

dance book



larry goodell
2015



a
duende press
compilation

©2015 larry goodell
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placitas, new mexico

**a compilation of poems about dance
poems used in collaboration with dancers
dancers I have worked with
have known
enjoyed –
pictures, and memorabilia
dedicated to the memory of Lee Connor
1947-1987**

**cover photo of larry goodell & licea perea
rehearsing for tribute performance
for lee connor**

dance book

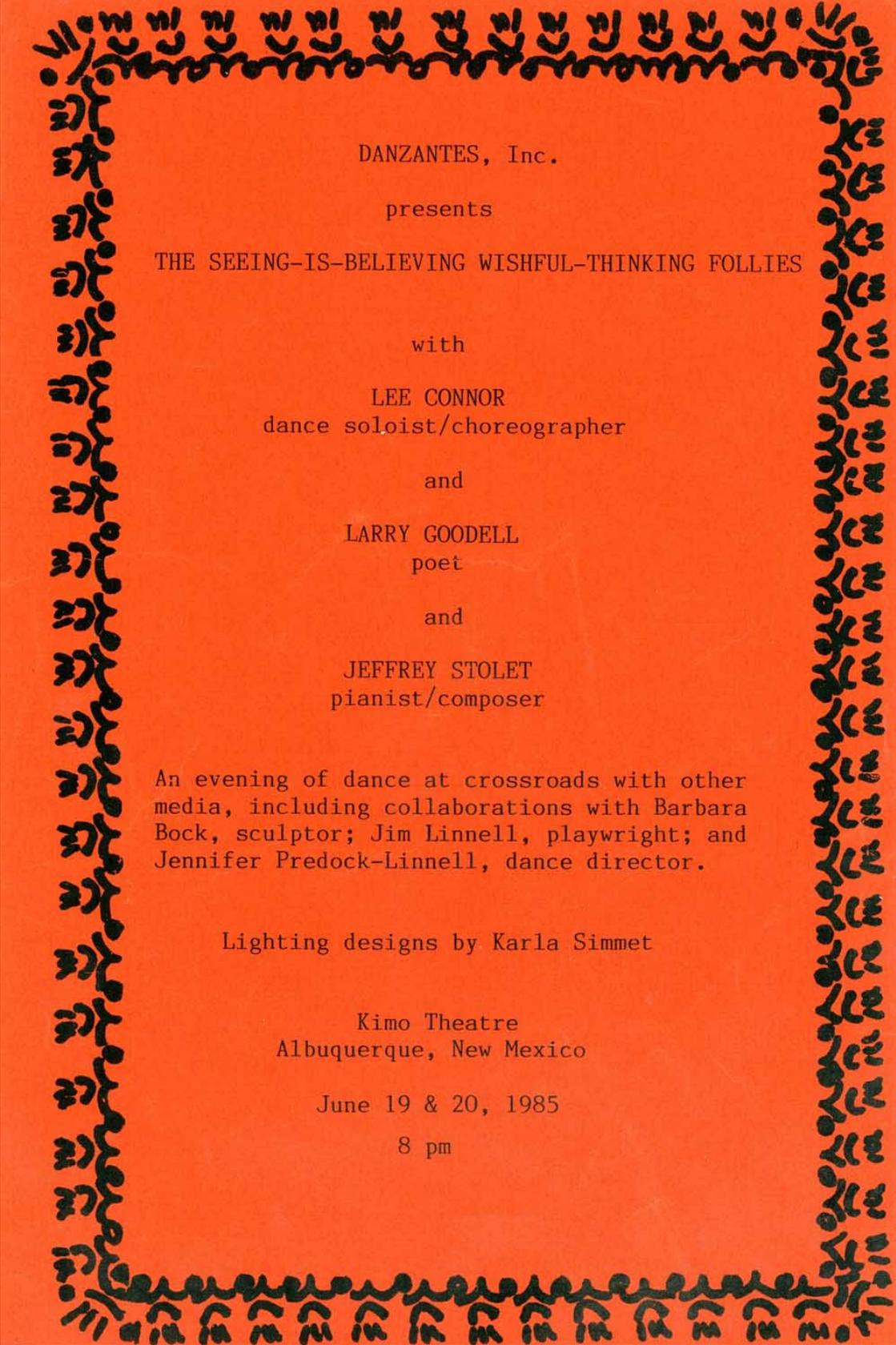
Poems by Larry Goodell

**Boogie On the Square 1987
The Dance 1977
The House Between the Words 1977
Sun In The Mountain 18 Dec 1977
Her Clown Dance Home 28 Jun 1978
"Words" 14 Jan 1979
Lee 3 Feb 1979
Lorn Feb 1979
The Only Dance There Is Apr 1980
Pegasus of Love 26 Jul 1981
Dance And 1981
**Video Shmideo 1982
**Kiss It Right 1982
**Common Sense Stanza 1983
Dance Stanza 1983
It's All Over, Bub, 1983
**Fashionism, March 1983
*Manner 8Mar 1984
*The Written Work 25 Oct 1984
*Voices 30Oct 1984
*A Dance Again Feb 1985
*Solar Arcane Boogie Woogie 15 Dec 1985
**Reagan Is 1986
Keats Going By 1987
Garden Art January 1988
Dance Art, for Arthur Armijo 1994

*Voices, Manner, Solar Arcane Boogie Woogie, A Dance Again, The Written Work performed as part of "The Seeing-Is-Believing program, June 1985.

**In collaboration with Danzantes, Lee Connor solo, or Licea Perea solo.

Licia Perea did a reconstruction of Solar . . . and George Kennison, Written Work.



DANZANTES, Inc.

presents

THE SEEING-IS-BELIEVING WISHFUL-THINKING FOLLIES

with

LEE CONNOR
dance soloist/choreographer

and

LARRY GOODELL
poet

and

JEFFREY STOLET
pianist/composer

An evening of dance at crossroads with other media, including collaborations with Barbara Bock, sculptor; Jim Linnell, playwright; and Jennifer Predock-Linnell, dance director.

Lighting designs by Karla Simmet

Kimo Theatre
Albuquerque, New Mexico

June 19 & 20, 1985

8 pm



Took tap dance, yes, one of the few boys - Roswell, New Mexico

Boogie On the Square

The light that is the fair, the light that is the fair
We boogie on the square, we boogie on the square
And know no one is soon, and know no one is soon
And know no one is far, as far as Zanzibar
But here and now and nimble, quick & ordinary
Depending on how you look at anything, if you look
If you look like a canary or
If you look like yourself, or
If you look *and* don't look, like
Anything or anyone or any look looks like—
Boogie on the square & move everywhere
Be little and big, customary and aware
The light is fair and travels in and out and
Picks up the board like a carpet anywhere, an - y - where.

/from Here On Earth (La Alameda Press)

The Dance

Pirouette in the substance of nothing
and what do you get?

Fireworks in the substance of nothing
how do they work?

Oxygen, a tourniquet on each firework
a tourniquet on each dancer.

Hold the dancers down and do not let them dance,
and what do you get?

The dance.
The Dance with a capital D.

The D Dance.
Dance for D's.

D D Day
when they all went home to pray.

Pray to their Susies and sisters.
The ones with the name stay the same.

And therefore they are sane.

Lorn

Grace, ultimately
a race
to the finish.

Amaryllis blooming buoyantly.



Lorn MacDougal - Spanish Dance



Lee Connor

The House Between the Words

for Lee Connor & Lorn MacDougal & their
orchard house beginning

Ground broken breaking front loader trench making
ditch-digging foundation cement pouring water runs like
pebbles slick as mud soft to harden gray, the slates
all the grays to harden white slate foundation where the
walls like ancient Turkish mosques transplanted to the orchard
grow faster than the trees man-made up.

Blessings come from nowhere and are everywhere
as slow moving as the mushroom quick to appear.
Blessings come from the North the South the Easy West.
You come from the East, the Above the Below in your dance.

A dance is a leap a glide a slide with music or without,
weaving, a line, breaking, forming, down under up below burrowing
sitting there on glass, sliding through the tunnel of vision
burst out a flower, a gonad, the sun the moon a chrysalis.

Ugly smiling clasping throwing mimicking and panting,
prowess in the leap the movement on and off, a panther
snake, bird, hippopotamus.

An ode to the dance, watch out
the dance a man and woman special in the air on the floor
all in white or naked nothing special as the talent that
becomes grace, ever the thousand studies, exercises,
stretching, yoga on point.

Lee the fire balances on the butt and turns over
slaps the floor leaps
the nose slices through the air of the stage
buffoons clowns pantaloons tights, no one on stage
the dancing continues.

what is yours is yours, dancing round the trees
peaches falling on your feet, Lorn enters sits down turns
cavorts, nitpicks in the air, looks wild and is wild
gets up on a woman and balances there
dances through the primary colors to the apple trees
pear trees in a circle, plum bushes in a line, dancers in a straight
line
in a circle broken, come under hand to hand Lee & Lorn,
have no words to describe the beauty of a Tiffany lamp.
You glow on the stage of this orchard in this house here.
House or Dance, no one knows the origin.
A Home is a place, the village here.

Take care with your luck, and blessings come from everywhere,
even the chamisa you cut blossoms yellow now
here in September where the waltzing out-in cat-dance
pony-dance on-edge dance celebrates celebrate dance,
dance studio basic to the space that is your body dances under
to the side and over you, holds you and us in total freedom of your
great dancer talents.

I give you one I give you all let's have a ball, formal or free.
It all goes Into your blessing like airs, glittering host and hostess
dancing up the stairways to the bedroom above.
Let the design be the grace that is the delicate tension
we live between hold us like tiptrope, a level on a string
coming in from Bob the builder and his friends Bruce and John and
whoever else lends the hand. Jamie, all of us, let us all be blessed.

