

STATEMENT OF ORIGINS

When I came down as a Fulbright Professor at the Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina in 1978, I found a very highly developed English and American Literature (and Language) Program - but no leetle mag. Which I thought I'd remedy with a kickoff number of ILHA DO DESTERRO - EXILE'S ISLAND. It is a poor, pitiful, lean kickoff, I know, but I just wanted to do it kind of like from the middle of the gorilla-populist spirit of the 60's - early sixties - when Mimeo was King and poverty never meant paper or mode of printing but only POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

I hope other members of the department will take this small pile of sticks and build it into more stately mansions - but without losing the esprit of the fresh, new, experimental... certainly NOT turning it (as a veteran of 22 years of English departments I think I have every right to fear) into a mausoleum of literature. I'd rather think of it as a beach, a tennis-court, a sandlot ballpark, popular/populist/mass - not massive, the People, yes, and the LIVING more than the Dead.

HF - 1979

THE INVISIBLE GENERATION

a little fingernail history...

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, Kruckow, 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, Daya-

dhvam, 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, Whit-
man...

Hugh Fox

Sta. Catarina - Brasil

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