




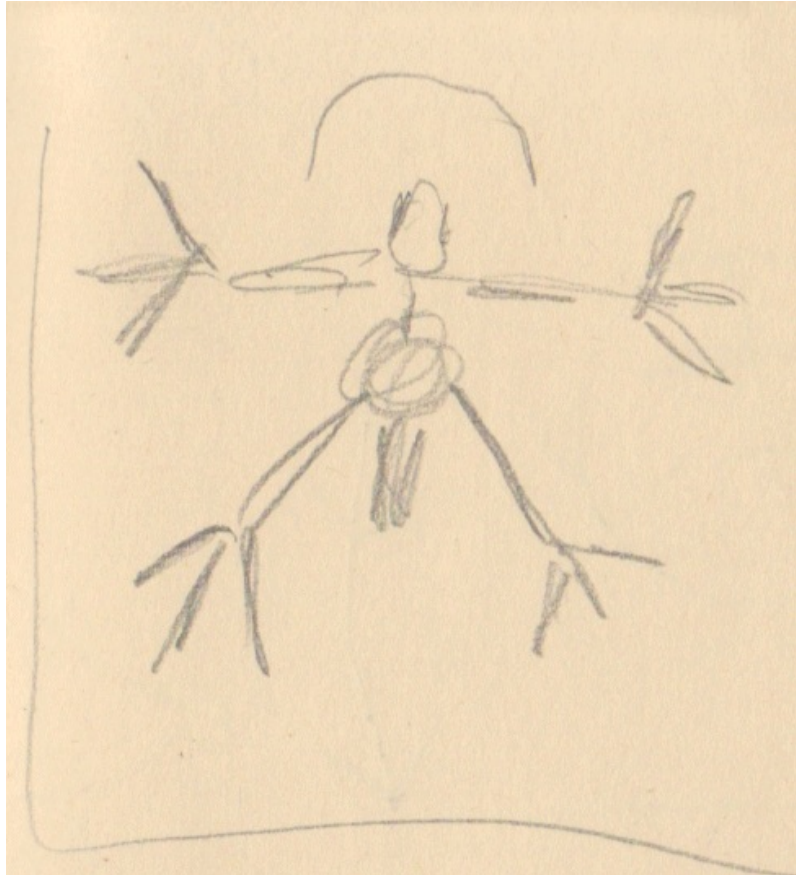
auras

of a



poet

larry goodell



sketch of a petroglyph above placitas

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duendebooks

2012

(images cleaned 2014 edition)

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auras of a poet



paper mache mask with aura for Mr Zigzag poem, 1994, by larry goodell

Intro

A year before we finally found a builder with land to start a house for us I saw, imagined, or imagination cast out so I could see in my mind extending from my head bands or spikes or columns of color rays. And like many things when the ball starts rolling it continues to roll, so my notebooks contain these attempts at accuracy to what I “saw.”