/14Sep77

Amazing to have 2 wonderful dancers for our new neighbors.

Her Clown Dance Home

He
haw ho
 he
haw ho

home
 oh

haw
 home

him
haw home

her
 him home

he
haw

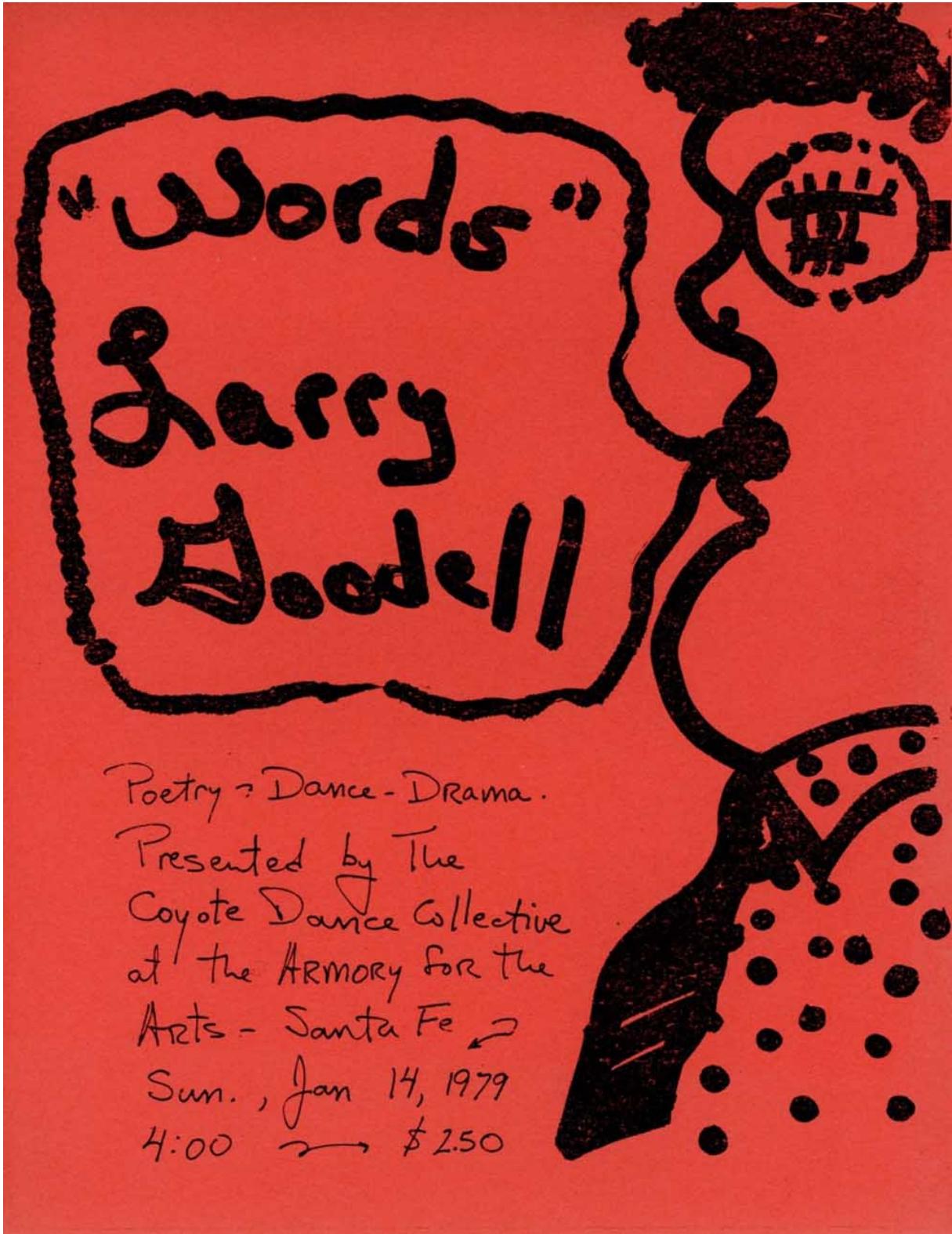
ho
stress, confess, bless

him
her home

oh
 him her home.

He
haw ho
 ho!

/for Lee & Lorn 28Jun78



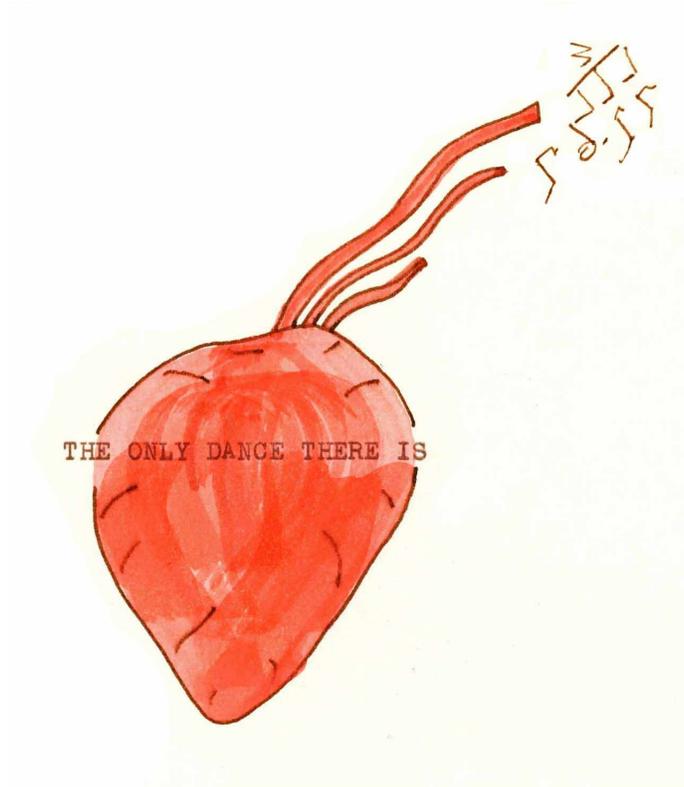
Richard Thompson flyer design for collaboration with Coyote Dance Collective - Stefa Stefa Zaverucha, David Fritz, Frank Gilpin, Others . . .

Lee

Your head in spirals
gonads go
leap caught
form

is the merry extension
of content –
rocked heart low.

/3Feb79



& Thanks to Lee Connor
for his Dance *Catch As
Catch Can*.

/April 1980

We opened his heart and out fell art.
We opened the art. *It* had a heart.
We opened the heart of his art—

Out

Fell

A dart.

We threw the dart and hit a bell

The dart broke and out fell

A little rolled-up diagram

Of the path to his heart—

From the toes to the brain and out

Into the air and back again.

We followed the diagram

And came back to the hollow

Where his heart had been.

A hummingbird was hovering there!

We caught it, it fought

We let it go, it flew wild

Into a window, fell, died

Quivering on the ground.

We opened up the mouth of the bird

And there was the poet's soul—

Pure song, mercury quivering

Hot silver shimmering in our hands

It fell from our fingers to the ground

And disappeared.

Slowly

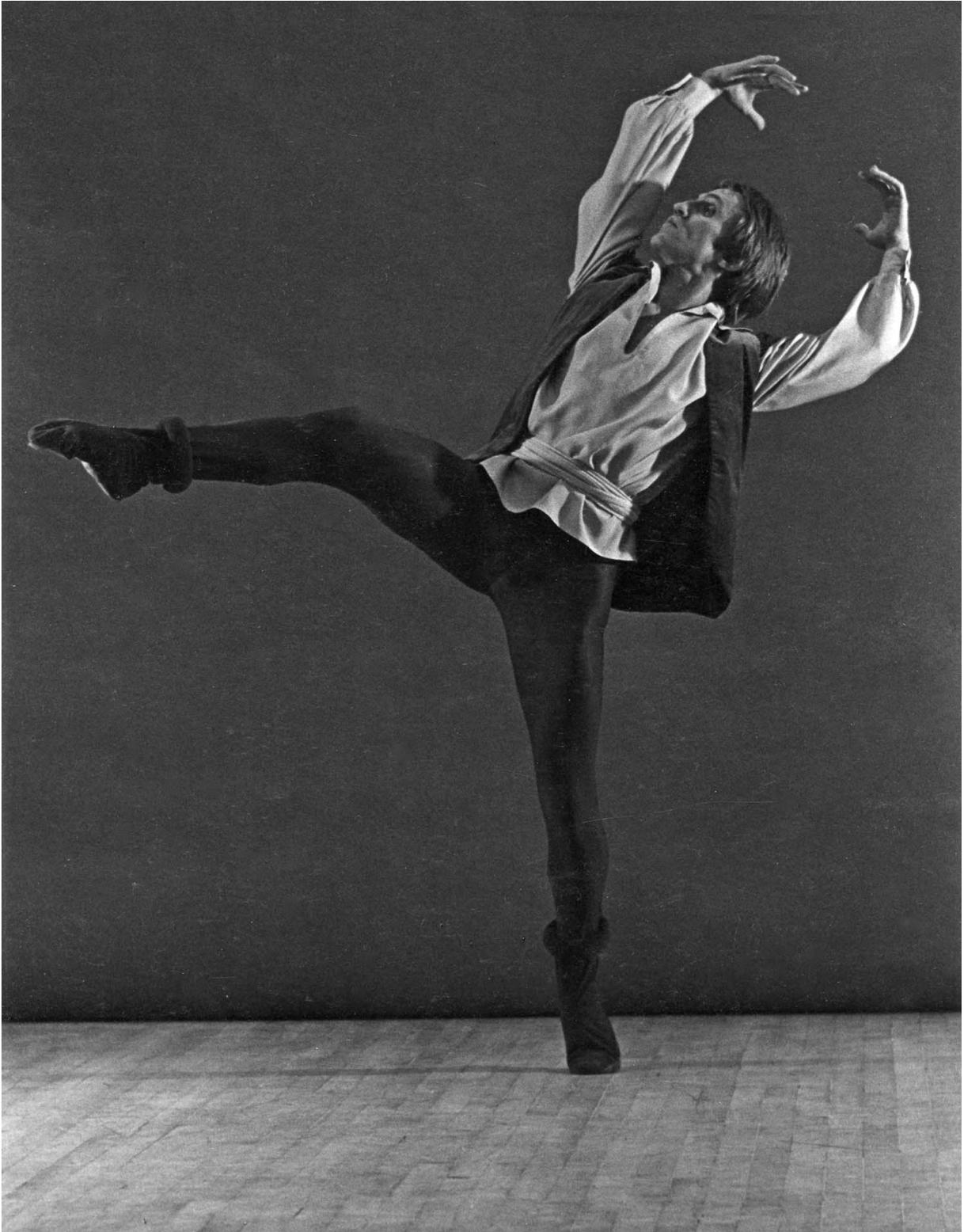
Up grew a standard tree forty feet or more.
And in the center of that American Elm
There was a hollow

