

The Larry Goodell / Duende Archive

The Larry Goodell / Duende Archive is a unique record of the thriving poetry and small press cultures of the Southwest (and New Mexico in particular) from the early 1960s to the present. This rich trove of materials emerges from and documents key moments of the burgeoning Mimeograph Revolution.



The *Fervent Valley* editors on road by the Thunderbird Bar in Placitas: Larry Goodell, Lenore Goodell, Stephen Rodefer, Bill Pearlman and Charlie Vermont (photo by Wayne Jones).

The widespread movement of small presses and little magazines was bolstered by the Vancouver and Berkeley Poetry Conferences of 1963 and 1965. Larry Goodell attended both and he became, like many of his fellow attendees, a poet / publisher (others include Clark Coolidge and Michael Palmer [*Joglars*], Jonathan Green [*Gnomon*], and Fred Wah, who was living in Albuquerque at the time, [*Sum*]).

In many ways this literary culture is similar to others throughout the United States. However, as Robert Creeley wrote in his forward to *New Mexico Poetry Renaissance* (Red Crane Books, 1994): “The generalities quickly blur. Poetry is, if anything, literally specific to place and person alike. Perhaps the very fact of New Mexico’s amplitude means one has to find a way to anchor, or else disappear.”

Poetry for me is making things, at least making things happen, so that a 3-dimensional poetry is possible and the ancient voices of ceremony are given voice . . . and in a time of cold-shouldering big publishers I advocate the Poet as Publisher.

— Larry Goodell

The archive contains a complete collection of Duende Press publications, plus all the extant press documents including correspondence, manuscripts, and business records. The archive also includes selections from Larry Goodell’s library of books, pamphlets, broadsides, reading flyers and ephemera, recordings and much more. Together, these materials provide a detailed chronicle of the inner workings of one of the central magazines of the mimeograph period.

Of Particular Note in the Archive

There are approximately 500 named correspondence folders in the archive. Of particular note is the correspondence between Goodell and fellow poet / publishers and Duende authors including:

Barry Alpert (*Vort*), Dick Bakken (*Salted Feathers*), Joe Bottone (*Oriental Blue Streak*), Ronald Bayes (*St. Andrews Review*), Carol Bergé (*Center*), Doug Blazek (*Olé, Open Skull*), John Brandi (*Tooth of Time*), Bobby Byrd (Cinco Puntos Press, *From A Window, The Rio Grande Writers Newsletter*), Hank Chapin (*Blue Grass*), Jack Collom (*The*), Robert Creeley (*Black Mountain Review*), Judson Crews (*The Naked Ear, Suck Egg Mule*, et al.), William Dodd, Larry Eigner, Lewis Ellingham and David Franks (*Magazine*), Clayton Eshleman (*Caterpillar*), John Fowler (*Grist*), A. Frederick Franklin, Gene Frumkin (*Coastlines, San Marcos Review*, et al.), Judy Grahn (Woman's Press Collective), Jonathan Greene (*Gnomon*), Latif (William) Harris (*Ante*), Lyn Hejinian (*Tuumba*), Ken Irby, LeRoi Jones (*Yugen, The Floating Bear*), Robert Kelly (*Matter*), d.a. levy (*The Marrahwanna Quarterly*, et al.), Marvin Malone (*The Wormwood Review*), Norman Moser (*Illuminations*), Maureen Owen (*Telephone*), Bill Pearlman (*Fervent Valley*), Charles Potts (*Litmus, The Temple*), Margaret Randall (*El Corno Emplumado*), Tom Raworth (Goliard Press, *Outburst*, et al.), Carlos Reyes (*Pliengo, Potpourri*), Kell Robertson (*Desperado, Rottenrap*), Stephen Rodefer (*Fervent Valley, Pick Pocket Poets*), John Sinclair (*Whe're/, Work*, et al.), Gino Clays Sky (*Out of Sight, Wild Dog*), Nathaniel Tarn and Janet Rodney (Cape-Goliard Press, Weaselsleeves Press), Bill Thompson (*The Tolar Creek Syndicate*), Charlie Vermont (*Two Charlies, Fervent Valley*), Fred Wah (*Sum*), Jon and "Gypsy" Lou Webb (*The Outsider*), Richard Watson, Jonathan Williams (Jargon Society), and Geoff Young and Laura Chester (*Stooge, The Figures*).

There are approximately 750 books, pamphlets, and broadsides; 300 magazine titles comprising 1100 issues; and 400 poetry-reading flyers.

Larry Goodell Biography

Larry Goodell was born in Roswell, New Mexico in 1935 and studied with Robert Creeley at the University of New Mexico. He is a performance poet, playwright, music maker, and publisher. His life has been a model of, as he calls it, "Poet as Publisher."



Robert Creeley, Bobbie Creeley (Bobbie Louise Hawkins), Ronald Bayes, Sara and Kate Creeley, a neighbor kid and Larry Goodell in 1964.

In 1963 he moved to Placitas, New Mexico. Caught up in the "whirlwind" of the Vancouver Poetry Conference of 1963 (which he attended) and the "New American Poetry Pantheon," Larry bought a Rex-Rotary mimeo machine and published his first issue of *Duende* (dedicated to publishing the poetry of his friend Ronald Bayes) in 1964. [Larry Goodell. "musing backwards to duende." Originally published in *Beatitude, Golden Anniversary 1959–2009*, Latif Harris, ed.]

After publishing fourteen issues of *Duende* (each dedicated to the work of one poet), he published the one-shot *Oriental Blue Streak* (1968), followed by the four-issue run of *Fervent Valley* (1972–74). In addition to numerous broadsides, Duende Press has published books including Bill Pearlman's *Inzorbital* (1974), Jean Calais' *Villon* (translation and commentary by Stephen Rodefer, for whom Jean Calais is a pseudonym) (1976), Stephen Rodefer's *One or Two Love Poems from the White World* (1976), and Judson Crews's *The Noose, a Retrospective: 4 Decades* (1980).

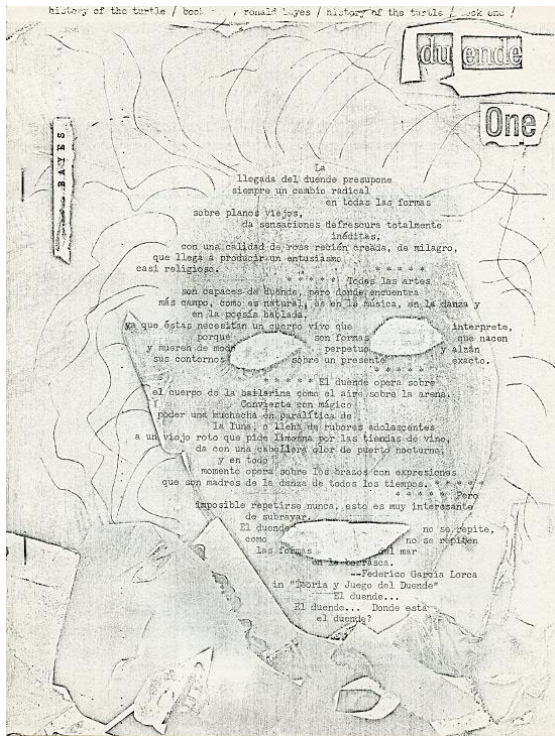


Larry Goodell performing “Serious Art” (photographs by Lenore Goodell).

In 1972, Larry and his friend Stephen Rodefer travelled doing poetry performances. Since the 1970's, Larry has actively been organizing poetry readings for numerous venues throughout New Mexico, always, as he says, with the aim “to offer many poets a place and audience for their work.”

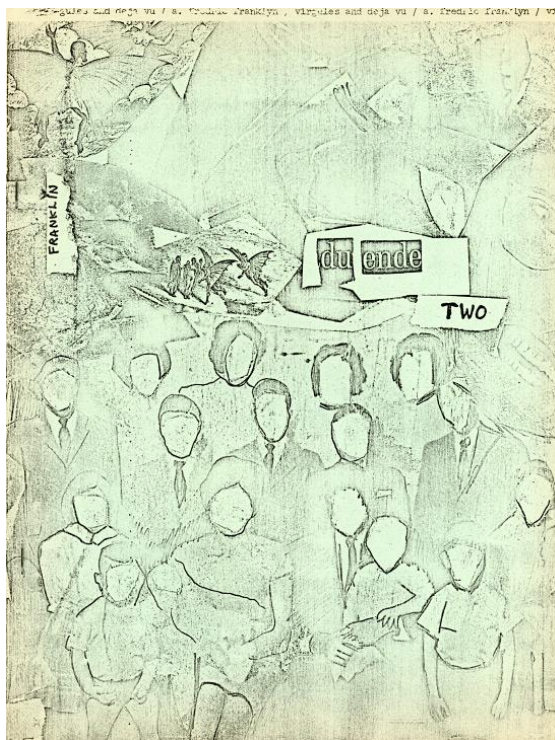
His own books include, *Seven Sonnets* (Duende Press, 1987), *Firecracker Soup: Poems 1980–1987* (Cinco Puntos Press, 1990), *Out of Secrecy* (Yoo-Hoo Press 1992), *Here on Earth: 59 Sonnets* (La Alameda Press, 1996), and *Pieces of Heart: Poems 2014* (Beatlick Press, 2015). He has been published in numerous anthologies, including *In Company: An Anthology of New Mexico Poets After 1960* (Lee Bartlett, V.B. Price, Dianne Edwards, eds., University of New Mexico Press, 2004) and *New Mexico Poetry Renaissance* (Sharon Niederman and Miriam Sagan, eds., foreword by Robert Creeley, Red Crane Books, 1994). His blog *lotsa, larry goodell* (larrygoodell.wordpress.com) has been an active document of his life, poetry and numerous activities since 2009.

Selected Highlights from the Collection



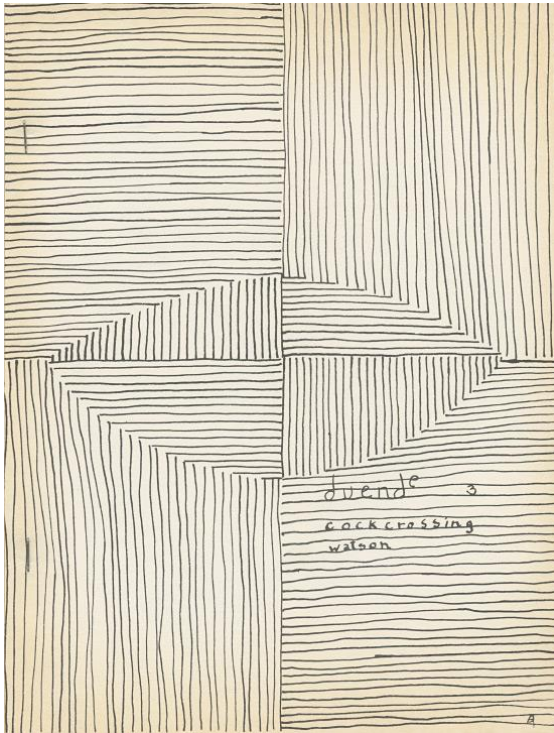
Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 1. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing Ronald Bayes, *History of the Turtle, Book 1*.

For the first issue of *Duende*, Larry published Ronald Bayes, his friend and fellow student from the Vancouver Poetry Conference (English 410). Bayes would later go on to found the *St. Andrews Review* and the St. Andrews Press.



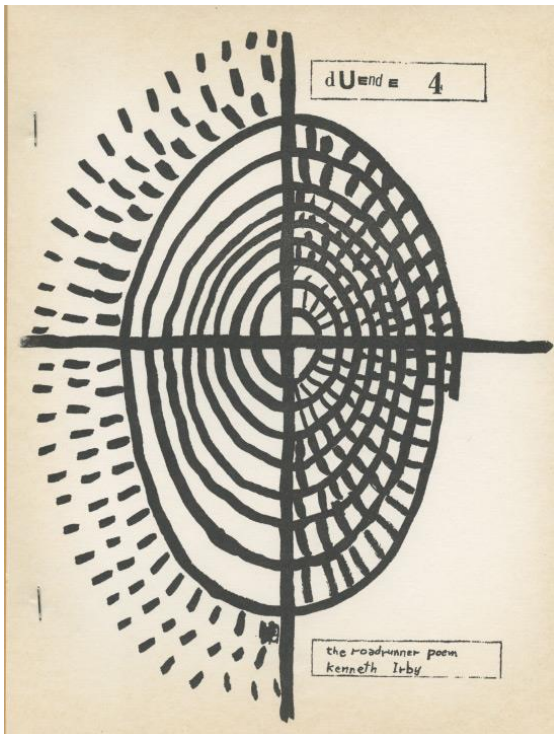
Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 2. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing A. Fredric Franklyn, *Virgules and Déjà Vu*.

Larry met Franklyn at the Vancouver Conference.



Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 3. Apr. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing Richard Watson, *Cockcrossing*.

Richard Watson and Larry met in Charles Olson's class at the Vancouver Poetry Conference in 1963.



Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 4. Apr. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing Kenneth Irby, *The Roadrunner Poem*, his first book. Signed.

On his blog, Larry recalls that his friendship with Ken Irby "developed through many letters and visits to Berkeley when he was living there, including a confab at his house with Paul Blackburn, Robert Kelly, Clayton Eshleman, Harvey Bialy and my wife, Lenore, in 1969. All the time he was at Tufts, and in Denmark, and then in Lawrence, Kansas, we exchanged letters and poems frequently until tapering off in the late 1990's and early 2000's." The archive contains 4 folders of correspondence from Irby to Larry; 1 folder of correspondence from Larry to Irby; and 3 folders of manuscripts by Irby.

Only other wife of Keel interest - *Prilly is going to teach in Nigeria next year, Mrs. of Life - already signed the contract.*

Princeton University DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURES
 301 EAST FIFTH STREET, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY 08541
 TEL: 938-5200 FAX: 938-5201
 TELETYPE: 938-520-8500
 20 Mar 75

LARRY - In visiting my brother over spring vacation, hence the letterhead—sitting here eating a late & light lunch listening to Barwald's fantastic sprightly waltz-like delight of the 1840s—what a wild man he must have been running that glass factory in northern Sweden! of course it took the Swedes till this century to find out what a master they had — & outside the wind is howling fit for Equinox indeed — I've been trying to catch up ~~some~~ anyway on letters & such, with income tax still to go & some papers yet to grade & the long Goodbyes to finish again (teaching Chandler right now to my freshmen) etc etc — you'll have to pardon me being so goddam long answering yr letter & all the goodies you've sent, which are a delight to have and read (I don't have them with me down here, so I want try to comment on them till I get back to Paris — I did note down which sections of the little "books" in their case I most dug — and I remember there was one section Lincolna liked very much, which I'll mark — of course we all thought the poem, the misce kneads, was extraordinary, a march of higher powers through more than just you or the moment — the poem I take, in no derogatory sense, to be lighter, in address, certainly in tone & leap, not that deep things aren't gotten into, but the "silly" side of you, or however you referred to it, is worked at — well; it seems to me this is what you wrote me in the letter (which tries to say slackard ways, I don't have with me —

its good to know you're writing a lot and joyously, or anyway, energetically, spiritedly — you & Kelly seem to be the present keepers of the flame, certainly the zap hasn't been with me or anyone else I know well (my's Quasda, but has been teaching, which means he hasn't written quite as much, though moving on withal), all across the country this turn of the year fall and winter — a slow time — in my own case it hasn't entirely been the total uncertainty of no job etc the next year and on, but that has kept quite low in the usual feedback circularity—but its more than that even — of course I always complain in not writing very much, which is always true insofar as I can tell, or it seems to me, at the time — and this time around it really is, true, the next winter last there — BUT altogether is hard to get at, in no direct or outward way so I feel a commensure with E "national" moods of slump & moody soan, postlison Fordlapp, but of course here we all are, right in it, so how ~~ugh~~, but that of ~~ugh~~ as easily bring forth great floods of activity, witness proof, — no, the fibers and roots are other, and probably, as usual, not worth much meditative delve, certainly not insofar as getting the goose & zip going again, anyway —

I read in NY (actually the last time, I realized) in late Feb, a benefit for the Tibetan meditation center, with Haly, Turn, Emulis, a very full week-end hectic with rushings here and yeh, did get to the big Bar Ernst show at the Guggenheim, and certainly ate some last class Chinese food, a Shanghai and a Pukien restaurant, both excellent — then drove back up to Bard with the Quasdas and Spalis, saw the Kellys and Chuck Stein, made my way back by way of Hartford, stopping into the Alhambra to catch a glimpse at Hunts marvellous lady of Shalott and the Coles, Chroches, etc etc — Quasda and I give a joint stamp period and shabby at Dr Gooerocry's pub the first Sat in April, the 9th I believe — otherwise I haven't been out of the city except one quiet weekend in Gloucester (and I use the word "city" loosely, speaking of Somerville and Medford, I mean, I ask you). The only recent flick I've been to (not speaking of tube reruns and happens ends etc) is "Alice doesn't live here anymore" which is ~~very~~ impressive and ~~very~~ funny — it ought to be so close to home to you (Soorro to Tucson) till hurt — at least ~~some~~ people in Hollywood got ~~ugh~~ — if you haven't seen it, its worth yr time — otherwise Christal Orlant Express, etc.

I wrote recently to someone in Arkansas who the exclaiman knows, thought ~~ugh~~ be of help, there were openings, though for what? etc — but I don't have any hopes up, just another shot into the void — I guess I can lead for honor or Tegan and try sweeping floors (last chance that good a job, but the turnover of other shabby positions has been high, so something), at least good friends in both places, that will be a pleasure, good desert air, etc etc (I) — Calif will be nice but not really, not without a certain income of some slight sort — ditto, frankly the land of Endambant — whatever, however, I guess Vermont will be my general next come end of summer, Kansas first, but that doesn't promise pleads sick dog either — its good to hear things are breaking yr way & that all the ~~ugh~~ — BUT altogether its hard to get at, and shortchanges you're had — I hope it is moving along — crossed fingers eyes balls and a prayer!

Ken Irby. TLS with additions by hand, Mar. 20, 1975, 2 pages.

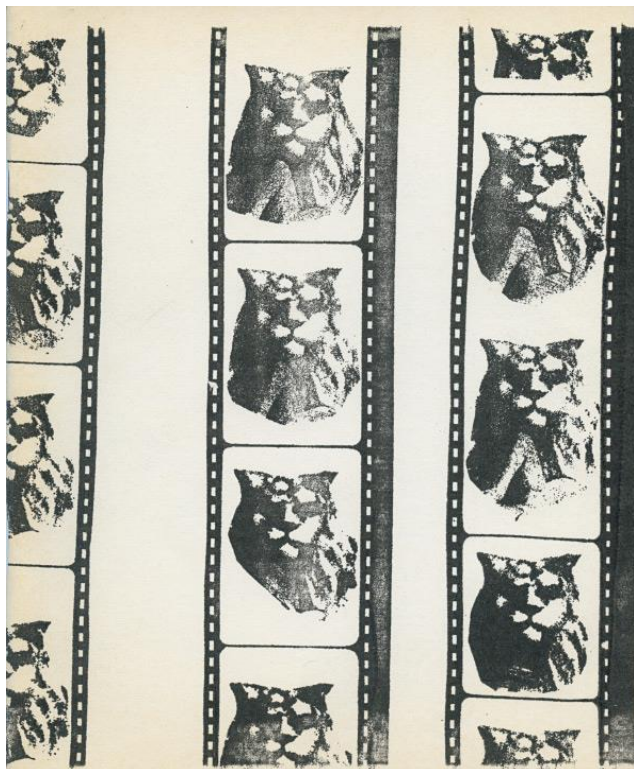
Ken Irby writes, "its [sic] good to know you're writing a lot and joyously, or anyway, energetically, spiritedly—you & [Robert] Kelly seem to be the present keepers of the flame, certainly the zap hasn't been with me or anyone else I know well."

Down here I've been dipping into numerous bks Tufts doesn't have, esp. Kirkland and Newcombe big lovely tome on Rock Art of Texas Indians and Campbell Grant on the Rock paintings of the Chumash which do strike deep into the man heart & pleasure of the man — also a strange diverse collection of camp lit essays edited by one Joseph Stralla, Anagogic Qualities of Literature, 'em St. 1971, with stuff from Rilke to Caribbean myth, Sufism in Indo-Panthe poetry, etc etc, very much a pleasure to peruse — Erik Ashlers latest, Dr 3-4-69, and another thriller writer I hadn't run into before but who is very good, Dick Francis (English Id say), this one called Siyaside, set in Colo mainly, and certainly someone I'll look around for some of — further— have you seen the vol of translations of the Urdu poet of the 19th cent. Ghallib? a Columbia U pb, edited by Afsar Ahmad, transl by various establishment Eastern poets & others, but with orig. ~~ugh~~ series, liberal version & commentaries besides the "translations" — worth dipping yr lip into.

Larry, what ~~ugh~~ can you tell me, or find out, about the availability of these publications:

- David S. Gehbard: Prehistoric Paintings of the Diablo Region, Roswell Museum & Art Center Publication in Art & Science, #3, 1960
- Polly Schaafsma, Rock Art in the Navajo Reservoir District, Museum of N. Mex. Papers in Anthropology, #7, Sta Fe', 1963
- Polly Schaafsma, Rock Art in N.M., State Planning Office, Sta Fe', 1972

i.e., are any of these still available? how much? how order? I really wd appreciate anything you cd find out — esp the more recent Schaafsma — but any of them — so — etc — will be in touch further back at Tufts (Bronnigshand up to read next Wed. in the way) — let me hear what's happening — again, I will grace! for the books, the name ~~ugh~~ Ken



Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 5. Sept. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing *Some Small Sounds from a Bass Fiddle* by Margaret Randall. Cover collage by Bobbie Creeley (Bobbie Louise Hawkins).

mexico city - 2.22.67

dear larry--

finally time and calm to comment on CYCLES which has been in this house for over a month but we haven't. went to cuba right after the states, and i stayed on past sergio's return, couldn't leave it seemed, cuba is in me for good and i in it, and finding it difficult, very hard to re-enter this our "free" world. all i can say about cuba, except the poems which say more (i hope) (i am enclosing them for you to see) is that all you've ever heard about the island is a lie, even the good things. it's so much more than that. and better. most startling perhaps, the change inside people. as if the political/social/economic weren't enough.

back to CYCLES. you've done something beautiful. it moves through that progression "of a man" as bill harris says in the note before it, and that moves the reader too, carries me along, seeing, touching -- you make much come alive, and that is what poetry is, after all. thank you. thank you for sharing that, and excuse this long wait for my answer.

one decision coming out of the cuban experience is that we'll make no more corno books. the magazine we'll keep going but the books no. you know we have always done all the work (even distribution) and since sergio must work to support us that means i have done all the work --almost-- and now i suddenly see that much of what is done "for art" is instead that neurotic evasion of one's own poem. i am 30 now and feel 30 more than ever before, and must confront my own poem, or never. so.....only the mag and work. there is much to be done.

any comments you have on the enclosed, thank you. keep in touch. we need that. and tell of duende plans. love, mag.

Randall writes from Mexico City, "At the recent Encounter of American poets here—on the night designated to the USA—I spoke of about poetry in the US and mentioned DUENDE, WILD DOG, TISH, FLOATING BEAR, SUM, etc. as a new phenomena and the real 'heart' of what is going on in current verse publication. Now it seems that Robert Kelly with MATTER and George Bowering with his IMAGO will be added to your ranks. And there are the younger guys in New York with YOWL, etc. At times I think the future is in your hands and people like us should stop trying to break our necks (which we literally do daily!) to raise the quarterly sum needed for efforts like CORNO. You print work of just as high quality and do it in a much more natural way. But of course it becomes a disease, this mag thing, and one tries to keep going as begun."

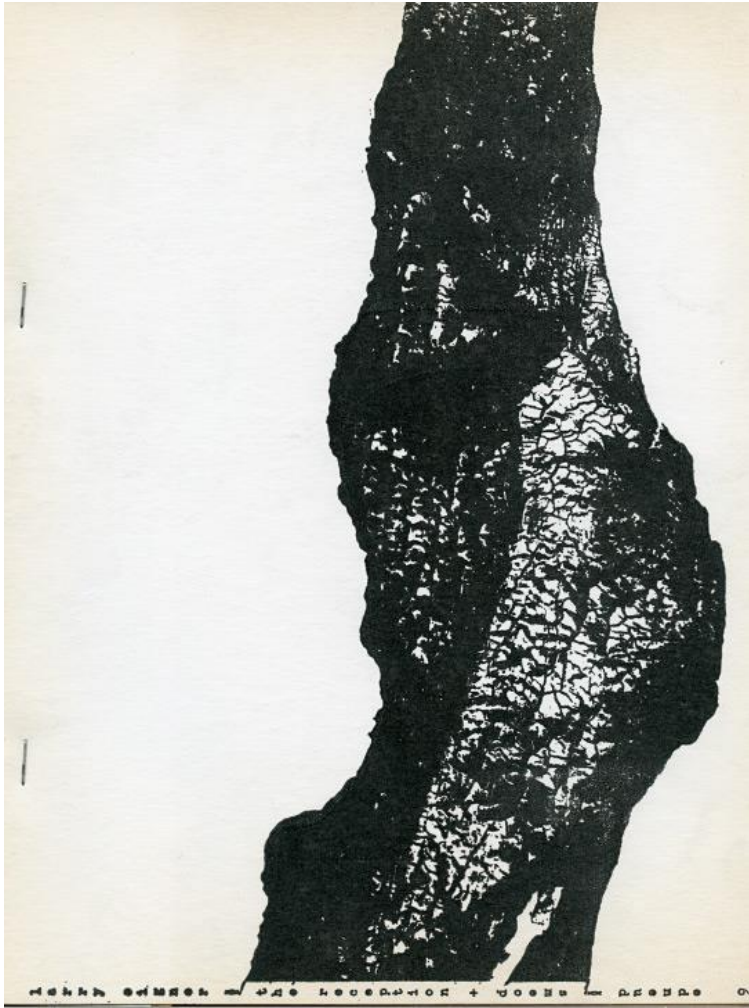
The archive contains 2 folders of correspondence from Randall to Larry; a folder of correspondence from Larry to Randall; and a manuscript of *So Many Rooms Has a House but One Roof*.

