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**Black Mountain Poet Robert Creeley and  
Bobbie Louise Hawkins in Guatemala: 1959-61**

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*Guatemala*

When I heard  
the story  
in the company –

of the priest strung up  
by his thumbs  
while his humble young

woman servant was raped  
and his moneys taken  
I was impressed

And told my wife  
All of it. Later  
My sources explained to her,

the verbs and the noun  
in Spanish, meant  
the priest had lost

his gold. No one  
was with him more  
than his wanting.<sup>1</sup>

Robert Creeley, "Guatemala," 1977

The vast web of connections cast by Black Mountain College seems to know no bounds. As a historian of Latin America, even one working at the University of North Carolina Asheville, I never expected that it would become a part of my research. But the reach is remarkable and the breadth of interests and the depth of the lives of those associated with the place amazing. Two years ago, a student of mine, then interning at the Western Regional Archives of the State of North Carolina located in Asheville, mentioned Creeley and his Guatemala connection. Around that time, I also attended the ReVIEWING Black Mountain College conference as a panel moderator. There John Roche, the then literary critic from Rochester Institute of Technology, presented a paper about Creeley's time at the Placitas Colony, a Beat and Black Mountain poet bohemian 'hang-out' in mid-1960s New Mexico. That was very soon after I had heard about Creeley and Guatemala and we had a very brief discussion at that time about the connection. These conversations piqued my curiosity and I began to look for more information.

Robert Creeley was one of the most influential English-language poets of the second half of the twentieth century. One of his most notable early associations was with the poets at Black Mountain College in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, where from 1954 until 1956 he taught, edited the *Black Mountain Review*, and in some manner earned a degree. He is also connected with many of the artists known as The Beats. The crowd in which he traveled included Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Amiri Baraka, Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Ed Dorn, William Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Duncan.

Creeley was born in 1926 in Massachusetts and attended Harvard until, with the outbreak of World War II, he joined the American Field Service and drove an ambulance in India and Southeast Asia. After the war he returned to Harvard but did not graduate; lived on a farm raising chickens; and in 1951 moved to Mallorca with his wife Ann and three children. During some of the period that he traveled back and forth from Mallorca to Black Mountain College at the invitation of Charles Olson, who had discovered and admired his poetry. On his visits to the college he both taught and took courses sufficient to complete his bachelor's degree in 1955. Even in Mallorca, capitalizing on lower costs, he published poetry journals including the short-lived *Black Mountain*

*Review.* Thereafter he got a teaching job at the Albuquerque Academy in New Mexico and earned an M.A. at the University of New Mexico.

Now divorced from his wife Ann, Creeley met Bobbie Louise Hawkins. She was working as an all-night disc jockey in 1957 when one of Creeley's friends brought him by the radio station and the two became a couple almost immediately. Hawkins was a Texan, and like Creeley a recent divorcee. Hawkins had two daughters from her marriage to a Danish architect. Creeley had two sons and a daughter from his first marriage but they were not with him in New Mexico. Quick to start a family, by the summer of 1959, Creeley and Hawkins had a two-year old and a toddler.

Creeley got a job as a tutor for two families in Guatemala in 1959. He and Hawkins made their way there driving with four children in a Volkswagen bus, an extremely difficult feat at the time. The family returned to the United States for the summer of 1960, as Creeley had won a D.H. Lawrence Scholarship which came with a stipend and rent-free stay on a ranch near Taos. They went back to Guatemala in early September 1960 and stayed until the following April 1961. All told, the family spent roughly sixteen months living on the south coast South Coast of Guatemala.

Creeley subsequently taught at the University of Buffalo and at Brown. He and Bobbie Louise Hawkins parted ways in 1975. She went on to a very productive career as an author, painter, performer, and teacher. She taught classes at Naropa University for over twenty years, retiring in 2010. She died in 2018, Creeley in 2005.

