

# THE INVISIBLE GENERATION: A LITTLE FINGERNAIL HISTORY

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Charlie Plymell really first defined it for me (Baltimore, winter of 1976): Since Ginsberg, Kerouac, Cage, Cunningham... they've got this Media Hype, keep front-stage center, there is no room for any-one/thing NEW..." So the generation(s) after the Beats/ Black Mountaineers remain(s) invisible, in the Beat Black Mountain shadow.

Not that we're not a continuation of the Beat-Black Mountain, we are! It's the same Beatific Quest – perhaps with this twist of a difference, that we have learned (even John Bennett, Charles Potts, Len Fulton, the most explosive of the Clan) to live INSIDE THE INSTITUTIONS. It's as if The Beats beat out SPACE for us, formed a clearing in the skyscraper woods, and we have come into this psychic freespace and inhabited it.

Some of us are already Unknown Poet-Soldier Casualties – D.A. Levy, William Wantling, "Feet" Lipman. Others of us have already flowered and bureaucratized (like Joel Deutsch) but most still flourish: Potts, Smith, Lifshin, Bennet, Kruchkow, Johnson, Newborn, Plymell, Kalachovsky, Wilkins, Winans, the Drakes, Foreman... and you never know if Fulton might have another GRASSMAN or OTHER ADAM DREAMING up his (hopefully) sleeve.

I think we're characterized by an immense optimism. We're realists, we see America exactly how it is, as a glorious electronic democratic half-slum, half-emerald city. At the same time we're Whitmanesquely futuristic, Martin Luther Kingish having our dream and eating it too, knowing that America is the best place for loving, America-America still is the dreamshore, the place which denixonized itself without revolution and with a leetle bit of revolution got out of Viet Nam. Demand-response, Populism.

We remain Amerindian-East Indian forever passing-to-India Optimists. We look at the capitalistic media nightmare called New York and form our own antiestablishment that in turn is forming NEW

antiestablishments, finding new frontiers within the old psychic-territories, always re-forming, re-newing... and it's amazing, isn't it, when you take all restrictions off, even finance the so-called Underground, how peacefully exuberant the Energy is. We are the inheritors of lots of SPACE won by our progenitors — and we know it, enjoy it, want to keep the wings of the '60's aloft, keep it soft, vulnerable, permeable, inner, striving for Erhebung — Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata, Shantih...

We're 45, 35, 25 now, we're whatever comes after the Beats which come after Losts which come after that other Invisible Generation of the Last American Renaissance that was so quiet while IT was Renaissancing — Dickinson, Thoreau, Whitman...

