

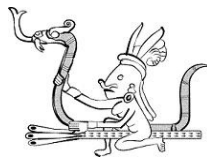
Jazz



Is Classical Music

& Other Poems

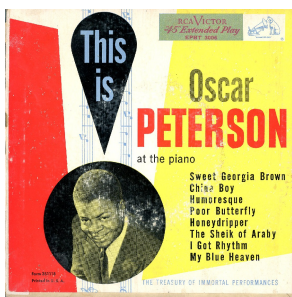
Larry Goodell



a duende get it together

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Jazz



Is Classical Music

& Other Poems

This little collection is for
Tom Guralnick, Don McIver
& Mark Weber

(I don't revise so I think I'm doing a jazz solo in silence but then reading aloud as and after I write.)

Doing a solo I could never do when I was trying to play piano jazz. My musical mind is not quick and is hardly articulate at all. Unlike a jazz person I can't perform on cue: I can only read what I wrote when the cue came and I followed through.

Poems Included

Jazz Is Classical Music

I Was Going To Be

Jazz Backwards

Cool To Be Cool

Coolest

Jazz Play

Hearing Earth

Like I Said

Do You Hear It Now

Boyhood

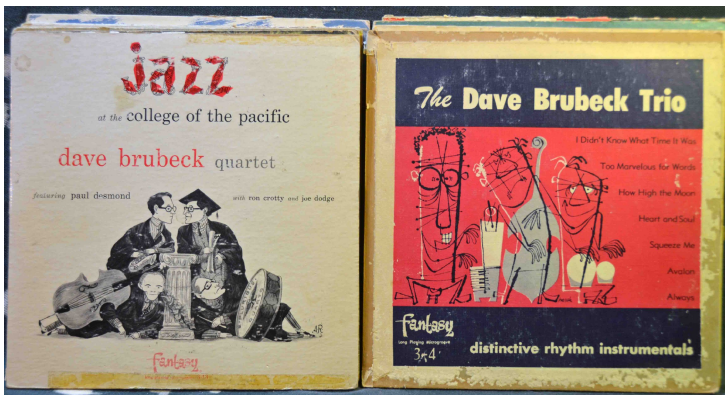
Peace Envoy

and

I Love You Truly Times

Pictures are of my 10" (well a few 12 ") lp albums many dating from 1952-3 when I first discovered progressive jazz and even took lessons from a Walker Air Force Bass airman-musician and along with Lyman Lea on tenor sax formed a combo to play for dances and events. At that point I thought I'd be a composer (12 tone jazz? ha!) till I faced the fact I wasn't much good at it and started writing poetry. Strains of the jazz love have always remained. Also there are some 45 rpm album envelope covers.

Larry Goodell



Jazz Is Classical Music

Jazz
assical
Jassical
Lassy-cal
come home
Jazzical
Class-A-
Assical
Pizzazzical
Saturday Night Live Assical
Super sassical
enter anything that hinders
Gertrude Stein impossible
classical piano in perfect notable
last supercision improbable
lack of English
in foreign tongues-able
I love to imitate Daddy-a-Bull
a great big dropped-out-a-bull –
when you say the opposite
you say the truth.
Big Brother a bull
Big Sister a trill
an entering thru the womb
the Motherhood.
Let's all get together
and pretend we're women.

We'll have the craziest Saturday Night Special
that's never been aired.
Chopin is classical as jazz.
Jazz is classical as American jazz.
European classical is European.
American classical is super-classical.
Super-classical is adrift in the rainbow.
The hope of America's West as you
kept populating & followed the end of the rainbow
till there was no Pot.
Super Classical American is Jazz.
Our holy & infant son. Our Ma Rainey.
Our infinite gesture of woman in America beginning.
Our one and only true jazz.