Margaret Randall. TLS from Mexico City, Feb. 26, 1964.

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- newlove - kearns - bowring - reid - kelly - gavrons
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17 POETAS ARGENTINOS CONTEMPORANEOS**

Sergio Mondragón and Margaret Randall, eds. *El Corno Emplumado / The Plumed Horn*, no. 13. Jan. 1965.



Duende, no. 6. 1964. This entire issue is devoted to publishing Larry Eigner, *The Reception + Poems*.

Sept. 18 64 Saturday

Dear LARRY

(New typewriter, on which the spacing for me is unfortunately more erratic as I can't come down on space-bar with thumb, which I do for spacing as from time to time, as carelessness. I just saw the 12 25-yr-old machine, my first, where I struck me either way or my own carriage. Richard Colson-witch here is real convenient, right where he's been with you, this machine with my own in all machines now being fixed. Robert Harris, or whoever's awful long on new furniture.)

Wow! Not sure I'm a paleontologist there, and enclosed here is the framed thing I did before seeing the typed diagram forms -- maybe I considered it suggesting out loud as one possibility that you free yr hand before, but what myself in or since on typewriter, the space I'd allowed for close/lines turned out pretty close quarters, so I had to cramp the lines in, and less was was there to show. (To you, really, I don't. After these few minutes I get used to it again, so, oh, I'd think like, now, rather than early.)

Says here Lyle and Howard are in late 20's. Maybe I chance I'd think like, now, rather than early.

Because, I guess it is, I hardly feel the "possible" leopard as a stretch of notes to me "I'm a 2 1/2 x 1 1/2" we been over-looked it, getting readers' expectations, too high. And "fairly murderous" or anything, out well, in view of the "possible" leopard's "at least" of a ironic added what thought. A title or subtitle that just come to mind is, "One, sure is a crowd" As a clever and/or tantalizing title, this would probably be off too. A last stare-irradiation I'd soon "leopard in shade of man light" be seen. (See "possible" leopard's "What was an offhand casual extra, filling, that list of characters under the leopard-not to go into how off-off my eye in whatever details of the leopard, and of course the "possible" leopard's "has been" before and entirely taken as a deliberate act. The leopard, I never real or unreal (appearing after fall of course, in if there is one and I had seen it "last" part "be seen"), is kind of super-natural, get now to leave him out of any list of the cast? Put him in some innocuous place, like the front cover, or the back cover? Any way I'd mind up with "leopard's" "of suggestions...". A hypothesis of "possible" leopard's "leopard" -- which might not, as that, have had of the effect of 3 subtitles -- and it leads to the thought of dropping "leopard" and "possible" --

Well, you see how microscopical can get, and indistinct, sure do like to see this clue -- the reason for the diagram's "leopard" the original purpose of it, which is rather odd or so to look at it. My number "leopard-positions", i.e., to be like a diagram in view of the leopard's "leopard" -- I guess, you'd drop it in app. separate by the w/line, into you interpolate with brackets. Or, or, with such microscope in a different situation. I don't know as I, and we not it seems black with diagram's "I", or be a perceptibly better than your brand of "brackets", which hardly look painful this (Sunday) morning while I'm both piles about help an impression of inter-activity. Now, a row, I figure it'd be good to drop the bottom 2 lines. Credits just see not that important -- with "history" and "leopard" people who buy now. This here is already rather recent. Maybe if none of it made front cover (L. Simpson// to R & S), or on her cover than from to over it be wholly right. And last words there will be: "leopard"

Then take of with the non-fiction as its called, the word to

mind up "leopard" -- the word's origin all. (See whatever other name, correspondence, etc. you like, of course.)

What looks painful, or awkward, or anything, do you see that diagram the lettering I suppose, most of all, nor the that's vertical of letters? Well, partly type and partly brownish ink, also at a sort of line of space, and type being thin, and for a many words (I) well, like S -- some of and not absolutely perfect any more or ways. But I think for I enclose my freehand for the back of it.

How looks "leopard" thing really to improve a diagram will be an enlargement, for sake of the lettering, on that front wall of diagram -- "leopard" or a change. "leopard" or a change. "leopard" or a change.

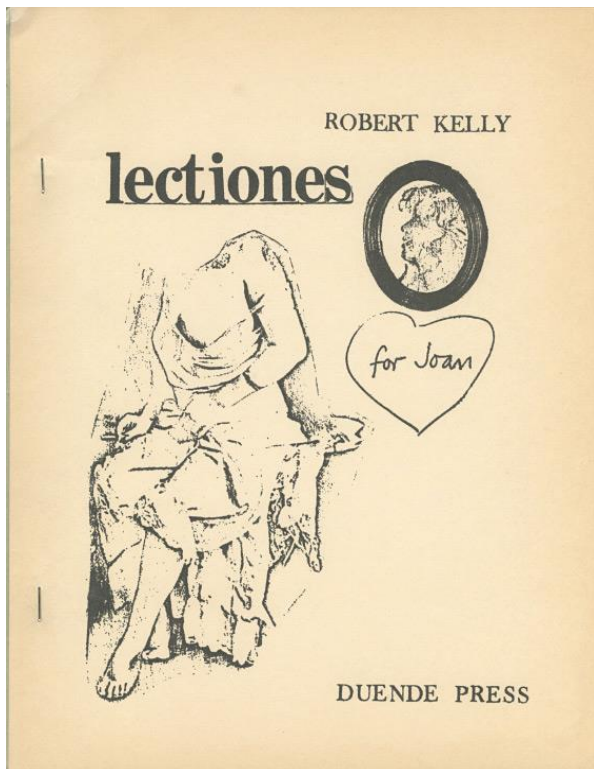
Oh, your one says you're going to get "leopard" a cover of "leopard" is. Can't recall any as I sent you yesterday "leopard" a subtitle for me.

Sorry, p.3. "...it's something but butouch..." is right

.... Haven't got to least realize, but a certain way I can enter myself really to say. I just had this 20 yr old "leopard" 25-yr-old ink, cutting out a page with another, and wire like 21 or 44, with "leopard", also doing the typing, etc. It's a very, very in 2 some ago... A lot of people, or now, it's clear, a help meet of kind of conf. was in sort "leopard" I don't know what exact I think -- "leopard" "leopard" or a change.

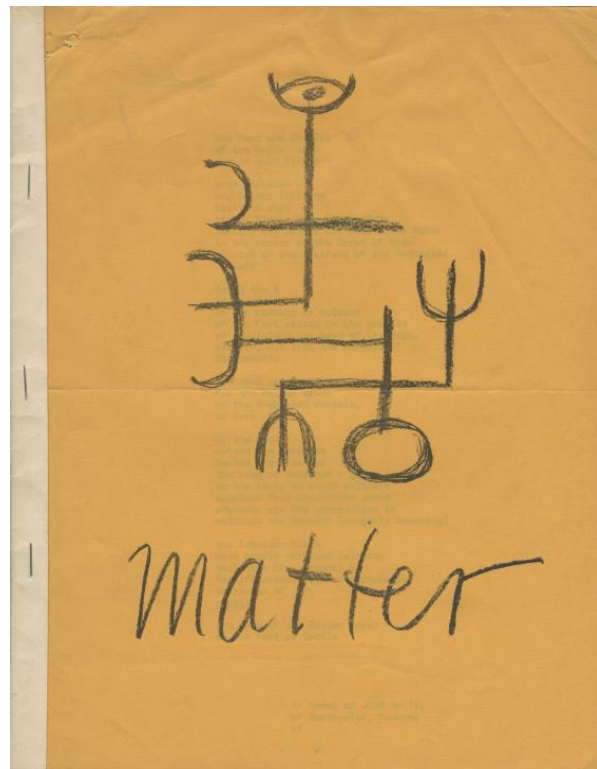
Larry Eigner. TL, 2 pages, Sept. 18, 1964.

Larry Eigner says: "New typewriter, typewriter on which the spacing for me is unfortunately more erratic as I can't come down on space-bar with thumb."

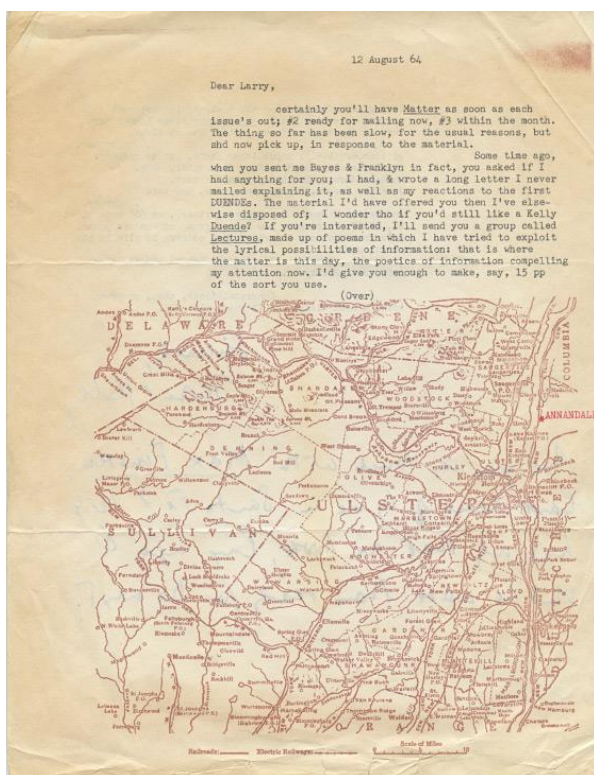


Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 7. 1965.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing Robert Kelly, *Lectioes*. Collages by Bobbie Creeley (Bobbie Louise Hawkins).

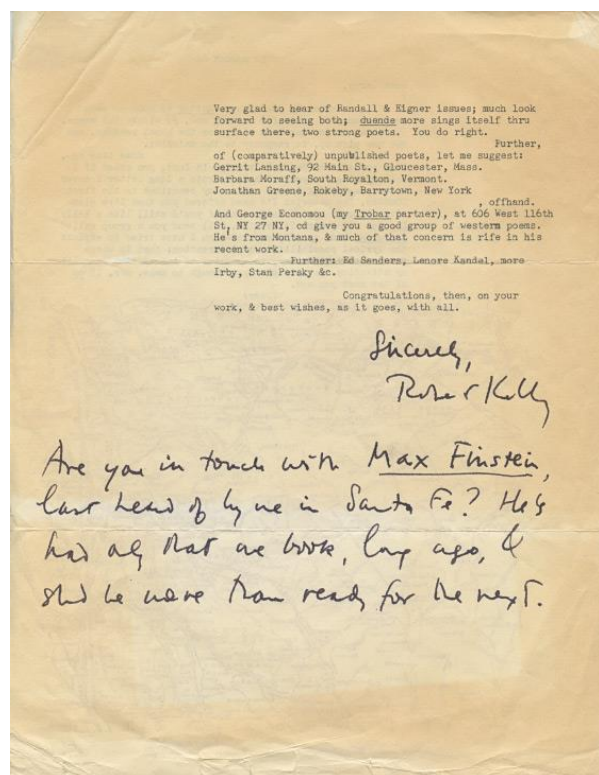


Robert Kelly, ed. *Matter*, no. 1. 1968. Addressed and mailed to Larry Goodell.



Robert Kelly. TLS, 2 pages, Aug. 12, 1964.

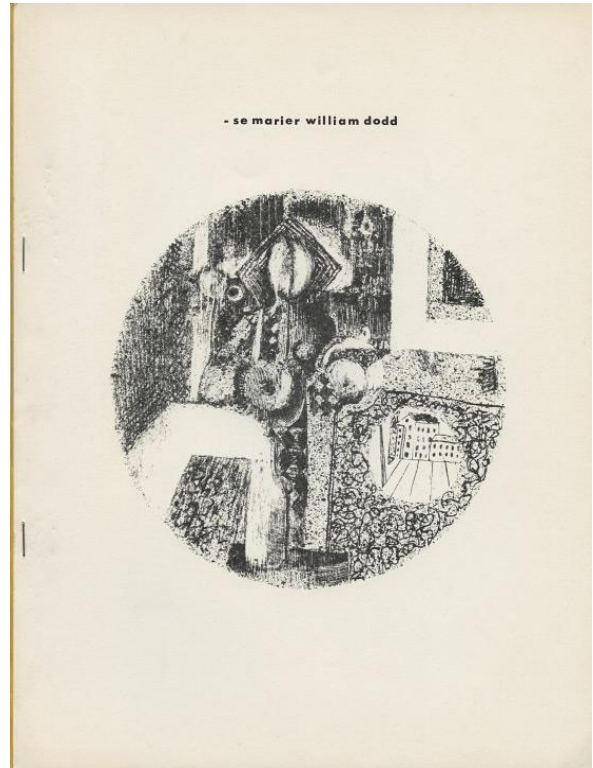
Kelly writes, "Some time ago, when you sent me Bayes & Franklyn in fact, you asked if I had anything for you... I wonder tho if you'd still like a Kelly *Duende*? If you're interested, I'll send you a group called *Lectures*, made up of poems in which I tried to exploit the lyrical possibilities of information: that is where the matter is this day, the poetics of information compelling my attention now."





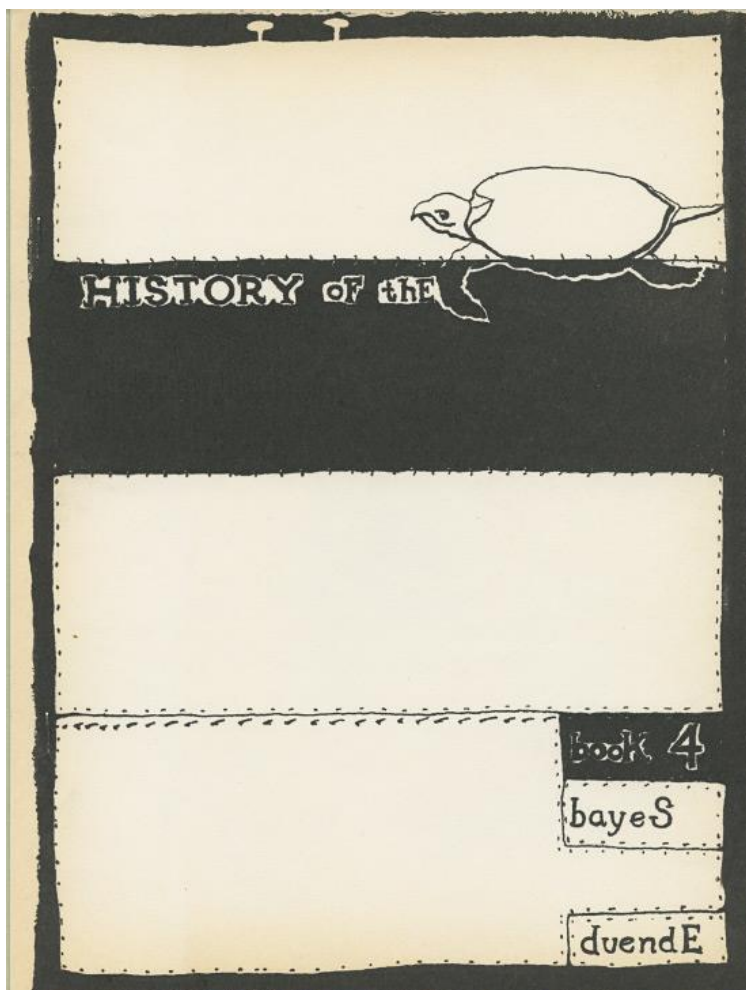
Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 8. Sept. 1965.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing Kenneth Irby, *Movements/Sequences*. With "A Note for Kenneth Irby" by Robert Creeley. Signed.



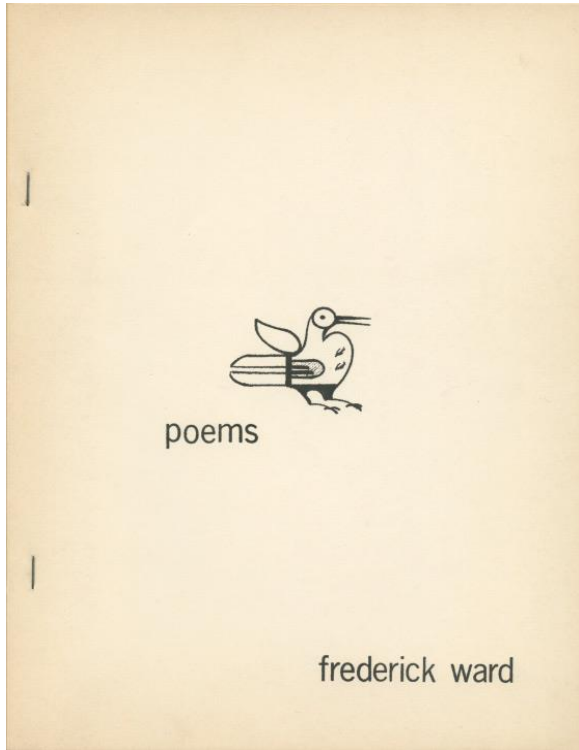
Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 9. Sept. 1965.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing William Dodd, *Se Marier*. William Dodd was a poet from Texas who, like Larry, studied with Robert Creeley. In addition to Dodd correspondence, the archive contains a manuscript of *Se Marier*.



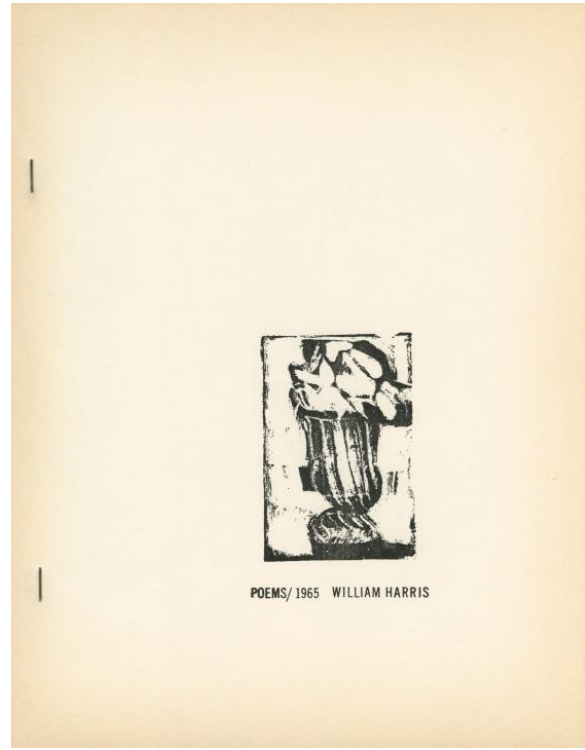
Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 10. Sept. 1965.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing Ronald Bayes, *History of the Turtle, Book 4*. In addition to 2 folders of correspondence from Bayes to Larry; 1 folder of cards; 2 folders of correspondence from Larry to Bayes; and assorted manuscripts; the archive contains original cover art work by Signe Nelson for *History of the Turtle, Book 4*.



Larry Goodell, ed. *Duende*, no. 11. Jan., 1966.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing Frederick Ward, *Poems*. Edited by Larry Goodell and William Harris. According to Larry Goodell, this is the first book by an African-American poet published in New Mexico.



Larry Goodell and William Harris, eds. *Duende*, no. 12. Dec., 1965.

This entire issue is devoted to publishing William Harris, *Poems 1965*. Cover by John Czerkowicz. Signed by Harris and Czerkowicz. (William Harris would later go by the name of Latif Harris.)

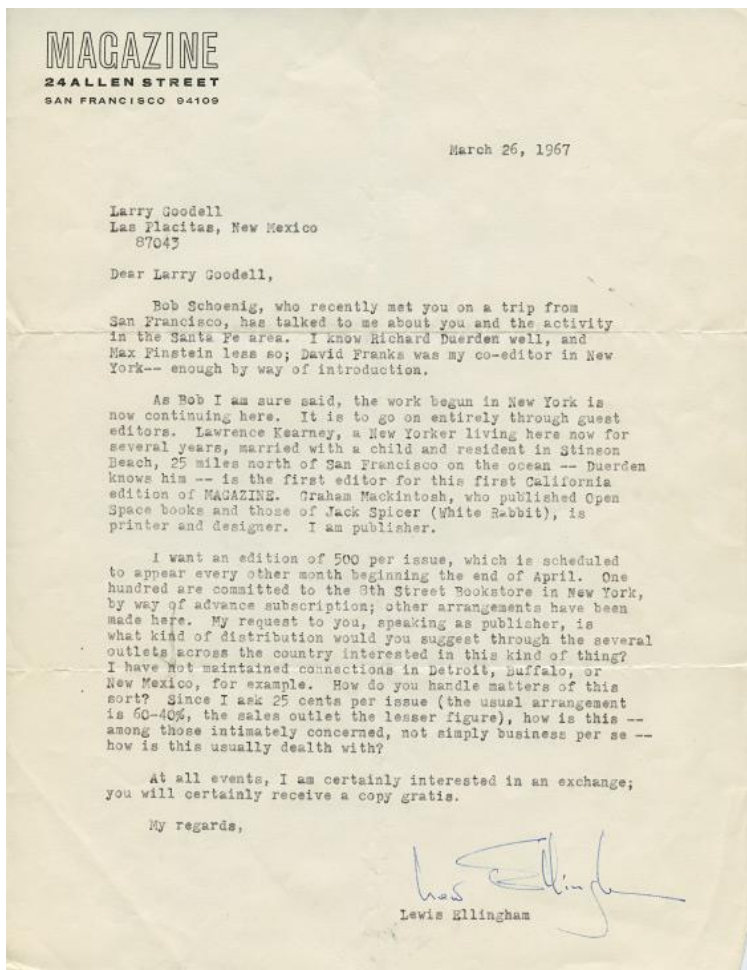


Larry Goodell and William Harris, eds. *Duende*, no. 13. Feb., 1966.

This whole issue is devoted to publishing David Franks, *Touch*.

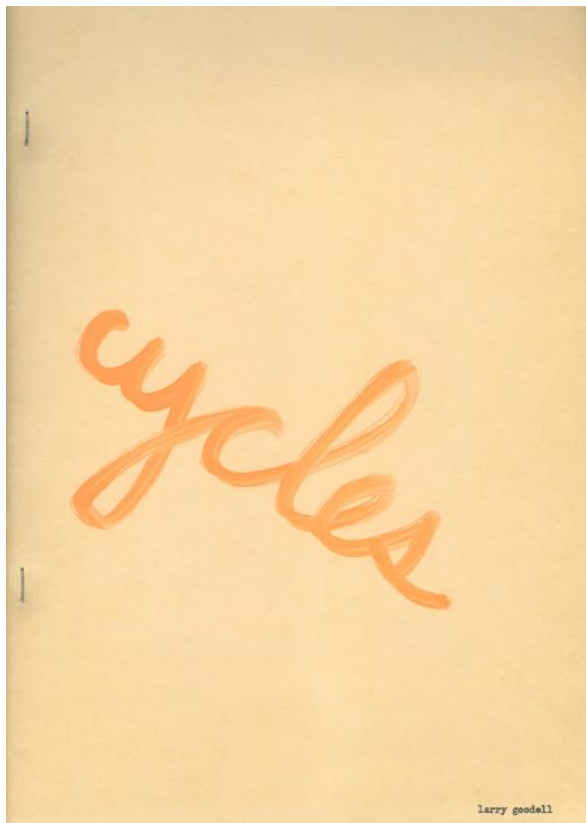


David Franks, ed. *Magazine*, no. 2. ca. 1965. (Each issue of *Magazine* was alternatively edited by David Franks and Lewis Ellingham.)



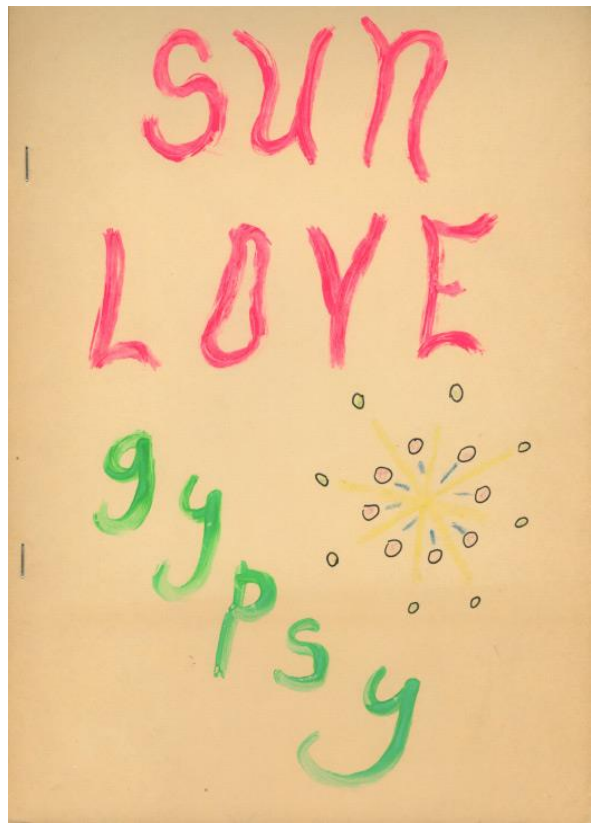
Lewis Ellingham. TLS, Mar. 26, 1967.

Lewis Ellingham shares his plans for a new California edition of *Magazine*. "I want an edition of 500 per issue, which is scheduled to appear ... One hundred are committed to the 8th Street Bookstore in New York ... My request to you, speaking as publisher, is what kind of distribution would you suggest through the several outlets across the country interested in this kind of thing?"