 And in the hollow
There was a singing that didnt stop
Singing to you and me,
A muted continuing song that pleases
Eases the morning along and abruptly
Stops in the evening to our hearing
Singing beyond our ear's range.
We took it out in our hands
Trying to understand it.
It beat against our fingers, invisible
And floated off into the air
A deep drumming under it
Supporting it like legs as
It returned to the tree
And took up beating in the hollow.

All the leaves of the Elm had fallen to the ground
As winter ceased to hear
The beating singing in the hollow.
We took the singing out again
And put it back into the center
Of the hollow where his heart had been.

The drumming and the singing grew
More visible and formed the outer
Shell of his heart.

The inner heart started beating
To the sound of the drums
As the stage behind him
Turned a light blue and
The dancers came out singing old
English rounds as they danced.
The light grew behind them
As they criss-crossed dancing
Holding hands and then running
Closing, breaking, disappearing
Singing rounds dying out
As another started up
And all took up the round the sound was
The singing in the center
Of the heart in my chest
As I sat and watched the blue light
Fade out on the stage .
And the dancers catch as catch can
Throwing voices back and forth
Turning in their rounds
Sing and reel, and fade away
In my ears' inner turning
Sitting with my heart beating
To their disappearing dance
Quiet, away—
Sitting with something left
Singing inside my chest.



Lee Connor

Dance And

(for Lee Connor)

The dance
the dance
ants in the pants
uncles in his carbuncles
dance no trance
just ordinary dance
extraordinary dance
your commonmost dance
the kind that gets you
up to dance
can't keep your feet
from stomping toes
from tapping just
a plain old dance
the music stops
you keep on dancing
ants in your pants
you dance your dance
your heart keeps pumping
dance and turn
you can't control
you're onto soul
you're in the running
light & sunning
dark & quick
jack be quick
nimble and sure
sway and pure
say and tour
dash and trash
stash and flee

cutcorners jerk
and tumble turn
squeak & back turn
flip turn honest
rip air clip air sweep air up and throw
around the eyes sweep the thrown out draw back
turn in come in home in *close* in touch in
stop and turn
dance the hand the fingers burn
the heart floats out you catch it back
you got them all up out of their chairs
they're looking following hearts beat faster
after you one step behind
the dance that finds
the trick in hand the snap in turns
the swallowed up and spit out line
the sailing slow sure landing
what was land arroyos calm-
touch down the stream rushes on.

/1981, in *Firecracker Soup*, (Cinco Puntos Press)

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Guralnick Trio

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THE OUTPOST PERFORMANCE SPACE

Collaborations with (A)licia Perea - Pegasus of Love & Reagan Is

Pegasus Of Love

Love goes riding out of the cellar into the attic
on wings of love
goes out the attic window with the hot air
comes right down into some spaghetti twist
on the fork *before* I eat it
after I eat it
that popular new dance - the macaroni jerk
the lasagne lisp
the manicotti drag
the vermicelli chase
dancing is love eating itself up
you are what you eat if you dance a lot
on wings of soup
on horseradish
on horse's wings

Oh fabled & mirrored Pegasus
Winged Horse of Poetry
Flying into the large salon mirror
and out again
There are two winged Pegasuses
one for each side of the brain
one is real, the other mirrored, fabled, half-seen

Mirror mirror on the wall
let us love once and for all
protected and assured
my wife and I my lover live
my lover live protected all
love has wings up out from the head up
out from the body love
sets us dancing sets us free
before the final black curtain of stars falls.

/July26,1981
Licia Perea created a dance to my reading of this



Talking to Licia Perea, Jennifer Predock & others at Connor Tribute rehearsal

After Seeing Licea Perea in *A Slumber of Reason*, based on Goya's *Los Caprichos* rather recently at the Hispanic Cultural Center in Albuquerque . . .

dance, singing, masks, film, acting, like an opera but always coming back to dance, dancers speaking, singing, Goya's magnificent *Los Caprichos* etchings swirling, floating from the huge background screen, Madrid becoming the burning of Baghdad, the Inquisition becoming questioning of an "illegal alien" wiith devilish & comic overtones . . . Licia Perea at the top of her form, the music interweaving the whole panorama of our time Goya's time together. BRAVO! Jose Garcia Davis and all . . .

Reagan Is

a dildo
a doorstep
a drip
a dungeon
a dodo
a deacon
a dunce
a dilly
a dork
a dupe
a dink
a dick
a dong
a drudge
a dingaling
a dolt
a dimmer switch
a dime-a-dozen
a dyed-in-the-wool
a dirigible
a dinkaroony
a deflatable
a demented
a decomposed
a doom-a-flitchy
a demagnetized
a desensitized
a discombobulated
a disimpaired

a disestablished
a disinclined
a detour
a disattached
a doorbell
a decal
a decoy
a dumb-dumb
a doomsday
a dilleybob
a defecation
a deed
a dude
a dung
a dickeybird
a donkey-doo
a diddle-ee-poop
a dunk-ee-dorey
a dollie-dunker
a dispatched
a derelict
a dud
a dip
a din
a dad
a dead
a did
a done.

/from Firecracker Soup (Cinco Puntos Press), Licia Perea created a dance to this, a poem often repeated . . .



Lee Connor - Path With Heart

Video Shmideo

video	kig-eo
shmideo	snip-eo
pideo	tip-eo
crit-eo	sit-eo
spit-eo	tetty-o
snit-eo	pig-eo
skit-eo	gip-eo
stit-eo	sis-eo
fit-eo	piss-eo
smitteo	fiss-eo
flit-eo	tifféo
grit-eo	bifféo
kideo	rifféo
bid-eo	snaffio
did-eo	baffio
gid-eo	taffy-o
knit-eo	video
tit-eo	shnitty-o
pit-eo	pity-o
video	video
city-o	libby-o
kit-eo	crib-eo
hit-eo	ditty-o
grit-eo	video
lid-eo	shmib-eo
zid-eo	flib-eo
video	f ibeo
tit-eo	fab-eo
spit-eo	fie-beo
shit-eo	f abio
video	vib-eo
grit-eo	vab-eo
kitty-o	vibe-eo
jit-eo	vabe-eo
pip-eo	vie-deo
flip-eo	video
nip-eo	vade-eo
crip-eo	vee-deo
gig-eo	vo-deo
rig-eo	vay-deo
jig-eo	vi-de-o.

/Poem dance collaboration Lee and me 1982



Photo by Greg Johnston

Kiss It Right

Don't cry
and die
just lie
and tie
a fly
to the sky
and sigh
a guy
that's high
and buy
a pie
try
my
ride
glide
hide
the tide
subsides
and guides
you cry

dont lie
try
to kiss
the light
and twist
your life
a bit
more bite
light as
a kite
kiss
that's right
you hold
on tight
and kiss
your life
dont miss
the height
we just
are here

and must
be tight
just you
and I
and this
whole night
just you
and I
and this
whole night

We must
be tight
just you
and I
and kiss
we just
are here
and this
whole night
not miss
the height
we must
be here
and kiss
the night
just you
and I
and we
are tight
not miss
the ride
not miss
the sight
no risk
no lie
no miss

a try
no cry
no hitch
just you
and I
to fly
the sky
and glide
and ride
be here
and kiss
we just
dont miss
cant miss
we lift
the rift
the tiff
we shift
and give
the gift
we shift
and hold
on tight
the kiss
we must
be right
we're here
we must
be tight
not miss
the night
we just
are here
and kiss
it right.

