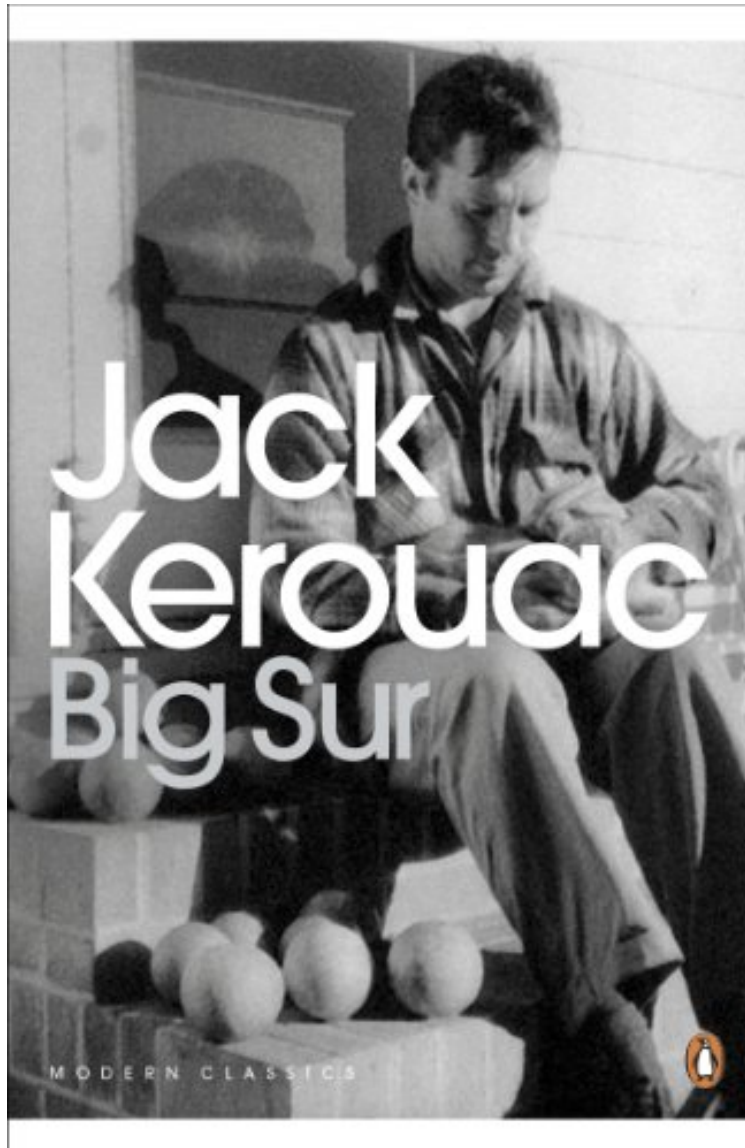


(Free) Big Sur (Penguin Modern Classics)

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Von Jack Kerouac

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Von Jack Kerouac : Big Sur (Penguin Modern Classics) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Big Sur (Penguin Modern Classics):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "I see the cross, it's silent, it stays a long time, my heart goes out to it." (Jack)Von expressAt the time Big Sur was published in 1962, a decade after Kerouac's eminent novel On the Road, the author was internationally celebrated as the "King of the Beats", a title with which Kerouac himself was deeply uncomfortable. Two of Kerouac's favorite spots to chill out