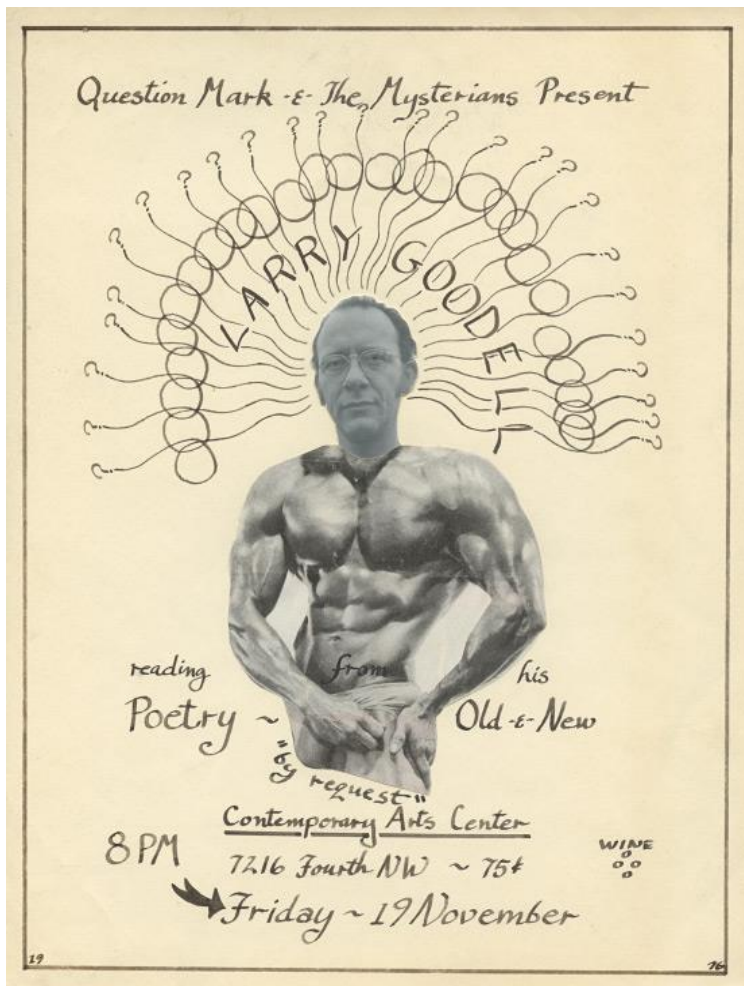
William Harris, ed. *Duende*, no. 14. Oct. 1966.
This entire issue is devoted to publishing Larry Goodell, *Cycles*.

This is Larry Goodell's first book.

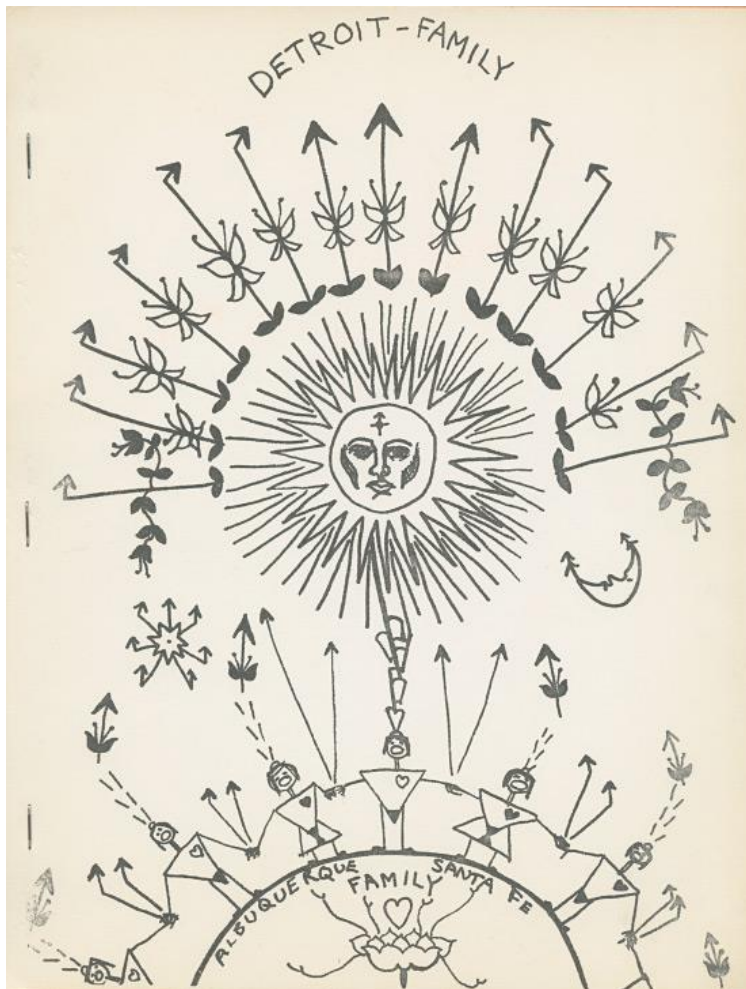


Larry Goodell. *Sun Love Gypsy*. 1967.

Side-stapled mimeograph with hand titles and drawn cover. Self-published as Larry Goodell.

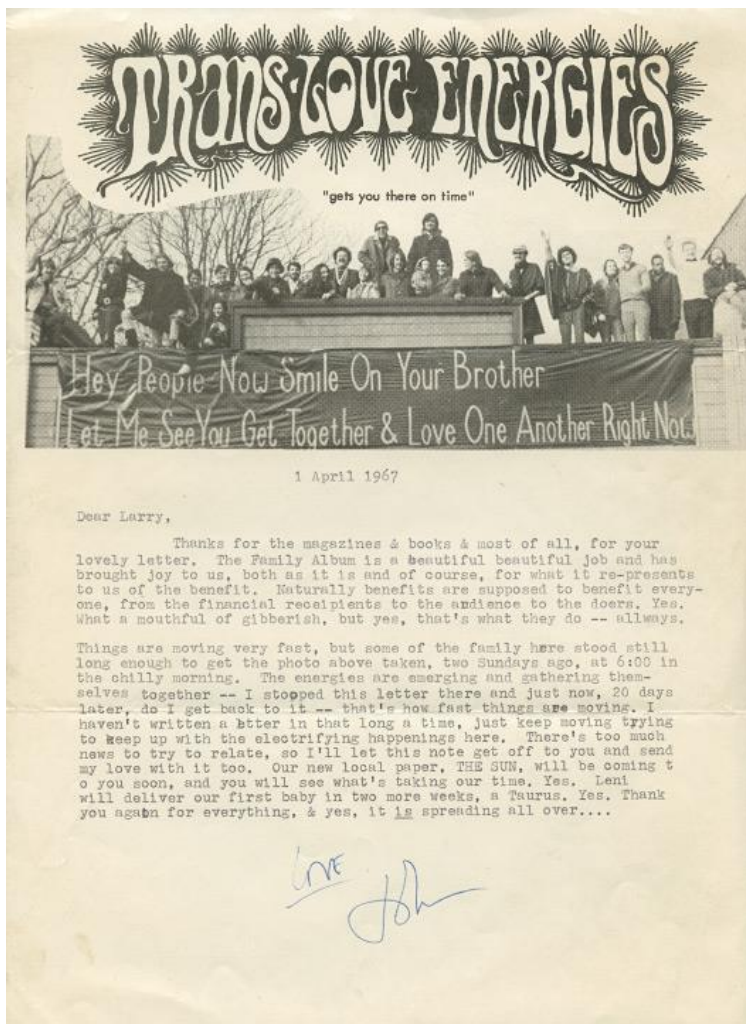


Original artwork for a flyer announcing Larry Goodell's reading at the Contemporary Art Center, Albuquerque, Nov. 19, 1976.



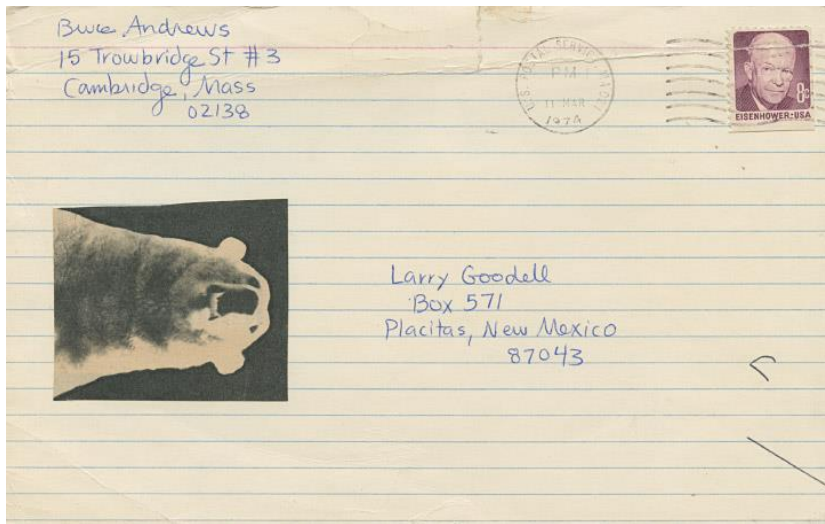
**Detroit Artists Workshop
Benefit: Seven Poets, Santa Fe-
Albuquerque. Captain Mimeo and the
Pepsi Shooter Press Book no. 1.
[Duende Press], Mar. 11, 1967.**

“Rock—Dance—Poetry—Lights.” The contributing New Mexico poets were Gino Clays Sky, Keith Wilson, Richard Duerden, Max Finstein, Bruce Lippincott, William Harris, and Larry Goodell.

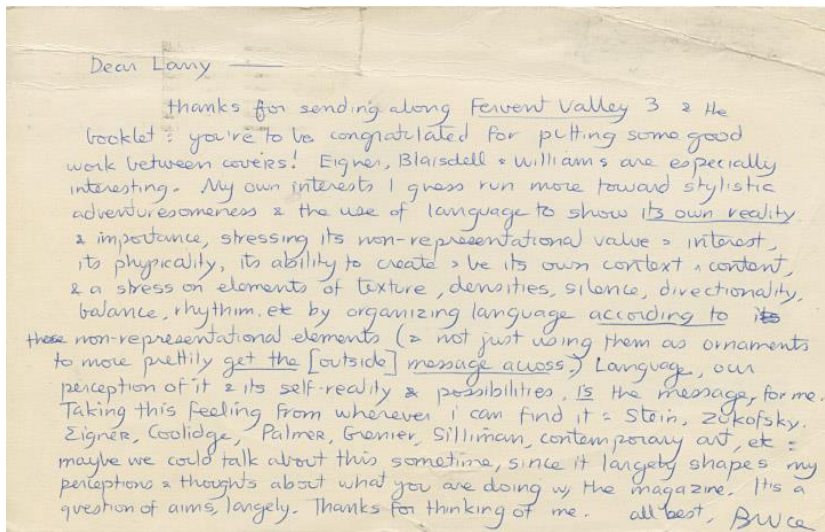


John Sinclair. TLS, Apr. 1, 1967.

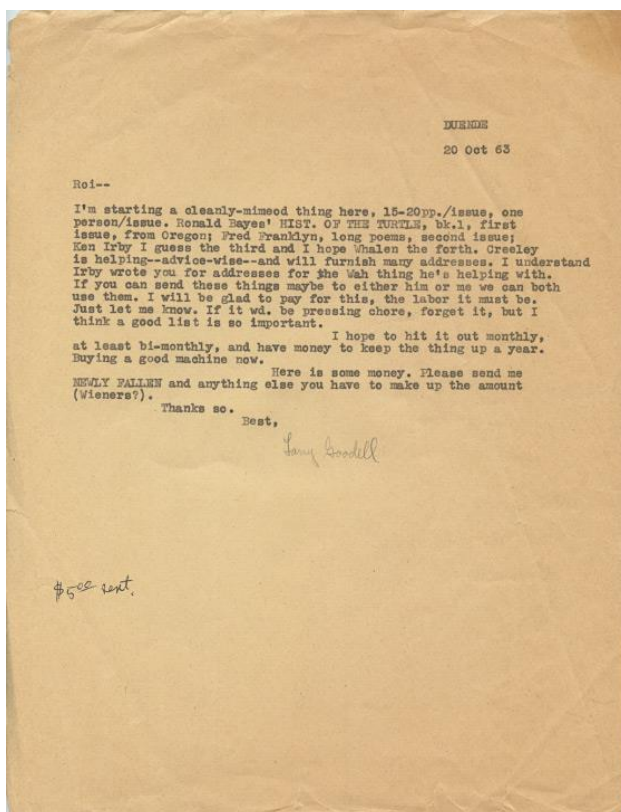
Sinclair writes, “The Family Album is a beautiful job and has brought joy to us, both as it is and of course, for what it represents to us of the benefit.” In addition to correspondence from John Sinclair, Leni Sinclair, and Robin Eichele, the archive contains publications and ephemera from the Detroit Artists’ Workshop.



After praising the most recent *Fervent Valley*, Andrews writes: "My own interests I guess run more toward stylistic adventuresomeness & the use of language to show its own reality & importance, stressing its non-representational value & interest, its physicality, its ability to create & be its own context & content, & a stress on elements of texture, densities, silence, directionality, balance, rhythm, etc. by organizing language according to those non-representational elements (& not just using them as ornaments to more prettily get the [outside] message across.) Language, our perception of it & its self-reality & possibilities, is the message, for me. Taking this feeling from wherever I can find it: Stein, Zukofsky, Eigner, Coolidge, Palmer, Grenier, Silliman, contemporary art, etc.: maybe we could talk about this sometime, since it largely shapes my perceptions & thoughts about what you are doing w/ the magazine. It's a question of aims, largely."



Bruce Andrews. APC, postmarked Mar. 11, 1974.



Larry Goodell to LeRoi Jones [Amiri Baraka]. TLS, Oct. 20, 1963. Carbon.

"Roi—I'm starting a cleanly-mimeod thing here, 15–20 pp./issue, one person/issue ... Creeley is helping—advice-wise—and will furnish many addresses. I understand Irby wrote you for addresses for the Wah thing he's helping with."

Nov 16

Dear Larry Goodell,

Good to hear from you, and especially about the projects, all of which are sorely needed, &c. Though I don't know Fred Franklyn or Ronald Bays. Great that you're picking up on Irby though. When's all this due? Maybe sometime in the future I can make some kind of contribution. You spoke of "the Web thing", is that also the Bowering project, which he wrote to me about a few weeks ago. Wow, all this activity. Anxious to see it all.

I've sent a few names to you, mostly young, though I hope you don't forget "older" poets whose work has not seen too much light, e.g., Edward Marshall 604 E. 9th St. or Steve Jonas 15 Garden St. Boston. You want other names, addresses like these? The other list about exhausted the young poets whose work I've seen. There's a guy named Ed Sanders, who puts out Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts who does pretty good things, also a friend of his I like very much John Keys. Paul Blackburn 19 E. 7th St. will know these last two addresses. Also ask for Barbara Morauff, who has become a very fine poet. She's in Vermont somewhere.

ok, let me know whatever else you think. If I come up with some more hot numbers I'll pass them on. Love to everyone out there.

All best
LeRoi Jones

LeRoi Jones [Amiri Baraka]. TLS, Nov. 16, [1963].

Responding to Larry's *Duende* launch letter asking for addresses, Baraka replies: "I've sent a few names to you, mostly young, though I hope you don't forget "older" poets whose work has not seen too much [sic] light, e.g. Edward Marshall 604 E. 9th St. or Steve Jonas 15 Garden St. Boston ... There's a guy named Ed Sanders, who puts out Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts who does pretty good things." Larry also got an address list for *Floating Bear* to use for sending *Duende*.

Dear Larry,

Meeting you is one of the nicest things ever happened to me. As you can well imagine, I was quite braced for the worst whenever Terry produced anyone or anything. But you are so beautiful. Thank you so much for being so warm and so nice to me. I count you among the friends it will be a pleasure to meet when I come there again. I know you wonder who the others might be! they are Dave Eshner, who is also nice and a good person; and Professor Jacobs, who is, as you sense, a kind and fine man. Yes much of it was very ghastly but yes both readings were 'rare joys' for me too and I am glad I could share with you. you gave so much to me!

write me-- I have already forgotten what I was supposed to send you. I am so glad to see yr pad-- now I can visualize you there. hope yr cold is better and that Espada is around & okay too!

Love,
Carol

PS (forgot to mail the enclosed card
Can you pls? It wd be funny looking
if I mailed it from NYC) XXX very
much
XXX 000

Carol Bergé. TLS, n.d.

Carol Bergé proclaims to Larry: "Meeting you is one of the nicest things ever happened to me. As you can well imagine, I was quite braced for the worst whenever Terry [Abbott] produced anyone or anything. But you are so beautiful." This letter represents the beginning of an acquaintanceship that Bergé had with Larry for several years.

April /65

LO dear person

A late response to you and not what either of us wish but it does pertain and i want to talk to you about it. pls to read it, entire, the enclosure. like, it all troubles me a lot. i presume you have the new (mar.) issue of POETRY. So i know youre a friend/and with lrb, and wd like to shift thru all this.

give me
 it all as you see it, which matters to me. o, yes, these and me could be dear friends & accord each other the great delicacy of loving without desanding that the other be what oneself is. this then is scope of an emotion larry. and how few manage it. not to tinge the seeing of the work with the seeing of the person, love or hate or whatever.

i often wish you were in NY where we cd sit down or take a ride or just be in a room and how gentle you are. how od you think i wd remember you in any way other than thus!

how do you find t. abbett these days? he well? he writing? and how abt you & Duende & that deep strange landscape you inhabit w/dignity, and how is Espada the independent and wise? (i wonder if he knows how to talk and is only waiting for when.)

here, how it is: very busy and vivid scenes: the dancers active, at Judson Church mostly, Yvonne Rainer & bob morris gave marvelous performances, also a re-do of Stein's WHAT HAPPENED which was great, and music much of it, w/the young new brash ones such as Phil Corner, M. Goldstein, the auld one Cage, the almost-as-old Maxfield, and have been seeing & speaking together with the Korean composer & thinker, Nam June Paik, i think i mentioned him to you when there. Al Hansen more beautiful than ever in person kin his happenings. this is sure an alive city, this is what winter is, here.

am due to read tuesday at long island univ., first of that kind since UNM, and have the willies, of crs.--readg with galway kinnell, and will stay far in and lean toward nature. tho of course the way viet nam goes these painful hours i will have to speak about the wars we are always party to, or i'd be a coward in own eyes.

how i hate the petty politicking of the poets but cannot be avoided, just recognized & then avert the self.

am reading SOUL OF WOOD which I recommended to you; also you shd read Mack Thomas' GUMBO, he is so fine. Met him, what a person, youd know in a second what i mean, that face & ~~xxx~~ mien. At an uptown party: there is this woman (comparable sort of to Lita H_rnick who supports KULCHUR) this one is Panna Grady and she gets her kicks having these huge parties for the writers & a few painters-- at this particular collection one found the whole gamut, from Anthony Hecht who is far in & teaches at Bard near but not with Kelly, to Piero Heliczer the rather bright sensitive cat wearing sweater & levis-- o you know. And the lights: bill burroughs & brion gysin & norman mailer, yeah, and yet i was most taken with this man Mack Thomas tho we talked just briefly. he has soul of velvet, sort of like you or me, with the strength to survive too.

I lost yr postcard, o where so try them on me again & i promise to do better by you. did i tell u that peter loves the steacn we got him & we still are eating the pifon mts & my neph. Loves the feather headress etc., --do you ever see David Eshmar of the bookshop? write me a letter of any sort-- i crave word from you, its been long time.

Love,
 Carol

xxx

Carol Bergé. TLS, Apr. 1965.

Bergé filled Larry in on what was happening in New York: "here it is: very busy and vivid scenes: the dancers active, at Judson Church mostly, Yvonne Rainer & bob morris gave marvelous performances, also a re-do of Steins' WHAT HAPPENED which was great, and music much of it, w/the young brash ones such as Phil Corner, M. Goldstein, the auld one Cage, the almost-as-old Maxfield, and have been seeing & speaking together with the Korean composer & thinker, Nam June Paik, i think I mentioned when there. Al Hansen more beautiful than ever in person & in his happenings. this is sure an alive city, this is what winter is, here."



Carol Bergé, ed. *Center*, no.1. 1970.

Bergé edited and published *Center* from 1970 to 1984. It contained a broad spectrum of writing, including avant-garde dance and art criticism.

NEWS OF
THE WORD,
BROADCAST

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Gus Blaisdell. "News of the Word, Broadcast," 1973. Typescript.

Gus Blaisdell (1935–2003) was an Albuquerque writer, teacher, publisher, critic, and friend of Larry's. He was especially known as the proprietor of the Living Batch Bookstore, where Larry also worked.

DUENDE
Larry Goodell, Editor
Fleeter, New Mexico
January 31, 1965

Douglas --

I am booked for more than I can handle before a trip I'm taking next summer. When I get back I'll be taking things, I hope. Thank you for sending these; my bias as an editor follows the line of Williams-Creeley. It leads me to want an American diction, whatever that is. Each word with a specific referent, perhaps, as I most hear it in many poems in Creeley's FOR LOVE. So I am bothered by similes since they seem a step away from directness, and I am bothered by accumulations of adjectives before a noun. This line loses focus for me: "your horse-calved steam engine eyes". You asked about d u e n d e's "poetic tastes" and I can only say directness; in this poems TO SOME GOD, I wd. prefer the simple, to me stronger, word order somewhat thusly:

stick your eyes
in my door
this cold night
& while I am drowsy
take me out of my prison
& cast me against the wall
etc.

Again thank you for sending things and please keep sending OLE.
du. 7 is Kelly's LECTURES/8 is Irby's SEQUENCES/9 is my work/10 is 4th book of
Ronald Bayes' HISTORY OF THE TURTLE. Best, LG.

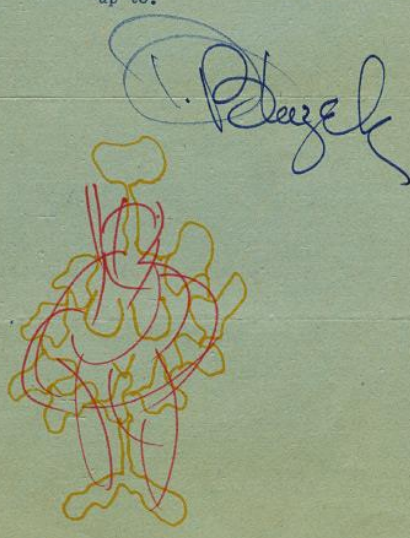
Larry Goodell to Doug Blazek. TLS, Jan. 31, 1965. Carbon.

Larry tells Doug, "I am booked for more than I can handle before a trip I'm taking next summer. When I get back I'll be taking things, I hope. Thank you for sending these; my bias as an editor follows the line of Williams-Creeley. It leads me to want an American diction, whatever it is."

o.k. yr booked, at least i tried. at least you also hinted that you didnt like the poems. which is close to honesty. i know being an editor one must make up the damnest excuses for not accepting poems, esp for epistolical acquaintances. i'll keep my distance. but at least you do same something in yr rejections besides the usual sorry bullshit. believe me if i ever say that word even once in a rejection i am writing i will castrate my fingers immediately. you & i are at odds. i respect m. wcv & creeley for the simple act of being a poet but i do not think their poems are as of today any great achievement. i suppose you can now discount me as an uneducated moron. yr right. non-the-less i do think a poem sd be something more than a corset strapped around a wad of paper then shoved down somebodys mouth. yr talking abt a nice objective, direct, tight sort of poem. you wd prefer to mince all of my color, my sound, my sensual, tactile, etc--all the adjectives that add to the feeling of a poem, you want to chop them up into something stiff like a corpse with a bad case of rigormortis heaven forbid! there are enough dead, even amongst the living. actually i have no gods to follow--i follow the paths of life, of myself. this is the reference point for my poems. which may well be attacked. i dont really care because i have thought out the meaning of ~~EXXEXX~~ poems long before i began writing them. i know, inside what a poem is supposed to be--now the trick is to support my knowledge with the adentness to whirl it through the pen. i have a hunch, though, that yr sort of criticism is helpful to me. i have a tendency of putting in too many irrelevant words--& they detract. the meaning becomes lost in the florid dance. you mentioned that you believe that each word sd have a specific reference. im not too sure i understand you. terms lose me because they are too contrived & really have little meaning. this is why i couldnt quite finish college--but then too there were other reasons for that--i think that in my poems you will find a specific reference for each word but they will be more varied & scattered than in creeleys stuff. however, i think that as a whole they generally weave together as complete & beautifully as a bird's nest.

naturally im dissappointed that you refused the poems but i am most certainly not at all angered at yr criticism. i relish it. there are too few editors who take the time even they cant afford it to make a few notations on the poems they receive. i try do do the same. i commend you for this. say, you dont have any bk issues of d u e n d e available for the asking do you? sure ill continue sending OLE as long as you are interested. even if we dont quite agree its valuable that we examine all of it--onk all sides of the fence.

sending circular so youll see what im up to.



Doug Blazek. TLS with drawing, 2 pages, [1964].

Blazek reacts to his work not being accepted for publication: "o.k. yr booked, at least i tried. at least you also hinted that you didnt like the poems. which is close to honesty. i know being an editor one must make up the damnest excuses for not accepting poems, esp for epistolical [sic] acquaintances."



Douglas Blazek, ed. *Open Skull*, no. 1. 1967.

Larry Goodell: A

As time, now a mess, never allowed me to say clearly,—
I'm very impressed by what these new ('white') poems are
doing. That is, it seems that all the prior discipline—
of formal metric, etc.—is here used together with a
greatly relaxed, and so usefully more variable, sense of
form. Anyhow, as for example:

...but late beyond
your plans I
forgot, while apologizing
did I have a trace of smirk
there unintended
from which you built
your house
cantankerous
assuming stories
even after I denied
their least foundation?

