and inflammatory statements in public and generally getting a rise out of people. It was before I knew him personally that the incident following happened. He was at the Methodist Church Thrift Shop in Dexter talking with Nancy the shop manager. One of my hobbies and Joe's was hunting thrift shops. I had seen him around town and knew of him. He and Ann drove around in a banged up foreign car covered in bumper stickers. Darn if I can remember the stickers, but would have been anti-gay and espoused conservative ideas, oh and there was a Mensa bumper sticker of course.

This encounter with Joe at the shop was during the gay rights voting saga that went on in Maine for decades. He was saying anti-gay stuff and I'd had about enough of his inflammatory bashing. The manager, a lesbian, was living with her girlfriend for several years helping raise her partner Donna's three children. Nancy was not defending herself against his harmful words. I walked up to the cash register area where they were standing and said to Joe right out of the blue, "What is a hermaphrodite to do?" His mouth dropped open and it took him a moment to get composed while looking me in the eyes. I do not recall exactly what he said, but likely that the parents did something to make their children gay, or he spouted other religious psychobabble and it was a person's choice to be gay. My next questions "What, did God make a mistake?" That typically drives the naysayers away.

I also knew Joe from his published Letters to the Editor in the Eastern Gazette, the local newspaper in Dexter. They typically denounced gays and espoused conservative viewpoints soapbox style. I'd read a few where afterward I felt like thrashing him. To find that he was a scientist was incongruent to me for an educated guy to have these views and beliefs. Ann was like this too, as mentioned she was pigheaded. She was not really prejudiced against gays however and said, "A person cannot help who they are attracted to." She believed same-sex attraction could be organic. From her memoirs she believed gays to be elegant and entertaining.

A curious thing about her suicide, it is layered with meaning for me. First, I acknowledge that she was worrying me at that time. I was stopping in to visit with her more often. I would cook for us to share meals, picked flowers for her, and got her mail. She was sleeping excessively before the end. It would pain her to know that some of the flowers were picked from her own garden. She believed that plants have feelings. And I do too. However, flowers are beautiful and nice to have inside on a table! Ann was talking about being vexed with her physical condition and the pain she had a lot the week before her death.

I had been working on a yet unpublished manuscript, *I Know What You REMEMBER*. This is a murder/suicide about real estate dealings and greed. The main character is suicided and leaves a note. The scene had been worked out, but Ann had specific editorial suggestions for the manuscript in her edit. She had a problem with the murder scene. First, she suggested that the suicide note should be handwritten for the police to believe it. In the story, the note is created on the office computer by the secretary-murderer. The guy is dead after all, and handwriting can be analyzed. Besides, that is

yesterday's news. Now people do elaborate Internet events as suicide declaration. "A typewritten note works, Ann," I told her.

Then there was the way the guy shot himself. Ann had read hundreds of murder mysteries and knew what worked, and what detectives could use to discover the truth when it really was murder, and who did it. In addition, she talked about the bullet spray. She knew I would discover her body, and as bend as this may seem she wanted me to see what a suicide with a handgun looked like. Ann had always said that when she could no longer take care of herself, she was going to end it all. There had been a plan for her to move in with me which never happened.

Several times I'd wanted to trash her as well as Joe. She was a frail old lady that pissed me off at times. I had asked her about her doing this to me and others. She said that "It makes my blood boil." She loved the excitement, the passion, and getting a rise out of someone. When she pushed my buttons, I could see a smile come over her face. I buried my "buttons" deeper than her ability to find them. She worked to get me going, but over time I learned to stifle my reactions, so she could not get under my skin.

There was something else that weirded me out. Her face looked serene, dead in the wheelchair. Her face did not appear troubled or in pain. About a year before this, after having read Terrance McKenna *True Hallucinogens*, I suggested she read it too. It was about the Spirit Molecule, DMT. She did not like McKenna's work and refused to finish reading it. In it, he mentioned that there is one time that human beings will have a natural DMT (dimethyltryptamine) dump. That is the moment of our deaths. That is all I could think seeing her face that day in the wheelchair with the handgun in her hand sitting in her lap. It appeared that she had not experienced any pain in this death experience and was finally at peace.