were the San Francisco Bay Area and the coastal Big Sur wilderness, an area running south from Carmel to San Luis Obispo (although I reduce that to the southernmost point of the Big Sur postman, the Santa Lucia Lodge). This is the setting for the novel that is probably the most typical of the author's problematic career. The book draws on a visit to the poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti (owner of the fabled City Lights bookstore) and other Bay Area friends and a solitary stay in Ferlinghetti's isolated cabin in Bixby Canyon (in the novel called Raton Canyon with Ferlinghetti given the name Louis Monsanto) and is considered the formal conclusion to the Duluoz legend. Jack Duluoz experiences a crisis of mind and spirit, so, basically the story tells of the crackup of the "bloody King of the Beatniks" who just can't stand anymore the pursuit by reporters, visitors, and hangers-on attracted by his fame and financial success. Duluoz suddenly realizes he must "make one fast move or I'm gone." So he goes to Big Sur to be completely alone in a friend's cabin in a canyon at the edge of the sea. After a short happy time there, writing down the sounds of the Pacific, watching birds, feeding Alf the mule, Duluoz is overcome by a mood of horror, helplessness and despair and flees to San Francisco. Even Hunter S. Thompson refused to understand why someone as hip as Kerouac couldn't have a good time in Big Sur, and he wrote to a friend that he would give one of his testicles to trade places with Jack so he could drink and drug with the beatniks. Parties and people: beats, Buddha, booze and sex. Then Cody, his old buddy, introduces him to Billie and he lives with her and her little boy. Yet Duluoz feels stranger and stranger, encountering death everywhere - a dead otter floating in the sea, a dead mouse in the grass. More parties, more people, more jazz, big beautiful Romana, Billie's ex-con friend Perry. Even when they go back to Big Sur, Duluoz cannot sleep. "Sleep is death, death is everywhere." Duluoz describes the onset of insanity so clearly that the reader gets the feeling it's happening to himself. Kerouac claimed in a letter to his Italian editor Nanda Pivano, that he'd finished "Big Sur" in ten days. He typed the novel single-spaced, at such fast clip that it probably contained less fiction he'd ever written, and it can be immediately identified as an autobiographic document with easily recognizable characters. It is an account of his alcoholic crack-up the previous year. On megadoses of Benzedrine, he'd managed to cut through his hangovers long enough to turn out one of his most honest and shocking novels of his career, comparable in its unflinching depiction of alcoholism and insanity to Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up*. In an interview he told the *Paris Review* that it combined the mystical aura of *Tristessa* and the confessional hysteria of *The Subterraneans*.⁶ von 6 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The picture of unmaking Von The serpent says. This book has been described as the journal of Jack losing himself. Some critics state that when he came back down from his time of solitude on Desolation Mountain begins his spiral downward into madness, alcoholism and loss of artistic edge. I disagree - but it is most certainly a showing of a break in his persona - as he describes the beauty and horror of having nothing to do but face one's self when that's all one has. The lies you tell yourself are strong, but give way when you have no one else to reinforce them for months on end...and this may have indeed driven Jack to the edge and beyond. The pre-eminent voice of the Beat movement, who both gave it its name and disavowed his involvement, is at his most exposed and honest self in this work. This is not a book to read for a relaxing afternoon, in my opinion. This is a book that will burden you - but you'll be better for it.¹ von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. the down Beat Von karl b. By 1962 alcohol had become the combustible propellant of Jack Kerouac's saturated imagination. Like matches to the wick, binges could last weeks. 'Big Sur' brings a much different narrator than the frenetic idealist of 'On The Road'. When that was published, years after it had been written, he was touted as the bard of a new generation, a moniker he grew to deeply resent. Popular culture soon trivialized the 'Beats' into a parody of bongo drums and bad poetry. He became perceived by critics as a passing fad. A wounded Kerouac, his attempts to be recognized as a serious writer in disarray, hoped to dry out in a solitary retreat at a cabin at Big Sur. It would be his last genuine effort at sobriety, and this book would become his last great novel. Much of the book was written in the afterglow of hangovers, or the buzz of the day's first drink. There is weariness here, a sedated fatalism. His spirituality struggles with morbidity. Still, Kerouac's sensual, sensitive poetic prose might have reached its most sublime character in 'Big Sur', even in its fevered sparks of delirium tremens. It drifts, as Kerouac was drifting, in the disillusionment of the post-Beat rancor, then swirls into eddies of luminous energy. The flow of consciousness is viewed as if through a prism which gives experience a subjective, surreal semblance of order. It seems so tantalizingly close to grasping some illusive meaning, that talisman Kerouac had followed through friendships, terrestrial and spiritual wandering, hardscrabble existence, inebriation, all his life. There is a little quip at the start of the book about the copyright problems he was having with previous publishers, regarding the use of the various names he had attributed to the pantheon of his 'beatnik' friends. The group who became the century's most legendary collection of literary iconoclasts. He describes all of his books as a single Proustian comedy of raging action, folly, sweetness. He whimsies spending his old age reinserting a consistent nomenclature. Of course, the old age would never be. A coherent structure, though, might have robbed the books of their intrinsic spontaneity, the root of their innocence. With all this, there is still a persistent, if subdued, cadence (a beat!) and a wry, if exhausted, humour. Lament or comedy, the roaring storm of *On The Road*, came crashing ashore at Big Sur, leaving the author a crumpled wreck on the beach. But from these bookends you can glean Kerouac's exhilarating, sad odyssey. 'Big Sur' is its most wrenchingly personal and

expressive chapter.

Kurzbeschreibung In 1960 Jack Kerouac was near breaking point. Driven mad by constant press attention in the wake of the publication of *On the Road*, he needed to 'get away to solitude again or die', so he withdrew to a cabin in Big Sur on the Californian coast. The resulting novel, in which his autobiographical hero Jack Duluoz wrestles with doubt, alcohol dependency and his urge towards self-destruction, is one of Kerouac's most personal and searingly honest works. Ending with the poem 'Sea: Sounds of the Pacific Ocean at Big Sur', it shows a man coming down from his hedonistic youth and trying to come to terms with fame, the world and himself. Pressestimmen Kerouac's grittiest novel... sensual and uninhibited (The New York Times) Stunning and vivid (Sunday Times) Kurzbeschreibung In 1960 Jack Kerouac was near breaking point. Driven mad by constant press attention in the wake of the publication of *On the Road*, he needed to 'get away to solitude again or die', so he withdrew to a cabin in Big Sur on the Californian coast. The resulting novel, in which his autobiographical hero Jack Duluoz wrestles with doubt, alcohol dependency and his urge towards self-destruction, is one of Kerouac's most personal and searingly honest works. Ending with the poem 'Sea: Sounds of the Pacific Ocean at Big Sur', it shows a man coming down from his hedonistic youth and trying to come to terms with fame, the world and himself.