Our birth of the aura.
The hope of dream.
The actual playing of the piano.
Our entering into eternity
by way of the bass.
The soprano who's actually a contralto
who sings the blues.
Classical is classical.
Jazz is classical.
Classical jazz.
Jazz that goes up into
the possible present.
 I will say anything
you want to sing.
Jazz American jazz.
The open voice of the present.
The forget-about-the-past.
The past keeps me from
hearkening to the future.
Heartening anything of improvisation.
A real poet listens to jazz.
Jazz will set you free
Jazz will
Jazz will
the hand of
 set me free
the hand the
body banger –
 simply
 gently.
Set me free.
The jazz of
poverty.
Property.
Destined city.
Bigger than the triangle
of love.
 Bigger than
the TV.
 Jazz will
it set me free.
I did it hung
over the tree of the
ballroom.
The USO—
to dance

impromptu
memories.
New Mexican
measure
a square with
a dollop.
A little drip
a big gush of
the Rio Grande
when flowing—
not
the Mississippi
the Jazz of
the lower rainbow—
lots of reds
the watermelon blood
glowing against
the mountain—

No amount of over-population
will keep me from
expressing myself—
Jazz has swallowed up
the classics.
Classical music has become
jazz.
Jazz
is classical music.

/16Jan85



I Was Going To Be

I was going to be a radio man
and build a super-heterodyne receiver,
I fell in love with vacuum tubes
but couldn't understand them.
I was going to make neon signs
be a signpainter,
be a store window decorator.
I was going to be a jazz musician
& played the piano
in the Larry Goodell Lyman Lea Trio.
"I added one to four
and sent them from the floor"
I prided myself, speaking of our undanceable 5/4 rhythm,
and wore dress pants instead of Levis
in highschool, bound to be different.
I was going to be a song-writer
wrote music for my musical
Club Progressions
was hailed a genius ha-ha-ha
by the English teacher Mr. Gaddis
who wrote my lyrics.
I was going to be a composer
post-Arnold Schoenberg and Stan Kenton
until Halsey Stevens in L.A.
showed me I couldn't hear the difference
between sixths and thirds.
I was going to be a cinematographer
a cameraman, at USC
until they told me
out here, in Hollywood
you've got to *know* somebody.
I was going to be a short-story writer,
a playwright,
I was going to be a college teacher.
(& teach students how to write),
(but instead)
I wrote poems about composers,
I wrote a poem about Bartok
(about walking, about anything
I wrote poems about everything)
I wrote a lot of poems.
I was going to be a poet. (So I wrote poems, I wrote poems.)



Jazz Backwards

for Tom Guralnick & Adolph Sax

Jazz backwards is gorgeous entity
 that is the classical ass psychical cycles
 bicycling through sarcophagus hollows of
 vacant Christian churches looking for the lurches
 off their diving boards into the arms of Buddha
 whose Darth Vader bums are mere retroreflections of
 Dharma bums, Kerouack, Allen, Diane, Amira
 Ann, Pablita, effluence a Masau, oh death disfigured
 maggot-face who knows what gives the life to life
 but death of the old and life of the young young younger:
 that is attractive to behold. As if I beheld anything
 I tell you I saw the 'lectric energies attracting one another
 I am the pyramid of the death of death the end of
 transubstantiation
 transforming entities into the rainbow of noise
 where quiet suddenly intervenes and there is the low
 the low sex of down in rainy streets, the walking slow
 down as you finish everything and walk away the
 wanting nothing swinging hips as you walk the cool cool
 rain wanting everything slowly drenching you.
 Wet, wet is this sound
 and it is mind coming out of the cranium to encounter
 darkness, oh wet death, Masau old Hopi on those Greek
 crossroads
 how everything gets twisted back and forth in paradise
 as if it were the life to live
 you know it everyday. Death faces

