

A Memory of Michael McClure

A bunch of us performed at Town Hall in NYC
in May of '94 — as the finale of a 5 Day
Conference on the Beat Generation at NYU

I opened the evening by calling
William Burroughs in Lawrence, Kansas
and talked with him from the stage
to the applause of the overflow audience

Later I stood stageside and bantered
with Michael McClure & Gregory Corso

Some of the best moments at this sort of event
are found in the intimate discourse
standing offstage or in the dressing rooms

I told McClure
that Johnny Depp
had paid 15 grand
to Kerouac's estate
for one of
 Jack's jackets

He & Ray Manzarek were
 just about to go on

& Ferlinghetti
 was toning
 his final poem

McClure flipped me
the hard Sophoclean eye & said
"I have five or six of those."

"So do I," I replied,
my mind shifting cunningly
from free will
 to Good Will
thinking, of course, that
Depp will need a
2nd coat for when
the 1st is in the cleaners
& another
 for his summer home
 & one for his manse in Nice

—Ed Sanders
Woodstock, NY
in memory of my longtime
friend & literary explorer
Michael McClure

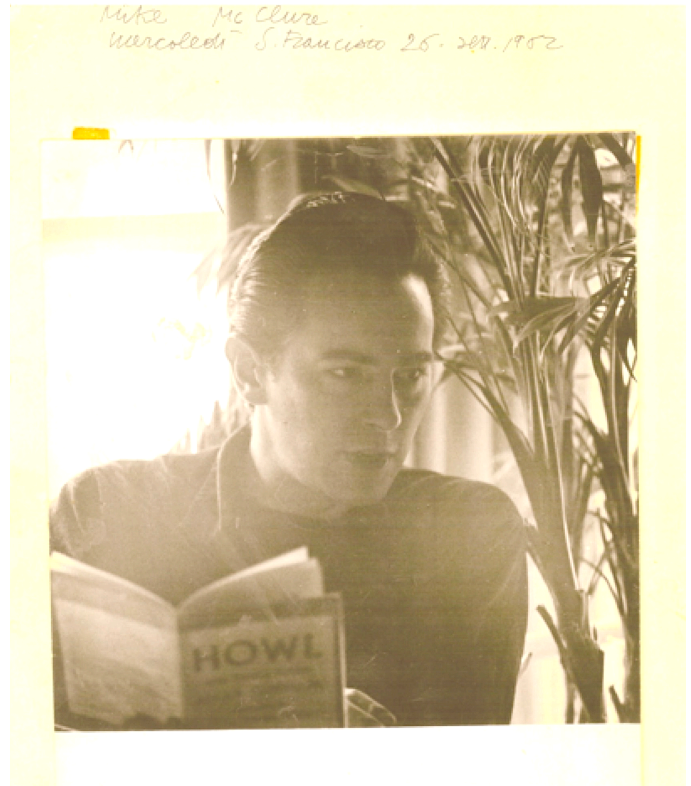


Photo by Diane di Prima, 1962



Lost & Found Now & Then #4
U-Print broadside during
the coronavirus

Born in 1932, Michael McClure was raised between his birthplace, Marysville, Kansas, and Seattle. He finished high school and began college in Wichita before going to the University of Arizona and from there, in 1954, to San Francisco. In 1955, he was the youngest reader to participate in the historic Six Gallery reading where Allen Ginsberg first read *Howl* in public. Poet, playwright, novelist, essayist, journalist, and author of more than forty books, McClure was a central figure whose experience in the 1950s was foundational for the creation of the counterculture of the 1960s and its aftermaths. He died on May 4th, 2020, at his home in Oakland, California.