/14Oct82

Lee Connor choreographed and performed dance to this poem

Dance Stanza

*B*ody poise

hands fingers toes

dancing

relations

whenever I turn

I've been someplace

someplace *ha ha*

ha ha someplace

ser i ous ly

hands fingers toes

an electric

displacement

a kind overall

aura

bone joint

aura

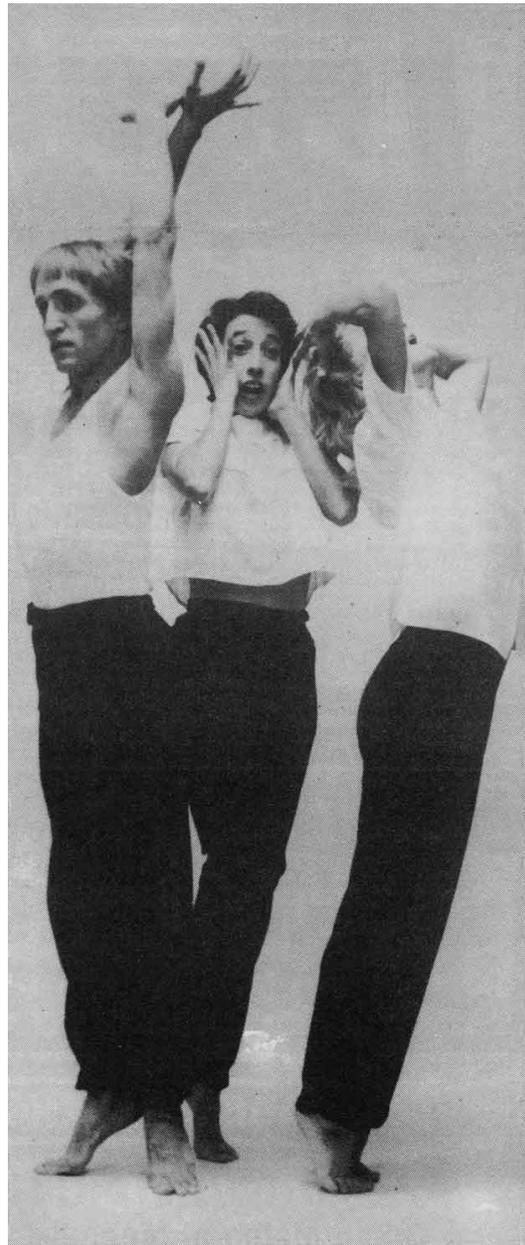
orally

body

aurally yours

to rest

but for words



Connor, Perea and Marina Baden

words for butts

bats on birds

birds on nests

trees on skies

skies on hills

hills on the best

best on best

best on rainbows, dirty

rainbows

washing

weather

after

snowstorm

mud

and ruts

village

growing

people

learning

jobbing

driving

coming

home to

higher

madness

where it's

close

so close

to sane

Placi-

ditas

higher

same old

thing

the rich

and bold

take over
all
the weak and
talented
bite their
stars
sleep all
night
get up
dance
the working

preparation

working
your body

over clouds that
come down
like
friendly fog
the winter breaks
your heart aches less

and less
the prison
of
the days
and nights' unending
spiral
breaks
crocus rows
on rows and rows of odd spaced
bulbs
bumping
skyband
lowered
fog and
waiting
garden
oh the
spring
before
the spring
the pre-spring
prelude

dawn
a-toking
or
a-teaing
oh just getting up at dawn
the pre-dawn
held
ever
lasting
in your palm
the right palm
or is it left it
came up out of

I dance to accompany my vision

up and out of my mouth

as poet singing many singings

words of earflap

staccato pizzicato

stigmato boiled potato

up and out of my working mind

I dance accompany

my vision

out my working

mind

the body out

excelsior

used
to be the
packing

now it's styrofoam to roam

the country like

bloated horses died of flies
the runts die out unlike our own
our carefully protected
humanity
that all too often
would get blown to hell
our moral
surprise dancers

and the artists on the edge
of each ridge touching
as the blue sky soars in obvious
disattachment
to these hills the Montezuma
ridge striated jagged pancake levels
stacked and singing in the only
decent sky song returning
of New high words New
Mexico that all flatlands hope
and pray they'll become

love when there's more than elbow room
to breathe
our dance in walking aerobic becoming
right out where we
ought to live

ten years longer

when we live
here where the time's only warp
that's left us is giant
Americans besieged by rival giants now
we hoped and helped
to create
welcome what it's
all about
competition with a moral
aim

the spring
busts out
to follow hymning new
nuevo pagan joy songs
that have the care moderation of
the wild true spirit in
the two of us

scilla blue
daffodil pendant white
tulip scarlet edged yellow
daffodil small vivid orange cup with white perianth
cottage tulip terra-cotta orange
cottage tulip deep-red edged in pure white
snow crocus
soft lemon-yellow-shaded lavender
very early
extra early tulip Tarda
yellow and white star shape
lily black-dragon strain
white-white with outside a rich purple-brown
and winter aconite
little early low yellows

up these muscles we
meet again
across the borders
the great dropping fences
what all the struggle
is all about
I wish I knew as
the world regroups
as earth
the world regroups
as earth
maybe

/15Feb83

Fashionism
fish in setting
fish in netting
fish in fashion
fission-ism
fashion's ism
fascist fashion
fast in fashion
in fascistic
face in fashion
fashion fascist
fast-ass fashion
fashion feeding
thin-ass fashion
starving fashion
Auschwitz fashion
flashin bones
and joints in fashion
fish in fashion
bone fish fashion
fish and fox in
gaunt lip fashion
gauntlet fascist
fascist face in
feces fashion.
feces fascist
face lift fashion
faceless face lift
fishless fashion
face in fish out
faceless fashion
flashin fashion
Russian fashion
fusion fission
fission fusion
fission fusion.
fusion fashion
photo flashin
fissionistic
fashionistic

phase in shit stick
stick in fashion
shit stick fashion
fashion fusion fission fluxion
faction flack shun shoes in fashion
fascist fraction fractured4fashion
flash in fractured photo friction
fish in photo fractured fashion
-istic, pristic, cystic, shistic
glyph and gloat remote bag fashion
bag your boots and kick out fashion
fascist female fasting he-males
thin bone aching starving fashion
ritzzy titsy gargoyle bean pole
rag pole gag hole bean pole fashion
take your boots off kick out fashion
butts on bean poles. tight-laced ache holes
sex-exploited hate-kick fashion
fish and nets and future fashion
people fast in future fashion
future fashion people future
people as they are in fashion
fashion as a person's person
as they are is what's in fashion
people in the future
people as they are in fashion
take your shoes off kick out fashion
as it was no longer fashion
fascist female hatred fashion
people as they are are fashion
people here and there are fashion
future fashion is no fashion
people as they are in fashion.

/Mar 1983

Collaboration with Danzantes Dance Group

Common Sense Stanza

There's nothing as common as common sense
or as nonsensical

Where has it gotten us?
right at the core of where we are,
nonsensical—

like wars,
the pressure of population.
Common sense will get you out of anything—
fantasy is common sense

without *fantasy*
you cannot *focus*
fantasy is *peripheral*
threatening to take over *focus*.

Common sense drives
fantasy out
and returns to a more *mature*
way of dealing with things
which is different than
the way your neighbor
deals with things

but common sense *sounds* good in the air
a generality
we can all accept
a general way to deal with particulars
that sounds right

and yet another *nation* may not say so
thus common sense *is*
fantasy—

yet changing & differing,
the same thing referring to itself
as the god almighty
in a little man's way of
doing things —
it's common sense!

any idget
would know so
any idget
would *say* so:
there's nothing as common
as common sense.
Without a border
there is no picture

without a sideline
there is no mainline
without a left right-up-and-down
there is no *forward*
without a *backward*(↑)
there is no forward
without exhaustion
there is no center
without walking around
there is no standing still
without constant *mobility*
there is no *rest*
without something *out there*
there isn't something
in here:
1983 is the *year* of common sense
a little bird told me
if we don't use it
we won't have it
nonsensical
common sense.(↓)
You hit the *nail* on the head.
The pen is mightier than the sword—
a pencil too.
Common sense is a roundtable with a hole in it
a large *donut* size hole
you project your agreement in there—
after the meeting it was said
"We used our common sense
which we the leaders never have:
we got it from the people we used to be —
everyone else has common sense.
We borrowed it from you
and thus we won't have war
thank you —
it-must-be-common sense."

/1983 Collaboration dance and poem



Lee Connor, Lorn MacDougal - Under It - the dance that most vividly introduced their respective talents to New Mexico . . .

Mirrors

1.
Seeing myself in others' mirrors
is always robbing them of my visions.
What I see in their places is partially mine.
Partially mine as when I see in my mirrors.
We have one in the bathroom two foot square
and I use a rearview mirror Larry Massingale gave me,
the other Larry from Roswell, gave me a rearview mirror
that I use to clip my hair, to see in back.

We should have more mirrors in this house.

Joel has a round rearview mirror I've used recently.
It's handy but it doesn't have a handle
like Larry's.
To look at something reversed
is crazy
but that's all I've ever seen of myself.
Could I look really different right side out?
With my face toward the sun ?

Seeing myself in others' mirrors is like
wallowing in their depths.
Or shallow vertical glass ways.
"You cannot touch me because I'm a
cold cross-product of you.
An illusion which is a reflection of reality.
A cold reminder to the warm.
A simply tantalizing way of thought."

It was once thought back in the 18th Century
that mirrors were the eyes of God--
mirrors are the images of the wives of god.
The Goddesses' husbands are in the back room
looking at themselves in the mirror.
There are ten of them with ten mirrors in ten rooms
all of them to one goddess--
although they think of goddesses
as many wives to themselves!
As if you had to have more women than men.

2.

The eyes are looking in on each other
during rarer moments.
As if you had to raise your eyes to see into some-
body's soul.
And notice there are no mirrors
when you do—
everything is the pleasure of communion
even if it is the end
of a business transaction
when the eyes meet
over the counter
change has been made
your eyes contact—
the most amazing thing about
business
has nothing whatsoever
to do with mirrors—
when stranger meets stranger
almost as friend.
An agreement of satisfaction.
If we all could meet before our parting ways
that way
the place would be a safer world.