Adolphe Sax, in 1840, invented guess what
the Saxophone, a brass wind instrument with
a clarinet mouthpiece. Of course his father
the Belgian Charles Joseph Sax with his sax-horns
only needed his son to bring the mellow out
to affix that reed to the brass
and sexify sex
in dark quarters that blues on blues
as the bump it with a trumpet became
say it with a saxophone, oh Antoine Joseph, known as
Adolph Sax

and at night, night when the hips work with the sound
and the sound is everything when
you cant put your finger on it he does
yes he yes she does
And now explores, bursts through conditions
traditions of furious renditions
everything allows the finesse of the horn
the warm wet sex of the mouthpiece to say
sing alive
classical jazz is now non-European American
what hurt you can't get through without aspirin

the flow of uninterrupted muse channels befriend her
a wild, wiley wail, old now narrow streets
and the bump it with a trumpet is trashed
a sex-a-phile
a sax-aphobia
a sax-a-mature
a sex a sax
a sax amour
love lays lying down
an unopened door opened.
A woman I mean
what is her name
a woman she is there in 1955
56,57
she is there in the sixties but mostly
earlier, pre-electronic
they're all waiting for the cue.
Cue.

/8Feb90



Cool To Be Cool

/for Tom

Hot is
cool is
swing is swell
hot can be
swell
swing can be
hot
cool can be swing
or anti swing
swing swell
hot can be swing
swing can not be too cool
swing can't be cool at all
but can be swell
cool can swing some
& hot swing a lot
hot can be cool-hot
cool can be hot & cool
or cool can be only cool
cool cool cool
hot only hot
or hot cool hot
and then swing
swing hot & swell

it can all be everything and
not be cool but
jazz is jazz
as Louis said
"Hot can be cool
and cool can be hot,
and each can be both.
But hot or cool, man
jazz is jazz."

Swing on that
Swing on by
Swing on out to cool
and the cool cool cool
so swell
hot only hot
swing to swell
swell to cool
& out
Jazz is as
Jazz does,
it's cool
to be cool.

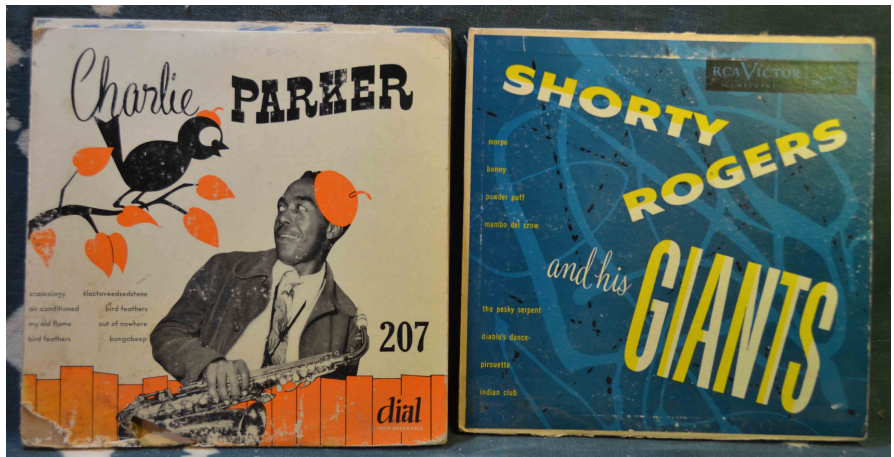
/20Dec91



Coollest

Skies open their hearts to the flash continents
jazz as only jazz is, jazz
repeats nothing, introduces nothing (something?)
nothing is but nothing.(something.?)
I found no pain in Charlie Parker's heart
when his music lives in itself as lip heaven
and birds knowing world open spring,
lilt singing, crush heart improvise a lark
flash around the world, continental drift
voices in cells freed. Voices unique tea.
Drinks shoot up stop. Hell stop.
Open surgery sugary torch, jungles burning.
Forever pure original song in the seed, tongue.
The flash of living bird living won, one, among us.