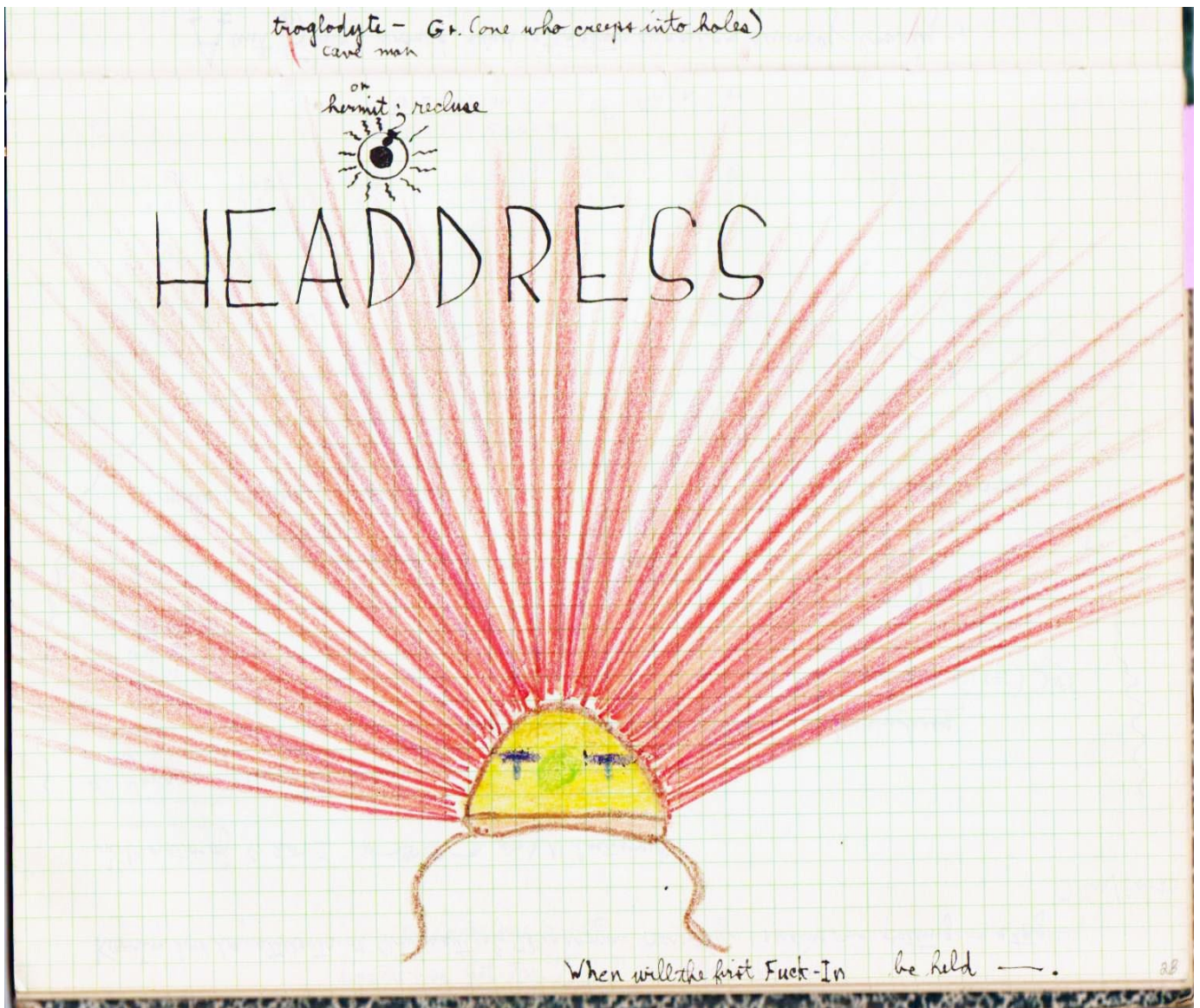
One minor observation: the pale greens signaled the cool state I was in at the time while the reds extended from charged sexual yearning or tension. Also dreams, recorded, abounded, and the sensation of auras, if that is what they are, continued for quite some time. I relate it to the exhilaration of procuring our own home at age 40 for me, 31 for Lenore, our son 6. And getting away from the tight chaos of the tiny place we had been care taking for Major General Hertford. Work on our house on Paseo de San Antonio in Placitas started late February, 1975.

I include here just the sketches and drawings of auras excluding almost all of the meanderings of notebook writing.

