

Beatitude Magazine and the 1970s San Francisco Renaissance

From the early 1970s through the early 1980s, for about a decade, San Francisco was often compared to Paris and the urban centers in Russia at the turn of the century. “A renaissance” some of us say, now, looking back. And even then, that word used to slip from our lips in moments of projected epiphany or outlandish optimism. Centered around City Lights Bookstore in North Beach, a fleur-de-lis had sprouted and bloomed, whose petals would eventually spread into the ethnic neighborhoods in San Francisco and out over the whole Bay Area, with leafy creative vines reaching other literary and artistic circles, further afield, in Berkeley, Bolinas, the Russian River and up along the coast and north--all the way to Mendocino and the North San Juan Ridge community in the Sierra foothills and as far south as Santa Cruz. Young poets, artists and musicians coming from all over the country, and in fact the world, were arriving almost daily to add their voices to the chorus of a growing community of younger generation bohemian brethren.

The Hippie/Flower Children explosion of the 60s and early 70s was over--and the Beats were taking a back-seat to the rock bands, pop singers, cult films and new age spirituality that was getting all the attention here in America. I had returned to the U.S., from France, where I had spent an unexpectedly short stint as an ex-patriot and wannabe Rimbaud, and the timing was perfect for a handful of us in our twenties, who had migrated to San Francisco/North Beach to be near our forty and fifty-something Beat literary heroes from the 50s, who greeted us with open arms. Within a few years the San Francisco literary scene would be back in the full swing of a 2nd Renaissance--becoming very much like fin-de-siecle Paris and St. Petersburg from an earlier legendary era.

It was, quite honestly, the resurrection of *beatitude* magazine (started by Bob Kaufman as one of the original beatnik publications that was part of the “mimeograph revolution” of the 1950s) that was the spark for the renaissance that was going on as the 70s approached the half-decade mark. Also, and not to be overlooked or marginalized, there were the Friday night ‘classes’ at Harold Norse’s small apartment over in the South-of-Market district--which preceded the resurrection of *beatitude*--where many of us younger poets first met, creating an unlikely, but fertile, spawning ground for the literary “run” that would follow. *Beatitude* magazine and its new 60s-generation of editors were the organizers for “the event” that truly launched what would become the 2nd Renaissance in San Francisco: a poetry reading staged at the Savoy Tivoli on Grant Avenue, celebrating the denouncement and denouement of Bob Kaufman’s thirteen-year vow of silence

(an event in itself that had occurred only a couple weeks previous, upstairs in Malvina's Coffeehouse with an improvised oration by Kaufman of an inspired combination of Keats, Elliot's "Wasteland," sections from the work of Charles Olson, Ginsberg's "Howl," Rimbaud's Illuminations, and his own poems. How do I know this? I was there). The Savoy Tivoli was packed and there were people crowding the door to get in. In the end, a speaker was rigged up and put out into the street, so that everyone could be witness to this historic moment and "the black Rimbaud's" phoenix-like ascension from the ashes of over a decade of relative silence.

My constant compatriot in those days was a young Zionist Jew who was much compared with the young Allen Ginsberg, named Neeli Cherry (soon to become Cherkovski). A dynamic and very entertainingly vocal personality having come up north from the Los Angeles area where he was a close comrade of Charles Bukowski, he drew a lot of attention to himself and to *beatitude* and all the *beatitude*-sponsored events. Others in the core *beatitude* group who had met through the gatherings at Harold Norse's apartment or other North Beach connections, included Ken Wainio from up north in Redwood Valley in the vicinity of Ukiah (who, in the early years, was studying at San Francisco State University under the Greek surrealist poet-in-residence Nanos Valaoritis), David Moe (an extremely experimental poet who was publishing a literary tabloid disguised as a porno paper to eek out a living, and who was one of the few true natives of San Francisco), Luke Breit (the son of Harvey Breit of *New Yorker* fame, who, from New York by way of Central America had made his way to the Bay Area), Philip Daughtry (who was going by the name Suntime at the time and who had gotten to the Bay area by the circuitous route that took him to Canada, New York and Colorado, after migrating from Newcastle-upon-Tyne in northern England at the age of thirteen), Jerry Estrin (who arrived in S.F. to become a taxi-cab driver after earlier sojourns in Los Angeles, Mexico and upstate New York), Roderick Iverson (coming from Europe by way of Reed College before landing in San Francisco), Paul Wear (who came from the Midwest of the U.S. to become a monk at the San Francisco Zen Center), Kaye McDonough (originally from Pittsburgh, but coming to San Francisco after living in Paris and studying at the Sorbonne), Janice Blue (from the mountains of Kentucky), Kristen Wetterhahn (artist, dancer, yoga instructor and placeless presence and calming influence--a "Wendy" to our "Peter Pans"), Eugene Ruggles (whose book *The Lifeguard in the Snow*, would, in 1977, be nominated, and almost win, the Pulitzer Prize) and Cole Swenson (a Nordic blond with the voice of a siren, who was the center-post for a small literary scene on the other end of the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, in Marin County at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais).