As, literally, the work of rhymes: smirk/built; house/cantankerous—but better put as all that thread of assonantal, and also stress-equivalent, use of words that does turn the overt pattern into a useful (because parallel) complexity. I like the breaks of so-called strong/weak endings, the way the beginning of a line will begin to 'soften' leading as the poem goes on to 'weak' terminals, the 'strong' pattern moving to the beginning of the line, then—and the whole becoming a very literal dance, of the emphasis, etc. Well, that's the so-called work, like they say.

Hence 'valid direction'—in quite absolute sense of competence both implied and used—seems in these poems very certainly. I trust anyone who is sensitive to what the substance (as sound and rhythm) of words is effecting; your own ear seems to me excellent, and its training equally happy. If it were simply 'statement' and/or semantic content that concerned you in these poems, or any, you would not revise as you do, that is, isn't it in the question of 'forms' in this relation, that questions themselves occur? Again—usefully enough.

God knows the poem for myself is a pleasure—both huge compliment, and working poem. Better it don't get etc. So... The poem "To A Friend" is improved I think, i.e., works now freely, sharply, moving usefully quicker. I am only bothered as it happens by one tag phrase in this one (i.e., otherwise I don't balk at anything in any of this group): "to God..." 5th line up from the end; I question this as being accurate 'colloquialism'? Would one say it, in short—since 'sense of saying it' seems to me involved. Otherwise, YES—so there's your answer, like they say. Please do keep in touch; you can always get hold of me c/o Warren Fallman, 2527 West 37th Street, Vancouver, B.C.—and all luck with everything, and thanks. I.e., you know what you're doing. Ok.

Robert Creeley

Robert Creeley. TLS, June 1962. This letter is with items that Larry collected when enrolled in Creeley's University of New Mexico class.

Creeley provides Larry feedback on his writing: "As time, now a mess, never allowed me to say clearly,—I'm very impressed by what these new ('white') poems are doing. That is, it seems that all prior discipline—of formal metric, etc.—is here used together with a greatly relaxed, and so usefully more variable, sense of form."

Robert Creeley first settled in Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1956. He taught at a boy's school until 1959. After receiving his MA from the University of New Mexico in 1960, he continued teaching at UNM. In 1963 he moved to Placitas and then participated in the seminal Vancouver Poetry Conference. His influence upon the New Mexican poetry world and Larry Goodell, in particular, was profound. Larry studied under Creeley at UNM, encouraged his attendance at the Vancouver Poetry Conference, and the two became friends. Larry credits Creeley as "probably saving my life as a poet."

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER 8, CANADA

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

February 18, 1963

Dear Larry,

Just now I can only make a very poor answer to your good letter. I'm very pleased to know that things go so well, your work in all senses and all else as well. I enjoyed the poems—both what you say of what you are doing more generally, as well as these sent, impress me as a clear development. So—again that's a pleasure.

I enclose the various materials about the summer business here. I really think it will be an exceptional group of people to have in one place at one time. Olson alone would be worth your coming, but Denise Levertov, Duncan, and Allen Ginsberg as well really make it something—and Margaret Avison, a Canadian, is also a shy intelligent woman. Anyhow I do hope it all works out so that you can come up.

Happily I'm through the novel now, to come out this fall—a great relief and satisfaction (god willing). All goes well enough. We decided to come back to Albuquerque, which relieves irritations here, so that life all goes well enough. Again, this is quick—but I'm anxious to write, and also to send you the enclosed material. Ok. I'm very happy you enjoy teaching at the Academy and my best to friends there.


All best to you,

Bob

Robert Creeley. TLS, Feb. 18, 1963.

Creeley writes Larry about the upcoming Vancouver Poetry Conference: "I really think it will be an exceptional group of people to have in one place at one time. Olson alone would be worth your coming, but Denise Levertov, Duncan, and Allen Ginsberg as well really make it something—and Margaret Avison, a Canadian, is also a shy intelligent woman. Anyhow, I hope it all works out so that you can come up."

Flyer for Robert Creeley reading at University of New Mexico, Nov. 8, [no year].



ROBERT CREELEY ≈ **NOV. 8**
4 PM.

Samuel R. Capen Chair of Poetry & Humanities * away
his idea * SUNY Distinguished Professor Pieces the charm
for love island

163 ANTHROPOLOGY * UNM

SPONSORED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

4 July 1978

Dear Larry and John: Carol told me that she delivered my 500 poem manuscript to you while I was in Taos. In the mean time my and Carol's relationship was ruptured more unpleasantly than I had expected it would be.

In any case, future decisions on editing, publication and promotion will be on the basis of mutual agreement between the two of you. I am willing to consult on any matters, and I will generally be available for any such consultations. I prefer OED spellings to Webster (grey instead of gray, colour instead of color), but consistency is more important, and I will need careful editorial help to establish that consistency. There needs to be a uniform typographical signal to distinguish conventional poem titles from those titles which are not properly titles at all but are instead the beginning of the poem itself. (This distinction was only haphazardly established by Williams' editors. I have corrected most of my typescripts, but there may still be some oversights.) On "drop off lines", these lines should flush with the end of the line they drop off from. I think my typing is consistent on this, but only few editors (or typesetters(!)) have honoured my wishes on this.

Carol did not say that she wished to abrogate the editorial work that she did. But if that is her wish, certainly we must abide by her wish. However, there will sometimes be a troublesomely blurred line between what was unique in her thoughts about organization and what simply contributed to the strengthening or clarification of some already arrived at insights. I edited a "general, representative collection" of my own work as early as 1951 or 1952, and as late as 1963 or 1964. I had long since concluded that this approach was not a good approach to my work, and this conclusion had decided me against any further effort on my own to ~~publish~~ ^{edit} a big collection of my own work.

As for grouping my sailor poems, my cowboy poems, and my soldier poems in conjunction with one another, this had been my intent at least as early as the early 1950's. I never got, in all the subsequent years, the opportunity for concentrated work on this design, so all three of these groups are grossly fragmentary. But any editor that associates them together has only acknowledged the obvious. None of this is to suggest a way of proceeding to the exclusion of any other way. If either of you feels that it would be useful to have more manuscript, I am willing to supply it, though my feeling is that it would only make the problem of winnowing greater.

I would caution that though these are photocopies, they represent the only accessible to me, so please do not take any needless risks with them. And I would appreciate early return on any of the material once a definite decision to exclude has been made.

I am, admittedly, not tip-top today. Please query me on any apparent obscurities or oversights.

Sincerely,
Judson
Judson Crews
5001 Namaste Road, NW
Albuquerque, NM 87120

Judson Crews. TLS to Larry and John Brandi, July 4, 1978.

Judson Crews (1917–2010) tells Larry and John Brandi: "Carol told me that she delivered my 500 poem manuscript to you while I was in Taos. In the mean time my and Carol's relationship was ruptured more unpleasantly than I had expected it would be."



26 Nov 91

Dear Larry Goodell:

I am so scattered and so decrepid no one hardly can believe it. Diana Huntress is very dear about piloting me around a little. Even so I am very sedentary. I rarely ever go out--but is there anyone who is not welcome here?

I do mannage to pop into LB once or twice a month, to pick up a few freebies or an out of date NYTimesBR. I even spend a little real money once in a while. I want the new Sylvia Plath bio. Though it would nearly break my back, now so near to the Solstice and when I have to pay my car insurance. I will just have to wait until I is remaindered --no matter how I love that lady.

Of course, Ted Hughes and his sister will get portions of any royalties it racks up -thouse sons of bitches who have busted guts to suppress every shred of known truth about the ~~big~~ hell of that poor, sick girl's marriage.

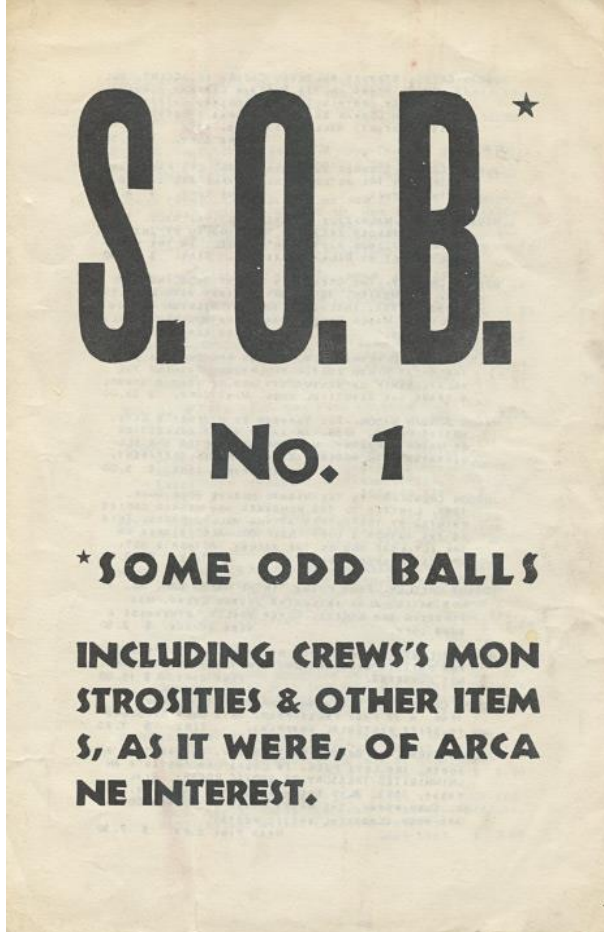
I see Wendell Anderson (from Las Cruces) and DH occasionally. Hardly anyone else. I was sorry I could not make it get to Knob Hill though David B. offered to pick me up. This is how low I have swayed?

With love,
Judson Crews

PS -what I was writing about was to say how pleased I was with your recent contribution to AM HERE BOOKS.

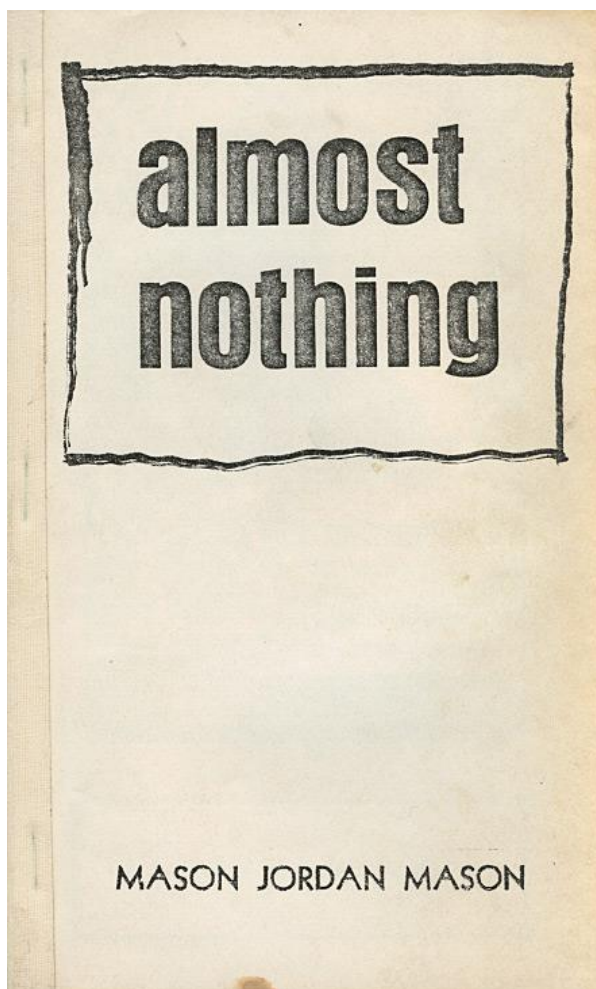
Judson Crews. TLS on back of color photograph of a collage, Nov. 26, 1991.

Crews tells Larry: "I even spend a little money once in a while. I want the new Sylvia Plath bio. Though it would break my back, so near to the Solstice and when I have to pay my car insurance. I will just have to wait until [it] is remaindered—no matter how I love that lady."



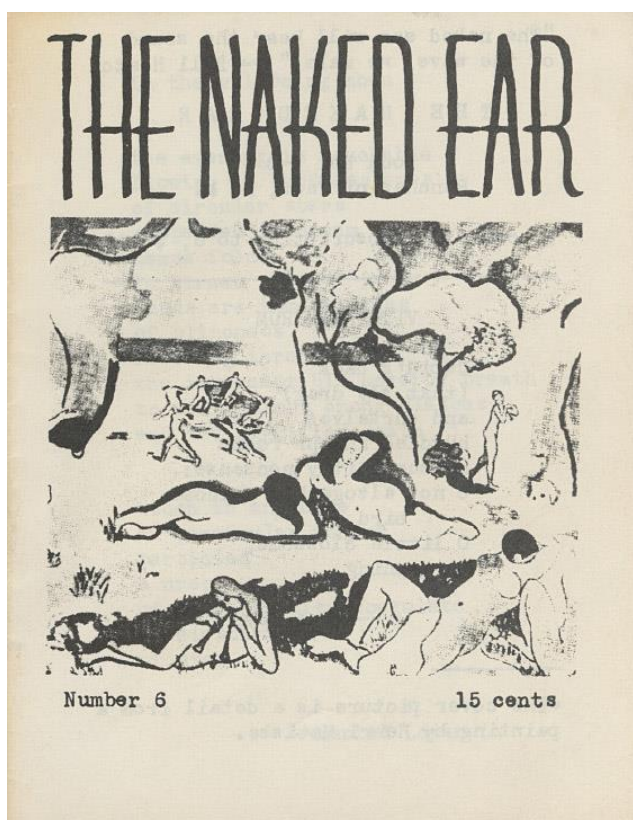
4-page catalog from Judson Crews's Motive Book Shop in Taos.

The catalog primarily lists books by Crews and Mason Jordan Mason, but also lists items by Robert Creeley, Henry Miller and a few others.



Mason Jordan Mason. *Almost Nothing*, Hoot Owl Hyperbole Publications, n.d.

Many in the literary world assume that the widely published and anthologized African-American poet "Mason Jordan Mason" was actually Judson Crews. A claim that Crews always denied.



Judson Crews, ed. *The Naked Ear*, no. 6. n.d.

Wolfe Moore → 842 E. CLARK ST
Pocatello
and 7th west here. Jan 15/64

Dear Larry - Thanks very much for sending
the Duendes. I'll look forward to
Iole's shot. Here's a dollar and I'd
like to get the next one - however you
handle it - I've shown you - letter +
the 2 numbers to Drew Wagnon here
who's going to revive Wild Dog #5
coming out next week. Would you
be interested in exchanging with him -
I'll tell him to write you or whatever
you think - that thing you have going
of showing a large piece of work is
a good way to go, certainly -
PS. over all best until later - Ed

later or I might be able to send some
work but right now I've been
sort of committed to novel
Wolfe Review - they're doing
a big bunch of my poems for
V. 7 #1 I think, anyway I
literally don't have much to
send out, or that I'd want
to right now, beyond what
they'd take -

Ed Dorn. ALS, 2 pages, Jan. 18, 1964.

A letter from Ed Dorn thanking Larry for sending copies of *Duende*. He also says that Drew Wagnon is reviving *Wild Dog*.

dear Larry

i never can believe how much i miss
seeing you, being around.

did you have fun in mexico and are you still with that
fine quiet girl. or wandering about in the world some.

wendy and i did shit work for an underground paper for
a month, then got involved in a film group, Newsreel, who
are teaching us the techniques of film making--they mostly
make street films (leftist) how did i get into this--and
show them from a bakery truck projector on corners or
wherever else. we're going down the coast in a few
days to help shoot footage of the Teatro Vampesino, a
chicano farm workers field theater group with a lot of
spirit & a really hilarious full length play, The
Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa, which has more imagination
and ribaldry than I ever would have thought a propoganda
play could.

I would like to do some short films based on poems. could
you, if you have time, send me some of yours and Kel's if
you see him, that you think could be handled visually &
wouldn't mind if I botched them? Is Kel back from NY?

Karla living in Oakland & apparently doing fine, going to
school, not talking much. She probably feels aw confused
by big cities as I do.

Haight street at this point is a very ugly scene, you must
have heard other reports of that...

I've become too overtly political to do any good writing,
hope to swing back some from that soon, it really fucks
yr perspective, just absorbing all that goddamned infor
mation.

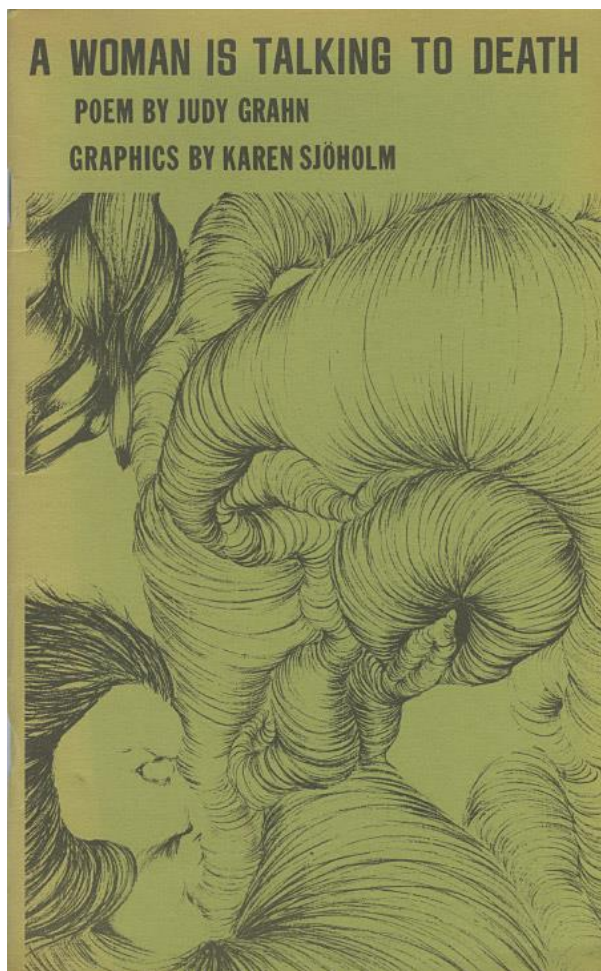
couldnt find ken irby's name in the phone book, does he
live in Berkeley maybe?

that's all. please let us know how and who you're doing,
are you coming this way?

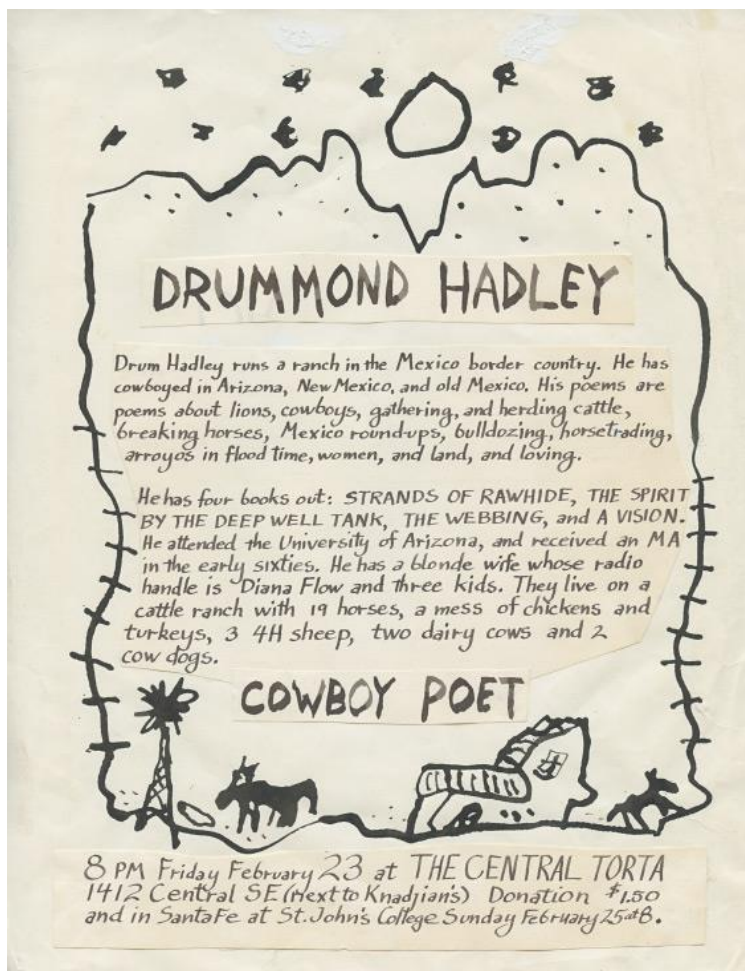
love -
Judy & Wendy

Judy Grahn and Wendy Cadden. TLS, [1968].

The author and poet is a longtime friend of Larry's. She played a vital role in the history of second wave feminist, gay and lesbian activism. In this early letter sent from San Francisco, she tells Larry: "I've become overtly political to do any good writing, hope to swing back some from that soon, it really fucks yr perspective, just absorbing all that goddamned information."



Judy Grahn. *A Woman is Talking to Death*. The Woman's Press Collective, 1974.

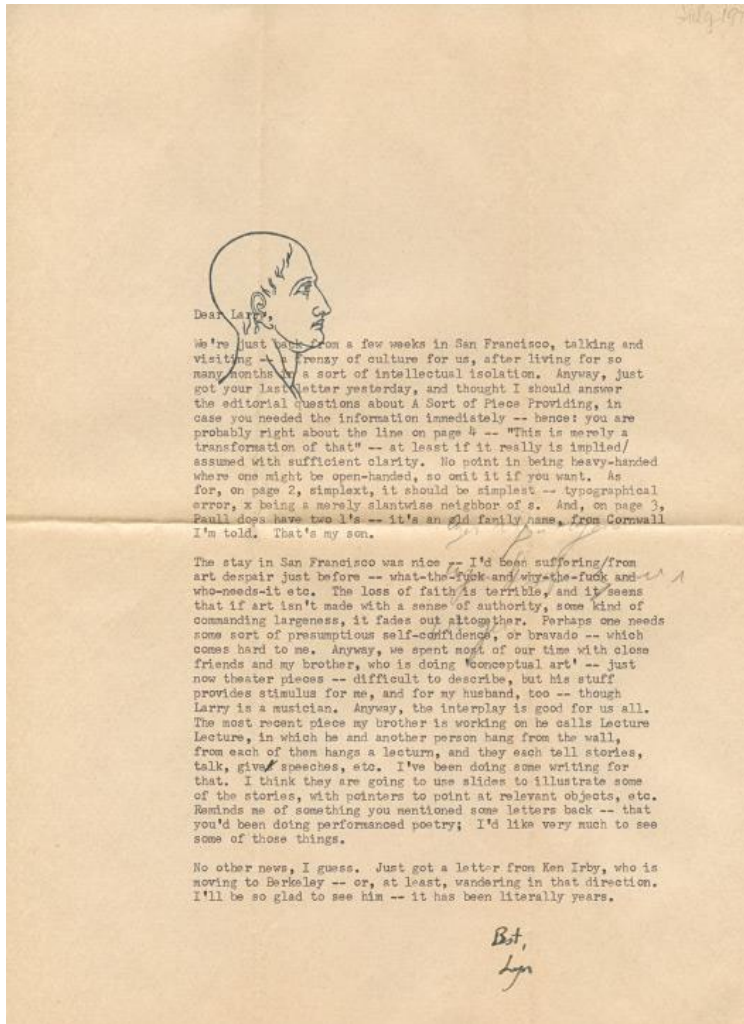


Original artwork for a reading by Drummond Hadley at The Central Torta, Albuquerque, Feb. 23, 1979 and St. John's College, Feb. 25, 1979. Flyer made by Larry Goodell. According to Larry "[John] Brandi may have done the border."

Drummond Hadley was another fellow Vancouver Poetry Conference attendee. Larry has said of Hadley: "A dear lifelong friend. A great American Poet. Simply the greatest Rancher Poet of all time whose stunning delivery of his poems, sometimes memorized, sometimes with guitar, remains unequalled in our poetry world."

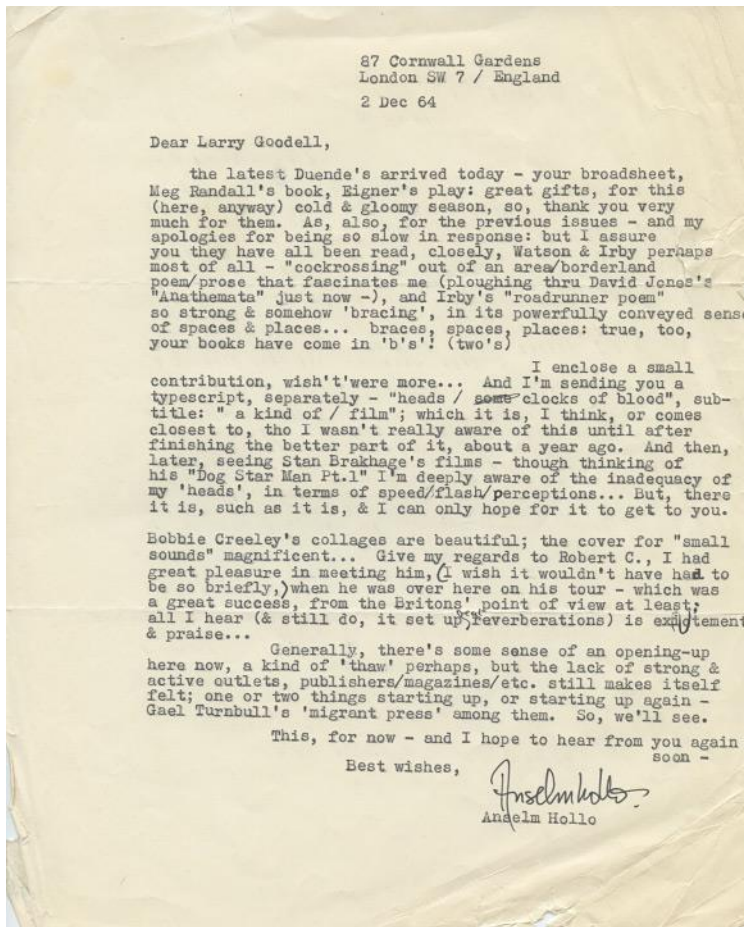
Lyn Hejinian. TLS, envelope
postmarked July 18, 1975.