Another book that I suggested for her read that she did with relish was *Perfume* by Patrick Süskind, about a psychopathic murderer born without a sense of smell, to a fishmonger. In this novel, the main character captures the scent, the essence of virginal women in a bottle, but had to kill them to get it. The movie made from the book was being aired at the Railroad Theater in Waterville at this time, and we went to see it with my pushing her wheelchair into the theater. The story was gruesome. However, I had not realized that at one point, while living in Mallorca, Ann had lost her sense of smell. When she read the book and we saw the movie her reaction seemed odd; now I understand. She typically read a novel a day.

Ann had tricked me. I'm sure she was aware of my concern about her behavior that final week. When she called and asked me to take her to a doctor's appointment a few days later, I felt some relief that she was feeling better about her prospects by wanting to see the doctor. Later I was told by the customer service representative for Lifeline, a service Ann had, that this is one of the things individuals may do to run someone off the track when that person is having suicidal ideation. They set up an appointment with no intentions of keeping it. I miss Ann terribly and will till we meet again on the other side.

Around this time, I'd picked up a used edition of Melville's *Billy Bud* in a thrift shop that was signed on the inside cover by Robert Creeley. I had loaned this to her, but it got absorbed into her estate after her death. How in the heck did this book end up in a thrift shop in Bangor is a mystery? He had a three-year visiting professorship in the English Department at the University of Maine, Orono, from 1999-2002 and

had owned a home in Waldoboro. During his childhood, he summered in Maine. The value of the book to me was its connection to her.

She feared Robert Creeley. I think of him as “Creeley the Creep,” as Ann portrayed him. Her memoirs, and in Faas’ biography, as well as other sources described him hitting her more than once. He got into fistfights in bars, too. He experimented with LSD, pot, and other drugs and drank a lot during this time. When teaching at Black Mountain School<sup>11</sup>, he would come to class drunk, or the students would have to look for him. Ann’s daughter Charlotte said to me that her dad feared Ann. In 2001 he received the Lannan Lifetime Achievement award having published 75 volumes of poetry and one novel, *Island*.<sup>12</sup>

This book is a fictional account of Ann and Bob’s (Creeley) life together in Mallorca, with the character Joan being Ann. The book focuses on his relationship with her. It is written in a stream-of-consciousness prose style. At times I got lost as it is not entirely clearly written. Why Robert decided to entitle the book *Island* in 1963, when Aldous Huxley had published his utopian novel *Island* in 1962, is a surprise. Aldous Huxley plays heavily in the MK-Ultra experiments done by the CIA and military-industrial-complex studying ways to manipulate the masses and he was a known insider. The 1960s social upheaval was caused and was not an organic movement as had been believed and portrayed in the media. This appears to be the case with the Beat Generation too.

While on the island of Mallorca, the Creeleys formed Divers Press and published many Beat works. Divers Press could not have happened without Ann’s trust fund footing a lot of the freight. She was involved with the publications and did some editing too, which was not always apricated. Writers can be a touchy bunch. Duncan told Creeley not to allow Ann to touch his writings. Divers Press published or printed the work of Robert Duncan, Paul Blackburn, Charles Olson, Larry Eigner, Cid Corman and others. The Creeleys would have these authors, poets, and artists over to their place to drink, smoke pot, and discuss writing.

The woman behind the man is a stock figure in the Mimeo Revolution. Yet maybe the image of women standing by their men is the wrong image. “On their backs” in all the connotations of that phrase may be more appropriate. And thus the pathetic labor and the oft-depicted pathetic Ann Creeley have much more in common than may first appear. Divers Press would have been impossible without them.<sup>13</sup>

The emerging Mimeo Revolution opened the doors for anyone with the will and a word to get published. *Howl* was originally typewritten by Robert Creeley for Allen, with twenty-five copies printed on a mimeograph machine. Mimeo Presses sprung up to challenge the traditional publishing houses, as desktop publishing has done with the introduction of computers and word-processing more recently. The importance of getting a literary work established was with the media, and still is. Was a message percolating from the depths to the public mind through an effort of certain individuals, agencies, and entities with an appearance of coming from the grassroots?