larry goodell / placitas, new mexico
larrygood@comcast.net

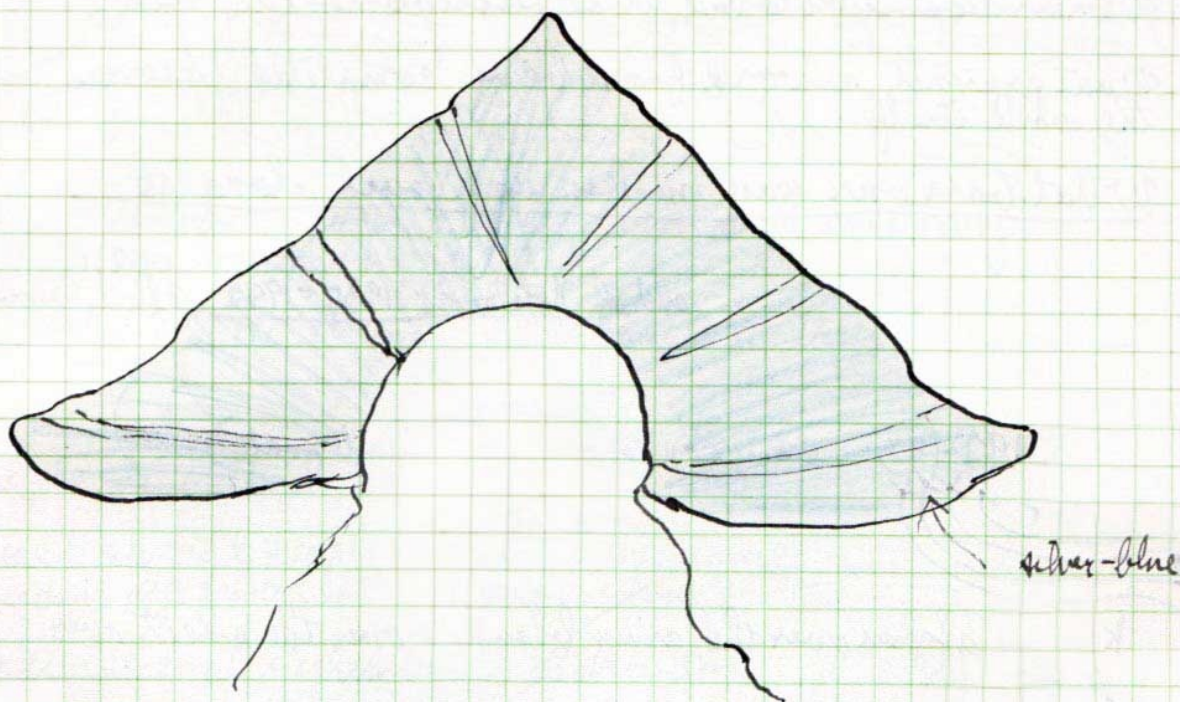
Aura

“An emanation said to surround human beings, chiefly encircling the head, and supposed to proceed from the nervous system. It is described as a cloud of light suffused with various colours. This is seen clairvoyantly, being imperceptible to the physical sight.” from *An Encyclopdia of Occultism*, Lewis Spence, 1960



pre-aura for me was imagining and sometimes building a headdress, 22Feb1967,
this just imagined . . .





headress seen as I wake up
 B. last night after long outpouring his hatred for machines, turned his radio off
 this morning I heard several people distinctly call my name, & loudly
 I tried to answer, realized it was a dream

Here probably is the first aura, then thought of as a headress, that I saw,
 and drew what I saw – 19th of May, 1967, “headress seen as I wake up”

But in 1974 this red one appeared which heralded a progression of seeing auras
 on myself: luminescent ego? I just saw what I saw.

