

ROCK 'n ROLL JESUS WITH A COWBOY MOUTH

I ran into Lawrence Ferlinghetti outside of Tosca's bar in San Francisco last New Year's Eve, and he looked happy. The book is out," he said, "and it looks great. We've sent one on to the theatre. You should get it in a few days." I wandered across the street to City Lights Book Store, the publishing house for a whole generation of West Coast writers, and there behind the glass next to Larry's first book ventured as a publisher, Allen Ginsburg's *Howl*, was Sam Shepard's *Fool for Love*. Somehow, a cycle seemed completed.

I first read *Howl* as a teenager and student at the University of Chicago and was flattened. There was something unrelenting and dangerous about it, both in its rage and insight. I don't think I had ever seen such rage and insight in such equal proportions. For me, *Howl* marked the '60s, and convinced me that the future was on the West Coast.

Twenty years later, *Fool for Love* had the same effect, and now here they were, side by side behind the glass, convincing me in the '80s that the more things changed, the more they stayed the same.

On the cover of *Fool for Love* was the same image we had used for the poster at the Magic Theatre when the play first opened. On a glossy background and filling the cover page, in a dark jacket and

BY JOHN LION