A VW bus trip to Guatemala in 1959 was arguably an insane idea for multiple reasons. For one, Leslie and Kristin were Bobbie Hawkins's children from her first marriage and roughly nine and eight years old, while Creeley and Hawkins's baby Sarah was two and Kate not yet one. For another, there was the road to consider. In the late 1980s, inspired by Kerouacian visions and concerns about injustices wrought by my government in my name, I made two drives to Guatemala from North Carolina. The first, in a 1984 Ford Escort, resulted in a great many hours spent in the yards of shade-tree mechanics across Mexico as they pondered and piddled their way to correcting the myriad problems that rough highways, bad gas, and hidden speed bumps brought. The second trip, in a diesel-fueled pick-up truck, was less eventful both because of the vehicle and experience gained. Nevertheless, I would give much of that credit to the

simple fact that the truck remained in Guatemala so there was no return leg, reducing by half the opportunities for bad luck.

In 1957, Creeley, Hawkins, and the then family of just three little girls, had made an initial road trip into Mexico, visiting San Cristobal de las Casas in the southernmost Mexican state of Chiapas, and spending a month living in the coastal city of Veracruz. In a 1978 interview Creeley described meeting the famous archaeologist Frans Blom in San Cristobal and being introduced by him to a Lacandon Mayan who, according to Creeley, was “so completely where he was not that he knew where he was or was determined to stay there but was absolutely alive in the moment of each instant.”<sup>2</sup>

So Creeley and Hawkins were not exactly tenderfeet in regard to traveling Mexican highways when they set out from Albuquerque in 1959. That said, journeying by road all the way to the Southwest Coast of Guatemala in those times took a mighty dose of courage or ignorance, perhaps a good measure of both. The route taken today would pretty closely parallel that of sixty years ago.

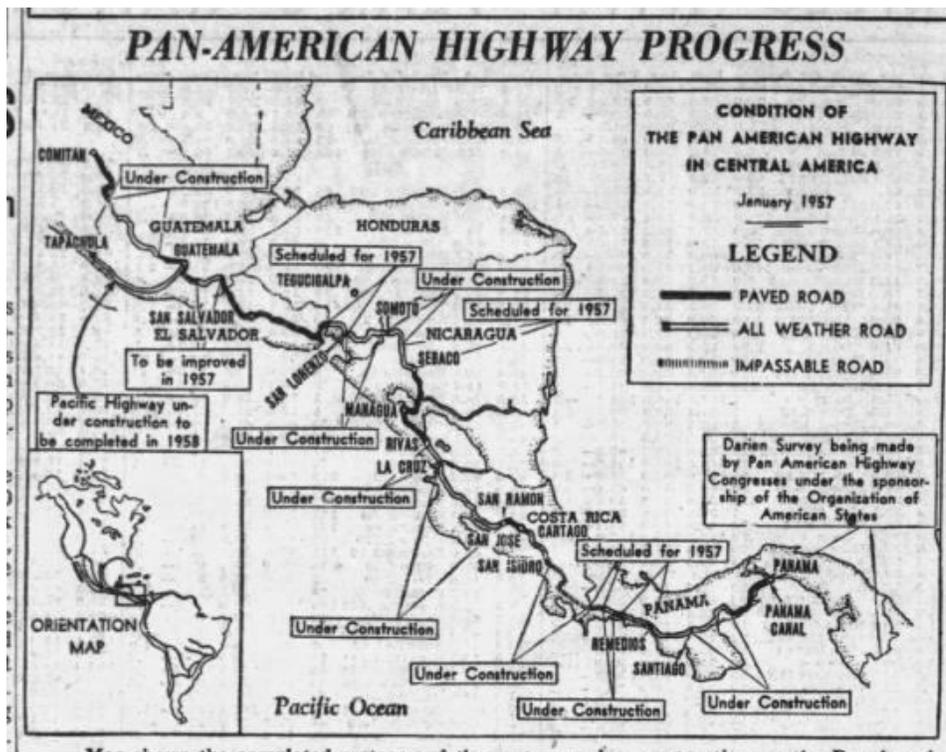


Figure 1. The route from Albuquerque to the South Coast. “Pan-American Highway progress.” 03 February 1957, *Sun Chicago Tribune* (Chicago, Illinois), p. 55. Newspapers.com.