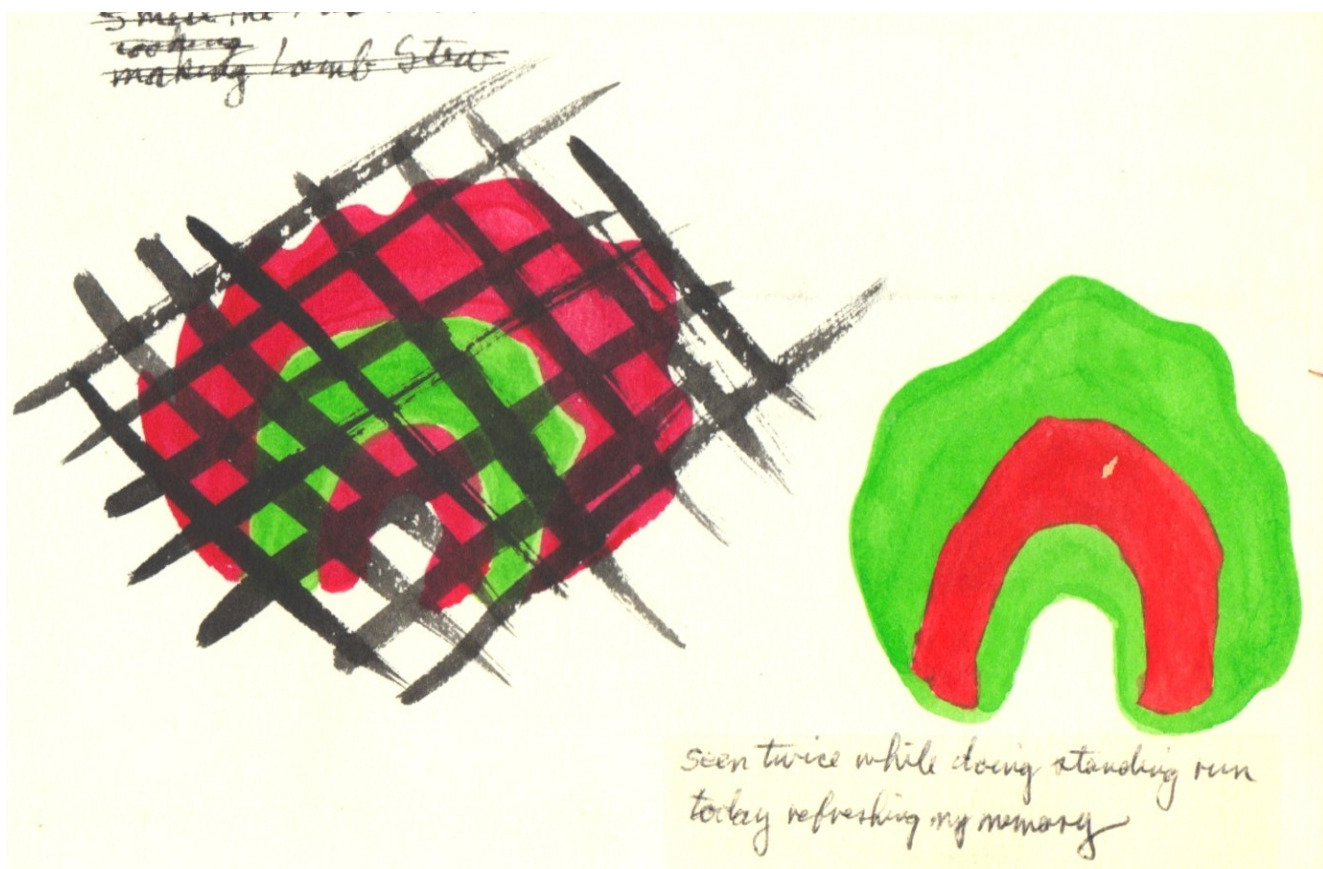




Of intensity
is in middle?

Cant remember
when — felt
very strongly
seen inside my
head in the kitchen,
as my aura then.
I don't see depth
to these, that is
frontwards & rear-
wards, only
like an intense
flat projection from
my head.

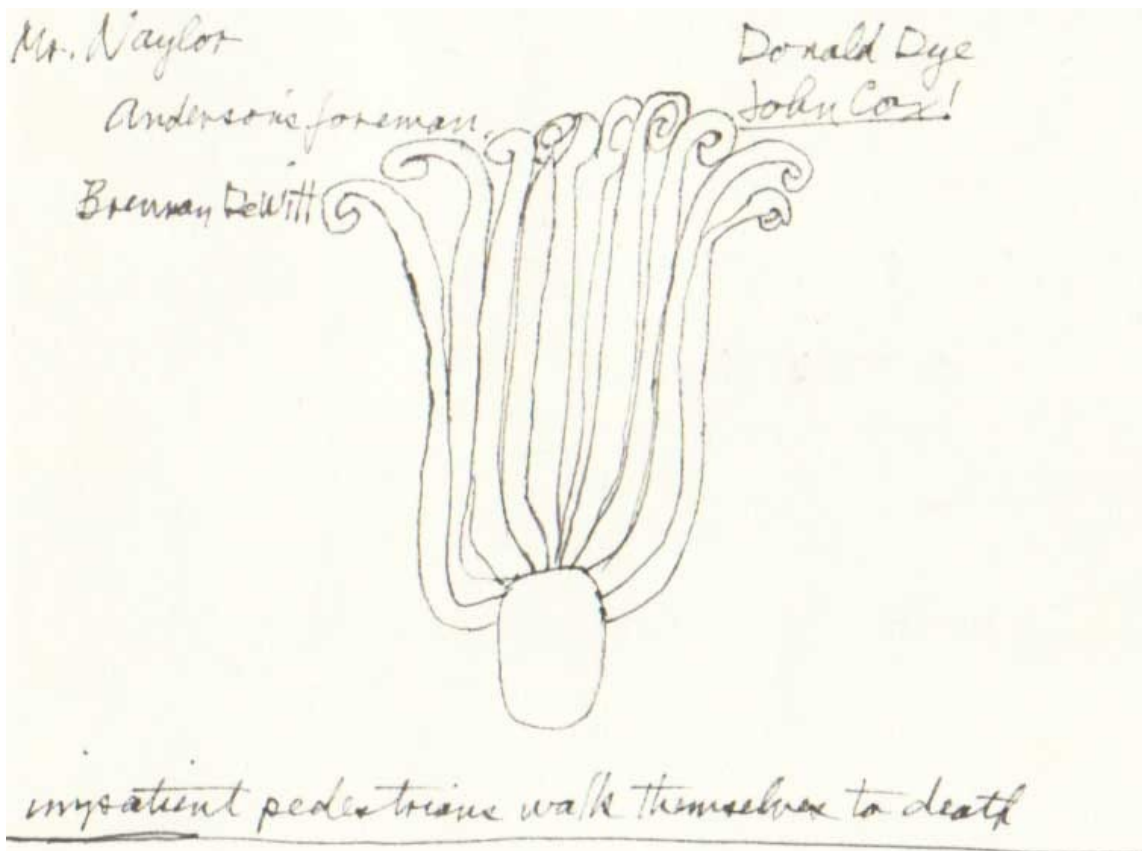
Cant remember when — felt very strongly, seen inside my head in the kitchen, as my aura then. I don't see depth to these, that is frontwards & rear-wards, only like an intense flat projection from my head.