Adding to the international implications of *beatitude* and the Baby Beats, was the presence and hands-on participation of such international expatriots in the group as Sami Farhat (Ankido) from Palestine, Alexandr Kohav from Moscow and Pancho Aguila (although participating while being incarcerated in Folsom Prison) from Nicaragua.

There were also others, who, while they weren't involved, directly, in the editorial machinations and production of *beatitude* magazine, were published in its pages and were a native presence to the 70s decade and all that went on in and around San Francisco: Stephen Schwartz (a native of San Francisco, union organizer, general political rabble-rouser, and a one-time member of the American Surrealist Group based in Chicago that was loosely descended from Breton's Paris cadre), Steve Schutzman and Tom Cuson (who ran the oldest-running poetry reading series in San Francisco at the Intersection performance space), Jim Dalessandro (a prose-poet from Santa Cruz and the mover-and-shaker of the Santa Cruz Poetry Festival), Jerry Kamstra (a North Beach bohemian who had authored, in 1974, an autobiographical novel titled *The Frisco Kid*), A.D. Winans (long-time San Francisco resident and publisher of Second Coming Press), Max Schwartz (community radio activist and voice for poetry in the schools and prisons of northern California), Andy Clausen (best/loudest voice from the Berkeley street-poet scene), Andre Codrescu (the then-recent young Romanian emigre) and Sharon Doubiago (living at the time in Mendocino, up the California coast, after moving north from L.A.) While this is not a complete list of *beatitude* cohorts, it is exemplary in its incompleteness.

The published editorial statement by Luke Breit in *beatitude* 24 in the fall of 1976 documents those early beginnings of the magazine and "the renaissance" scene it was catalyst for:

When I finally got the idea to revive *beatitude* magazine in the spring of 1975, it was after a year of working with many local poets in North Beach. Larry Sparks had begun the readings at Malvina's, an important series in which many of us became involved. Jack Hirschman arrived on the scene, and with his incredible energies devoted to poetics, began healing rifts between poets long at odds with each other. Thomas Crowe came from North Carolina with a great love for the Russians and the Beats. Neeli Cherkovski arrived from Bukowski and political organizing with a remarkable burst of energy that, even as it angered some, revitalized many others. Behind these forefronts of action, the old sages, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Harold Norse offered advice, poems and much other less tangible help. So much was happening, I had a sudden flash that the old *beatitude* was needed once again to display the wide range of writing that was going on. Jack and Kristen Wetterhahn, Neeli and Thomas and Louis Collins immediately became part of the original revived *Beatitude* family. We decided to have a revolving editorship and keep the door wide open. Our idea seems thus far to have worked. *Beatitude* has stirred much attention, its readings are enormously successful, and the magazine, as mentioned in a recent issue of *Poetry Flash*, "is known for its scruffy production and quality poetry."

While Discovery Bookstore--a used bookstore, two doors down from City Lights--was the “office” for *beatitude*, and the place of employment for Luke Breit and Luis Collins, the cafes by day and the bars by night were the artistic nexus and playground for young artists and bohemian bodhisatvas, often living together, most of whom had little or no income except for some sort of SSI welfare, a dishwashing job, or a patron/lover generously enamored of the banter and the revelry of the scene. It was an exciting time, and the whole village of North Beach, bordered to the north by the Italian community and to the south by Chinatown, seemed more global than local in its proportions and its consciousness, with the intersection of Columbus, Grant and Broadway being the epicenter of an earthquake of approaching *fin de siecle* lift. In that environment and in those days, we were literally living, eating, and sleeping poetry and the arts. Not to compete with Harold Norse’s Friday-night classes, Michael McClure’s Haight-Ashbury living-room became a venue for Wednesday night soirees for a few of us, as did Philip Lamantia’s place up on Kearny Street and Ferlinghetti’s pad on Grant Avenue, on rare occasions--providing a softer, welcome reprise from the nightly vigils at the Broadway bars.