While Ekbert Faas's *Robert Creeley: A Biography* (2001) is generally quite richly detailed, the recounting of the Guatemala time suffers from a lack of information. Faas relied heavily on correspondence and mentions no place names and very little about the Mexico crossing. He does note that the entry into Guatemala from Mexico took place at a location much closer than normal to the Pacific Ocean because a landslide had blocked the more traveled route. This change of plan involved loading their van on a train car in the city of Arriaga.<sup>3</sup>

Faas also reports little "daily life" material. Creeley did write at least thirty-six letters to friends between August 20, 1959 and March 26, 1961, and they are published in the *Selected Letters from Robert Creeley*. The letters provide at least some windows into life on the coffee *finca* where Creeley taught. Several themes permeate Creeley's letters: first, a sense of isolation; second, the happiness that their large family felt; third, Guatemala, especially life on a coffee plantation, as a place of modern feudalism; and fourth, high prices for imported goods. Of course, Creeley's letters are also heavy with "work-related" material, publishing, editorial opportunities, and networking. While the Faas biography is the most 'official' account of this period in Creeley's life there remains another quite illuminating telling of that tale in Bobbie Louise Hawkins' novel, *The Sanguine Breast of Margaret*. Hawkins wrote most of the book in the 1980s<sup>4</sup>, after Creeley and she had been apart for some five years, and it was published in 1992 (and then only in Great Britain).<sup>5</sup> The book has not been widely read despite solid prose and a good storyline.

Hawkins's novel is a very thinly disguised account of her family's time in Guatemala. Patrick, a budding writer, and his wife Margaret Dougherty, along with their four young daughters, leave New Mexico bound for a job tutoring the children of side-by-side coffee *finqueros* on the South Coast of Guatemala. The plantation families match up almost perfectly, as the Burges of the real-life *Los Tarrales* become the Shaws of *San Felipe* in the novel, and the Bressanis of *San Geronimo* become the Grisantis of *Los Cedros de San Juan*.



Figure 2. Entrance to *Los Tarrales*, early 1960s. Photo courtesy of Andy Burge.

Beginning with my own first forays to Guatemala in the 1980s I had made the country a spiritual second-home and site of my own historical research, set in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries. By the early 2000s I estimate that all told I had lived some 6 years out of the past 30 there. Spurred by the story of Creeley and Hawkins and a chance to live and work there again, in May 2018 I made a return trip to Guatemala to follow the trail, visit the South Coast *fincas*, and interview the now-grown children that Creeley had taught. *Los Tarrales* is today still an operating coffee farm that also recently diversified by the cultivation of ornamental plants. Additionally, the Burges have placed the ecology of that incredibly verdant part of Guatemala on display by setting up a birding reserve. The guest book shows a regular stream of groups visiting, though the current owner Andy Burge did admit that times were tough economically and he was often left scrambling to make ends meet on the *fincas*. *San Geronimo Miramar*, conversely, had become the home site of one of the country's largest cheese and milk producers, though some coffee was also still being harvested there as well. The Bressani family is one of the country's elite, owning an office building in Zone Ten of the capital, and producing a line of dairy products with the brand name 'Parma' that are recognized as

among Guatemala's finest. The histories of both of these families, one originally from Kentucky, the other from northern Italy, are themselves fascinating.

The tutoring that Creeley had been hired to do began in September 1959 at *Los Tarrales*, where the Burge family's three children, Martha (10), Katherine (8), and Andy (7) lived. From *San Geronimo*, Mark Bressani (6) joined, as did the Hawkins's daughters Kristen and Leslie. The school house was at *Los Tarrales*, but the Creeleys lived at *San Geronimo*. The two plantations are closely situated, an easily walkable distance.



Figure 3. From left: Kristin Hawkins, Robert Creeley, Lesley Hawkins, Katherine Burge, Martha Burge, Mark Bressani. Photo courtesy of Andy Burge.

*Los Tarrales* is today owned and operated by Andy Burge, and the dairy operation at *San Geronimo* by Mark Bressani. I spent a good deal of time with both men as they thought back on the two years that the Creeleys lived there. Both were extremely generous with their time though quite busy. I first met Mark in Guatemala City. Our initial contact came through Whatsapp Messenger. We set up a meeting for 7:00 a.m. at his Zone 10 office address which seemed rather early until I remembered

that he was a dairy man. I then spent several days at *Los Tarrales* where I often dined with Andy Burge and spent time wandering the *finca*. While on the South Coast I was also given an insightful tour of the grounds and operation by Mark's son Vitto. Mark spends most of his time at the office in Guatemala City, but via small aircraft buzzes down to the *finca* regularly. Carrying on the family tradition managing the operation at the *finca* itself is his daughter, Gina Bressani, a graduate of North Carolina State University.