Seeing myself
in others' faces.
Reflections in the glasses
or eyes
in the mirrors that aren't mirrors—
reflections of themselves,
is not what I see every day
when I shave
wet-brush my hair
wash my teeth
wash my hands
wash the new Sequoia Kohler basin
keeping it shiny
and seeing ourselves
in it.

3.
The end of that fumble was a long pass
and a goal was thrown—
shake up everybody
by what you say
what you sing
popular one.
Who won the game?
The teams were mirror images
of themselves
and they played until no one won.
They were a real Sunday football team.
They took off their clothes
and agreed to play in the nude
and not hit each other
so hard.
That was the business agreement
on a national scale
that we all hoped
and yearned for
while it was going on
all over the world.

/7Jan84, Collaboration



Rehearsal for
Lee Connor
Tribute -
stuffed props
by Lenore
Goodell



Jennifer Predock & Arthur Armijo



Voices . . .

Always there was an unbending repetition which threatened to enslave him.

What must he do,

warp the voices, try to throw them out?
force them into some socially acceptable behavior?
kill plurality,
simplify
hear only one
and deny it, its strength from beyond, tie it down
nail it down to a 2 by 4?
to a block of wood he used'to burn in the stove
for warmth?

If only there was some clear use
that would not repeat itself.

What value is something nobody else hears?

Is he some pint-sized Joan of Arc
but without God over her shoulder

an insane man being whipped & thrown around
in an exclusive way.

Simply change, turn over a new leaf, be of some use to his family.
Put all this mystery into clarity,
the transmogrified voice.

An utterance of speech that might take place over some one's coffeetable
or better yet
someone's desk,
a business transaction
then
turned to pleasure
that became a firm bank account
a refined script on TV 7

an announcement of a shift in life
that everyone can understand

what is it
what is it?
Always
there was an unbending repetition which threatened to enslave him
and did

. . . A G A I N
unless he said *no*, simply let it drift by
that's it—
if he only had the heart
to constantly say goodbye
let it drift by like an ordinary person
who never hears such things
or thing —

not to hear it
or when he did
let it trail by
the life of a poet he could hear
almost touching him as it came near
and he didn't remember it
certainly didn't write it down -

but whose life was that
when he heard it
pass by?

And now forgotten?
Whose voices were they
got on a train and left.

The train pulled away and refused to stay.

A train of voices
of some lives of poets
got off and brushed through him
activating his ears
every now and then
then left.

Who were
they that never seemed to do him any good
but a little local laughter
where oddity was liked.
In some small circles.

Who were they
leaving him again
after doing the same thing again
with variations endlessly
calling.

That made his life
one of them
although there was no apparent connection.

And would someday take him off with them
for good,
or so he imagined.

He imagined everything and complained.
obsessed & rare
useless & warped

weird

until it was over
and it left him crazy

he couldnt get rid of
secretly
fascinated.

What
and why?

When?
Why him?

/30Oct84 Collaboration



Wonderful Lorn MacDougal, Lee Connor dancing "It's Either a Feast . . . "

A Dance Again

/for Lee Connor & the Danzantes

We danced we did
we danced the did did dance
the dance we did dance in we did
we did the dance indeed we did
the did and done and dead with dance
the dance done in, we did it in
we did it in the dance we did
the did did dance and done we did
the dance again and did the whole thing in
we did it in we did the dance
and did it in we danced it dead
 until it twisted
danced and did it back again
we danced it in and did it in
and brought it back to dance again
we brought it in and danced a sin until it sings
we danced it in and out again
and did we dance? did we dance?
did we dance it in again?
until it sings until it sung
until the song sang again
we danced a din and danced a sing
song again we did a dance
and danced we did
we did a dance a dance we did
again we did a dance again
again we didn't dance again
we stopped and didn't dance the dance
was done we did it dance and all
the ball was over dance and hall
we did a dance once and for all
we did a did and done dance and did
the dance we did again.
And did we dance again
and did we dance again.

/4Feb85
Collaboration, Lee and me

Manner

The miser
the mister
the master
the masher

the man
the moan
the main
the mine

the most
the must
the mast
the mass

the muscle
the hustle
the hassle
the missile

the mess
the miss
the mouse
the muss

the hate
the hit
the heat
the hack

the rack
the rake
the rape
the rat

the wretch
the reach
the wrench
the ranch

the business
the bastard
the beeper

the lizard

the gizzard
the gazer
the gasser
the guzzler

the pounder
the hounder
the hitter
the hunter

the hater
the rater
the rudder
the rotter

the got her
the goat
the goad
the god

the rod
the road
the raid
the rude

the prude
the prod
the dude
the hood

the fuss
the face
the false
the fast

the one
the man
the hun
the hand

the arm
the aim
the owner
the armor

the heavy
the lover
the loner
the boner

the baller
the banger
the bender
the biter

the fighter
the fatter
the fitter
the madder

the rougher
the bigger
the tougher
the hitter

the calm
the cold
the caged
the bold

the bod
the good
the bad
the bud

the crazy
the brassy
the brazen
the brash

the boss
the brains
the brawn
the blood

the mister
the master
the molder
the masher

the man
the one
the calm
the gun

the grin
the groan
the groin
the grind

the great
the grown
the grouch
the slouch

the one
and only
lifer
lonely

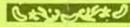
lover
blunder
softer
under.

/8Nov1984 Collaboration, Lee and me

HOMAGE



A program
of Bach harpsichord music
accompanied by
specially created new dances



Rodey Theatre
in UNM's Fine Arts Center



Friday and Saturday
February 13-14, at 8 p.m.



Harpichordist Susan Patrick
Choreography by Lee Connor



For reservations contact
the UNM Fine Arts Box Office
277-4402

The Written Work

Oh I've written the hell out of writing. I've written anything anyone has ever *wanted* to write and written it well. I write the hell out of *anything* I write, and I write anything I *want* to write until everything *about* it is written. If it's written out I *know I wrote it* because I write it until there isn't *anything* more to write about the *subject*. That is, I exhaust exhaustion. I terminate termination. I'm so *big* that I exhaust things. I pester them to death to get the pearls out of swine, the oyster out of the *shell*. I just generally rub the hell out of it till it comes and is sore. Writing is something to tackle every day in every way and there's *always more*. What's frustrating is that I'll have to die before I can write everything I want to write. As a matter of fact there's *nothing* I don't *want* to write. I *must* write *everything* until I die. And then, probably, I'll go on writing. I'll have to write *forever* if I'm going to get to writing everything in *all* the *ways* I *want* to *write*. Writing about it *once* isn't enough. You have to come back over it again but this time hitting all the things you missed until finally you've got it all. That's the only way I can write and if I don't write there's nothing left worth doing. Certainly nothing worth living. Writing is the worth of life when life seems immaterial. Writing is the spirit *and* the worth. Without writing there is *nothing* but the avoidance of it. And without writing, *there could not be me*. I am writing everything there is about it, and there is no end to what anyone will ever *say* about what I write and how I say so much about anything there is to say and how I say it any way anybody ever thought of before or after, because I don't *intend* to stop writing when I've got to write everything there is to say before I'm *through* and when I'm through there won't be any *need* for anyone anywhere to *bother* writing anything again *about* anything or *from* anything or *because* of anything because *I* will have *amassed* the *writing* of it somewhere in my collected works which *of course will be definitive*.

/Collaboration, Lee and me

Solar Arcane Boogie Woogie

Solar arcane boogie woogie
nookie cookie ragwell rookie
cocaine cocky cutie cootie
bagwell bogwell buggy Bogie

baggy boogie waggy woogie
molar octane buggy cutie
nutty rookie highkey goody
gumbo gummy gitchy goomie

whole earth octave real key boogie
baggy cutworm Katie cutie
rugby ruddy batty buddy
solar octane daddy duty

ruddy rootie tootie snooty
buddy rocky ratty rooty
booty hooty rockwell gummy
half-earth octane ugly scummy

s
solar molar boogie woogie
bagwell bogwell buggy goodie
whole earth octane solar gloomy
pick up getchur boogie woogie

waggy get up active nookie
cracky cookie hacky hookie
a cook & a snappy heart-warm happy
booky plunky baggy boogie

waggy woogie arcane cutie
whole earth octane wackie rookie
nutty nookie sidekick buddy
molar popped in poppy pucky

rockwell raggy baggy booty
solar octane boogie woogie
whole earth octave double duty
round your corners rocky cutie

rubber rooty rattled cootie
solar octet lunar moony
boogie woogie catchy toonie
ancient rune boggy dune

molar cockaigne boogie woogie
cocky cocktail talky cutie
walk in waggy rock out boogie
baggy eat your nutty cookie

snap your fingers rooty tooty
solar arcane boogie woogie.

/15Dec1985
Collaboration, Lee and me



Lee
1947 - 1987

A DANCE AGAIN

We danced we did
we danced the did did dance
the dance we did dance in we did
we did the dance indeed we did
the did & done & dead with dance
the dance done in, we did it in
we did it in the dance we did
the did did dance and done we did
the dance again & did the whole thing in
we did it in we did the dance
and did it in we danced it dead
until it twisted
danced and did it back again
we danced it in and did it in
and brot it back to dance again
we brot it in and danced a sin until it sings
we danced it in and out again
and did we dance? did we dance?
did we dance it in again?
until it sings until it sung
until the song sang again
we danced a din and danced a sing
sang again we did a dance
and danced we did
we did a dance a dance we did
again we did a dance again
again we didnt dance again
we stopped and didnt dance the dance
was done we did it dance and all
the ball was over dance & hall
we did a dance once and for all
we did a did and done dance and did
the dance we did again.
And did we dance again
and did we dance again.