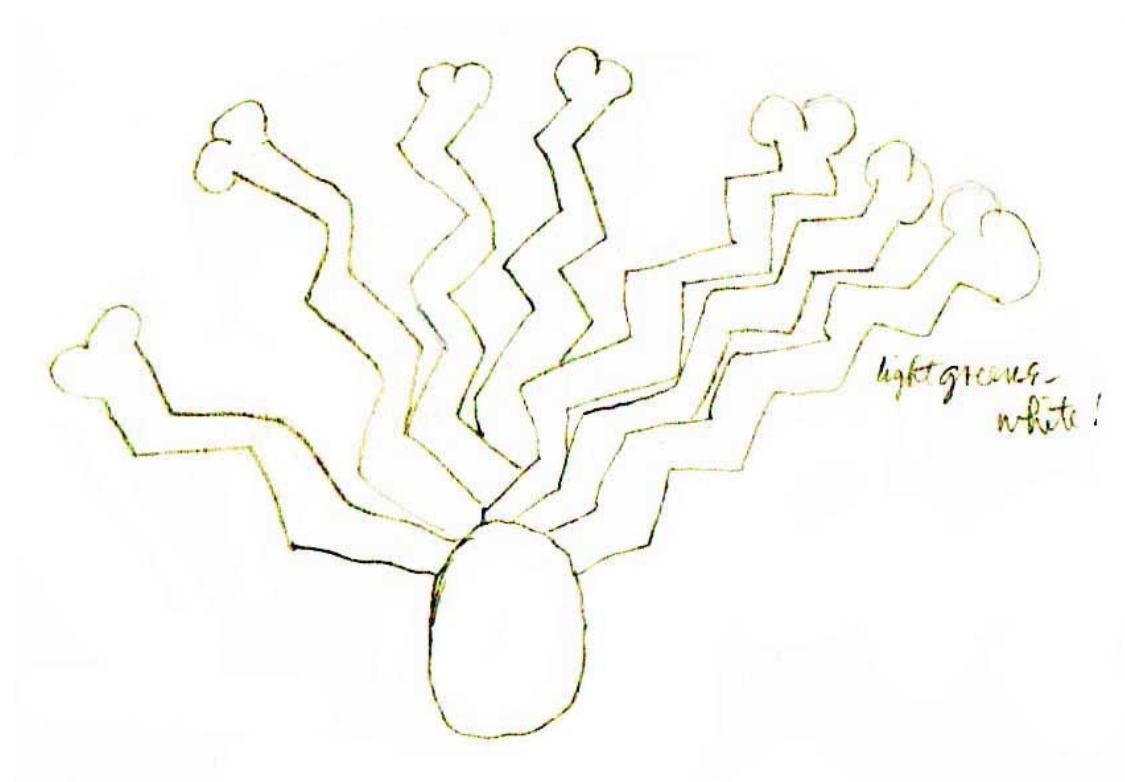
seen twice while doing standing run



rare full body aura seen during standing run



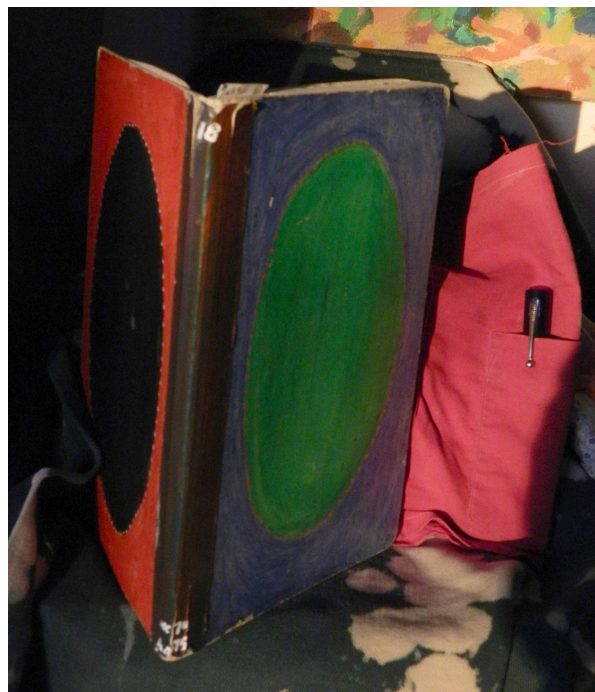