But what about this relatively 'lost' period in Creeley and Hawkins' lives? As mentioned earlier, Bobbie Louise Hawkins wrote a 'fictional' account of that time. Hawkins' reminiscences of her life with Creeley strike me as measured in that her reflections on them read as containing no bitterness but simple recognition of what had passed between them. Important to our thinking about *The Sanguine Breast of Margaret*, and the time in Guatemala chronicled in it, are Hawkins's own words about their marriage. Creeley apparently encouraged her artistic expression through painting but forbid her to write.

When Bob and I were first together, he had three things he would say, one of them was "I'll never live in a house with a woman who writes." One of them was "Everybody's wife wants to be a writer." And one of them was "If you had been going to be a writer, you would have been one by now." That pretty much put the cap on it. I was too married, too old and too late, but he was wrong. I think a part of what attracted Bob to me was competences I had within myself, but it was as if once I was within his purview, those competences were only to be used for his needs, in the space where we lived, and not as though they were my own. What I was really fighting for wasn't the right to be some kind of brilliant writer, I was fighting for the right to write badly until it got better.<sup>6</sup>

Thankfully, Hawkins did not let that sentiment stop her—she wrote in secret during their time together, and afterward became an accomplished writer. One of Hawkins's own observations about her writing was that she wrote about what happened in her life and what she had overheard. She was actually well-known for requiring that her classes write from overheard conversations.<sup>7</sup>

During my interviews with Andy Burge and Mark Bressani in June 2018 they both recounted details of a world in which they were young boys that matched very well with the one described by Hawkins in *The Sanguine Breast of Margaret*. Hawkins confirmed (using her fictional names) the physical layout of her family's living situation—the school house was at *Los Tarrales*, the Burge *finca*, and Creeley, Hawkins, and their children lived at *San Geronimo*, the Bressani farm. That school house actually still stands and has been converted into a guest house, where I stayed when I was at *Los Tarrales*. The house where they lived also still stands and, while still the property of the Bressani family, is the home of a local school teacher. Hawkins does not describe the school in her book but she writes extensively about their home and things that happened in it. That house was situated very close to the center of *San Geronimo* with the chapel next door. It was larger than the rest of the *finca* housing, save that of the owners' home about 100 yards away up a slight incline. A standard worker's house was extremely simple while their own encompassed four rooms and a side porch as well as a patio area with clothes washing space through which the bathroom was accessed.



Figure 4. Creeley/Hawkins house at *San Geronimo* (at right). Photo by Alvis Dunn, 2018.



Figure 5. Typical *rancho* at *Los Tarrales* for permanent workers. Photo courtesy of Andy Burge, dated on back, 1947.

Because of its central location the house was close by the main entrance to the *finca*. Most traffic would have passed by the house, slightly elevated from the road, with the porch looking down on passersby. That porch, now enclosed and converted into more inside living space, looked out across a valley, and as is the case in so much of Guatemala, volcanoes in the distance.<sup>8</sup> While Hawkins apparently spent her days at

*San Geronimo*, Creeley was at *Los Tarrales* for much more of his time. He went there with Hawkins's daughters every morning, while Hawkins cared for the two Creeley children. Interestingly, a storyline in *The Sanguine Breast of Margaret* relates that early on Hawkins tried to teach the Bressani's down syndrome son. While that son, Kent, was mentioned in my conversation with his brother, Mark, and he did indeed suffer from down syndrome, Creeley mentions him only briefly in one letter to Ed Dorn.<sup>9</sup>

Creeley described a raucous, alcohol-filled atmosphere on the Burge *finca* and a rather austere and spartan environment at *San Geronimo*. Joe Burge was a hard-drinking Kentuckian according to Creeley. Hawkins' account agrees as did Andy and Mark in their interviews and remembrances. Parties around the pool at *Los Tarrales* could be marathon affairs, with Burge and often Valentin Bressani joining in. Creeley's own hardly amateur drinking skills were very welcome. Interestingly, Creeley mentions growing marijuana for his own consumption while living at *San Geronimo*.<sup>10</sup> Mark recounted to me that Creeley convinced his parents to try the weed but that they did not appreciate it. Hawkins tells a similar story in her novel.