Larry Goodell

Photograph by Bob Vocca

© Dale Curren/Larry Goodell 1987

poster of Lee to benefit New Mexico Aids Services, photo by Bob Vocca



Eva Encinias Sandoval and Arthur Armijo - rehearsal
for Connor Tribute

Keats Going By

for Lee

Death goes defying trance leaps—
that is the open and the closed.

Oh Death, dead as Thou art

having grasped Lee
take him gently to Paradise
having long suffered the wreck & recoil
of disease

or the maidens that we all are
lifting him over the River Styxx
into the windings of Lethe

Forgetfulness only for a moment

as the Bardos lift half a continent
and all the stages of death thru life
open in swirls of trajectory in
ceremonial caves out thru the mouths
the sweet fern breath flows cool
Halooo! Haloooo!
and the Ego & interplanetary essences
combine
and dissolve

oh strict concordance
Terpsichor
an art that is constantly defying
gravity

~Leaps~

"an art that is constantly dying"
getting your body up into the air
to *fly fly fly*
on your feet on the floor

on stage forever more

I leaped
and wept

I cried

and stayed alive.

His world dominates this going by.

He "dwells with Beauty— Beauty that must die;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,

Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips..."

Fly on Keats, fly on Keats, fly on.

His show, his hour before, on, and after.

It's going by, that is a memory roll

a light-fused spot light on full dancing stage

a stage gone by him he

them her – all achieved – on it

rotating, going, glowing –

by the applause and after it

that exact funny that, exacts in time

where was it that mind-space inhabits

bodies moved toward beauty, drawn

practiced by it, is, was it

fly on, in and out

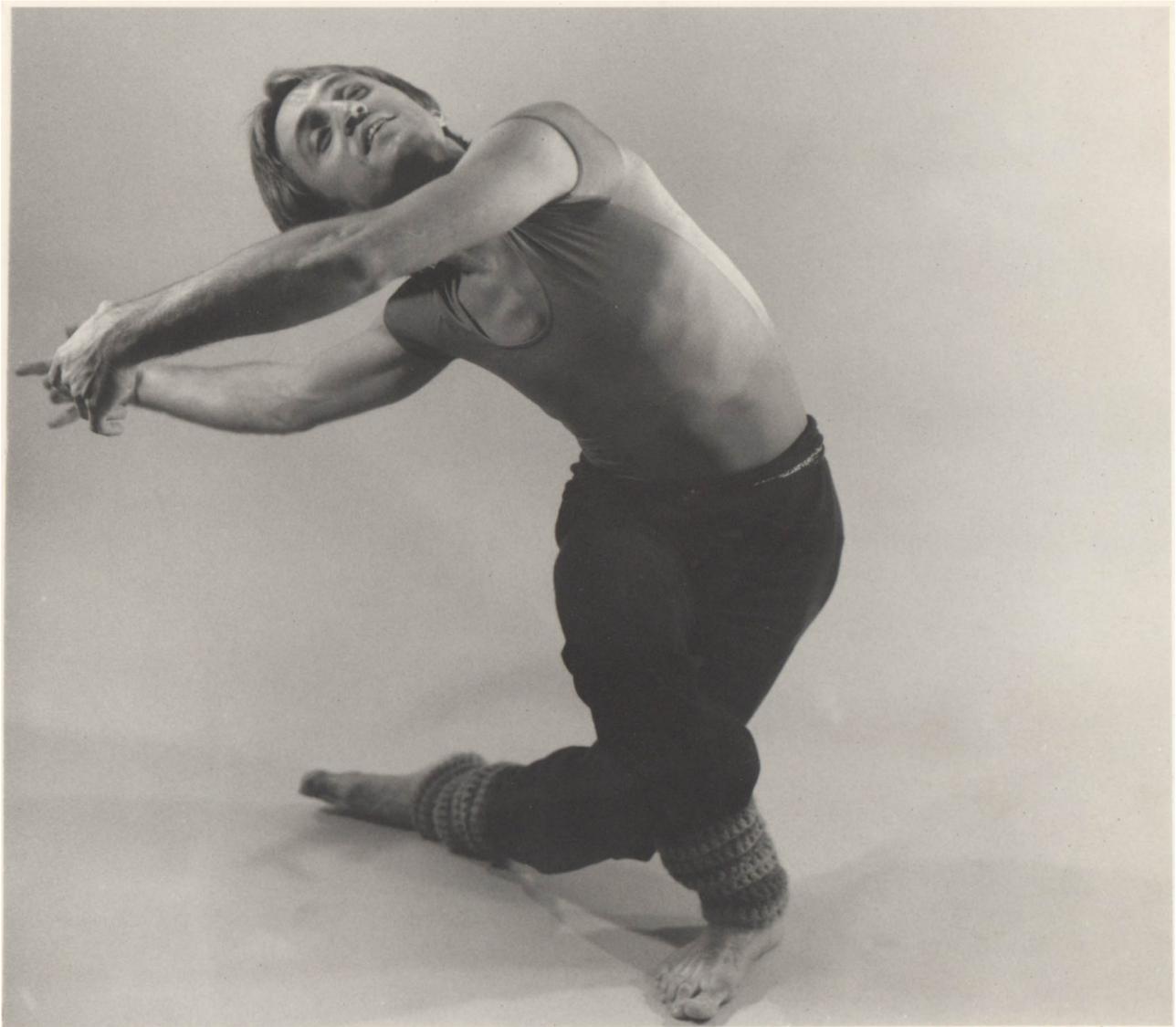
on, in and out

by for so long it

went by.

High by for so long it went by.

/Sept-13Oct87



Lee Connor

Garden Art

Meredith Monk on the CD, turkeys gobbling outside
What is the reason for sickness, what is the reason for suicide
We might as well be pregnant with Spring and Earth-care anyway we can
& aim to turn this stage into a garden of new voices,
swelling wombs of paradise —
that is the ornamental grasses I plant in that corner
music coming up foreign to the jaded ear over there
until the artists with the freshest upstarts are planting rows
of the oldest plants known to agriculture reaches sepulchres of seeds
this momentary stage shines off eggplants,
pumpkin, new music, hybrids that will knock your socks off
what is the difference between plants and animals anyway,
we're all in this boom-boom together,
give everything we can to something new coming up.

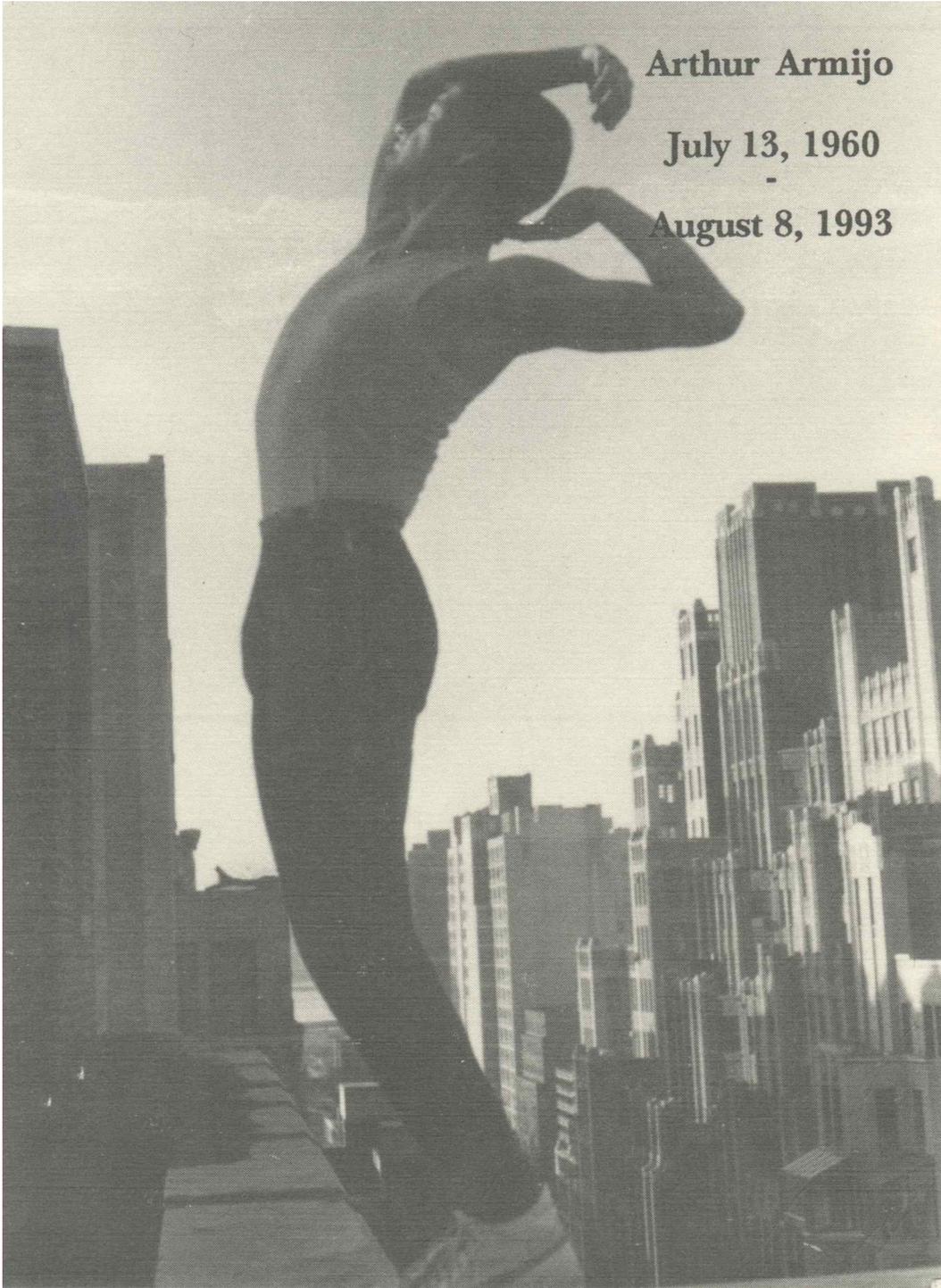
/28Jan88

written for and premiered at *We Danced We Did* tribute
to Lee Connor, 29th & 30th January, 1988

