

musings backwards to duende

duende magazine and duende press by larry goodell

Vancouver Poetry Festival of 1963 was a whirlwind for me, caught up in the New American Poets pantheon of Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, Phillip Whalen, Robert Creeley and Charles Olson for a couple weeks and when I got back home in Placitas, New Mexico, I got a used Rex-Rotary mimeo machine that some nuns had owned and I typed stencils and cranked out a book-mag of Ron Bayes who I'd palled around with up in Vancouver.

The "pantheon" up there talked about the angel, muse and duende, Duncan specifically talking of Federico Garcia Lorca's 1930 lecture on the Theory of the Duende. And living in a largely Spanish speaking state and already drawn to the earth spirits, I took that for the name of my mimeo press. So people from Vancouver I'd met became the first duendes, Bayes' *History of the Turtle, Book 1*, with his beautiful melodic ear, then A Fredric Franklyn's *Virgules* and *Deja Vu*, a Los Angeles poet and critic, and then Richard Watson's *Cockcrossing Olson* had liked. So each issue was devoted to one poet in that I firmly believed we need space to present our work rather than snippet-room. Ken Irby was living in Albuquerque then and, prompted by Creeley, I knocked on his door and was swept up in the strength of his *Roadrunner Poem* and published it as duende #4.

The nice thing about printing a mag for \$25 and then mailing it out for another \$25 was the exchanges received back. The address list I got from Amira Baraka, then LeRoi Jones, and Paul Blackburn helped me get the 100 or so copies out to people interested. And the wonderful *El Corno Emplumado* received in exchange from Margaret Randall from Mexico City led to her *Small Sounds from a Bass Fiddle* (duende #5). Bobbie Louise Hawkens (then Bobbie Creeley) was generous enough to do covers and some artwork for the mag. Heck, the Creeleys were my village neighbors.

There followed Larry Eigner's *The Reception*, a play, with his wonderful set design for the stage "drawn" on his typewriter (duende #6) and Robert Kelly's *Lectiones* (#7), friend of Irby's and our direct contemporary. I did another Irby, *Movements/Sequences*, with a note by Bob Creeley and another Ron Bayes, his *History of the Turtle Book 4*. Then came writers in Albuquerque such as the African-American Frederic Ward, *Poems, 1966* (#11), William Dodd's *Se Marier* (#9), a story of marriage. And since William Harris and David Franks were in Placitas, and in Albuquerque involved with the University of New Mexico and

Creeley, David Franks' updated *Touch* appeared from duende press (#13) and Latif William Harris' *Poems/1965* (duende #12). We became such trusted friends that Latif edited my first book which came out as duende #14, *Cycles*.

I did a one-shot mimeo'd *Oriental Bue Streak* in '68, with work by 16 poets and a couple artists, four diverse *Fervent Valleys* (a couple of which I offset printed) with many contributors, and a few books like Bill Pearlman's 60's novel *Inzorbital*, and Judson Crews' *The Noose, A Retrospective: 4 Decades* (with John Brandi's *Tooth of Time Press*) in 1980, and duende press trailed off.....

So a very modest duende was launched thanks to the helping hand of poets and interconnectedness of magazines like *Wilddog*, *Desert Review*, *Coyote's Journal*, *Weed/Flower*, *Matter*, *From a Window*, *Mother*, *Bluegrass*, *Island*, *Interim*, *Joglers*, *Open Letter*, *Trobar*, *Imago*, *Grande Ronde Review*, *Tish*, *Sum*, *Tampa Poetry Review*, *Kayak*, *Wormwood Review*, *Yugen*, *Camels Coming*, *Mile High Underground*, *Illuminations*, *The World*, *Open Space*, *Grist*, *El Corno Emplumado*, *Kulchur*, *Caterpillar* and many more of the 60's. Thanks to the Yale Street Grasshopper, which became the Living Batch Bookstore where I worked off and on for many years, we had a reading place and place of encouragement, and thanks to the Davidson offset press I got from Pat Bolles, I learned to print offset and stepped out of mimeo.

But the beauty of the "mimeo revolution" for the poet-as-publisher in those days was that you could do the whole thing at the kitchen table if need be. Typing the stencils, printing from the stencils on usually absorbent paper like "Twiltone," and then collating and stapling, then mailing and that was that. With offset printing I had to take the typed copy to a service to have plates burned, tho I could do the typing and printing myself. And then the collated copy had to go to a bindery. With Xerox I could never afford a machine or printing costs and that required trips to and trust in Kinko's to do a photocopy booklet. With Pearlman's *Characters of the Sacred*, I sent the photo-ready copy off to a Michigan press which I believe is still the prevailing current practice these days for small-press publishers. But for me putting a book out entirely myself, that's the ideal. Publish On Demand (POD) all at home is what I'd like, even at age 72. (June 2007 l.g.) This piece was published in *Beatitude, Golden Anniversary 1959-2009*, Latif Harris, ed.