Figure 6. The (in)famous pool at *Los Tarrales*. Subjects unidentified. Photo courtesy of Andy Burge, early 1960s.

The point to be made is that much of what Hawkins writes is corroborated by both Creeley's letters as well as my recent interviews with Andy Burge and Mark Bressani. Taken together, Creeley's reminiscences, Faas' research, my own interviews, and Hawkins's fiction all relate similar stories of drunkenness, gunplay, madness, dramatic relationships among the *finca* workers, laid against a backdrop of a country just recovering from the CIA-orchestrated *coup d'état* of 1954 and immersed in Cold War politics. Hawkins' book is most revealing and to a historian's eyes it is deeply rooted in the truth of the times.

In 1944 the military had overthrown a dictator and elections subsequently brought to power a government with a revolutionary agenda inspired by the policies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the Allied effort to defeat fascism. A philosophy professor, Juan José Arévalo, returned from exile and was elected president. He promised a program of "spiritual socialism" in a "New Guatemala" where the people would be liberated "psychologically."<sup>11</sup> Arevalo stepped down after his six-year term and the Guatemalan people elected Jacobo Arbenz, who promised to follow the path already set forth. As World War II transformed into the Cold War battle between Capitalism and Communism such an orientation proved troubling to the United States government. In the early 1950s when the government of Guatemala turned to policies that dismayed foreign corporations, especially the powerful United Fruit Company and its holdings in that nation, a covert operation was set in motion to topple the government. A U.S. trained and equipped proxy force invaded the country in 1954 and overthrew President Jacobo Arbenz's administration.

The leader of that *coup d'état* came to power and over two years of chaos ensued until he was assassinated. He was replaced by General José Miguel Ramón Ydígoras Fuentes, who took power after elections were held. Virulently anti-communist, Ydígoras Fuentes was originally a satisfactory head-of-state from the point of view of the United States. In keeping with his anti-communist stance and eagerness to please the United States, Ydígoras Fuentes permitted Guatemalan territory to be used to train Cuban exiles for what would become the invasion of Cuba known as The Bay of Pigs. But his government was plagued by corruption and in 1963 a military action removed him from power and he was replaced by Colonel Enrique Peralta Azurdia.

Robert Creeley and Bobbie Louise Hawkins's time in Guatemala was encompassed by the rule of Ydígoras Fuentes. Creeley's reminiscences of Guatemala are not as revealing as Hawkins's novel. In fact, he only made specific mention of that time in interviews, though for a while he did promise to write about his experiences. The only poem published by him that specifically references the country is the one that opened this essay. As for remarks, perhaps the most pointed are from a 1976 Bay Area Writers interview—excerpted here:

I, in my weird American innocence, had brought this tender group into this incredible place and we were there, and there's no... (it was) three-thousand miles straight north to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where we'd otherwise be living—in this old VW Kombi, one of the prototypes, (and the only thing we had as hope in the world was to keep that damn thing running, you know, no matter what!—and...so as to be able to get out.) And my salary, I guess was three-thousand (dollars) for the year, with a...kind of...one of the old...incidental person's houses thrown in as a living-place (which was good, I mean, it was certainly better far than most persons in that situation had, but the...) God!, the incredible distance between the patron and the workers was just unbelievable!...I think their base pay was, like, twelve dollars every two weeks—and a common shirt ( you know a shirt like this—*points to his shirt*) would cost in the Guatemalan market about ten or twelve dollars—you'd have to wait two weeks to get a shirt.

We were there during John F. Kennedy's use of Guatemala, you know, as a staging number for the invasion of Cuba. I always wondered what all those American soldiers were doing in Guatemala City all the time, especially large numbers of air force used to be whooping it up, up and down the Main Street and there was no particular explanation as to why, why were there so many American soldiers present? Well, they were there to train for the ill-fated Bay of Pigs trip, you know...But again, this government had so little...had authority, but it was all ownership of authority, I mean, for example...the milk we drank commonly in Guatemala was shipped in from California—ha! ha!—foremost, you know, they

had a deal with the Federal Government to create this weird subsidy for the hauling in of powdered milk, when the country, again, had adequate possibilities for having its own dairies situation...Endless...I don't know...Very sad...<sup>12</sup>

Creeley did write something other than letters during his time in Guatemala. The third section of his book of poems, *For Love*, published in 1962, is subtitled, "1959-1960" and contains a number of works that echo, hint at, or allude to, life in Guatemala. While the politically overt is not a feature of Creeley's poems (though as the interview above indicates, he certainly had political sentiments), some sense of that world does come through, especially for a reader familiar with, or apt to imagine, Guatemala, her people, and the natural habitat.