Dance Art

for Arthur Armijo 13Jul60-8Aug93

are
are
are
Arthur
art
Armijo
may hold
may hone
are
art
Arthur
Armijo
may ho
my ho
me ho
mo jo
arm
may
hold
ho
main
hold
me
hold
upward cycle grace lines leap lone
fire bird
80's bold
lizard snake worm dragon
guy on the street bold
power hour after hour
grace substantial body
face a natural dance up
grace a power in control lost into
natural saving grace of
dance substantial natural grace
what lift to see dance at its ace
its junior king is



Arthur Armijo

July 13, 1960

August 8, 1993

king come to home town to bring
the fresh rite of spring the natural
way of fall into it

dances upward with the best
to bring us fresh new presents
from professional afar
New York trounce the boards
& leap, leap fly back
a joy in our mind's body
dancing not still but
always such a fresh
spring comes old-new
again our
art art
are not through
art hours & hours of
dancing through us
only to admire
learn live king
Arthur dances through
the nights in shining armor of
the flesh turned to beauty in
the movements of dance that
never stand still great

King Art
are friend
Arthur
Armijo
may go
may hold
us up
may go
may hold
us up
Arthur blessing us with
dance
Armijo
dance are
dance art

Arthur

Armijo.

/1994

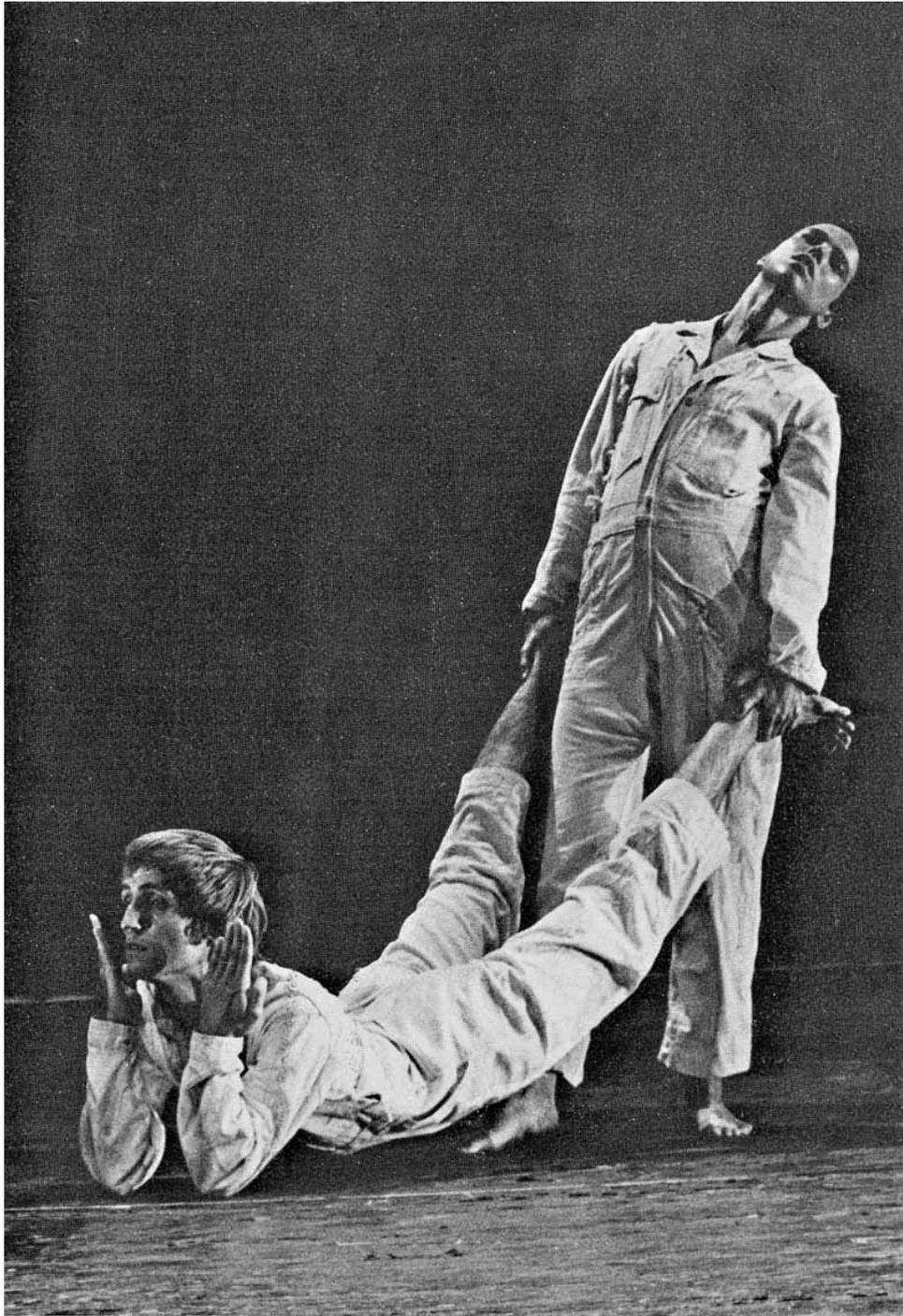
Written for & presented at the tribute to the life of Arthur Armijo



Arthur Armijo and Jennifer Predock in rehearsal for Connor Tribute, "It's Either a Feast . . ." stuffed objects by Lenore Goodell



Lorn MacDougal dancing in the tribute to Connor



"Under It" - Connor & MacDougal

It's All Over, Bub

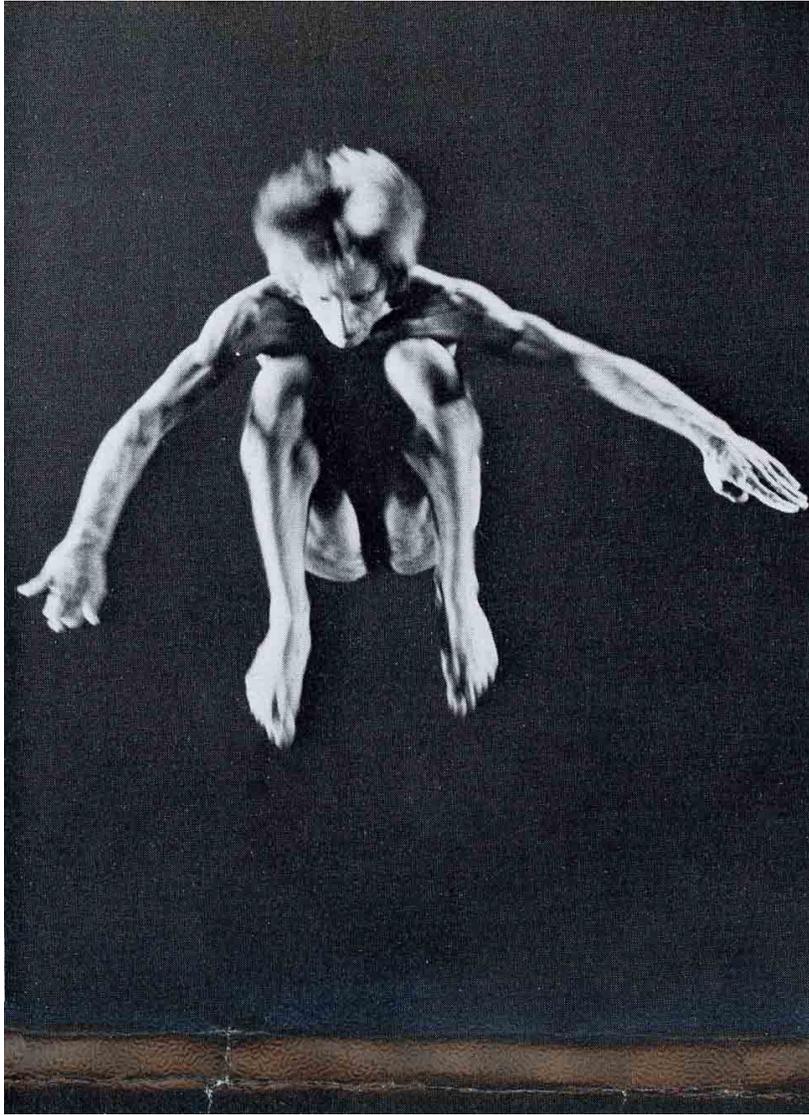
Ants in
pants ends.
Transcend
dance end.

/12Nov83

Afterthought

change evolves
in evolutionary change
chance change
change changes chance
it's all open, Bub
pull up your pants
get it going again
as it always will
new formations in the crack of earth's
structure
and the whispering of the passing by
muse
muse of dance and every know creation
muse tickling
poetry in the ear.

