**Reflections**

by [Author Name]

The evening was originally planned as a question and answer session, but as it turned out, there were many questions and few answers. Kerouac twisted, turned, gestured, getting his words, answered questions with questions, and so on. Everyone was engaged in the conversation, if not in the same direction. When the evening was over, the audience was left with the feeling that the evening had been slightly different.

Throughout the two-hour session, the students, teachers, and faculty members interacted with Kerouac, asking questions about his work, his life, and the future of literature. The evening was a success, and Kerouac was looking forward to his next appearance in the city.

**Letters To The Editor**

Regarding the responsible for the sterilization of the G.S. students, I cannot accept the suggestion made in the letter, "Reply to the Unenlightened," printed in the February 13 issue of the KEN.

If the editors of KEN are not satisfied with student apathy, why did they not come fully, reverse the situation? Last month, on January 6, by the member of the Unenlightened generation, to report on the excellence of our student essay, Reproducing the excellence of the student essay might have increased some interest in the reading of KEN and could have reversed the way for a thought-provoking essay on some controversial issues. It did not take the essay to the idea of making this stimulation

-ing in their search for knowledge and this basic inevitability lead to many opinions on various subjects and a variety of conclusions.

Perhaps the smallest letter-writer did not reveal his identity for fear of self-parody. One must be courageous and daring to be able to take a stand on controversial issues. This is especially true today when there could be more significant

no one looked as if they had lost something, and so you picked it. You thumbed through it seeking identification and found the usual photographs, cards, and papers.

There were a large number of money, but it's not very much. Some of it was to pay for the student's rent, the other was for the telephone bill, clothes, and so forth.

You have that money now and though I don't expect it back at this late stage, I thought I would say to you anyway. Even if you never read this letter it may help someone else who is facing a similar situation. I will try to help you as much as possible to get the situation to a reasonable level.

**Wits And Pencils**

Some time ago, I was out for a walk in the woods, when I came across a small pond. As I sat by the pond, I noticed a small bird flitting by my head. I watched it for a while, and it seemed to be trying to catch something in the water.

I decided to help the bird by throwing a stone into the water. The stone hit the water and sent a small splash. The bird turned its head towards me and seemed to be looking at me. I noticed that the bird was now standing on the edge of the pond, looking towards the water.

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Brooklyn College has seen many strange creatures on the campus in its day, but on Wednesday, February 25, the college welcomed what was probably the strangest. This uninhibited being was Jack Kerouac, author, road-runner, and bored individual.

Kerouac was brought to the campus through the efforts of "Nocturne," the school's literary magazine. As the show turned out, their efforts would have been rewarded if they were guided in another direction.

The session began with a strained atmosphere. Kerouac, who is known for not appearing where and when he is supposed to, arrived late. Forty minutes late. With him were four friends – Philip Lamantia, poet-laureate from San Francisco; Howard Hart, also a poet; Danny Price, comedian turned writer, and David Amram who plays a wicked french horn.

The evening was originally planned as a question and answer session, but as it turned out there were many questions and few answers. Kerouac twisted, turned, gestured, garbled his words, answered questions with questions; all-in-all he accomplished nothing. If Kerouac had come down to earth, the night might have been slightly different.

Throughout the unrewardable evening his friends offered funny, irreverent answers and moral support. This certainly was needed. Kerouac did not, and appeared to have no intention of giving, a reasonable answer. "I'm an artist, not a lecturer," and "Come on, man, you're not making the question definite enough," were two frequently used answers.

When the circus in the faculty lounge ended, it retired to one of the local bars.

Along with Kerouac and his friends were a group of trained bears – his disciples who had risen from the audience and followed him. From this small group of dedicated followers I learned one thing: Kerouac is right, regardless of what he says.

Their god had come. They had heard the song of the piper and like the children of Hamlin followed without looking right or left.

As Kerouac spoke, hunched over his glass of wine, the puppets stood around nodding their approval.

"This is the wrong bar, Jack, the wrong bar. Anybody that's with it knows that," a youth in dark-rimmed glasses kept repeating.

"I didn't go to football practice one day, that's when I decided to become a writer"..."Mr. Kerouac, what was your initial reaction to this sudden impulse"..."I cried, man, I cried. Wept, sat down and wept, know what I mean?" ..."Mr. Kerouac, earlier you mentioned that everything is an illusion. Would you mind clarifying that statement!..."I'm a cloud, a great big white cloud, that's it a cloud!" And so it went.

The night dragged on, the answers got worse, and it became quite evident that the whole thing was a waste of time. Excessive wine and the fanatic audience had taken its toll.

As the hour approached three the circus broke down its tents and began to move on.
Kerouac should never have agreed to speak before students. He was neither prepared nor willing to answer the students' queries. Those hoping to learn from an accepted artist found the evening completely valueless. Kerouac is one of the rare examples of talent without brains.

Philip Lamantia, poet of the San Francisco school, was the only worthwhile part of the evening. His blank verse poetry far surpassed Kerouac's attempt at entertainment.

(Includes head shot of Kerouac and companion with caption "Jack Kerouac, right, ringmaster of the 'beat' circus, mentally fades into his big white cloud.")