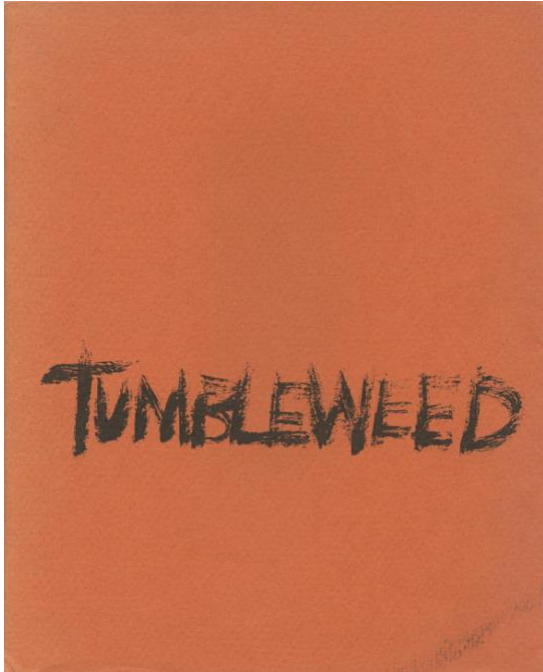
Hejinian writes to Larry: "The stay in San Francisco was nice—I'd been suffering from art despair just before—what-the-fuck and why-the-fuck and who-needs-it etc. The loss of faith is terrible, and it seems that if art isn't made with a sense of authority, some kind commanding largeness, it fades out altogether."



Anselm Hollo. TLS, Dec. 2, 1964.

Hollo ends his letter by saying, "Generally, there's some sense of an opening-up here now, a kind of 'thaw' perhaps, but the lack of strong & active outlets, publishers/magazines/ etc. still makes itself felt; one or two things starting up, or starting again—Gael Turnbull's 'migrant press' among them So. we'll see."



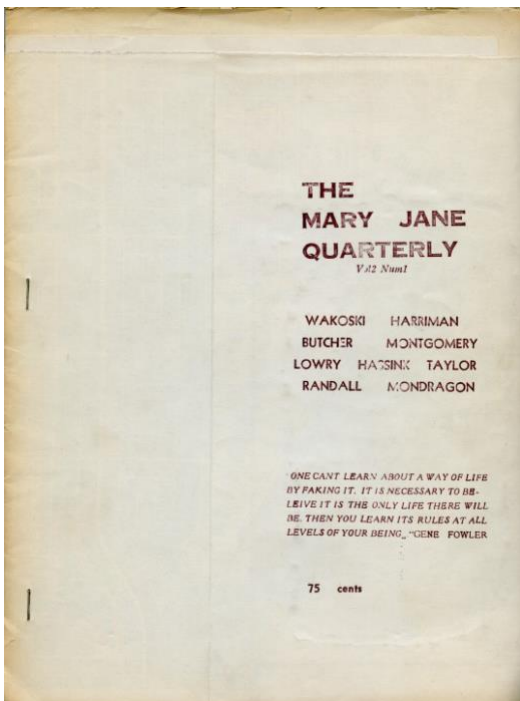


Anselm Hollo. *Tumbleweed*. Weed / flower Press, 1968. Wrappers. Inscribed to Larry Goodell, Jan. 4, 1969. Approx. 325 word TLS laid in.

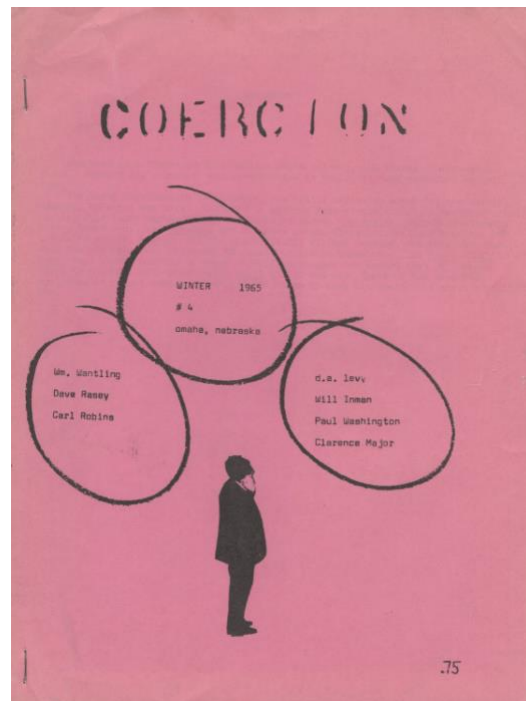
L.G.
Wd you consider an issue of duende
ALL CLEVELAND POETS - or
BUD HASSINKS NOTEBOOK FRAGMENTS
if i can translate enough of them ---
just sent U - MQ#4 - #5 due in
jan of feb --- d.a. levy
new address 13814 Strathmore
east cleveland ohio
44112

d.a. levy. PCS, n.d.

levy inquires of Larry, "wd you consider an issue of Duende ALL CLEVELAND POETS or BUD HASSINKS NOTEBOOK FRAGMENTS if i can translate enough of them---"



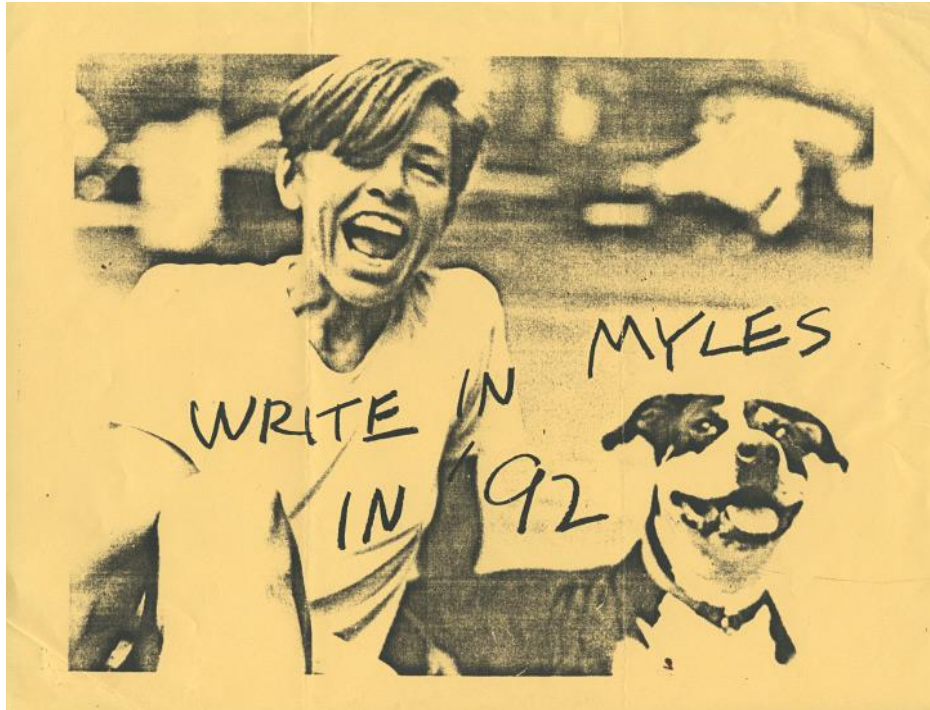
d.a. levy, ed. [*The Marrahwanna Quarterly*]. *The Mary Jane Quarterly*, vol. 2, no. 1. 1966.



Clarence Major, ed. *Coercion*, no. 4. Winter 1965.

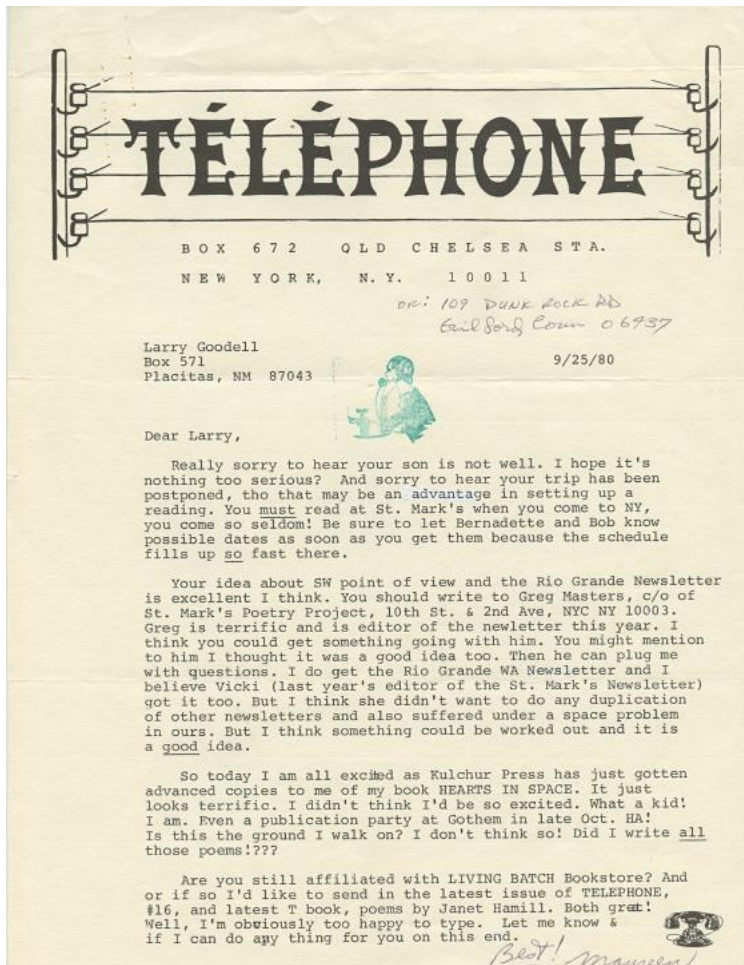
This is from an edition of 200 copies. Letterpress cover and mimeograph. Published by Renegade Press.

Includes a substantial article on d.a. levy's Renegade Press.



Eileen Myles. "Write in Myles in 92" campaign flyer.

In addition to a folder with correspondence and manuscripts from Eileen Myles, the archive also contains a folder with items from Myles's 1992 campaign for President of the United States.



Maureen Owen. TLS, Sept. 25, 1980.

Maureen Owen tells Larry: "So today I am all excited as Kulchur Press has just gotten advanced copies to me of my book HEARTS IN SPACE. It just looks terrific. I didn't think I'd be so excited. What a kid! I am. Even a publication party at Gotham [sic] in late Oct. HA! Is this the ground I walk on? I don't think so! Did I write all those poems!???"

Feb 13/75

Dear Goodells

Depression really setting in down here I guess the self learns to mother its own difficulties only yesterday sitting by the Big Muddy dreaming of riverboats in the briar patch & the swampglow led to believe there was nowhere to go now but not so fast maybe there was a whole new ballgame emerging no telling where I think the CIA is down my back for anti-corporate activity, actually want to Leonize the world with mighty jaw just end it devouring & get started on the next, no takeover at all, just total annihilation of what is.

Good you have that shot of new housing. Know this might be real after so much fabulosis of the exterior frame. Will have to see to believe, rite in the middle of the fruit ranch? Will you be able to see that mesa gasp all the way to the Sangres. Oh for a draught of the deep southerly New Mexican thrustout & get there scrambling. I may see you soon. Can't get started east as planned for lack of connections & so I think to put on a disguise & slip into Silva's one starry night.

Jah likes the prose poem grooving of IZ & in the midst of his own political betrayers is trying to survive in SF. He also digs his own rendition, one of the purest direct hits to me ever, or to another. Hard to hit the outside curves of others like thatxxxx Good to hear all the work, where's my copy?

Have you sent any IZs to Steve R. or Serendipity? Keep grasping out of the dark, but it's tight. So you get so many days of interminable worrisome plots, misdirection, wrong turns, I don't know who's anywhere. Utterly void of contact for the most part. One or two saints in the area, but my emotional world is too foreign for any but that few I have known a few centuries. But friends? God knows if anyone has any now or ever. It's like trying to find your favorite wine on a list of humorless German varietels. Oh how the white pride is dull. I want niggers, spics, Indians, wops, assholes, kikes & Turkish hash dealers or nothing. You got time. You take me to the point. Depression winter. & back to Vietnam & Pork Chop Hill. The whole show is so much destruction derby. Detroit behind the wheel.

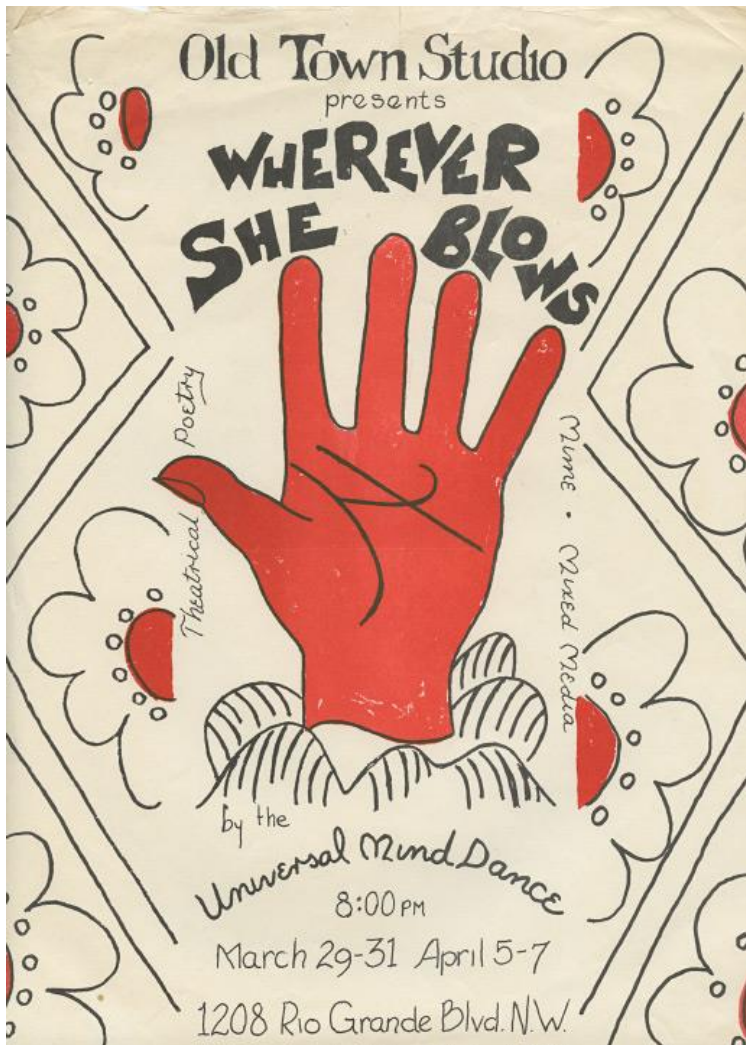
Spent 5 hours the other night with Rod Milburn, the greatest high hurdler of all time. A real warrior. Bright. Amazing what a little success will do for a country nigger. You take your chances when you go over the highs, lead legs twitching in the night wind.....

Bill

Bill Pearlman. TLS, Feb. 13, 1975.

Along with Larry, Charlie Vermont and Stephen Rodefer, Bill Pearlman was one of *Fervent Valley's* editors. Duende Press also published Bill Pearlman's first prose book *Inzorbital* (1967). Pearlman writes to Larry, "Depression really setting in down here I guess the self learns to mother its own difficulties only yesterday sitting by the Big Muddy dreaming of riverboats in the briar patch & the swampglow led to believe there was a whole new ballgame emerging no telling where I think the CIA is down my back for anti-corporate activity."

The archive contains five folders of correspondence from Pearlman to Larry, a folder of correspondence from Larry to Pearlman, and assorted manuscripts.



Poster for "Wherever She Blows" at Old Town Studio, Mar. 29-31, Apr. 5-7, 1968. "Theatrical Poetry / Mime / Mixed Media" by the Universal Mind Dance.

According to Larry's blog: "At one point poems on paper torn apart as being read, spotlight at random on Mel Buffington, Bill Pearlman and Larry Goodell."

Jan 3 1972

dear Larry,

headful to say yr response to golden c...
 my old bones. when i rote it i began to think i wasnt shitting
 myself and didnt need to any longr. i red it once here and at
 pullman. at pullman had a coupl little old ladies rocking back
 and forth, they cum up shake my hand all atwitr, slendr tears
 in one ladys eyes. ho ho got big blo at city library, reading
 on jan 13th, got picture in big newspaper for this. very good
 for business and getting these people trakng yes.

wow yeah,
 gino sent me a copy of the ball tournament thing. it is terrific.
 working with othr people does slo things a bit, i got a coupl
 real hands selling adds and whooping it up around here, getting
 a chick to handl layout so i can spend time editing and working
 on the circi and distrib.

ix the batch for add. wld u believe
 i got it rite in and went to the printers at 3 oclock. had sum space
 held for shit from berkeley and it neur came so whippd it in.
 had to cut it down siltely to fit the space but it workd nicely.
 and almost perfectly the rite size for the mang. when in in town
 i'll work out a thing with them for maybe a regular thing, as
 the decline for #13 is feb 1, thats adds and shit, and then when
 i get back, its whip whip whip and its out again.

when u get yr
 maggie, lets say i can pick up a bundle when im ther. lay them
 out, boulder and denver for u, and back here certainly. if it gets
 out long ahead, u mite slip me a single copy. oalf is going
 in rite near the end of my selectd poems book that im working up
 for the crossing press. an anchor poem. then 2 epiphany. they
 aint seen it yet but methinks theyll get rite behind it.

ges thats
 abt it. big gino may be in nmex for reading and trips. got one
 going at the ogdon in denver also. best of everything.

luu
 Charles

the own book is attendant on
 making a millionaire!

Friend whose out

Charles Potts. TLS with feather taped on it, Jan. 3, 1972.

The poet Charles Potts founded the small magazine *Litmus* as well as the Litmus Press. He also appeared in several issues of *Fervent Valley*. Potts writes to Larry, "wow yeah, gino [Clays Sky] sent me a copy of the ball tournament thing [*The Ball Tournament Specialist* published by Duende in 1973]. it is terrific. working with othr people does slo things a bit, i got a coupl real hands selling adds [sic] and whooping it up around here, getting a chick to handl layout so i can spend time editing and working on the circi and distrib."

Tappan, N.Y. 13th Sep. '65.

Dear Al alias Bert & of course Espada - ?

Good to hear from you, the devastated that moonflowers show no
 ??????????. Needless to say I miss N.M. desperately; the full moon and
 the sun % divided. Instead there is vertigo of the ego, and that
 division between being actor and spectator + coping with newyorkcity
 inferno of hubways, immigration officefull of kafkaofficials,
 many priests like effigies awaiting their turn. But Maine was nice,
 with cool lakes, trees and toads. And now in Tappan with the rain
 three small dogs, one large, doing frantic strange sexual play always
 at one's feet, or surreptitiously (isnt that a lovely word sounds
 so edible like syrup not that I particularly like syrup except in
 those lovely things one can fill it all in after hotsexionmeal) dragging
 out my shoes and chewing them up bit by bit. The couple are straight
 out of Who's Afraid; she drinks, he concerned, while she after third
 Bourbon repeats history of family that arrived on the hayflower, while
 adopted son of seventeen comes in weeping after being caught by speed
 Cop. It's all right Bruce don't worry we'll find out what judge is
 sitting next week, I'll speak to his wife...think I will have to have
 some added bits when proofs arrive.

A party on huge Connecticut estates; A musical Champagne Supper to
 be held at Stone Legend. In honor of Miss Marguerite Young, who's
 book Miss Macintosh, My Darling, comes out by Scribners this week;
 an eleven hundred and ninety eight pages long, hardly any dialogue,
 long long paragraphs; took her 10 years to write, take that much to
 wade thru; if Edith dame Gintwell had written a novel this would have
 been it: v. baroque, with words like 'soul' 'angels' every other line;
 strange characters; mother taken to her bed, with opium, visited by
 senile lover Mr. Spitzer who's a twin, other twin dead, he believes
 he is the dead twin. Miss Macintosh is dead governess, who was caught
 one day without wig, one false breast, so drowns herself. At the
 party held on lawn lit by Olympic torches, weird old harpies played
 harpe. Apart from talking with Anais Nin (who is exquisite in dressan
 fashion, the 60 looks 30) and Kotoko (who looks like a wall street
 broker) and dancing solo on a barge to negro blues singer in middle
 of lake (but no one dares vita or la notte striped and/or threw
 themselves in) it was all rather grim. lit dos get more and more like
 advertising agencies.

Copies of Berg are all ready, and have duly had a copy sent off to
 you, the book isn't due out now until Oct. 18, by which time I hope
 to be installed in my tower abode in S.F.

Gushing lush letter from Boston University asking if they might become
 the repository of my manuscripts and correspondence... "An Ann quin
 collection would certainly be a distinguished nucleus around which
 this University could build a great literary center. Your papers would
 be preserved for future generations", according to scribners same
 letter has been sent around to some writers; they're hoping to make
 collection without paying anything; advised to wait for Texas Univ.
 to make nice high offer some time in the future. So.

'Good-working' shorts? They come and go. Today the idea of wanting
 to describe emotion that has a form which controls without limitations.
 But impossible to write here, what with dogs thumping around, and
 been left as guardian of the 'phone that rings every quarter of an hour.
 Went over to see nice Rumsfeld, who lives in leaning wooden house
 overlooking Hudson, where orange spans like web and at night cars spin
 along like fireflies. Mike a real person, only person as far as contact

this side of the states. But he v. much hung up on 'this business
 of living' and the division between his world of 'the glass tower'
 and world of people, and not being able to accept that division.
 Same in his writing; up to a point, wanting a cohesion between
 toughness & tenderness. Written one good story about a Mexican
 border town, 'Gringos', to be in next issue of Evergreen.

Rassau now seems worlds away. Met weirdy chap by name of Paul
 Aycock (not a name I) who took me off in boat to Paradise Island
 where he was some sort of caretaker for Huntington Hartford's
 Harlebard place that was all closed down: apartments surrounding
 tropical garden, with fountain. Going up the stairs sparked off
 suddenly some music. In the corridor a dead rat in a trap. Shown
 some 'blue' photos of girls supposedly being tortured in the
 Sade manner, with ropes, whips, strapped to bedpost etc. He only
 interested in getting negroes for me to make love to while he could
 watch. Other than that episode, the rest consisted of the three
 B's i.e. bed, beach, bar, and people talking talking of money money
 money and/or property. I did eventually get typewriter, discovered
 in some small freight office, where no doubt if Ireland had not
 been Captain of Bahamas Airways Ltd., it would still be sitting.
 It was good to reach N.Y. at a temperature of only sixty seven, and
 glorious good rain. Stayed at the Chelsea hotel, shown by manager
 'my collection' consisting of books signed by many, O'Sullivan, Dylan
 Thomas, Behan who had put I enjoyed staying in your lovely hotel
 for lonesome moonsters. Arthur Miller a family staying there, tho
 never met.

Reading good book The Youth of Andre (ide by Jean Helay, do get
 if you can, think you'd find it interesting; apparently at the
 age of 11 he was aware of 'a second reality' - and did you know
 he married his first cousin but marriage was never consummated?
 Am off to S.F. 22nd this month; do write again before then if
 a KMR when you can. Do give all my best, love to the Hartfords,
 Jean, Chris, John, the Creeleys if you see them. Tell me how one
 goes and keep hanging when you will!

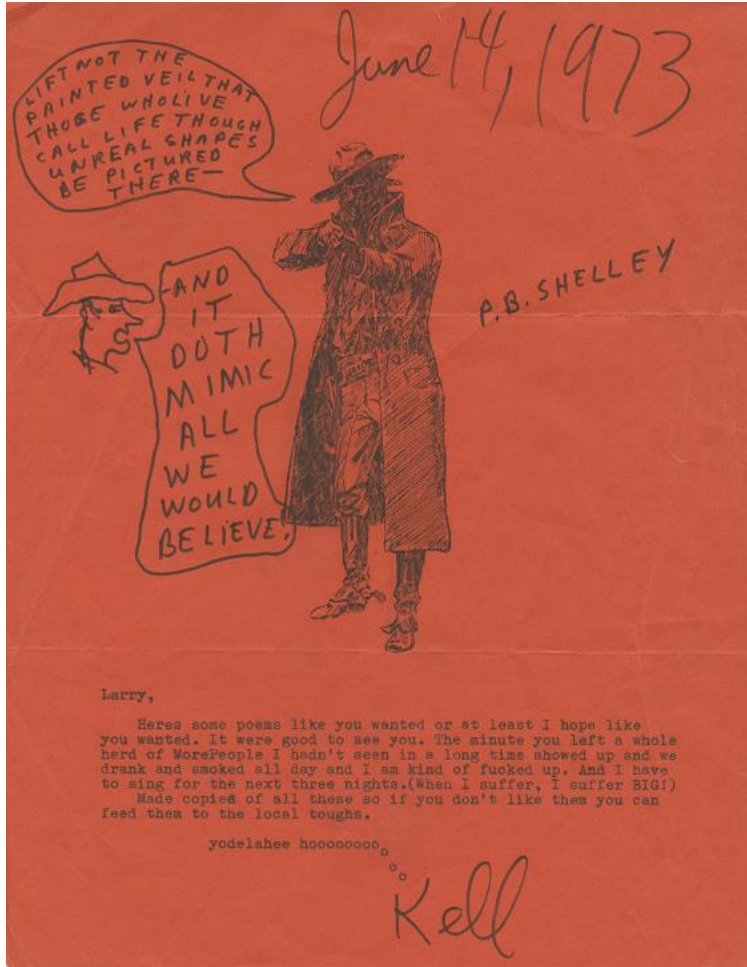
Fred's address is c/o G. Anderson, Apt. 8, 1837, Oak Street,
 S.F. California. I've written twice, but have not heard, maybe
 he's gone back to L.A.