Creeley’s primary concern was to issue carefully designed and printed works which he admired first of all as writing and which probably would not have been published through

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11An defunct experimental college that attracted many beat artist and poets.

12Creeley, Robert. *Island*. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1963.

13<http://mimeomimeo.blogspot.com/2014/04/in-divers-press-we-trust.html>



established channels. The books were usually first or second works by little-known authors most of whom are deservedly well known today.<sup>14</sup>

Interesting connections occur when authors mention other authors in their works. Recommending them or saying how great they are indelible. Robert Creeley wrote letters to many of the authors he esteemed and wanted to hang out with. Ann called him a Lion Hunter, chasing after fame and fortune. Yet, there continues to be a “feeling” that like him, there was an effort to create a market, to get into the public mind, the consumer, through an effort direct and hidden. The hidden part is always hard to prove but through bits and pieces of information, a word said, or letter written, a reference made, a web can develop that sets out a trail through the weeds that can be discretely seen.

There is a Hidden Hand – and by spreading money around to support the voices that espoused the desired point-of-view they worked to mold society into something new, or pagan and old. Through grants, gifts and gratuities, honoraria and prizes; corporations, endowments, and charitable trusts supported the voices they want us to hear or wanted us to hear. There was a quickening pace to normalize many behaviors previously considered taboo and illegal. And through feeling-based protections our society melds into a controllable mass of dumbed-down debt-slaves. Allen Ginsberg created a foundation for this end to fund these poets.

It was then that he decided that he should incorporate the Committee On Poetry as a permanent not-for-profit foundation in order to accept money and grants, which he could funnel to poets in need without the tax burden. “No use wasting the money offered floating around,” he wrote to Ed.<sup>15</sup>

The famous would no longer emerge from effort, work, scholarship and creativity as in days of yore, but by predicted and controlled choice. “Presidents are not elected, they are selected,” is a saying only too true; consider the Diebold vote-counting-machine and the known backdoor that these voting machines have. The media say, and we agree, who is famous, who gets published, or gets media attention with a consumer-based result. “We report, you decide,” after the information is spun to elicit the desired thoughtform. The traditional media will die a horrible death, fake news being their downfall (I hope). Manipulation of us toward social change has developed into a more exact technological and frequency-based art and science. The Beat Movement was likely the last not directly influenced and managed by computers. The movement was influenced for sure.

For me, the most authentic of the Beat Poets was Jack Kerouac. He was terribly conflicted and appears to have drunk himself to death. Yet, did this make him even more useful to represent youthful rebellion and efface social change? In his book *On The Road*, the beat, the tempo of the work and words, poetic and rhythmic, was a new kind of literature. The beat became a beatitude for him. He took the black bebop jazz popular in the 1940s and let the sound control the flow of the words. The mundane became magical. Society was on the road to change and Jack was a saint for the emerging Hippie Movement that came next.

The movie *Pull My Daisy*, 1959, based on Kerouac’s book, stars Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, and Gregory Corso and was narrated by Jack. Ginsberg mentions *the* poets in the movie, for example, Kenneth Rexroth, and begins with a discussion about poetry. It is a classic Beat production by G-String

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<sup>14</sup>Novik, Geraldine M. *Robert Creeley: A Writing Biography and Inventory*. British Columbia: University of British Columbia. 1973. [Doctoral Thesis.]

<sup>15</sup>Morgan, Bill. *Celebrate Myself: The Somewhat Private Life of Allen Ginsberg*. New York: Viking. 2006. P. 422-3.

Enterprises, a company formed by Jack Kerouac, Robert Frank and abstract expressionist artist Alfred Leslie.

The third act of Kerouac's only play depicts a slapstick encounter with a bishop from the Liberal Catholic Church, a small esoteric faith with roots in Theosophy. It was this third act that Frank and Leslie used as the basis of the final movie in their trilogy, the only one they would actually make, a film first called *The Beat Generation* but would later be renamed *Pull My Daisy*.<sup>16</sup>

Kerouac's writing represented a pent-up spirit let out-of-the-box of the 50s ridged conformity. The shadow self, the Id, could now roam freely. Sexual taboos were visited, and Eastern religions embraced. Kerouac's wanderlust turned a generation on and they hit the road, or vicariously tasted the booze, did the drugs, bedded the women, and men even got to touch each other openly, and written about in print.