In the midst of this vital west-coast quake, I was one of the “beatitude boys,” the “Baby Beats.” (The literal epithet having come out of the mouth of an inebriated Richard Brautigan late one night in Spec’s Bar during a verbal fist-fight with Ken Wainio who had dared to criticize the elder bohemian writer’s work.) But the *beatitude* magazine of the mid to late 70s was not the neighborhood rag it had been a generation before, publishing Brautigan, Kerouac, Kaufman, Lenore Kandell, Ruth Weiss, Ginsberg, et.al.. Its scope under the influence and tutelage of the lyri-political poet/translator Jack Hirschman had become international, and up-front activist--as evidenced in the pages of the magazine (with regular editorial statements taking stands against everything from NEA grants to apartheid in South Africa) and in events organized and staged by its loose-knit editorial staff that included public rallies and readings in support of Greenpeace, the Irish Republican Army, Amnesty International, California’s “Proposition 15 on Nuclear Safeguards“, and the civil rights of Korean activist poet Kim Chi Ha, to name but a few. We “Baby Beats” were a very visible and very vocal “wild bunch” and it was this visibility and the unrelenting lyri-political aggressiveness of this group that was attracting attention.

At night, we were hanging out in the bars down on Columbus and Broadway (Vesuvio’s, Spec’s, Enrico’s). During the days you could find us in the cafes up on Grant Avenue (Malvina’s, the Trieste, the Savoy Tivoli, the Cigar Store). Espresso during the day, the hard stuff at night. With Jack Hirschman holding court at a back table in Vesuvio’s or up near the bar at Spec’s, we gathered to keep the *beatitude* fire ablaze.... What had begun as a great “bachelor party” in

Harold Norse's tiny apartment, by the mid 70s had become a truly mixed bag, with women coming on board as creative equals. Poets and artists including Kristen Wetterhahn, Kaye McDonough, Janice Blue, Cole Swenson, Anne Valley Fox, Barbara Szerlip, and Jackie Bacs giving credence to the rising feminist voice of the times.

By 1976, following the first Beatitude poetry events staged at places such as the Old Spaghetti Factory, the Coffee Gallery, Malvina's Coffeehouse and the Savoy Tivoli, and after a series of now-legendary readings staged at the Little Fox Theatre located in the complex of Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope Film Studios, the events held at theaters and medium-sized venues couldn't hold the crowds, who, quite literally, stood in the streets waiting and hoping to hear Bob Kaufman, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Harold Norse, Jack Hirschman, Jack Micheline, Diane DiPrima, Michael McClure, David Meltzer, Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen and William Everson alongside their younger counterparts--those of us of the 60s generation. The culminating event of this expanding and upward and outwardly-moving spiral, was the First San Francisco International Poetry Festival, which occurred in the fall of 1976 and was staged at the 3,000 seat Veterans Auditorium in the Civic Center district of the city. An event which was planned and organized by the artist Peter LeBlanc, Neeli Cherkovski, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and myself. The after-shock of the San Francisco Festival was extensive, if not infectious, with the Bay Area literally "breaking out" in small, community-based reading series in dozens of cafes, restaurants and bars. Added to this was the increase in impromptu street readings inspired by the presence of Jack Micheline and the poet who went by the name of Kush and his Cloudhouse literary livingroom, as well as copy-cat festivals which thrived on the new-found interest in poetry by San Francisco and Bay Area residents.

By 1980, many of those who had formed the original core of young poets that actively participated in the second life of *beatitude* magazine, and who had generated the "tidal surge" that became the 2nd San Francisco Renaissance, had dispersed....Philip Daughtry and myself going north to become part of Gary Snyder's back-to-the-land "Ridge" community (which included musicians such as minimalist composer Terry Riley, artists such as Arlo Acton, and poets such as Dale Pendell and Steve Sanfield who headed up *Kuksu* magazine and who had, with an entourage of friends, in 1977, come to San Francisco to give a reading, which resulted in the long-running Malvina's Coffeehouse Reading Series--which I was running at the time--being closed down after their staging a wild, pagan party on the premises), while Luke Breit, the first to depart the scene, moved to Mendocino on the northern California coast, Luis Collins moving to Seattle to start his own rare book business, Kaye McDonough eventually going to the desert of New Mexico before eventually

moving back east to Pittsburgh with her (and Gregory Corso's) son, and Ken Wainio taking leave of the country and his senses, in 1979, by spending most of the next three years in Egypt and Greece. Meanwhile, the Renaissance, which had, by then, expanded to include the whole of the Bay Area, lingered on into the early 80s before burning out its audience with over-abundance, if not over-indulgence, and becoming, again, dormant until the resurgence of performance poetry in the mid-to-late 1990s revitalized the SF scene.