/larry goodell / placitas, new mexico / 20Feb2015



Connor, "Path With Heart"



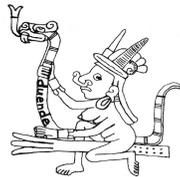
"Azteca Ballroom" 1973 MacDougal & Connor



This collection of memorabilia and poems is dependent on the generosity of dancers and professionals whose images are here to be enjoyed evocative of a remarkable time in Albuquerque & New Mexico when dance simply took off and ascended from the tarmac. I welcome any corrections, additions, suggestions since this chapter of living theater of movement and music and poetry can only be added to and improved

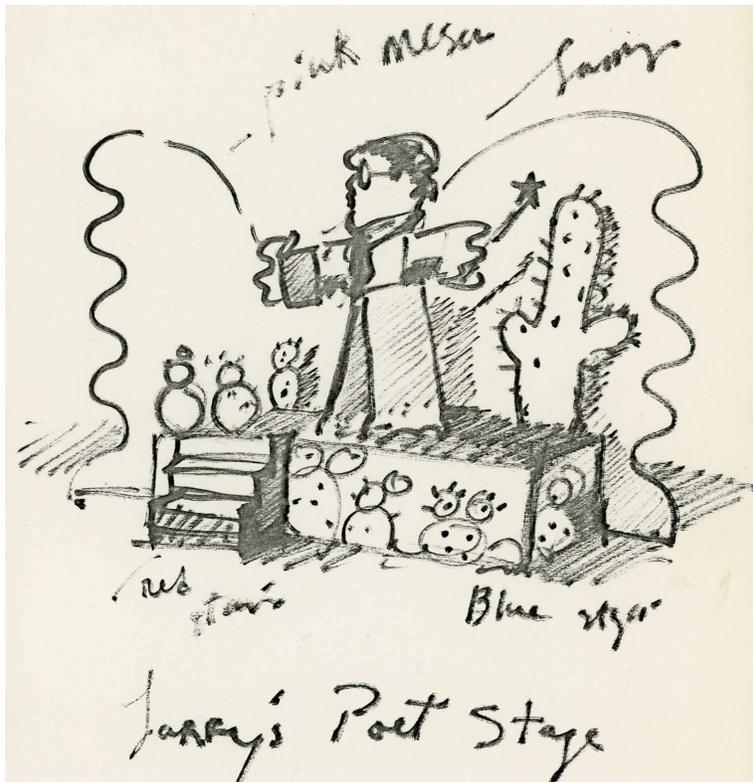
Thank you!

larry goodell



a duende compilation
larrynewmex@gmail.com
placitas, new mexico

Note: "Azteca Ballroom" in New Mexico, named after the rehearsal space used in Bernalillo became an iconic dance performed on stage many many places including Downtown Saturday Night, Albuquerque; Zocalo Theater, Bernalillo; 4th of July Celebration at the Firehouse, Placitas, New Mexico.



stage design by Richard Thompson for dance - poetry collaboration, Coyote Dance Collective performance in Santa Fe

Note: David was a dear friend, close neighbor in Placitas, an enthusiast of dance. Working with David and Stefa Zawerucha and the Coyote Dance Collective was such a pleasure!

David Fritz (1949-2014)

ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL

NEW MEXICO'S LEADING NEWSPAPER
HOME OWNED AND HOME OPERATED

Sunday Morning, April 10, 1983

Connor Makes Humorous, Welcome Return With Danzantes

By PAMELA SALMON
Journal Feature Writer

At times it sneaks up on you like a child testing a new prank. Sometimes it smacks you on the back like the latest James Watt joke. Whatever its mode, humor is the hallmark of Lee Connor's choreography, featured in his new ensemble, Danzantes, which performed a finely tuned program Friday and Saturday night at the KiMo.

Dance Review

Having returned to Albuquerque after a year's absence and now performing without his partner of many years, Lorn MacDougal, Connor comes on strong. His work, at least in this concert, seems to have moved away from the ego-centered, intense portrayals of his personal agonies and ecstasies toward fun, fancy and a growing relationship with his audience, as well as with other dancers.

His humor and regard for his partners, whether those on stage or those in the aisles, glowed in an effervescent finale, the premiere of "Macchu Picchu Soiree" to music by Yma Sumac. In the acrobatic spoof on seduction, Connor and his harem, or rather side-kicks, Marina Baden and Alicia Perea, seemed to dance right off a Greek frieze into a bacchanalian feast.

Besides a poke at convention, whether teasing or satirical, Connor's pieces also reflect influences from ballet, flamenco, American Indian and East Indian dancing, all of which make his choreography intricate, inventive and inviting.

This is illustrated most clearly when comparing "For Alicia" (1981) with "Dropping By" (1979). While "Alicia" combined ballet arms, a modern torso, flamenco and American Indian feet with East Indian hands, "Dropping By" featured the more traditional wide, sweeping modern movements.

Connor's Danzantes, the

only organized modern dance company now performing in Albuquerque, includes Eva Encinias, a UNM associate of the choreographer, Ms. Perea, Ms. Baden, and George Kennison.

Of the five, Connor exhibits the finest sense of control and communication between intent and execution. He has the treasured ability to isolate portions of his body, whether hips, head, or fingers, so they seem to move in partnership with, but disconnected from, the other parts.

This precise definition comes clear in "Strand" (1982) in which Connor, barechested and in jeans and boots, dances a sort of western Petroushka to taped music by Stravinsky.

Of the five, Ms. Perea shows the most improvement from her UNM performances a couple of years ago. Home from a stint in New York, she demonstrates increasing latitude and control not only in her solo, the sensuous and striking "For Alicia," but also in three other works on the program.

Ms. Perea accompanies Connor in the premiere of "Four Madrigals," a somber work in stark black and white to somber music. Twisting together, hugging and rocking, the two move from being grievously withdrawn to accepting their woes to being open to new discoveries.

In addition, Ms. Perea and Connor join Kennison and Ms. Encinias in "Love and Money" (1981). I started out being disappointed in "L and M," which was created under a choreographic fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, because its movement and theme appeared sophomoric and common in its opening few minutes. I should have guessed Connor is more complex and had something up his sleeve.

Once the four decided convention was boring, they waggled, teased, gossiped, argued, switched partners in every possible combination of twosomes, and finally went their

separate ways in a satire on sexual mores and opportunity.

Ms. Encinias, a marvelously drunken maiden, flaunted the same properties in her solo, "Dropping By." How many of us have yearned to liven up a stuffy crowd by galloping

across the room on a chair to 19th century ballroom music?

On the other hand, one might invite poet Larry Goodell. That's what Connor did for a snappy trio of dances to Goodell's live reading of three poems, "Kiss It Right," "Common Sense Stanza," and "Video Schmedeo."

I must admit I paid less attention to the dances (by this time I knew Connor was on strong footing) than I did to the balding, bespeckled Goodell who did a charming dipping and swaying dance.

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*Hot or Not?***

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Featuring

**Lee Connor, Dancer, Danzantes,
UNM Dance Faculty**

Larry Goodell, Poet

**Martha Trolin, Performance Artist
Coordinator, 500 2nd Street
performance space**

Moderator: Barbara Grothus, Artist
President AUA Board of Directors

**Taking Risks with
*New and Emerging Artists***

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Mariposa Gallery, Albuquerque

Linda Durham

Linda Durham Gallery, Santa Fe

Kris Kron

Kron-Reck Gallery, Albuquerque

Moderator: Cheryl McLean, Artist
Member AUA Board of Directors

Tickets at the Door: \$2 general/\$1 AUA members

Watch for Future Announcements



Some New Mexico Dance Videos

Lee Connor and Larry Goodell at the Kimo Theatre Albuquerque 1985

Lee Connor choreographed to 5 poems of mine and this is the performance, part of his Seeing-Is-Believing Wishful-Thinking -Follies program at the Kimo, an evening of "dance at crossroads with other media." It was just a couple years before he died of AIDs. *This is one of the happiest events of my professional life* - his movements match almost every syllabic flow of the spoken words of the poems. We were neighbors and talked about collaborating years before it happened. You'll find the texts of the five poems here in *Dance Book* as well as many others used in collaborations and poems about dance. Video perhaps by UNM Dance Department. <https://youtu.be/siofaHIXbE>

Licea Perea & Larry Goodell - “Solar Arcane Boogie Woogie” - Dance & Poetry - Albuquerque

Part of an evening of original songs for piano and lack of voice, and poetry performance by Larry, with dance collaborations with dancers Licea Perea and George Kennison, original members of Danzantes. Choreography for “Solar Arcane Boogie Woogie” is by the late Lee Connor.

<https://youtu.be/UqkHtI8wXzg>

Social Dances - Tim Wengerd and Danzantes

This performance was recorded in 1987 at the KiMo Theater in Albuquerque, NM. "Social Dances" was choreographed by Nora Reynolds. Dancers include Nora, Marina Baden, Lee Connor, Alicia Perea and Tim Wengerd . This was the fifth of the five pieces on the program and is noted in the program as its premiere. The music is: Selections from the Flute Quartets by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

https://youtu.be/QUEXbI_GL6o

Shaman in the City - a Tap Dance Song - by Larry Goodell

Or, Guru in the City, or, Guru in the Boonies . . . kids liked this when I did Poetry in the Schools, and a few adults have tolerated it. A version of it is on the Mad New Mexican album here:

<https://duende.bandcamp.com/album/the...> This was done in the greenhouse addition to our house in Placitas, New Mexico. Video by John McCloskey. https://youtu.be/jH_ir-pD35s

“The program is amazing. Extremely varied, and on top of it, lucid, satirical, uptight, hilarious, patriotic, contemporary & relevant throughout.” - from a letter by me to Lee & Bobby Byrd, 1980



"The News"

Dance collaboration between Lindsay Mayo's Dance Company and Larry Goodell produced "The News." The commissioned poem and the program can be seen here:

http://issuu.com/larrygoodell/docs/1985_12_the_news_for_dances

dance book



larry goodell
2015