Well take care of yourselves. A big X for Espada, I miss those
 tea parties and nutty salads too, but have relished in steamed
 clams when I can.

best love,
 A

Ann Quin. TLS, 2 pages, Sept. 13, 1965.

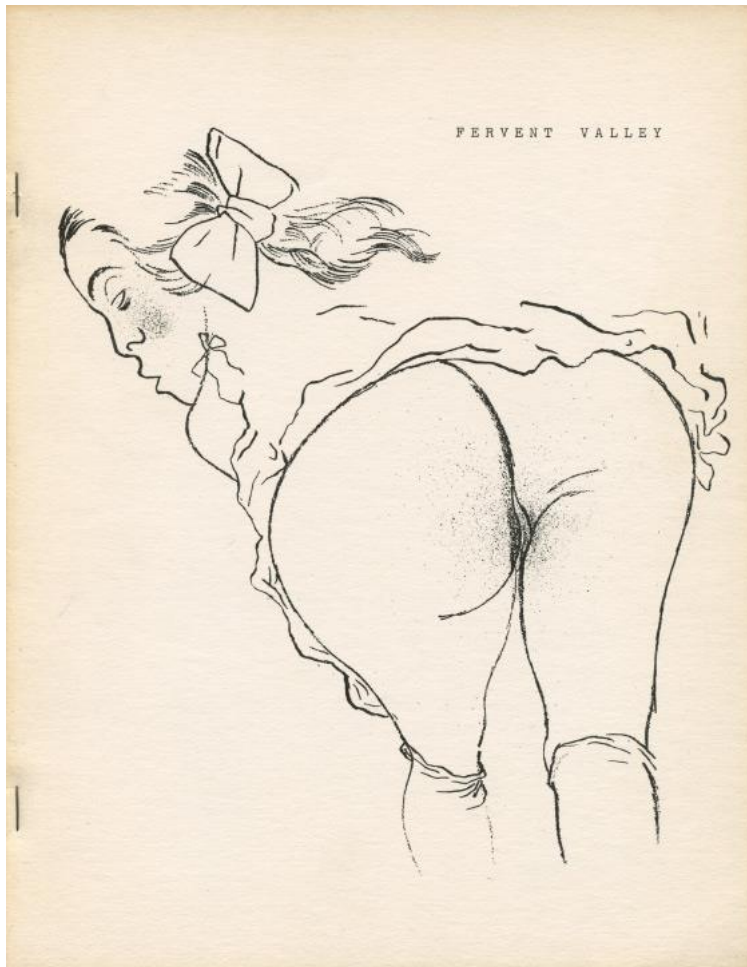
The British experimental writer Ann Quin (1946–1973) was introduced to Larry by Robert Creeley during one of her visits to Placitas. They became close and dear friends. (The archive contains six folders of correspondence between the two of them from 1965 to 1973.) Here she writes to Larry, "Good to hear from you, tho devastated that moonflowers show no */**/***/*. Needless to say I miss N.M. desperately; the full moon and sun % divided. Instead there is a vertigo of the ego, and that division between being actor and spectator + coping with newyorkcity inferno of hubways, immigration officefull of kafkaofficials, many priests like effigies awaiting their turn."



Kell Robertson. TLS with drawing, June 14, 1973.

Robertson writes: "Heres some poems like you wanted or at least I hope yu wanted. It was good to see you. The minute you left a whole herd of MorePeople I hadn't seen in a long time showed up and we drank and smoked all day and I am kind of fucked up."

Poet, songwriter and singer Kell Robertson (1930–2011) was often referred to as a "cowboy poet," however he preferred be called an "outlaw poet." He began the mimeograph magazine *Desperado* in 1969. Printed by Ben Hiatt, the magazine published many of writers of the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance. He was a long-time friend of Larry's and appeared in three of the four *Fervent Valleys*. The archive contains three folders of correspondence from Robertson to Larry; one folder from Larry to Robertson as well as a folder with Robertson manuscripts.



Stephen Rodefer, ed. *Fervent Valley*, no. 4. Summer 1974.

Contributors to this issue include Charles Olson, Stephen Rodefer, Frank O'Hara, Bill Berkson, Charles Potts, Larry Goodell, Philip Whalen, Fielding Dawson, Bill Pearlman, Anne Waldman, T.S. Eliot, Groucho Marx, Gregory Corso, Ford Madox Ford, Robert Creeley, Charlie Vermont, Simon Ortiz, Marcel Duchamp, Michael McClure, Allen Ginsberg, Geoffrey Young, Jack Hirschman, Gerard Malanga, Taylor Mead, and David Franks, among others. Mimeographed with offset cover by George Grosz.

1136 Arch St. APR 1975
 Berkeley, Cal. 94708
 525-2130

Dear Larry,

Don't worry. Be happy. I will help you. If you give a straight reading it will be in the interests of men's lib. Your friends will have already caught the weird act in Vegas and will be thankful for a quiet evening at home with the important new prose writer Lawrence "Larry" Goodell. The fresh young new anemones won't know the difference & will furtively think he's gay, never km dreaming how fathomless & deep is the bowl of Omnivoreotle. The few intimates among us—you, me, Geoff, Kell, Gino, ~~Let~~ Let Motif, Kathy, Bob, Lewis, Robert, Ed, Laura, Summer, Lora, Judy, Ken, Benjamin, Moanne, Bobbie, Carol, Ted, & Alice, will all laugh & get drunk & love one another come whatever may.

I have contacted Intersection (S.F.) and there is the possibility of a reading there on Sunday May 11th. In Berkeley or Bolinas perhaps another night. Do you want me to set up a reading here? How many are you interested in giving? No need to wipe yourself out. The Coliseum & Cow Palace are both booked solid so there's no chance there. Perhaps you'll want to save your ceremonial occasion for after dark--i.e. do the Borges imitation at SFS & save the Tellulah Bankhead set for a rowdier hour. There is some sense however to showing something off at SFS insofar as it will be videotaped and there's Joel's grandchildren to think of.

How long will you stay. Remember to bring my phone # so you can reach me. I'll call Gaylord Leyland. Did you see the Giorno interview which was terrific. Maybe you can get a ride. Try Osha, someone's always headed this way, or KUNM-- so much cheaper and nicer. You needn't feel obliged to do a circus anthology; why not bring one full warpath waspum & then the prose. Your worry--is the California bullshit ("California is odious but indispensable"-Phil Whalen) could become thinly disguised shiva diva kiva primadina. Just mix brewer's yeast, lecithin, ginseng, & one banana in a blenderful of Welch's (not Donald Duck) grapefruit-juice, and the semen will waft imperceptably from your eyelashes. This has been me secret for years and you're the first soul to know.

Keep me probed. My love to Lenore, and Mickey and Terry, and Gus & Felice.

Love,
S.

LS, d3

Stephen Rodefer. TLS, Apr. 1975.

Writing from Berkeley, Rodefer writes to Larry, "Don't worry. Be happy. I will help you. If you give a straight reading it will be in the interests of men's lib. Your friends will have already caught the weird act in Vegas and will be thankful for a quiet evening at home with the important prose writer Lawrence 'Larry' Goodell."

Poet and painter Stephen Rodefer (1940–2015) was a longtime friend of Larry's. Along with Larry, Charlie Vermont and Bill Pearlman, he was one of *Fervent Valley's* editors. Larry and Rodefer toured together doing readings in 1972. In 1976, Duende Press published his translation and commentary of Jean Calais's *Villon* and his *One or Two Love Poems from the White World*. The archive contains two folders of letters and one folder of cards from Rodefer to Larry.

POETS
 READ in
 support of the
 RESISTANCE

APPROVED FOR POSTING
 NEW MEXICO UNION

CHARLES BELL
 GALWAY KINNELL
 WINFIELD TOWNLY SCOTT
 GENE FRUMKIN ELIOT GLASSHEIM
 BERT ALMON DICK ELLIOTT AND OTHERS
 STEVE BELL STEVE RODEFER

→ MARCH 16th Ω

SAT. NITE = 8 P.M. ~ ANTHRO 101 ~ UNM

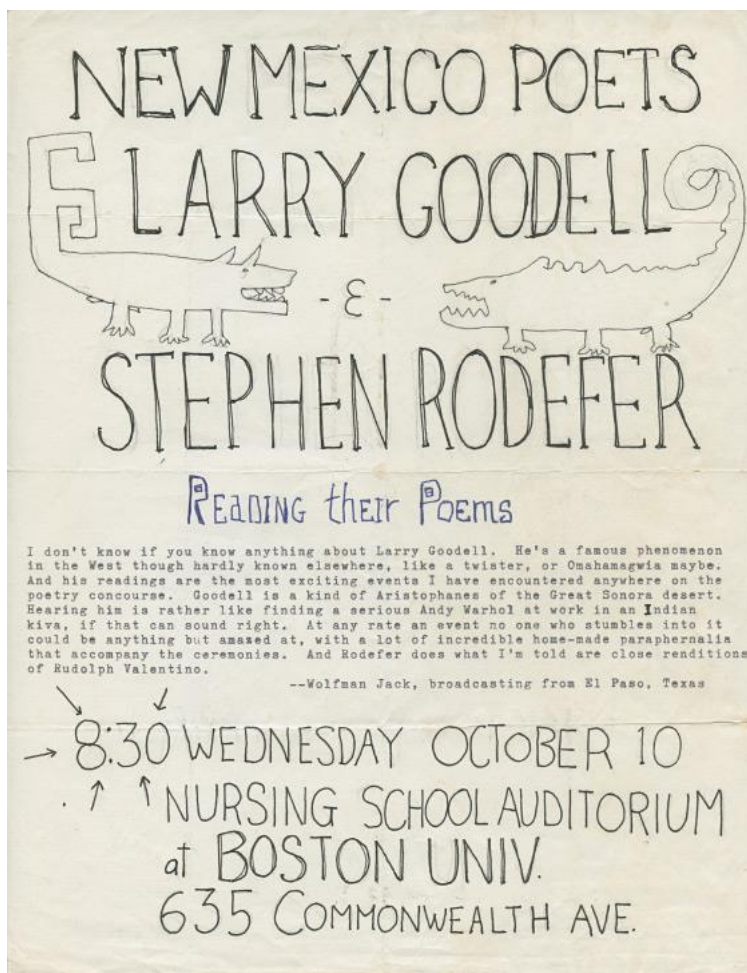
Sponsored by
 Students for Peace
 N.M. Resistance
 RESIST

DONATION = 25¢
 or MORE

Please Post and ANNOUNCE

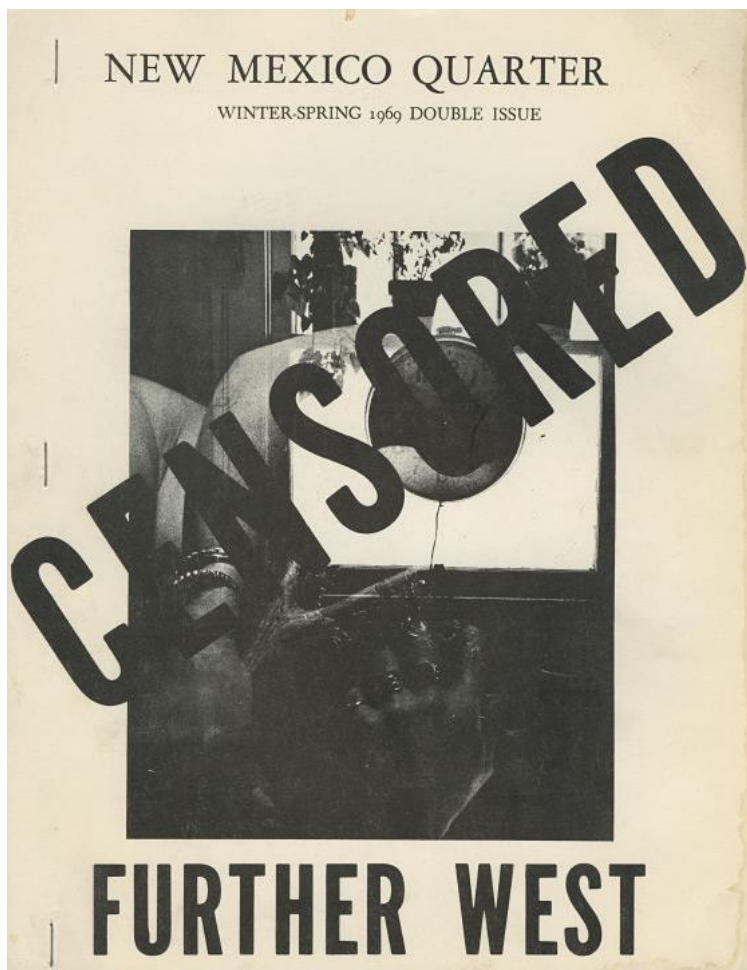
Flyer for "Poets Read in Support of the Resistance" at the University of New Mexico, Mar. 16, [1974].

Readers included Stephen Rodefer, Charles Bell, Galway Kinnell, and Gene Frumkin, among others.



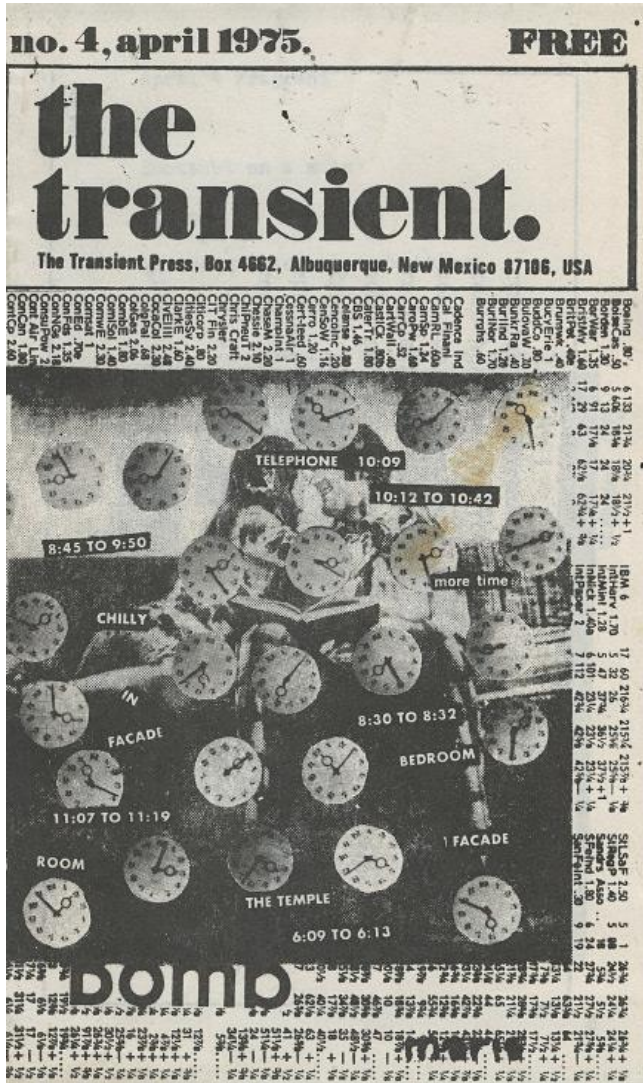
Original artwork for flyer for Larry Goodell and Stephen Rodefer's reading at the Boston University Nursing School Auditorium, Oct. 10, [1973]. Drawing by Lenore Goodell.

According to Larry: "Steve wrote this crazy blurb for me signed 'Wolfman Jack' expanding on something Charlie Vermont said."



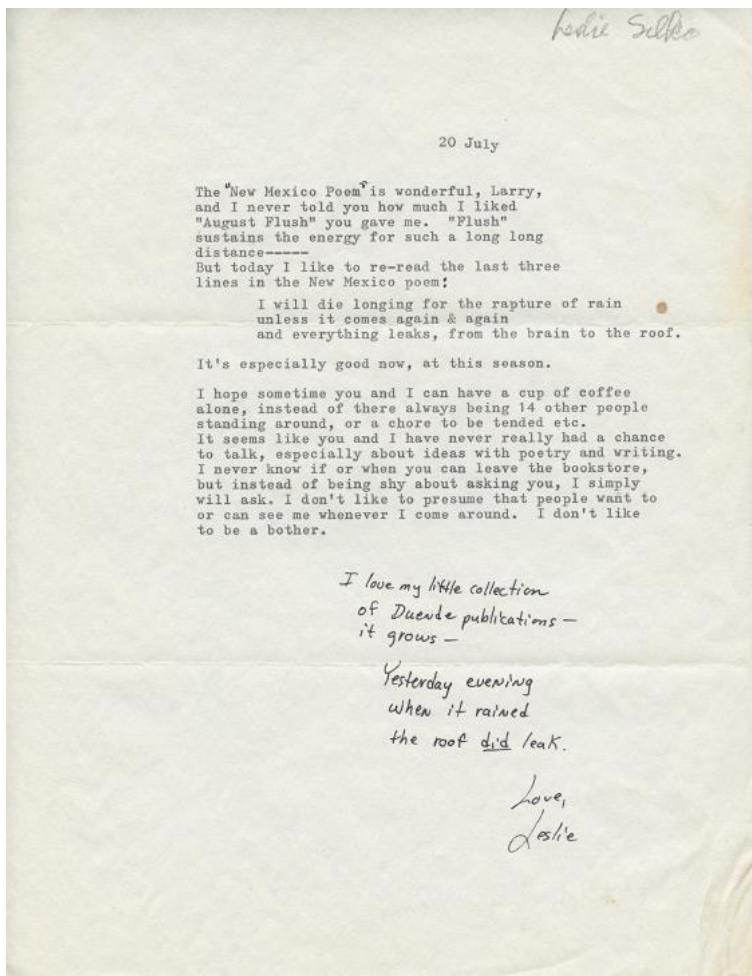
Stephen Rodefer, et al., eds. *Censored Further West: New Mexico Quarter*, Winter-Spring, 1969. Double Issue.

Poems censored by the *New Mexico Quarterly* and published in this one-shot magazine. Contributors include Michael McClure, Robert Creeley, Stephen Rodefer, Lenore Kandel, David Benedetti, and James Joyce.



Ken Saville, ed. *The Transient*, no. 4. Apr. 1975.

In a private conversation, Larry Goodell called Ken Saville "the d.a. levy of Albuquerque." In 1972, Larry was the first person that Saville met when he was first finding his way in New Mexico. Currently, Saville is an active artist in Albuquerque.



Leslie Silko. TLS, July 20, [1977?].

Leslie Silko writes to Larry, "I hope sometime you and I can have a cup of coffee alone, instead of there always being 14 other people standing around, or a chore to be tended etc. It seems like you and I have never really had a chance to talk, especially about ideas with poetry and writing.

Larry -
 Hello.
 Everything is cool.
 Beautiful Birth. Beautiful Baby
 I stayed with Brenda the whole
 time right through the delivery.
 Hope you can visit soon.
 Wish you were here.
 Have a job working as gardner.
 Plant Grass & Flowers for the
 University. We might make this Spring.
 Don't know where.
 Write A lovely letter to
 us.
 Come & visit.
 We love you a berry fast love.
 Gino Brenda. Krishna Ai

DEAR LARRY
 Hey!
 (The Fuck-Birth celebration) BOOM!!
 BOOM!!
 Krishna Nicholz Ai
 February 4, 1968
 7:00 P.M.
 Happy fuck-Birth. lust. Prayer
 flower Sock flower fuck flower
 Krishna

Gino Clays Sky. ALS written on the back of birth announcement for Krishna Nichole Ai, Feb. 4, 1968.

Gino Clays Sky is a poet and author perhaps best known for his novel *Appaloosa Rising: The Legend of the Cowboy Buddha* (Doubleday, 1980) and editing, with Drew Wagnon, *Wild Dog* (nos. 11 through 18). In addition to being published in *Oriental Blue Streak* and *Fervent Valley*, his *The Ball Tournament Specialist* was published by Duende Press (as Gino August Sky) in 1973. Sky's longtime friendship with Larry is reflected by the box of correspondence and other items exchanged between the two.



Drew Wagnon, ed. *Wild Dog*, no. 6, vol. 1. Feb. 29, 1964.

Over the run of 21 issues, *Wild Dog's* editors included Ed Dorn, John Hoopes, Joanne Kyger, and Gino Clays Sky.

April 19

Diane Sward
Lista de Correo
San Miguel de Allende, Gto., Mexico

Dear Larry - Important that this letter gets to Ginsberg. Neal Cassidy says that he's reading in Albuquerque the 28th and then Ginsberg expected to go to Dallas to meet Neal. But Neal has decided that its just as easy to stay here - and also Ginsberg indicated that he would be willing to fly down here for a week -

Do me a favor and let me know via return mail - or when you can if Ginsberg is reading there the 28th - and also whether he's coming down here. And when.

Its been a mad couple of weeks. Cassidy has been living up the hill, making the party scene every night high on either acid or speed, trying to come down, trying not to be up tight, trying to make some sort of orderly plans, not able, but still somehow cool, alive, and in touch, just not very happy. He really looks forward to Ginsberg coming down - helping him pull out. . . get back to Frisco where he says he wants to get a job - stop living off of people as he has for something like three years now - ~~not~~ shuffling from one scene to another. He's a great man, just not much in control. . .

How have you been?

I came down around January really very much exhausted and subdued after Taos, ~~xxxxxx~~ having been told by way of last minute advice not "to be so hard" on myself. But I've felt great since, more myself, more able to give myself to whatever rhythms the days seem to offer, not at all tense, more able to just go with. . . whatever. And in that mood it seems everything has been happening - total contact -

I've been writing - somehow very consistently and steadily - and without any compulsions or schedules, the need to make them, a long short story, and about 60 pages on a novel. . . the words feel good to me.

The town itself seems to be full of writers just now - hippies of all sorts. About a week ago Henry Roth (Call it Sleep) turned up too - after that long long exile raising chickens in Maine - and took an apartment a friend of mine had - and is writing another book. A lovely, great, not bitter man. . . Neal says he thinks Ginsberg would like meeting him. . .

Bob seems well - and really very happy. I talked with both him and Ann on the phone - seems they are both acting as mediums for one another. And Barbara sounds very well.

Write me - I'd love hearing from you.

affectionately
Diane

Neal Cassidy. TLS to Allen Ginsberg, [1967]. Carbon with additions by hand.

Neal Cassidy wrote this letter to Allen Ginsberg, urging him to come to Mexico, while he was staying at Diane Sward [Rapaport]'s apartment in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. This was sent with a TLS from Sward to Larry. Apparently other copies of the letter were also sent to Ginsberg. A slight variant of this letter appears in Cassidy's *Collected Letters, 1944-1967*.

A LETTER WRITTEN TO YOU IN THE PRIS FROM GUADAJAJARA TO MEXICO CITY

Charlie Vermont and Charlie Walsh, eds. *Two Charlies*, no. 2 .1973.

5

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 85719

new home of loujon's "gypsy lou" series of prose and
 poetry award books, & the OUTSIDER

jon & louise webb, editors
 2/7/66

Dear Larry...

Forgive long time not writing, but have been moving around again. Now, as you see, in Tucson, and probably for ~~while~~ awhile. We found an old adobe ex-groc. store with living quarters in back and got it for a small down payment and very small monthly payments, about 7 blocks from the university, and from here will publish #4, and other stuff. For eating money are opening a small-scale bookshop with used and new little mags and quality paperbacks. No cash to buy stock but friends here and there over the states are sending us stuff from their shelves they're tired looking at, to help get us going with a shop look. Got many old little mags, etc. you could spare--we'd pay postage. I'm just up from a bad piece of pneumonie, but getting better fast. Santa Fe was much too phoney for us, had to get out.

If you're ever this way sure hope you visit us. The press is here, after being fixed in El Paso, but not yet connected--big cost there, but soon will be. Write sometime. Got your mags and stuff and you

keep putting out some of the best in the U.S. Hope you're able to keep it all going. Sorry we couldn't have been there to meet you and Bill Harris--re your letter to me in Nov. Just come across it.

Let me know what's doing with you all.

Best,
 Jon

Jon Webb. TLS, Feb. 7, 1966, 2 pages.

Jon Webb (1905–1971) and his wife Louise (“Gypsy Lou”) Webb (1916–) founded the Loujon Press and published the essential *Outsider* magazine. After leaving New Orleans, the Webbs lived throughout New Mexico and Arizona. After relocating to Arizona Jon Webb writes Larry, “We found an old adobe ex-groc. store with living quarters in back and got it for a small down payment and very small monthly payments, about 7 blocks from the university, and from here will publish [*Outsider*] #4.”

Dear Larry,

I'll be glad to send you stuff for DUENDE - I have a novella or short-story or something, 16 pages prose - & sundry poems

Ed van Aelstyn is printing a big load of the material which I read at Vancouver, the next issue of NORTHWEST REVIEW, to appear about the first week of ~~December~~ other single shots now appear in Darden's new RIVOLI REVIEW, NOW, FUCK YOU/A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS {which has announced a report by Carol Borgel upon the Vancouver proceedings}, OUTBURST [London], a short rd poem has been accepted by EVERGREEN, & the project of printing the long poem "Monday in the Evening" as a single pamphlet at Milan awaits my sending the text there.

Ron Loewinson has a new book out, THE WORLD OF THE LIE. Diane DiPrima's book has just finished printing at Anarchism Press & is off to the bindery. Don Allen's new magazine can appear almost any time, now — he has a set of broadsides printed {8 of us contributed poems}

Telegraphed 1/25/63

To Larry Goodell - p. 2

which were sold singly &/or as a portfolio. He got a booth at the great outdoor art festival in the civic center here & sold several poetry. Each sheet was decorated by a different artist & all were signed. Printing was done by various high-class artsy printers &c &c &c proceeds went to the magazine ~~side~~

Fred Franklin wrote to me about some hideous cultural radio show in L.A. where he & others are to be interviewed about Vancouver—I said I couldn't possibly, but that I could read poetry—so I shall make a trip there soon &c &c &c— if I can find time & nerve. I must go there soon to visit friends, whatever else may happen.