During those mid-to-late years of the 1970s, while we were 'winging it' from day to day, at the same time there was a sense that we knew where we were going with all this. We might not have known how we were going to get there or where we would be when we arrived, but we knew in a metaphysical and metaphorical sense where we were going. There was a strange, intangible sense of destiny attached to our antics. We were full of ourselves, it's true, but our egos, intuitions, hopes and dreams manifested, more prominently, in our paintings, our progressive, liberal-leaning politics, and in the lines of our poetry and songs--which, while we had little or nothing of material value, (which often included food and shelter), was enough to keep us going for several years. We knew, instinctively, what we were doing and that what we were doing would have an effect. Everything we did was done with the future in mind. As *fin de siecle* "futurists," we looked on what we were doing as a prologue of things to come.

-Thomas Rain Crowe/ February, 2014

From Afar

by Mathias deBreyne

This book is partially, at least, a story about a group of young Americans who were still babies when the Beat movement was just getting started in the streets of San Francisco during the 1950s. Two decades later, in the 1970s, it would be their turn to make a beatific noise in those same streets. During that decade, these young poets fed themselves with history, social activism and poetry, imbibing and reflecting not only the historical and sociological elements of the time, but more importantly: the psychic and poetic elements of the time.

As a translator, I can feel in their work how they felt and lived as a generation in a society so seamy and corrupt--as they walked and worked together as a unified voice, yet at the same time maintaining unique and often momentous voices of their own. Voices that while having been influenced by a generation of Beat poets who were their teachers and compatriots in the streets of San Francisco, were not beat down by either the times or the social and political climate they came to age in--the 1960s. Instead, even in their ranting, they have risen out of the capitalistic American ashes and have been able to feel deeply and to write passionately and with a new, non-traditional, non-academic style. For instance, there are the beautiful lines of Kaye McDonough:

I sit going mad on a chair

A fly measures the hallway

Kay McDonough's words spoke to me when I first read them, making me understand that what my generation feels today is about the same as her generation was to her, then. This touched me. Made me realize something about the universality of all peoples. How, as a society, we all go through similar things, generation after generation.

Then I found myself reading Luke Breit, who says:

In America, it's hard to finally let go.

The harsh, iron chain

that linked our continents

*stretches and snaps,
the cold miles spring up
between us once more,
and we are left lonely
with our cold machines.*

And Neeli Cherkovski:
*in the body divine
i am president
of my own america*

And Philip Daughtry:
*look for me clinging
to earth's lost raft*

And Jerry Estrin:
Fires of the street burn me, my flesh smokes with illusion.

And Roderick Iverson:
*between the fire
and the haze
a flurry that echoes
a rush of death.*

And David Moe:
*dreaming peach oscillating rimbaud
sufi tufuing*

*waving aurarangezab a cherry now naming mumbly peg james joyce
minerving nirvana cul-de-sac sylvia plath little miss muffin yahweh
towing melville's joy blubber
ezra pound's gertude stein upside down elephant
eaten by candy blindfolds
decameron of promiscuous kodak miraging scoops hiawatha once forever.*

And Thomas Rain Crowe:

*If art were for hire
we'd all be dressed in business suits
and carry a deadly weapon on each hip.*

And Ken Wainio:

He is quite fond of suffering and has never understood sociology.

And Kristen Wetterhahn:

*Late
empty stares
wither inside.*

Most of the poems and the poetry events from this time come from *beatitude* magazine and its editors and cohorts--which they resurrected in 1974 and which was first created in the early 1950s by one of the Beats, Bob Kaufman--but also from books published by Beatitude Press, the literary press they also created during the 1970s. The reactivation of the magazine intensified and solidified the relationship between the beatnik "fathers" (some of whom include Lawrence Ferlinghetti, David Meltzer, Jack Hirschman, Diane di Prima, Jack Micheline, Bob Kaufman, Michael McClure, Harold Norse, Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen and William Everson—with occasional appearances in San Francisco by Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and William Burroughs) and their generational offspring, also consolidating one of the major

issues of the Beats: freedom of speech. Along with the poems from *Beatitude* magazine, come poems from several other magazines which existed in San Francisco during the decade of the 70s and which represent an unusual and unique poetic renaissance that existed in this city--that as a whole, spoke loudly for the whole country.