There were hidden influences that created many social upheavals starting in the 1950s and culminated in a torn social fabric, and dissolution of normative values and family life that was the 60s. It is not quaint to say that Drugs, Sex and Rock and Roll played a serious role in fundamental changes in society with ramifications into today. It can be clearly shown that there were deliberate and sophisticated influences on society through pharmaceuticals and illicit drugs, encouraging promiscuity, and in music, by a shadow government. The roles between the sexes have blurred and former aberrant behaviors are now approved of. Much of the pure research was turned into a means of control.

For example, Wilhelm Reich's orgone accumulator was noted by some of the Beats. Reich really was the Father of the Sexual Revolution. A famous saying of his was, "Leave the children alone," meaning the taboos about sex taught to children were wrong. His discovery of orgone energy and his practice of having his patients naked for therapy got him pegged as a sex fiend and his acknowledgement of childhood sexuality was misunderstood. He discovered that concentrated orgone energy enhanced sexual experience.

William Burroughs experimented with orgone, ejaculating without any physical contact but concentrated orgone from his personally-created orgone accumulator device. He was interested in the healing benefit of orgone, and Reich's study of the orgasm. Reich's work on weather modification is still kept under wraps. The 1950s was the beginning of a concerted effort to destabilize society and implement a New World Order by a Hidden Hand that can often be seen, in hindsight.

Kerouac believed the impulse to write came from latent orgasmic energy that is externalized in the written word, the *energy* discharges as prose. Freud called this bioprocess, sublimation, channeling sexual energy into the arts and letters or other *fruitful* works and labor. This is speculation in part, as Kerouac is a study to a depth beyond a cursory look at his life, in the psychological, literary, and the spiritual realms. There is even the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poets at Naropa Institute<sup>17</sup>, co-founded by Ginsburg.

William Burroughs was the oldest of the first-tier founders of the Beats, with Kerouac and Ginsberg. There is something decidedly fishy about Burroughs. When I discovered that he'd traveled to South America with Dr. Richard Evans Schultes of Harvard, the father of ethnobotany, and author of the

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16R.J. Smith. *American Witness: The Art and Life of Robert Frank*. New York: Da Capo Press. 2017.

17Naropa University is a private liberal arts college in Boulder founded in 1974.

*Golden Guide to Hallucinogenic*, it seemed unlikely. Burroughs was after yage, the drug DMT, ayahuasca, and Schultes was the guy to know to get it. Burroughs had traveled to South America previously searching for yage, but only got sick. Now he would experience DMT.

When Burroughs described his ayahuasca visions as an earth-shaking metaphysical experience, Schultes famously replied, "That's funny, Bill, all I saw was colors."<sup>18</sup>

Burroughs' was a Harvard graduate class of 1936. Schultes entered Harvard on a full scholarship in 1933; their circles would have collided. The connections that are weaved into the collected papers, articles, books and media of the Beat Movement are undeniable. What this all proves is difficult to assess. This short foray into the Beats brought together here is a mere scratch on the surface of a larger study.

Ann had a strong and negative viewpoint on what the Beat Generation was about and how we got so deeply away from a more innocent time. She believed that Psychology was a new age religion and psychiatrists are witches. She strongly disliked jazz and believed that discordant music was purposeful as a way of creating disharmony in society. To believe there was no Hidden Hand and that the emerging social trends are random is foolhardy. We will harvest what we sow.

*"The beat goes on. The beat goes on. Drums keep pounding a rhythm to the brain. La de da de de, la de da de da."<sup>19</sup>...."*

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<sup>18</sup>[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard\\_Evans\\_Schulties](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Evans_Schulties) 4/14/2018.

<sup>19</sup>Sonny & Cher ***The Beat Goes On***. From the album, ***In Case You're in Love***. Atco Records 1967. Song written by Sonny Bono.