In that third section, the third poem, "The Rain," evokes the South Coast—indeed, in that same 1976 Bay Area Writers reading already referenced, Creeley has Guatemala on his mind because of the devastating earthquake there (February 4, 1976)—and he read that very poem. The rainy season is very much an unforgettable and overriding element in Guatemala, especially on the South Coast where Creeley and Hawkins lived.

*The Rain*

All night the sound had  
come back again,  
and again falls  
this quiet, persistent rain.

What am I to myself  
that must be remembered,  
insisted upon  
so often? Is it

that never the ease,

even the hardness,  
of rain falling  
will have for me

something other than this,  
something not so insistent—  
am I to be locked in this  
final uneasiness.

Love, if you love me,  
lie next to me.  
Be for me, like rain,  
the getting out

of the tiredness, the fatuousness, the semi-  
lust of intentional indifference.  
Be wet  
with a decent happiness.<sup>13</sup>

As Creeley continues in the interview he identifies “The Name,” a poem for his daughters, as having been written in Guatemala. Other poems that exhibit a sense of that place from *For Love* are: “The Joke,” “Yellow” (which refers to the Maya), “Figures” (which suggest carved wooden church iconography such as is ubiquitous in Guatemala), “The People,” “Fire” (which evokes the distant fires of slash and burn agriculture), and finally, “The Pool” (which brings to mind the pool nearby the schoolhouse on the *Finca Los Tarrales*). My time in that country informs my own sense of Guatemala in those poems. Creeley was most definitely affected by that place.

“The Joke” draws upon the mountains, volcanic peaks, and ruptured countryside of Guatemala and the ever-present roadside, cliffside, and pathway walkers, women with baskets atop their heads and men bent forward straining, tumplines strapped across their foreheads, toting firewood and sacks of corn and coffee. Both the

landscape and the constant coming and going on foot would have been an ever-present part of life there on the *finca*.

There was a joke  
went on a walk like  
over the hill, and there before them  
these weary travellers  
saw valleys and farms  
of muscles, tits raised high  
in the sky of their vision which bewildered  
them. They were  
no ordinary men but those who come  
innocent, late and alone  
to women and a home, and keep on talking  
and keep on walking

Robert Creeley, "The Joke," 1959-60

There is room for more investigation into Creeley and Hawkins' time in Guatemala and a good deal of the story remains to be told. Much could be learned through a history of these two *fincas* and the lives of the Burge and Bressani family members. Creeley's story joins the remarkable range of connections between the artists, teachers, and students of Black Mountain College and Latin America. One thinks of Charles Olson's fascination with Mayan hieroglyphs<sup>14</sup> and Latin American geography<sup>15</sup>, which he seems to have ultimately shared with many colleagues; Anni and Josef Albers' explorations of the art and architecture of Mexico and the Andes;<sup>16</sup> and Ruth Asawa's journey to Mexico where Mesoamerican basketry perhaps influenced her sculpture.<sup>17</sup> Frank Hursh went to Mexico soon after leaving Black Mountain College and has never left, expressing his own sense of that place in his painting, drawing, landscapes, and architecture.<sup>18</sup> Juxtaposing Creeley's experience in the region, one he hardly sought out for inspiration as did his compatriots from Black Mountain, but rather

as a meal ticket, it is nevertheless evident that the sixteen months there influenced him and his work.

All these travels and explorations related to Black Mountain College raise questions worthy of further investigation that would deepen the research already done. New insights could come from a Latin Americanist putting the region forward as the lens while acutely aware of the spirit of Black Mountain College that inhabited and animated all who studied there. There do seem to have been multiple networks reaching into, and out of, Black Mountain College, and then later, among those connected to that place. Creeley and Hawkins's experiences in Guatemala are an intriguing example, a small piece of the overall puzzle, still to be explored through the little-known or under-studied stories of the engagement of Black Mountain College with Latin America.