/2001



Jazz Play

I play the blues on the blues guitar
the blues make me blue.
Blue as I ever was to the core
I don't like the blues.
I'd rather jazz play jazz
Turn over listen to the
improvisation of life life either
is or isn't.
Life always is. Improvising its way
through history.
History has the blues
but I don't.
I just make up things
and sing along
in the heart of my mind
to the chords progression of the seasons.
Nature is tapping her feet to the beat.
In the here now.
Do you listen do you accompany
do you lead?
Do you make it up as you go along
along with what you're hearing?



Hearing Earth

Silence of two ears ringing
in the sound in the bass in the voice in
the piano up and out mutual cares
sing in the air sing in basso profundo
sing in coloratura soprano sing in
Meso-America beat to the drums run rampant
beauty under the sun, beat to the moon
as warmth of love, genetics swoon image imagination
create creation inspiration spontaneous suggestion
counter-levels of contrapuntal counting counterpoint
on edge, levels through song, to ease passion in
the human breast, the chest of miracles, the breath
the anointed of music, the calming of the arts
the moving of the pictures of rhythm
the heart of the beat the song in the singing
freeing of expression melodious instant
let hearts let love out, love & compassion
our code of the moving art, the jazz hymn
to the Earth

love & compassion, as we eat what we art.
Create what we are. Music, the cooperation of
the soul and here we are, the music of two ears singing
luminescence of the spirit, peace in the love magic of hearing
Earth.

*for the David Parlato, marvelous bass man, and the Musicians at
the Lunatique, May 3, 2003, Placitas.*



Like I Said

Everything is astonished paradise and the rules of law ascend.
Love is at the center and waves of compassion mend
through actions as far as they can go to all suffering.
Who can be brought in, but a crack in the bell appeared in
this island of paradise
and the outside rushed in and like a tide running out
drew everything with it, and mingled with the world,
that paradise broke down into little pieces of compassion
that grew like seeds, and like a story they grew
and implanted the chaotic world with particles of love
and like a poem they recited themselves into history
and the rules of good law began to spread
like a story you would want to hear, they told themselves
to others who took up action, until more & more were engaged
like a rhapsody of a prelude symphony quartet jazz group
of innovative love.

/2008

(Afterthought)

(Ornette Colman was the last great innovator in jazz. After that jazz became user-friendly, derivative, reflective of what came before . . . and sometimes still powerful and fully expressive.)



Do You Hear It Now

Even poetry must communicate
as the ups meet the downs
and the fires of revision
burn up inspiration,
the schools abuse each other
and play games with the Muse
until she leaves bored
by all the camps and cliques:
she teaches each one must say it
as it is said
but the deaf ears are only outnumbered
by the tin ears,
and her jazz riff which is her ruse
is lost in the cubicles of
academic hypostacy,
as if anyone cared what music
was the origin of things
what ears really heard
the voicing of her constant riff,
her take on things as she comes near
rarely, usually
but bent egos are confined to their
own hearing
as they beat words together whether
they fit or not
and her singing subtle voice
ends up in the most unlikely ears,
do you hear it now
that turn of phrase
that reveals the unexpected
in the most economical way.