Well— I wish you all kinds of luck with DUENDE. Thanks for your letter & soon as I can, I'll ship you some poems.

yours,
 Philip Whalen

123 Beaver St.
 San Francisco Calif. 94117
 1/25/63

Philip Whalen. ALS, Oct. 19, 1963. 2 pages.

Philip Whalen writes to Larry, “I’ll be glad to send you stuff for DUENDE—I have a novella or short-story or something, 16 pages prose— + sundry poems.” Whalen was published in *Fervent Valley*, no. 4. Summer 1974.

THE NANTAHALA FOUNDATION
HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA

December 22, 1966

Dear Larry,

Please excuse my stupid inability to sit down and at least thank you for sending on the recent issues of *Duende*. This peripatetic life of mine is hard on me and hard on my friends. I do apologize.

I (and Ronald) have only been back from GB since October and I have been running in circles as well as running in circles, trying to earn some dollars to keep the car alive and the creditors smiling. I had to borrow vast amounts of cash from friends to pull off the second English Year. It gets tiresome, but, what else to do. Money continues not to fall out of the sky like it said it might in my first books. I love travelling and I love sitting still. The time for the latter comes soon. Aspen's offered me 18 months of residence with a small income, so that is the scene starting in early April. Ron will work in the Copper Kettle Restaurant, pay off what he owes Columbia, and try to put some aside for a stone cottage in a remote dale in Yorkshire that we are thinking of before bombs fall and more shit hits the fan.

Circles is just here, I'll be absorbing it slowly. The other things piled up during the absence. You do a good job, not that I have to tell you.

I crank up the orphic snake-oil circus again on January 14th and head it for the U of Ky. From then on for almost 3 months, I am blabbing my head off at the colleges. Going to be coming from a working visit with Fred Sommer in Prescott on Sunday, April 2nd. Who is there down at the U of NM that might engineer a reading or two for RJ and me? (Ron's *Book of the Green Man* comes from Norton in January, by the way.) Some old jazz: want to read, show books, talk, show slides. There might be a chance of getting the Art Department to co-sponsor (and improve the kitty). I can write Van Deren Coke. But, first, to whom do I turn for sympathy in that English Department-- or, is that a hopeless question? Dates I have in mind are April 3 and 4. Then I want to try St. John's. Tim Reynolds (not a totally reliable source, albeit a jolly one) indicated Bob Bunker was there now. Is he? He was very nice to us in Las Vegas.

Books for you when we meet. A few new ones, and more coming. I don't hear from Creeley, and hope that doesn't mean he's become a Great Man. I figure you are wise to stay where you are and know who your friends are. The rest of this business is silly. Onward! All best, and may 1967 treat us like white folks...

Jonathan
 (Queer Poor Nigger Injun, Inc.)

Jonathan Williams. TLS, Dec. 22, 1966.

Jonathan Williams writes Larry, "Please excuse my stupid inability to sit down and at least thank you for sending on the most recent issues of *Duende*. This peripatetic life of mine is hard on me and hard on my friends. I do apologize."

May 6, 1975

Dear Larry and Isadore--

Your wonderful letter arrived last night--we had just pulled in from a glorious trip to Northern Romania--Moldova--where we spent several days drinking and dancing with friends up there--and seeing several day monasteries of Moldovites, Sucevites, and Humor--it's high in the Carpathian Alps--very old--the monks read three centuries ago at least--but that is true of much of Romania's country where you can get hit by past shock and future shock the same day.

It's been a terrifying year--my head spins and whirles--I grow so conscious of past lives, the true terrors of history--mine and others. I'm writing strange poems--almost frozen ones--I call them STONE ROSES from the headstones that are found here--I don't know whether they are any good or not. I will send one with this letter. If you like it, you may have it--if not, we'll talk about it when I get back--it isn't New Mexican, that's for sure--I've also written a new section of Draven registry but that's been mailed out to Joe Somosa--I don't have it here. //Cluj celebrates its 1850th year--and communism is here too--so much contradiction--a real agony of years and years and years of blood and suffering. It's too much to write about here, anyway.

My mind is, at times, of the 13th century. I think those thoughts. Usually, I touch something, a stone tomb or a cross, something and I dream lives full of blood and giving, fighting and yet they are happening inside me, as if I were there--life here has been very hard, too--many shortages and much aloneness--also many good times.

I'm so glad you're getting your land at last. I, more than most, know what it means to you both, to any feeling human. We all look forward to seeing you there.

We hope to leave here on June 3rd--we will try to get visas for Hungary when we go to Bucharest the 20th of May--go to Budapest and on to Vienna--get car worked on there (we have 1969 VW camper bought in Amsterdam flea market last summer)--then to Munich, Germany--visit with Hal Johnson and his wife--then to Barcelona, Spain and catch a ship about the 15th of August (latest date) for home with car, hopefully and a crazy (I mean it) Romanian tomcat we picked up--we call him T.D. Katt (T.D. for Tasmanian Devil, which gives a real sense of his nature)--arrive New Orleans and hit the trail for home, hopefully leaving the ghosts behind.

This is perhaps not a good letter. Certainly it does not reflect how happy I was to receive yours--perhaps I am like Dracula and need the earth of my homeland to sleep peacefully on--but this too is my homeland--I feel that, too. The ancient source of the Celts--is my birthplace of a terrible dream that still walks. Bullshit? Right now, I don't know. It all seems so real, those years and those thoughts. Bucharest began here, three thousand years ago. And, perhaps, so did beauty--my friend Gary will take this letter to Bucharest and mail it there--give my love to the hills and to you all. We'll be back soon.

Keith

Drowned Woman

We walk the river
 and chant the song
 --there is only one.

We all gather here,
 not touching not really
 looking, her body
 lying beside the shore.
 "Eyes of such brilliance
 darken by starlight," we sing.

Her smooth white flesh
 sculpts the sand, hair
 dark as reeds flows
 over nipples, the brown
 nest between her thighs
 rustles in the night wind.

The song is done.
 We leave her there.
 Following the river, river.

The Rustle of Dark

It seems I have walked
 the streets of a hundred villages.
 Hearing doors shut behind me, I
 catch a new moon's threat
 out of the ~~edge~~ of my eye (edge)
 and turn another corner.
 A peculiar music in the wind.

The tree branches lift and fall
 to a rustle of darkening paws.
 The light of stars dusts
 darkening windows. I, good God,
 I, walking these dark streets
 owned only by moon and night.

Birga Iui, Romania

Love from Heloise. Well be home in
 late August - in. Letter was good.
 I'd for you! Rouse and land!
 Again, love

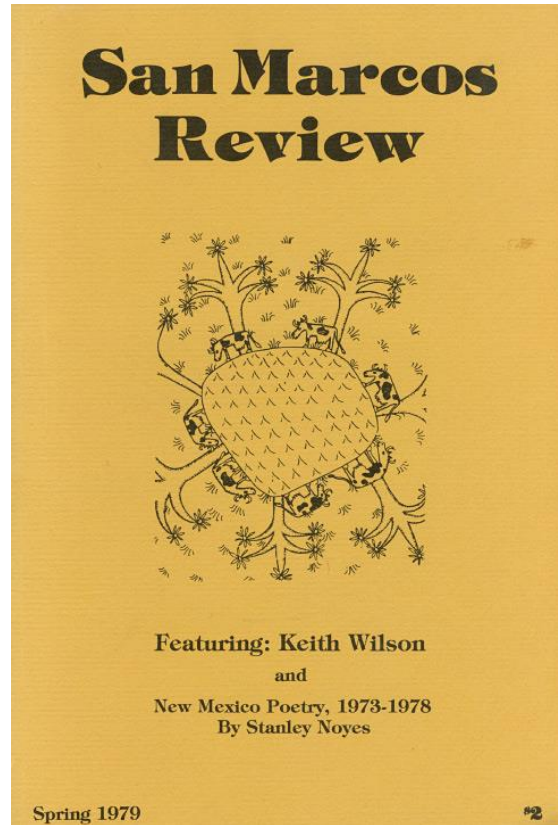
Keith Wilson. TLS with addition by hand, May 6, 1975, 2 pages. Letter also contains mss. "Drowned Woman."

Keith Wilson writes Larry: "My mind is, at times, of the 13th century. I think these thoughts. Usually, I touch something, a stone tomb or cross, something and I dream lives full of blood and giving, fighting and yet they are happening inside me, as if I were there—life has been very hard, too—many shortages and much aloneness—also many good times."

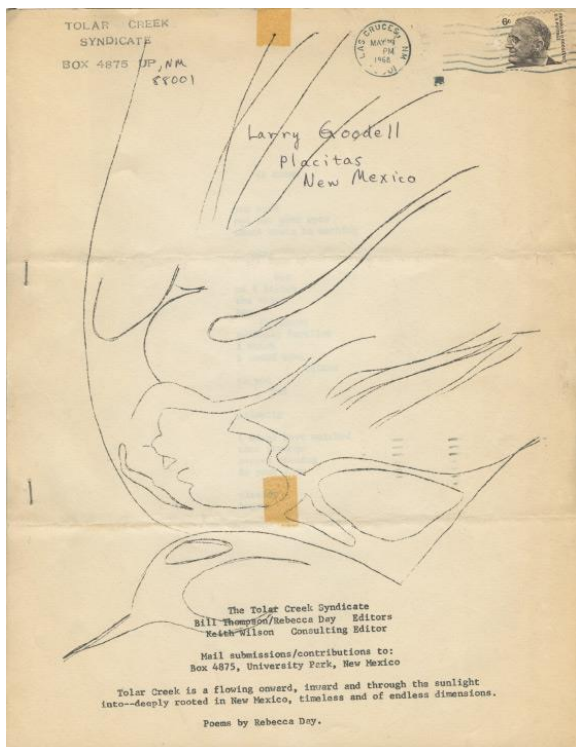
The native New Mexican poet Wilson contributed to *Fervent Valley* and also to Duende's *Detroit Artists Workshop Benefit: Seven Poets, Santa Fe-Albuquerque*. The archive contains correspondence and manuscripts from Wilson.



Keith Wilson. *Sketches for a New Mexico Town*. Prensa de Lagar / Wine Press, 1966. Wrappers. First edition.



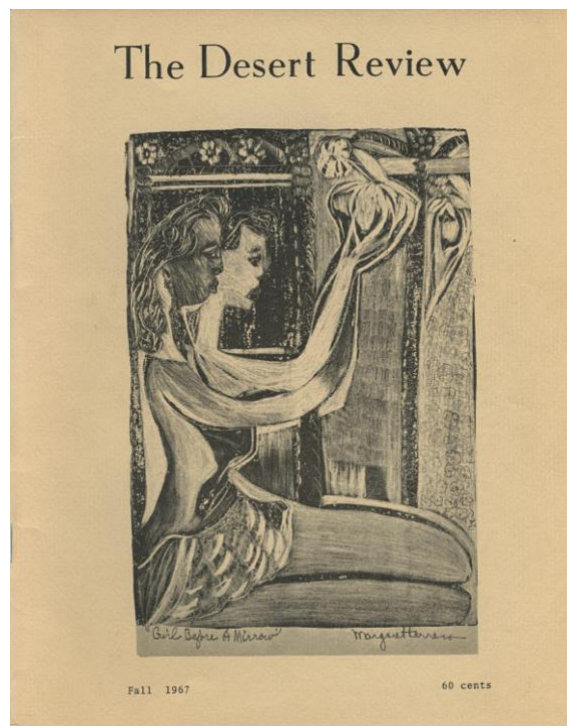
Gene Frumkin and David Johnson, eds. *San Marcos Review*, vol. 2, no. 1. 1979. Keith Wilson is featured in this issue.



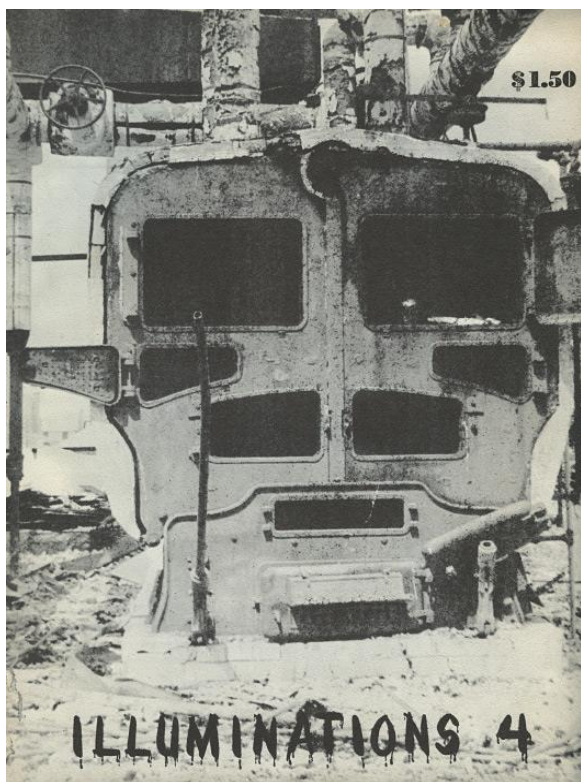
Bill Thompson, Rebecca Day, Judy Thompson eds. *The Tolar Creek Syndicate*, [no. 1?], n.d. Postmarked and mailed to Larry Goodell, May 1968. Keith Wilson is the Consulting Editor.



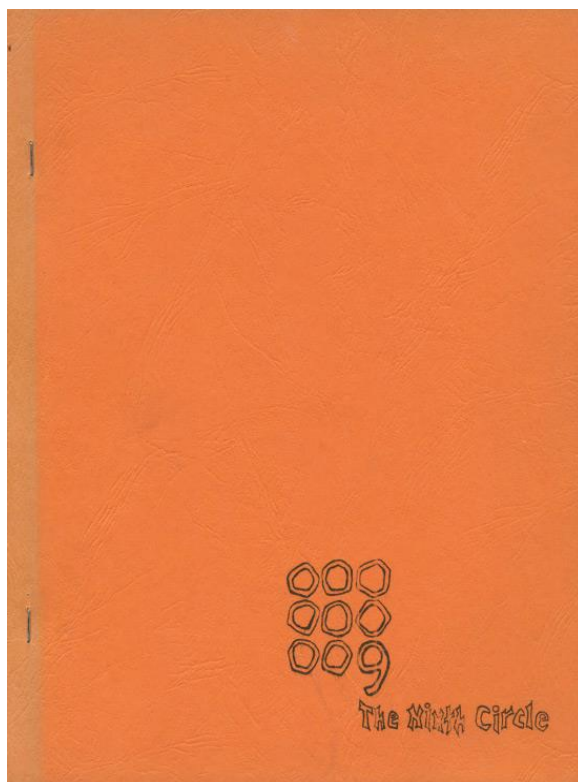
Richard Morris, *The Camels Hump*, no. 5. [ca. 1967]. Features a poem series by Besmilr Brigham. Mailed to Larry Goodell, March 17, 1967.



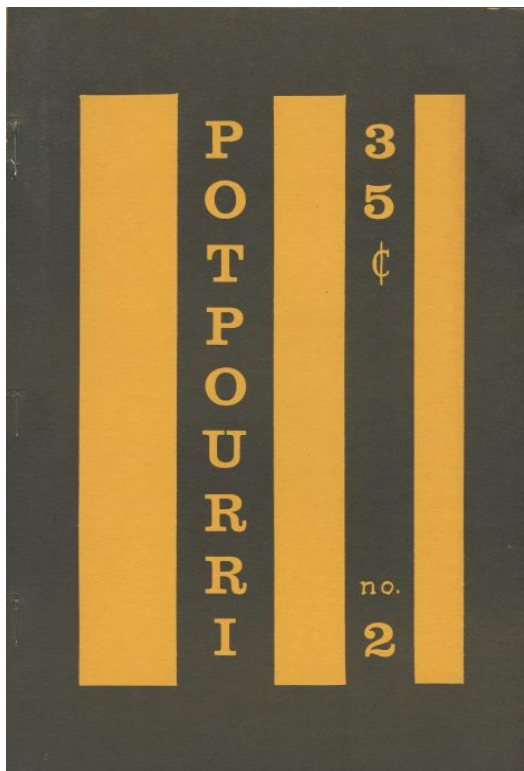
Ward Abbott, ed. *The Desert Review*, Fall 1967.



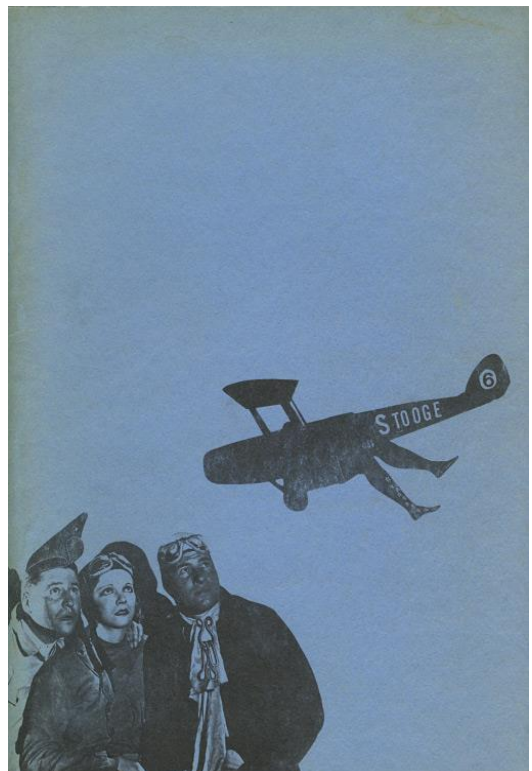
Norman Moser, ed. *Illuminations*, no. 4. Winter 1968–1969. ALS from editor to Larry Goodell laid in.



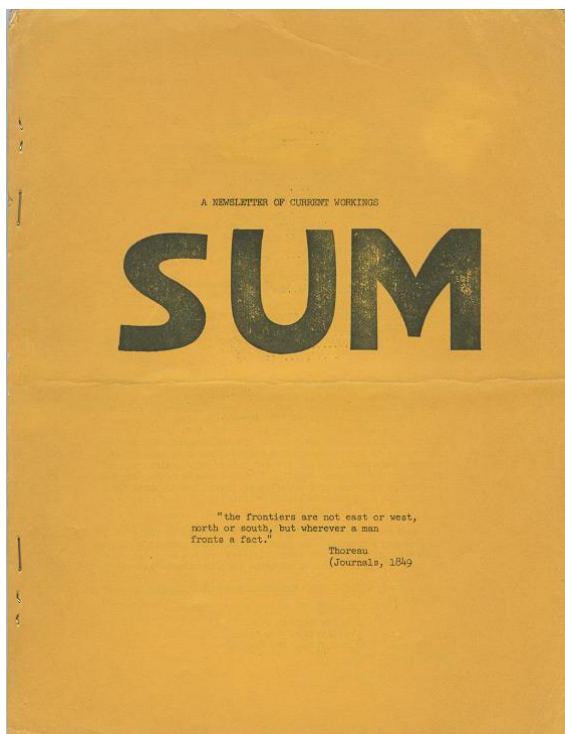
Ron Anthony Punnét, ed. *The Ninth Circle*, Jan. 1967.



Carlos Reyes, ed. *Potpourri*, vol. 1, no. 2. Summer 1964.

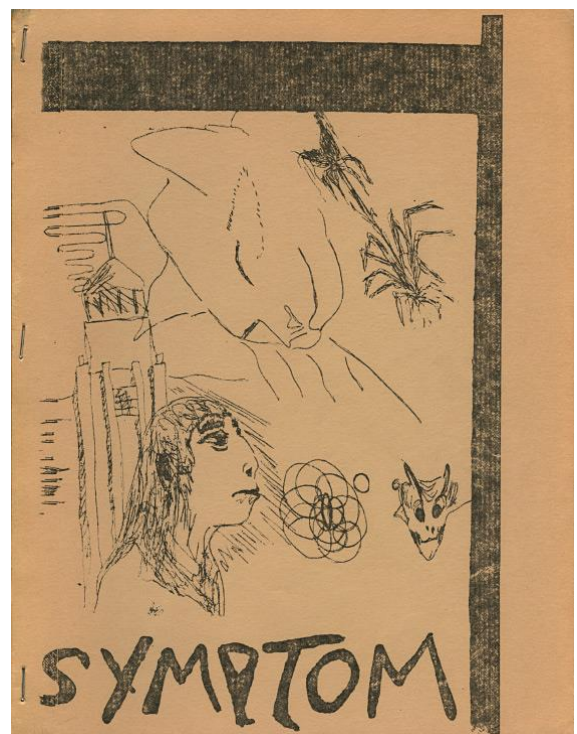


Holmstrand, James, Laura Chester, and Geoff Young, eds. *Stooze*, no. 6. 1972.



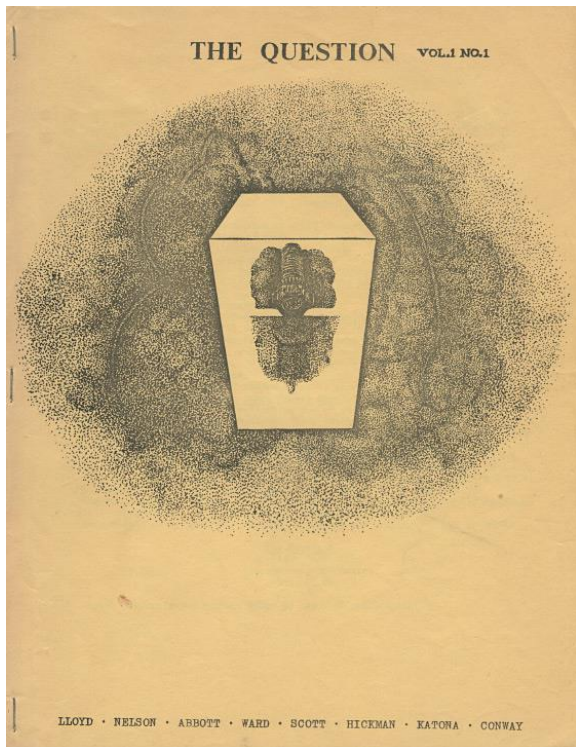
Fred Wah, ed. *Sum*, no. 1. Dec. 1963.

Wah was one Larry's fellow students from the Vancouver Poetry Conference (English 410).

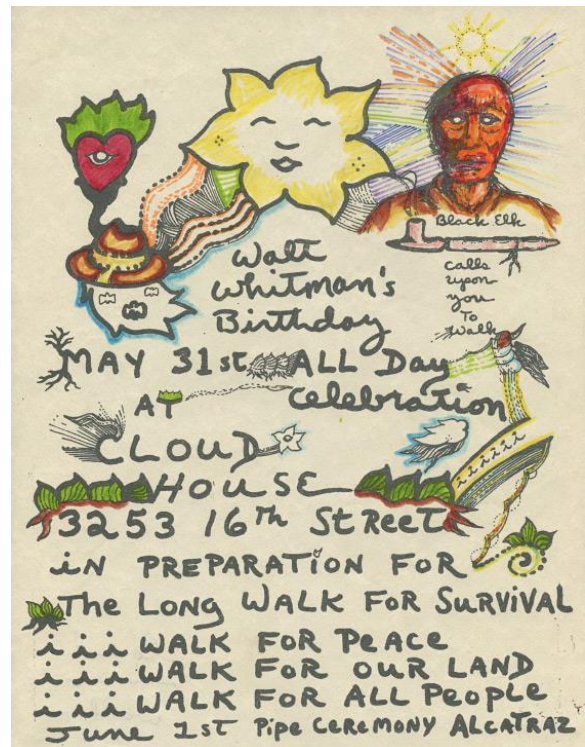


David Tammer, ed. *Symptom*, no. 1. Dec. 1965.

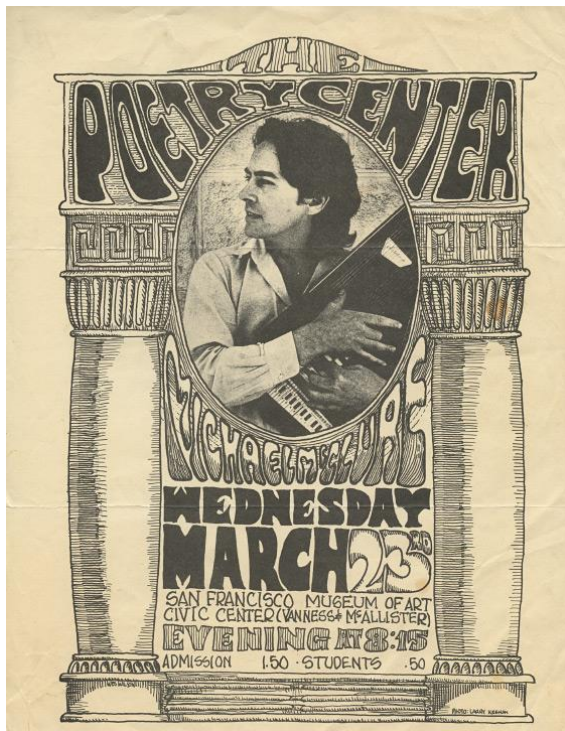
"This issue dedicated to "the notion / idea of Larry Goodell / editor DUENDE Placitas, New Mexico."



Steve Katona, Neil Nelson, and Berry Hickman, eds. *The Question*, vol. 1, no. 1. May 1965.

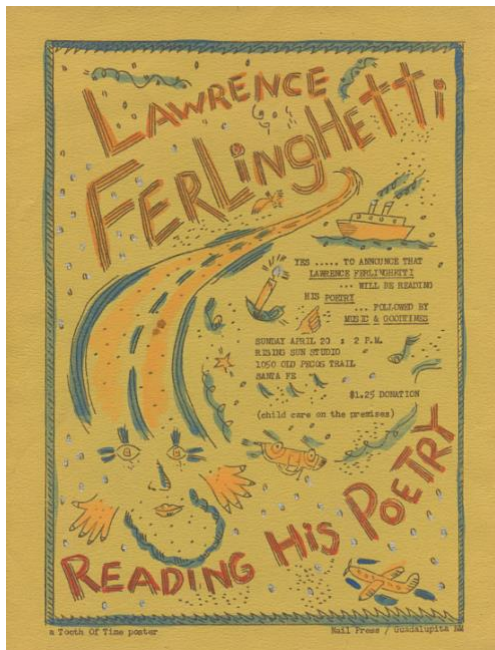


Flyer drawn by Kush [Steven Kushner] for the Cloud House's, San Francisco, "Walt Whitman's All Day Celebration," May 31, [no year].