These members of the Beat generation were regularly published in the Baby Beats version of *beatitude*. In 1976, in issue #23 of *beatitude*, Bob Kaufman writes: “The Magazine *Beatitude*, A Paper Book Of Cool Warm Cold And Hot Beatitudes From Poets - Whose Voices Are Tuned To Every Inflection Of The Life Of Man.” These scant lines, alone, confirm the historical link and the spirit between the two generations.

In his preface, here, Thomas Rain Crowe takes us back to precisely those years of the 1970s in San Francisco and shows us specifically what was going on with the Baby Beats and their Beat mentors, whose actions and activism was prolific if not prophetic of things to come and which we have all seen in subsequent years in the U.S., if not elsewhere. Thanks to him, all of the material—the photos, the posters, the flyers, the books and other memorabilia-- in this book has been gathered and organized through his literary press New Native Press based in North Carolina.

Like the Beats and the Beat Generation before them, the Baby Beats considered themselves *etranger* to their American social and political system of the 1970s that they consequently rejected as “non-joiners,” but which they wanted to try and restore to some semblance of sanity and equality. For them, the culture of a whole nation had vanished with the Indians, but so had their European and world-wide roots. They set out in search of their ethnic roots as well as their social rights, claiming them, and living them by integrating them into their daily lives and in their poetry. Knowing full-well the political, social and cultural realities of the world, and rather than turning their backs on that world in disengagement, opted for a conscious social activism and an ethics of engagement.

From these photos and posters it’s easy to see, that both generations were open to the world and were both awake and aware, as many of the photos take place “outside.” The words “street,” “avenue” and “sidewalk” are omnipresent, as are the words “house,” and “cafe” which come to mind from having read much of the poetry from this period--when many of the poems were written.

While the Beats had their roots in the bohemian French culture that was Paris in the 1920s (taking much from that era into their own work in the 50s and then doing ex-patriot stints during the 50s or early 60s and living in Paris in places such as the now-famous Beat Hotel and following in the ghostly footsteps of Rimbaud and Baudelaire, Lautremont,

Artaud, Sartre and Camus), the Baby Beats, too, were influenced by France and the French poets and the scene there during the first half of the 20th century. While some of this French influence was handed down from their Beat mentors, they also got much of it on their own. French surrealism played a major influential role, for instance, especially in the work of poets such as Ken Wainio, Thomas Rain Crowe, Jerry Estrin, Rod Iverson, David Moe and Kristen Wetterhahn. Bachelard, Reverdy, Cocteau, Rene Char, Breton, Prevert, Artaud, Eluard, Tzara, Max Jacob, Jarry and Apollinaire were all heavy influences on poets Wainio, Estrin, Iverson and Moe, whereas such painters as Magritte, Tanguy, Chagall, Braque, Leger, Dali and Delveaux were primary influences on both Wetterhahn and Crowe.

Considering these influences, and especially the visual influences-- the photos and momentos here make me think of pictorial compositions (paintings). They remind me of the painting by Breuguel (La Tour de Babel) and in more general ways of the paintings of Edward Burne-Jones (Le Douanier Rousseau), Otto Dix, Gustave Klimt and Egon Schiele....then other painters come to mind who are more current to the 20th century, such as Edward Hopper, Joseph Cornell, Edvard Munch, Jasper Johns, Vincent Van Gogh, Max Beckmann, Max Ernst, Hans Bellmer, Jackson Pollock and Francis Bacon.

I hope that readers of this book will have as much pleasure viewing the pictures that document this special time in American literary history. I hope, too, that my generation (in fact, all generations) will find something of themselves and of their lives in these portraits and pictures--as a record of a time in recent American history that they will hopefully remind us where we are in our own place and period. With this archive of photos and memorabilia Thomas Rain Crowe has bequeathed to us a photographic record of a generation and a literary history that should be recognized and not forgotten.