/2012



Boyhood

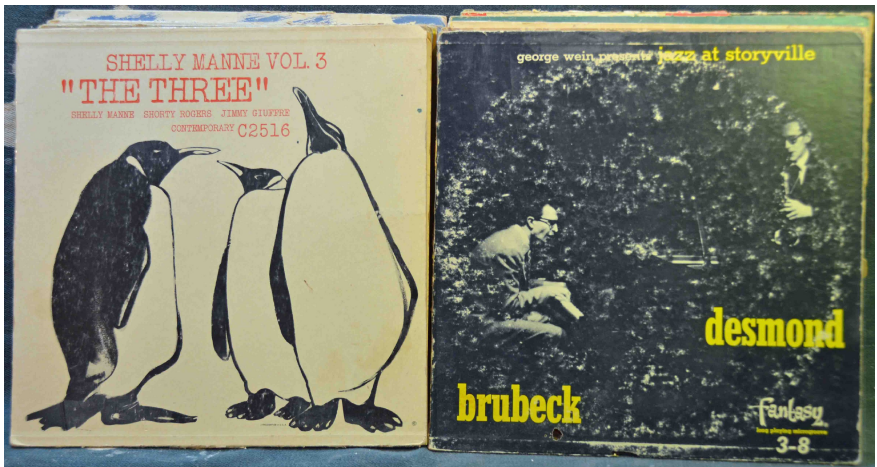
Boyhood in two parts of town
as my dad got better jobs
and then another move, better:
and then the best into local business
and even politics, a true representative.
He was the epitome of that town to me
everything that I could never be – there.
As art poisoned the image of what I was
brought up to be
and my body couldn't hack the football image
or the basketball
or anything – nothing was possible thru
the filter of small town, isolated success.
I left with aims of art and intellect
and making things beyond those dimensions.
I was bitten by the innovation bug
from what jazz I tried to do
mostly faltering blunders of what I tried to play
but in my head was Brubeck, Stravinsky,
Getz, Shearing, Stan Kenton
Jerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, Bartok, Shoenberg*
the dawn of abstract expressionism from
afar
and little did I know my keeping a journal
might jump off into writing about my latest heroes
the giant artists and creative intellectuals that
filled the stars of my sky.
And words, solipsistically obsessed with myself
could be my buddies and be an outlet for everything.
So far from small town unity, society,
interrelated energies of everything in its place.
I discovered true isolation, the misery of
loneliness and writing.
What happened to the plains that never ended
except where a distant mountain began?
I left them – and discovered the mountain of poetry
the landscape of poets and artists and gardens
of the spirit which never ends.

Peace Envoy

Attack them with culture!

Let all the little bacteria of art invade the world,
all the professions of aesthetics profess,
the stewards of theater stand on their words and belt them out
the symphonies of the first degree incarcerate all foreigners'
ears
with America's lust for sound and beauty
our best is the cream of the crop avant garde minimal
or maximus poetry standing tall & reading from the heart
dance from the New York stages and Los Angeles lofts
entering Afghanistan, Nepal, Paris & North Korea
dancing in Iran and Mozambique, Kazakhstan
the emissaries of creative forces invading with
the drama of imagination painting new avenues of peace
and tingling understanding of the new in America
and our oldest firsts from Whitman to Gershwin
to the jazz heart of this country along the rivers
and deltas and cities & wild blues & jazz
open free speech riding the waves to all corners of the world
to provoke open minds, the tolerance of diversity, peace
and love.

24Oct2010



I Love You Truly Times

What I did was lift the chairs off my heart
the diggle-dee-daggle-ee off my harp,
the hope that hearing well heals, just
listening, no bag on chin or nose or eyes or thumb
all bags lifted in the world that's not dumb,
and a harp I play strumming the harp in my piano
waltzing thru Christian heaven & out again
a hopscotch waltz a toboggan-screaming trot
I mean *race*, I am not mean I mean trace your
heart to the harp, the hope, the
wished-for wealthy thing
the note played tender

*I touch your hand
with a band
there's not one cord
on the stand
we play acoustic
when play we must
to make the bucks
off Stardust.*

(sing *Tenderly*)

Lyrics lift my hoping soul to sappy ballad heaven.
I go back to 40's early 50's
when a teenage face was favored
in all the hopes of
American land.
We did not kiss but
who would understand!

I'm your Tree in the Meadow
ready to be shaken free
by rock & roll
but I *preferred*
considering what came after,
the steady drunken under the piano
disaster
of those *I Love You Truly* times.

Times that chime with
a nickel & a dime.
When we were so modern to
wear a thin brown velvet tie
& Mr. B shirt
with collars that flared out
& single button sky blue suit
padded shoulders
tapered trouser legs
cool zuit-suit jazz
opened all kinds of eyes around the country
in deep dark holes of the night
staying up to listen
what's in Chicago, Blue Note, Birdland
that new band
brought us out of the ballads
the drippy foxtrots that
were nevertheless hopeful and
in a major key, free of
contemporary death threats now.