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Creeley, in "Robert Creeley: A Gathering," editor, William V. Spanos, Special issue, *boundary 2*, 6.3—7.1 (Spring-Fall 1978), pp. 125-26. Written in San Feliu de Guixols, Spain, February 23, 1977.

<sup>2</sup> William V. Spanos and Robert Creeley, "Talking with Robert Creeley," *boundary 2*, Vol. 6, no. 3/Vol. 7, no. 1, "Robert Creeley: A Gathering," p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> Ekbert Faas, *Robert Creeley: A Biography* (Hanover, NH: University Press of New England, 2001), p. 257. Today Arriaga in the state of Chiapas is the beginning point of what has come to be known as "The Train of Death," an over 1400 mile long network of freight lines running northward to the U.S. border.

<sup>4</sup> Barbara Henning, "Interview/Discussion with Bobbie Louise Hawkins," [http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie\\_louise\\_hawkins.pdf](http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie_louise_hawkins.pdf) [Accessed 22 Sept., 2018], p. 27.

<sup>5</sup> Bobbie Louise Hawkins, *The Sanguine Breast of Margaret* (Twickenham, UK: North and South Press, 1992).

<sup>6</sup> Sam Roberts, "Bobbie Louise Hawkins, Beat Poet and Author, Dies at 87," 18 May, 2018, *The New York Times*, <https://www.nytimes.com/2018/05/18/obituaries/bobbie-louise-hawkins-beat-poet-and-author-dies-at-87.html> [Accessed 24 September, 2018]. This quotation was originally published as "Interview/Discussion with Bobbie Louise Hawkins" by Barbara Henning. The interview was done in the Summer of 2011 at Naropa University where Hawkins had worked for 22 years.

<sup>7</sup> Barbara Henning, "Interview/Discussion with Bobbie Louise Hawkins," [http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie\\_louise\\_hawkins.pdf](http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie_louise_hawkins.pdf) [Accessed 24 September, 2018].

<sup>8</sup> Barbara Henning, "Interview/Discussion with Bobbie Louise Hawkins," [http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie\\_louise\\_hawkins.pdf](http://www.belladonnaseries.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/04/bobbie_louise_hawkins.pdf) [Accessed 24 September, 2018].

<sup>9</sup> Faas, p. 258. This author's observation also.

<sup>10</sup> Faas, p. 260. Faas references a letter from 11 December, 1959 from Creeley to Ed Dorn. Unfortunately, that letter is not included in *The Selected Letters of Robert Creeley* (2014).

<sup>11</sup> Robert Creeley, Kaplan, Harris; Baker, Peter; Smith, Rod; Smith, "Letter to Ed Dorn, 19 January, 1961" *The Selected Letters of Robert Creeley* (Berkeley, CA: The University of California Press, 2014).

<sup>12</sup> Juan José Arévalo, "A New Guatemala," translated by Kirsten Weld, in *The Guatemala Reader: History, Culture, Politics*, eds. Greg Grandin, Deborah T. Levinson, and Elizabeth Oglesby.

<sup>13</sup> Michael Schumacher, "the allen ginsberg project: interviews," Bay Area Writers Series, 1976 (mid-February), Interview with Robert Creeley. <https://allenginsberg.org/2017/05/sunday-may-21-robert-creeley/> [Accessed 12 March, 2019].

<sup>14</sup> Robert Creeley, "The Rain," *For Love: Poems, 1950-1960* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962), p. 109.

<sup>15</sup> See Charles Olson, *The Mayan Letters* (Jonathan Cape Ltd: London, 1953).

<sup>15</sup> See James J. Parsons, "Mr. Sauer' and the Writers," *Geographical Review*, vol. 86, no. 1, 1996, pp. 22-41.

<sup>16</sup> See Jenny Anger, Kiki Gilderhus, *Anni and Josef Albers: Latin American Journeys* (Hatje Cantz: Berlin, 2008).

<sup>17</sup> John Yau, "Ruth Asawa, a Pioneer of Necessity," in *Hyperallergic.com*, September 24, 2017.

<https://hyperallergic.com/401777/ruth-asawa-david-zwirner-2017/> [Accessed 31 January, 2021].

<sup>18</sup> "Frank Hursh: Querétaro, Mexico" <https://www.bluespiral1.com/artist/1159-frank-hursh> [Accessed 29 January, 2021].