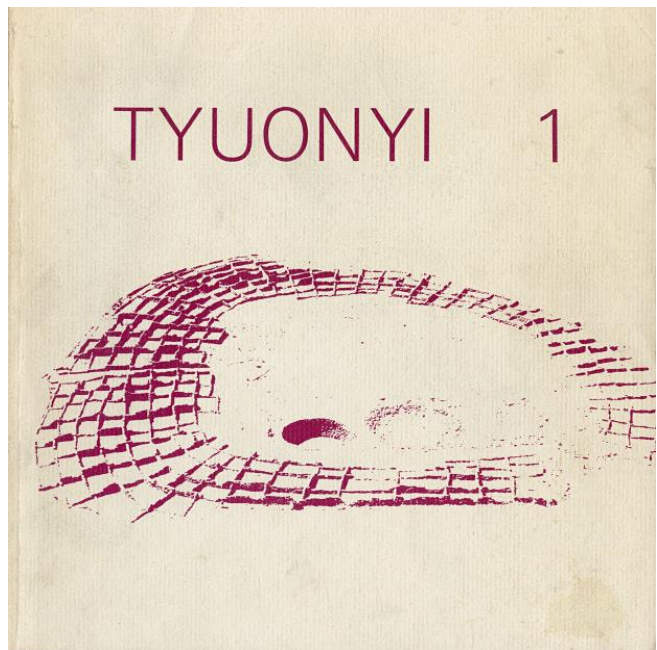


Flyer for Michael McClure's Poetry Center reading at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art Civic Center, Mar. 23, [1966].

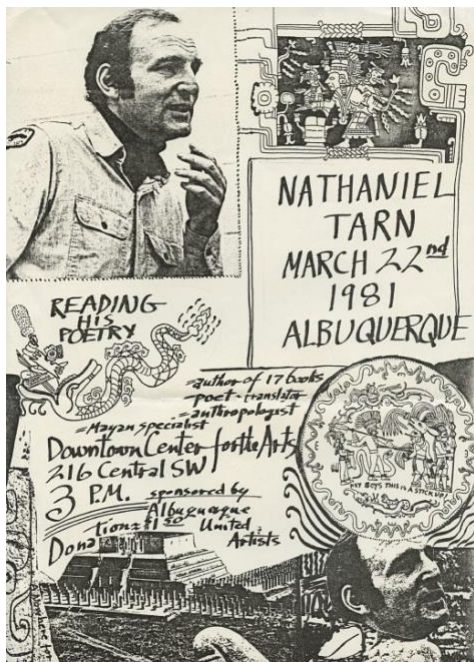
Design and artwork by Wes Wilson. Photograph by Larry Keenan of McClure with autoharp given to him by Bob Dylan.



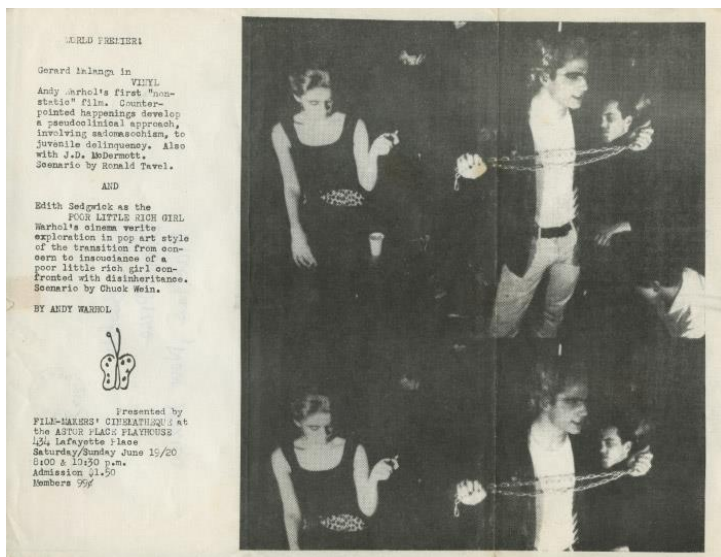
“Lawrence Ferlinghetti Reading His Poetry,” at the Rising Sun Studio, Sante Fe, NM, Apr. 20, [1975]. Published by John Brandi’s Nail Press as a “A Tooth of Time poster.”



Phillip Foss, ed. *Tyuonyi*, no. 1. 1985.



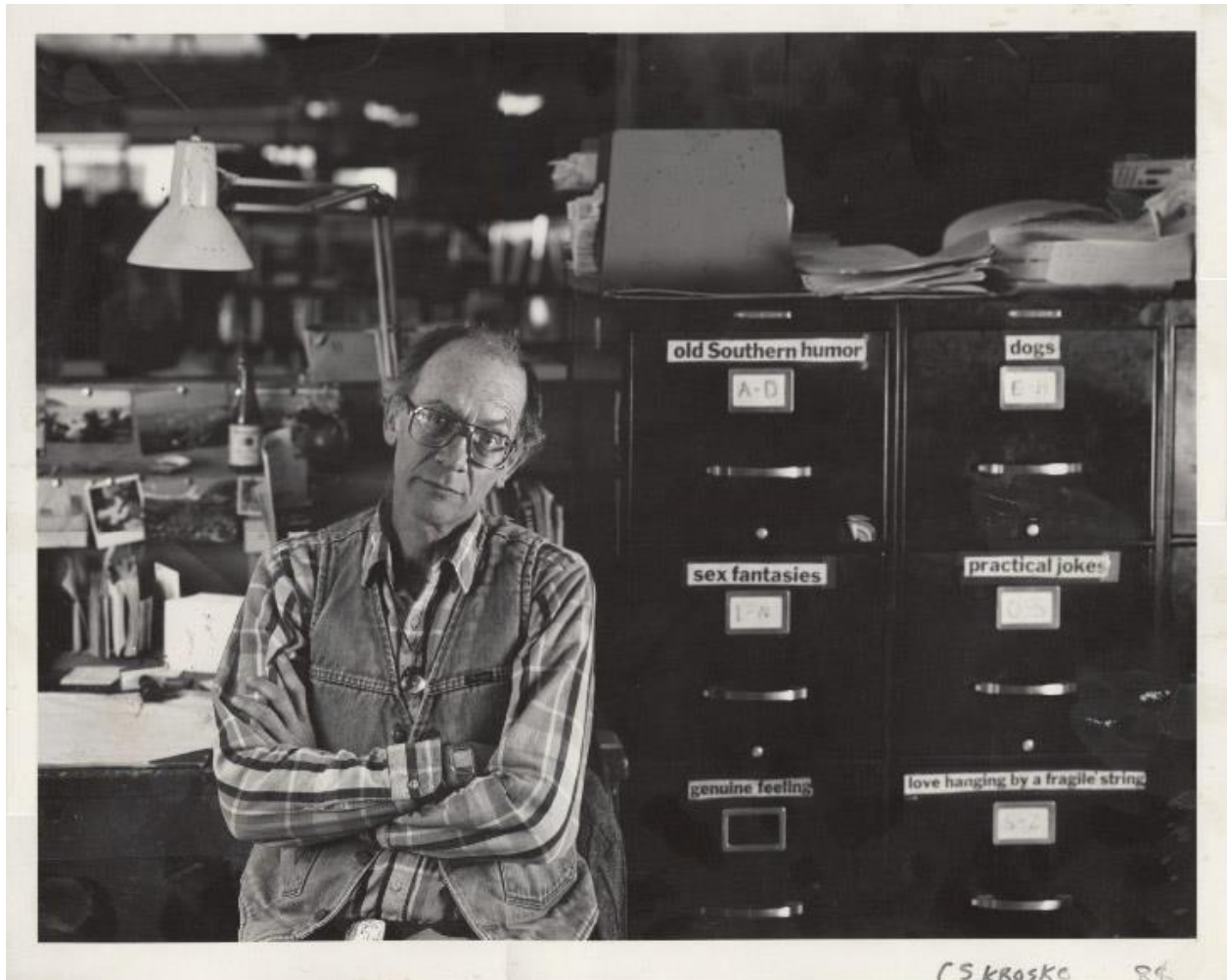
Flyer for Nathaniel Tarn’s reading at the Downtown Center for the Arts, Albuquerque, Mar. 22, 1981.



Flyer announcing the premiere of Andy Warhol’s *Vinyl* with Gerard Malanga and Warhol’s *Poor Little Rich Girl* with Edie Sedgwick, at the Astor Place Playhouse, New York City, June 19–20, 1965.

Books, pamphlets, broadsides, and magazines

There are approximately 750 books, pamphlets, and broadsides, plus 300 magazine titles comprising 1100 issues.



Larry Goodell in front of the infamous filing cabinets in the back of the Living Batch Bookstore in Albuquerque, 1988 (photo by Corey Krasko).

Book authors and editors

Alexander, Paul	Loewinsohn, Ron
Anderson, Wendell B.	Logan, John
Apollinaire, Guillaume	Long, Haniel
Ashmore, David	Lorde, Audre
Baca, Jimmy Santiago	Luschei, Glenna
Bakken, Dick	Lyon, Danny
Barnard, Mary	Lyons, Kimberly
Bartlett, Lee	Macker, John
Basinski, Michael	Mackie, James
Bathurst, Bill	Macleod, Norman
Baton, Maisha	MacNaughton, Anne
Baxter, Glen	Madueño, Amalio
Bayes, Ronald H.	Maher, Janet
Beach, Mary	Mairena, Ana
Bee, Susan	Marchman, Fred
Beene, Gregory	Mares, E.A.
Belli, Giuseppe Gioachino	Mariah, Paul
Beltrametti, Franco	Marín, G. Varela

Benedetti, David
Bennett, John
Bentley, Jon Gill
Bergé, Carol
Berkson, Bill
Bernstein, Charles
Berrigan, Ted
Bigelow, Anita
Bird, Leonard
Blaisdell, Gus
Blaser, Robin
Blazek, Douglas
Boer, Steve
Boland, Evan
Bold, Alan
Bottone, Joe
Bowen, Frances
Brandi, John
Brenner, Summer
Breton, André
Briddell, Don
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Bright, Susan
Brodey, Jim
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Broughton, James
Brown, Nathan
Bruchac, Joseph
Bryan, J.B.
Buffington, Mel
Bukowski, Charles
Bunting, Basil
Burbank, Jim
Burke, Clifford
Butts, Mary
Byrd, Bobby
Canadé, Eugene
Caplan, Ronald
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Cassady, Carolyn
Cassady, Neal
Cavafy, C.P.
Chester, Laura
Church, Peggy Pond
Cirocco, Bill
Clark, Tom
Clark, Tony
Clancy, Patrick
Clausen, Andy
Coleman, Victor
Collom, Jack
Congdon, Kirby
Coolidge, Clark
Corman, Cid
Corso, Gregory
Creeley, Robert
Crews, Judson
Crockett, Eleanor Earle
Marlatt, Daphne
Marshall, Jack
Martin, Peter
Mason, Mason Jordan
Mathews, Harry
Matos, Daniel
Mattingly, George
Maybe, Ellyn
McCarthy, Gail
McClure, Michael
McCook, Kendall
McCord, Howard
McDonald, Mary
Merrill, Jo
Merwin, W.S
Miles, Josephine
Miller, Brown
Morris, James Ryan
Mottram, Eric
Moulder, John
Mudd, Harvey
Myles, Eileen
Nickell, Joe
Norman, Glenn
Norse, Harold
Norton, Joshua
Noyes, Stanley
Obermayr, Ray
O'Hara, Frank
Oldenburg, Patty
Olson, Charles
Oppen, George
Orlovsky, Peter
Ortiz, Simon J.
Ossman, David
Owen, Maureen
Padgett, Ron
Padgett, Wayne
Palmer, Doug
Palmer, Michael
Paquette, John Edward
Para, Nicanor
Parker, Pat
Pavese, Cesare
Pearlman, Bill
Pélieu, Claude
Peña, Hector
Perchik, Simon
Pereira, Teresinka
Perelman, Bob
Perkoff, Stuart Z.
Pessoa, Fernando
Phillpott, Wayne
Piombino, Nick
Plinth, August
Ponsot, Marie
Potts, Charles
Powell, Lawrence Clark
Price, V.B.
Rabbit, Peter

Cross, Victoria
Crow, S.M
Cuelho, Art
Curl, John
Curtis, Walt
Dawson, Fielding
de Swann, Sylvia
Deemer, Bill
Deutsch, Joel
Dickinson, Steve
Dietz, Chris
Dodd, Bill
Dorn, Edward
Dougherty, Mary
Douglas, Max
Dowden, George
Duerden, Richard
Duncan, Robert
Dusenbery, Gail
Eigner, Larry
Elmslie, Kenward
Enslin, Theodore
Eshleman, Clayton
Fagin, Larry
Federman, Raymond
Felger, Richard
Ferlinghetti, Lawrence
Fields, Rick
Finlay, Ian Hamilton
Finstein, Max
Fowler, David Gene
Fowler, Gene
Frampton, Hollis
Frumkin, Gene
Frym, Gloria
Fulton, Len
Gaburo, Kenneth
Gale, Vi
Gierach, John
Gilfillan, Merrill
Ginsberg, Allen
Goldfarb, Sidney
Goodell, Larry
Goodell, Lenore
Grahn, Judy
Grauerholz, James
Graves, Robert
Gray, Darrell
Greasybear, Charley John
Gregorio, René
Greenberg, Alvin
Greene, Jonathan
Greenwald, Ted
Gregory, Michael
Griffin, S.A.
Guravich, Donald
Gurney, Kenneth P.
Hadley, Drummond
Haines, John
Hall, Walter
Ramirez, Sharon
Randall, Margaret
Rane, Bill
Raworth, Tom
Reuben, Charles
Reyes, Carlos
Ricci, Roy
Richmond, Steve
Rios, Frank T.
Robertson, Kell
Robinson, Elizabeth
Robinson, Willie
Roche, John
Rodefer, Stephen
Rodney, Janet
Rollins, Henry
Romero, Leo
Romero, Levi
Rooney, Pat
Rothenberg, Jerome
Rumaker, Michael
Sagan, Miriam
Sakaki, Nanao
Salamun, Tomaz
Samperi, Frank
Sanders, Ed
Sanfield, Steve
Sauls, Roger
Schaefer, Catherine
Schevill, James
Schuyler, James
Schwitters, Kurt
Scibella, Tony
Shields, Bill
Shirley, John
Silliman, Ron
Simon, John Oliver
Sinclair, John
Sky, Gino Clays
Smith, Edward
Smith, Jack
Smith, Phil
Snider-Bryan, Cirrelda
Snyder, Gary
Solt, Mary Ellen
Sowl, Michael
Spicer, Jack
Stageberg, Mia
Stanley, George
Stein, Charles
Sze, Arthur
Tammer, David
Tapahonso, Luci
Tarn, Nathaniel
Taus, Roger
Taylor, Chuck
Taylor, Kent
Tedlock, Ernest
Timmons, Susan
Toth, Steve

Hardin, Glenn	Treichler, Martha Rittenhouse
Harris, Jim	Trice, Arden
Harris, Latif	Tritica, John
Harryman, Carla	Tucker, Harvey
Hart, Howard	Uronovitz, B.A.
Hawkins, Bobbie Louise	Valley Jr., R.J.
Hawkins, Wm.	Valley-Fox, Anne
Hazen, Barnaby	Vega, Janine Pommy
Heath, Jennifer	Veitch, Tom
Hejinian, Lyn	Vermont, Charlie
Hiatt, Ben L.	Violi, Paul
Hoagland, Tony	Wagner, D.r.
Holbrooks, Doris Fields	Wah, Fred
Hollo, Anselm	Waldman, Anne
Holsapple, Bruce	Wakoski, Diane
Holthaus, Gary H.	Wantling, William
Hornick, Lita	Ward, Ed
Howe, Susan	Warsh, Lewis
Hugo, Richard	Weber, Mark
Huncke, Herbert	Weeks, Ramona
Huntress, Diana	Weigel, Tom
Hyner, Stephen	Weil, James L.
Imsunstar	Welch, Lew
Irby, Kenneth	Welsh, Lawrence
Johnson, Ronald	Whalen, Philip
Jones, Donald	Whitman, Walt
Kandel, Lenore	Whitney, J.D.
Kashner, Sam	Wickert, Max
Katzman, Allen	Wieners, John
Kelly, Robert	Wild, Peter
Kerouac, Jack	Wilk, David
Kissam, Edward	Willems, J. Rutherford
Kiviat, Erik	Williams, Jonathan
Knoll, John	Wilmarth, Richard
Koh, Jee Leong	Wilson, Keith
Koller, James	Wilson, Robert A.
Kryss, T.L.	Winans, A.D.
Kyger, Joanne	Witherup, William
Lally, Michael	Waldrop, Keith and Rosmarie
Lamadrid, Enrique R.	Wodening, Jane
Lamantia, Philip	Woolf, Douglas
Levertov, Denise	Wyatt, Andrea
levy, d.a.	Wylie, Andrew
Lifshin, Lyn	Young, Geoffrey
Litz, James C.	Zukofsky, Louis
Loeffler, Jack	

Magazines

<i>A Nosegay in Black</i>	<i>Out of Sight</i>
<i>A Poetry News Letter.</i> [Published by The Desert Review Press.]	<i>Out There</i>
<i>A: A Journal of Contemporary Literature</i>	<i>Outlet</i>
<i>Abacus</i>	<i>Pages</i>
<i>Adventures in Poetry</i>	<i>Pembroke Magaine</i>
<i>Agenda</i>	<i>Penumbra</i>
<i>Albatross</i>	<i>Perspectives</i>
<i>Albireo Quarterly</i>	<i>Pliego</i>
	<i>Plumbers Ink</i>

Alcheringa: Ethnopoetics
Aleph
All As One: Poetry By and For New Mexicans
Ally
Am Here Forum
Amazing Rayday: Secret Comic
Amazon Quarterly: A Lesbian-Feminist Arts Journal
American Poetry
American Standard
Ante
Athanor
Attaboy!
Audit
Bachy
Back in the Alley: North Texas Street Poetry and Prose
Bad Breath
Bean News
Beatitude
Beatlick News
Before Columbus Review
Best Friends: Poems and Drawings by Women from Albuquerque
Bezoar
Big Sky
Binturong
Blackberry
Blake Times
Blitz / Mad Virgin!
Border
Boulder Express
Bowery / West: The Gathering Tribe
Bulletin from Nothing
Bums in Space (Everyone Has the Right to Orbit)
Café Solo
Caim
Camels Coming Newsletter
Camels Coming
Canyon Cinema News
Captain May I
Caterpillar: A Gathering of the Tribes
Censored Further West: New Mexico Quarterly
Center
Centering
Chameleon
Cloven Hoof
Clues
Coercion
Combat
Contact/II
Copula
Creedences
Dacotah Territory
Desperado
Dogtown
Earth
El Corno Emplumado / The Plumed Horn

Poetry Flash: The Bay Area's Poetry Review & Literary Calendar
Poetry Review, University of Tampa
Poetry: So What?
Poets at Le Metro
Poets Who Sleep / Workshop
Potpourri
Prosodia
Puerto del Sol
Quark
R\©actions Gazette Litt\©raire Internationale [Reagan Discovered to Be Robot!]
Red Weather
RFD (Reckless Fruit Delight)
Ripple
River Styx
Rivoli
Road Apple Review
Rocky Ledge
Rocky Mountain Review
Rottenrap
Rutabaga: Poetry of the Rutabaga Party
Sailing the Road Clear
Salt Lick
Salted Feathers
Salted in the Shell
San Francisco Oracle
San Marcos Review
Schist
Schmuck
Seared Eye
Sipapu
Small Press Review
Software
Sol Tide
Some / Thing
Something Else
South Ash Press
Southwest Women's Poetry Exchange
Southwestern American Literature
Southwestern Discoveries
St. Andrews Review
Star-Web Paper
Stars and Scars
Stone Drum
Stooge
Stroker
Sum
Sun: The Warren Forest Sun of Detroit
Swollen Fingers Review
Symptom
Tamarind
Tansy
Telephone
Tellus
Temblor
The Boston Eagle
The Camels Hump
The Coldspring Journal
The Desert Review Penny Poetry Sheet

Eleven
Elizabeth
Everyman
Filmmaker's Newsletter
Fingers of Silence
Fire Exit
Fish Drum Magazine
Fits
Flow Shot
Foot
Free Poems Among Friends
Friendly Local Press
From a Room with no Windows
From a Window
Front Door
Fuck You/ a Magazine of the Arts
Fuck!
Gay Sunshine
Goat's Head
Grand Union
Grande Ronde Review
Grist
Growhole Basics
Hanging Loose
Hardware in Now Softwear
Head
Henry Miller Memorial Library Newsletter
High Performance
Hollow Orange
Howling Dog
Huevos
Hyperion
Hyphid
If it Doesn't Fit, Force It!
Illuminations
Input
Interstate
Intransit
Intrepid
Isthmus
IT
Joglers
Kayak
Kudzu
Kulchur
Kyoj-Kuksu: A Journal of Backcountry Writing
L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E
Land's End
Latitudes
Litmus
Living Batch News
Longhouse
Longshot
Loon
Love
Magazine
Manroot
Margins
Matter
Mesilla Press Pamphlet Series
The Desert Review
The Drop City Newsletter
The Eggandwe
The Eight Pager a Happening in 8 Parts
The Floating Bear
The Goodly Co
The Greenfield Review
The Grin Press
The Hoodoo Times
The Improvisor: The Magazine of Free
Improvisation
The Insect Trust Gazette
The Journal
The Kyoto Review
The Lamp in the Spine
The Legion of Charlies
The Magdalene Syndrome Gazette
The Margarine Maypole Orangoutang
Express
[The Marrahwanna Quarterly]. The Mary
Jane Quarterly
The Middle R
The Naked Ear
The Open Letter
The Outsider
The Perodical Lunch
The Poetry Project Newsletter
The Prod
The Question
The Review
The Rio Grande Writers Newsletter
The Rivers Meeting Project
The San Francisco Bark
The Silent Ear
The Spirit that Moves Us Magazine
The Subversive Agent
The Taos Review
The Temple / El Templo
The Tolar Creek Syndicate
The Transient
The Trembling Lamb
The Unspeakable Visions of the Individual
The Way West Underground
The World
The Wormwood Review
The
Theo
This
Thunderbird
Tish
Toothpick, Lisbon and the Orcas Islands
Topo
Tortilla
Tottel's
TRA Toward Revolutionary Art
Trace
Truck
Tucumcari Literary Review
Twin Peaks
Two Charlies

Midwest
Mile High Underground
Milk Quarterly
Montagna Rossa
Moravagine
Morkville
Mt. Aukum Review
Mulch
New America: A Review
New American & Canadian Poetry
New Blood
New Collage
New Kauri
New Wilderness Letter
New World Journal
Ninth Circle
Northeast Rising Sun
North American Ideophonics
Occurrence
Oink!
Ole
Open Skull
Open Space
Origin
Orogrande
Out Loud: The Free Monthly of Los Angeles
Area Poetry Events

Tyuonyi
Un Poco Loco
Unicorn Journal
Unmuzzled Ox
Vagabond
Vort
Weed
West Coast Poetry Review
Westminster Concours
Whe're/
Wild Dog
Wildflower
Win Magazine
Wind
Wood Ibis
Word Press
Word Works
Word
Work
Workshop
Xizquil
Y'Bird
Yolanda Pipeline's Magazine
Yugen

Books and magazines with contributions from Larry Goodell

6 Poems by Larry Goodell
Adobe Walls: An Anthology of New Mexico
Poetry
Albuquerque Living
AIBUzerxQUE
Am Here Forum
Artspace
At Heart
Blue Grass
Blue Mesa Review
Bums in Space (Everyone Has the Right
to Orbit)
Caterpillar
Cental Avenue
Chameleon
Chokecherries
Cielo Azul/Blue Cello
Conjunctions
Contact/II
Criss-Cross Communications
Dodeca: A Monthly Review of Poets & Poetry
Don't Believe the Hype
Dream Sheet
Exquisite Corpse
Fire, Ashes, Snow
Fish Drum Magazine
Fixed and Free Poetry Anthology 2015
Focus 101: An Illustrated Biography

Laundromat
Luminous Night
Malpais Review
Manilla: An Envelope of Writing & Art
New America: The Energy Issue
New Mexico Poetry Renaissance
New Mexico Quarterly
Pocket Anthology: 1998 Albuquerque Poetry
Festival
Puerto del Sol
Seers
Sin Fronteras: Writers Without Borders
Sol Tide
Southwestern American Literature
Southwestern Discoveries
Stooge
Sulfur
Summer Anthology 1992
Symptom
Tarasque
Telephone
The Face of Poetry
The Indian Rio Grande: Recent Poems
from 3 Cultures
The Margarine Maypole Orangoutang
Express
The Más Tequila Review
The New American Poetry Circuit

of 101 Poets of the 60's and 70's
Four Postcards by New Mexico Artists
High Performance
How to Make a Life as a Poet
Howling Dog
Huevos
If it Doesn't Fit, Force It!
In Like Company: The Salt River Review &
Porch Anthology
In the West of Ireland: A Literary Celebration
in Contemporary Poetry
Infolio
Jump the Border! Bisbee Poetry Jazz Pachanga
La Llorna...

The President
The Promise of Winter
The Rag
The Short Story Review
The Signpost
The Taos Review
The Way West Underground
The
Three Performers
Truck
Tumble Words: Writers Reading the West
Unexpected Events: Poems from Writers in
New Mexico
Voices from the Rio Grande