Nothing's better, and yet that's a lie.
It was better not to die
so easily
 & why?
Jazz preceded & outlasts rock & roll
some say
with their hearts in upbeat land
downbeat positive staccato
with a radical thrown in.

I take my Vitamin C and
cod liver oil in milk
as 60 turns me around
to think when violence wasn't in the air
or even much of a word
except for rumbles in New York
and a few gangs in LA
purse-snatching.

Catch anything you can now
they say character doesn't count
they say they say they say
integrity is old hat old potatoes,
everything is rotten
and with that I leave you

in any mess I can
being such a bad, bad guy.
I leave you to clean up
after yourself
as I am always
willing to do

to keep up the day
in a way
that stays
clear
clear as day
with nothing, nothing
to haze it up
nothing in the way
between me and the day
no artificial connections
an acoustic high that is not high but is
it, is
what it is & was,
unencumbered and eternal
unless you drop from it
connected on
to hearing
seeing the whole day
true
truly beloved,
rub my eyelids
wake up in the middle of the night
to peruse
where have I been
slight
& right
all along
perhaps
a wee
song.

Love
is not an emotion?
but a condition
they say they
tell me
I love you
hits
the psychologist

out of the blue
 between
the eyes,
will do
conditionally
perpetuatingly
perpetuating
good corners
for hardnose
hard liners
hard headers,
dopers who can't think
beyond the day
who have no hopes *Just*
go away.

I'm here to shake your hands
out of it
in a circle
day after working day.
Love becomes an emotion
with the newest notion.
We see eye to eye
when there's only
you & I
and no abuse, nothing abused
just the scary present
which is the future today:

what I did was lift
the chairs off my heart,
set them down for you
to play the earthly harp
 as if we could,
someone
there in the crowd
can
and that's the jazz that heals the hearing
again.

I'm a health-hazard
in a poisonous land
and so are you healthy too
"Drugs are the padlock on the exit door"
someone in the crowd said
"We don't know where the center of the universe is"

someone who knew it said.

Oxygen was formed
by massive stars
exploding
casting the element
into the Milky Way,
someone knew to say it
ode to a gone cat
“the Chinese philosopher unconscious.”

“Unconscious” say
do as thou do
upside down or right side up
whether grown
or a pup,
homicide increased 3 X’s when
there is a gun in the house
& suicide
5 X’s when
there is a gun,
a gun is
to shoot
you, me
down
with
“willing to tear down
but does nothing to build
up”
back into the dream
“carbohydrates from the nectar
& protein from the pollen”
I be you bee
as I watch you
wasp
drying out from a life
into life of old song in
major key hope —
“It’s better to limp in the right direction
than run in the wrong direction.”
“What you will suppress
you will oppress.”
“What we don’t reveal
can’t heal.”

For the perfectly healthy
the healthy is perfect

but I am always lacking
except what I can't control:
that is my strength
what I can't control
knowing my wits are about me
and not thrown off some place
"not a plinus or a mus"
but a definite yes.

I see through you clearly
until you drop the haze, the pretend-knowing-it-all
and see through me clearly
"You give even more than you receive
that's what love is about"
 Jeanne Moreau says
who has a house of all her lovers
in her mind —
we are as clear
as the day gone wild.

I love you truly times
they are tough
but not tough enough
to turn me to crime
that is
I cook
we eat
 we are
polite
 unless you
 come in from the night
 with all your fright
we are still
for you to bounce off better from.
I am not on the run.
I am
a native son,
the one
I know best
in the sun.
Strength
rubs
off.

I'm so happy
I could be

as sad as
I won't to be.
"All music
is singing"
she said
and the great big nothing
went away.