-Mathias de Breyne
the Pyrenees, France, 2014

THE 1ST SAN FRANCISCO POETRY FESTIVAL

The year 1976 and the growing renaissance in San Francisco and the Bay Area culminated in the creation and the production of the 1st Annual San Francisco Poetry Festival, which was held at the three-thousand-seat Veterans Auditorium in the arts and political center of the city. With an office donated by the San Francisco Public Library much work went into the thought process for such an event and then, later, with the actual implementing of the decisions made by the original creative team of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Neeli Cherkovski, Thomas Rain Crowe (Dawson) and Peter LeBlanc. The intention was to create a multi-ethnic festival that had international implications and involving as many neighborhoods and persuasions of the Bay Area literary community as possible. In the end, the list of participants for the two-day festival read like a who's who of the American literary scene at the time, many up-and-coming younger voices and several poets of international fame from countries as far away as Chile (Fernando Alegria), Russia (Alexandr Kohav) and Oспен Sjostrand from Sweden. The two-evening festival held on Thursday and Friday evenings, November 18 and 19 at the Veteran's Auditorium was a huge success with standing room only crowds that spilled over onto the main stage on the second night. In the end more than six thousand people listened to poetry by some of this country's and the world's best poets.

The impact of this festival was immediate. Large literary events and festivals sprang up all over the Bay Area beginning the following year and the café poetry series scene blossomed to neighborhoods throughout the city of San Francisco, as well as other neighborhoods Bay Area wide. The Renaissance in 1976 was peaking and poets and writers had emerged to such an extent that they were even upstaging the then-legendary rock and roll and music scene in San Francisco and an up-and-coming new wave of Punk music. Poetry, maybe for the first time, had arrived in the U.S. and gone to the head of the class.

EPILOGUE

Many years, decades, even generations have gone by since those halcyon days in the San Francisco Bay Area in the 1970s and early 80s. Poets, painters, dancers, musicians, bohemians have come and gone. Many to parts unknown. Many to the other side. As I write these words some thirty-five years after the fact, many of the Beat Generation icons from those years have departed: Bob Kaufman, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Kenneth Rexroth, Jack Micheline, Harold Norse, Robert Duncan, Richard Brautigan, Lenore Candell, Eugene Ruggles, Robert Creeley, Ed Dorn. And from the “Baby Beat” generation we have lost poets Ken Wainio, Jerry Estrin, and David Moe, among others who seem to have disappeared into the ethers or to lands unknown. The “Baby” generation has matured and has become, now, the elder generation. And a whole new 3rd generation of Beat-inspired poets and writers have come into their own in recent years and are adding their alacrity and angst to that of their literary forebearers.

Now, in the second decade of the 21st century, the public patriarchal shadow of the Beat Generation has lifted, somewhat, and us “offspring” have come of age, matured. The originality and the power of our early as well as our recent work is being discovered and applauded by, primarily, a younger audience looking for social and political answers, and looking for something new, something ‘other’ to emulate in American literature. Our work is, now, being translated into other languages (French, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Irish, Korean...) and being published in other countries and cultures, as the veil of obsolescence draped over our generation and the 2nd West Coast Renaissance is being lifted. An unveiling...thanks, largely, to the translation work of a young French poet in Paris, Mathias de Breyne--a champion of the work of us “Babies” in France, whose translations have appeared in several prominent French literary journals in the past several years, and who has translated a substantial French/English bilingual anthology focusing on the work of the

Baby Beats, *beatitude* magazine, 1970s San Francisco, and the 2nd Renaissance, which was published in France in the fall of 2005 by La Main Courante titled *Baby Beat Generation*. In January of 2006 a group of “Babies” went to France and gave readings to packed-house audiences during a two-week reading tour to promote the book. In April of 2007, a reunion of Beats and Baby Beats was held at the New College of California in San Francisco to celebrate the history of *beatitude* magazine and the new French anthology. Again, as in years past, poets read to a packed house. Reviews and sales of the anthology have been good in both France, the UK and the U.S. as well as the book being used in university literature courses in all three countries and in Canada, as word and work has begun to get out about the San Francisco 70s and the literary Renaissance there. Special issues dedicated to the work of this period in American literary history have subsequently been done by *Chimera* magazine in England, by *LaCarrosse* in France, and articles and reviews are appearing in places as far south as Brazil in *Aghula*. As the saying goes: “the Beat goes on....”

-Thomas Rain Crowe
Tuckasegee, NC, 2014