 Hello
 hello
hello
when greed
has gone
berserk.

They are doing their
devouring thing.
I don't eat much
and do a back exercising yoga
that verges on the cure
for the miraculous:
it returns me
to the ordinary day
& Tai Chi to toss off devils
& a run around with a happy-go-lucky dog
into winter

all you need for happiness
is "a good bowl of soup
& the freedom to sing"
to sing I must
clear.
Trustworthy
I give you my word
my words are as good as
good can be.
You can't see through them
but you can deal with them,
within the confines of my own
lack of strength
is the power to sing
your heart out
in pleasurable things
you mean.

Seen is
seeing

seeing is
to see.

“Dream big &
dare to fail.”
“You’re not making art unless
your purpose is art.”

Which means you are
surprised
“sincerity does not always
equal the truth”
but as I recall
this is the shape of doing something
for someone else
when they may never know
it was done
by you
or such a one
your character
cracks
with a laugh
to the benefit
of yourself.
You have
to live with
the rest
of your life.

Doing good without being
a do-gooder
builds your character
and the world,
the bit of the world in this
tiny corner,
builds it better.

Use butter in biscochitos
and crushed anise:
cooking
is sharing.
Giving
is
given back,
giving is
the giving back
without

the giving back:
radicals in nature
oxygenate the systems,
thanks to the explosion
of massive stars
we can breathe
unclouded
unencumbered
that is:
a breath of fresh air.

Are you still around
to remind yourself
or do something
some exercise
something
to remind yourself
what you are breathing.

You need to be
reminded to live, to be
perceptive
to honor more
your own presence
in the knowing of what there is
to see, hear, be on top of
in thinking—
why not know all
you can
at any given time?
Why not be breathing
it in?
The first breath in as a baby
the last breath out when you die

one
clear
breath
in
between
those
I love you truly
times.

They will not die

as long
as they
are
alive.

Alive

and

well.

/17Nov95 in the early early morning from *Beyond TV*



“Goodell: I graduated from high school in 1953. I had written and produced a musical in Roswell—my mother taught me how to play piano, and I took piano and tap-dancing for years. I was in chorus and band. I played the drums and clarinet. I got interested in jazz; we had the old ten inch records of Kenton, George Shearing, Stan Getz, Lee Konitz, Shorty Rogers, Sonny Stitt, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis.

“Tritica: You had access to those in Roswell?”

Goodell: Oh yeah. A friend of mine was a sax player and I played the piano; we had a drummer, and then we’d get another player and play for the dances. But we really liked to play jazz. Walker Air Force Base was still going and there were Air Force guys into jazz. On the AM radio at night you could pick up live performances from Birdland in New York, Brubeck, for instance, and the Palladium in LA, Kenton. We had records. We listened and practiced. That’s how we rebelled. Everybody else wore Levis and were into sappy pop or western music; we wore dress pants and loved jazz. We went to El Paso and bought a Mr. B dress shirt, and a narrow brown velveteen tie and a kind of blue Zoot Suit to wear at gigs. So when I arrived at USC, I was going to say, I had written this jazz musical, called Club Progressions, which we produced for a high school assembly. Also at the time I got interested in Stravinsky and Schoenberg and Berg and Webern.”

from an interview conducted by Bruce Holsapple and John Tritica





Me, Lyman Lea, and Sal Gonzales . . . Jazz Trio
Roswell, New Mexico, 1953 when we were in High School
and thought we might get a summer gig . . . P

A bit later in L.A.

“I went to a lot of jazz events, Shorty Rogers and His Giants, Dave Brubeck, Chet Baker. There were a lot of things going on in the late 1950s in Los Angeles—you could hear Gerry Mulligan’s Quartet [on the jukebox] right there in the Drive Ins! I came from a place where no one was interested in jazz, so. I went to the Hague and other clubs.”

from the same Interview.

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a duende get it together

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Jazz Is Classical Music

& Other Poems



Larry Goodell