aura like drawing



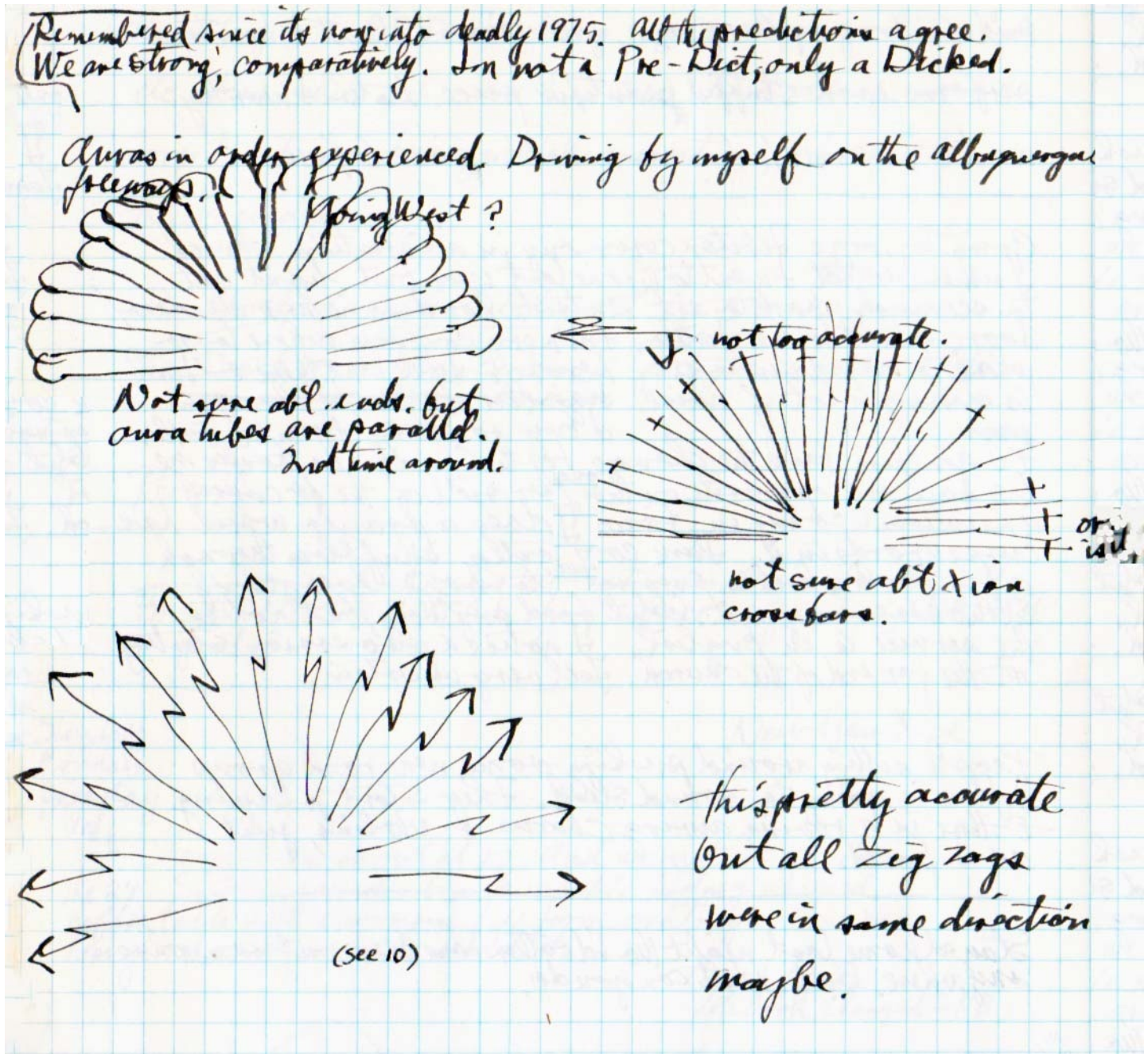
seen aura: light green & white!



notebook #18 with shirt cover I made 1974-75



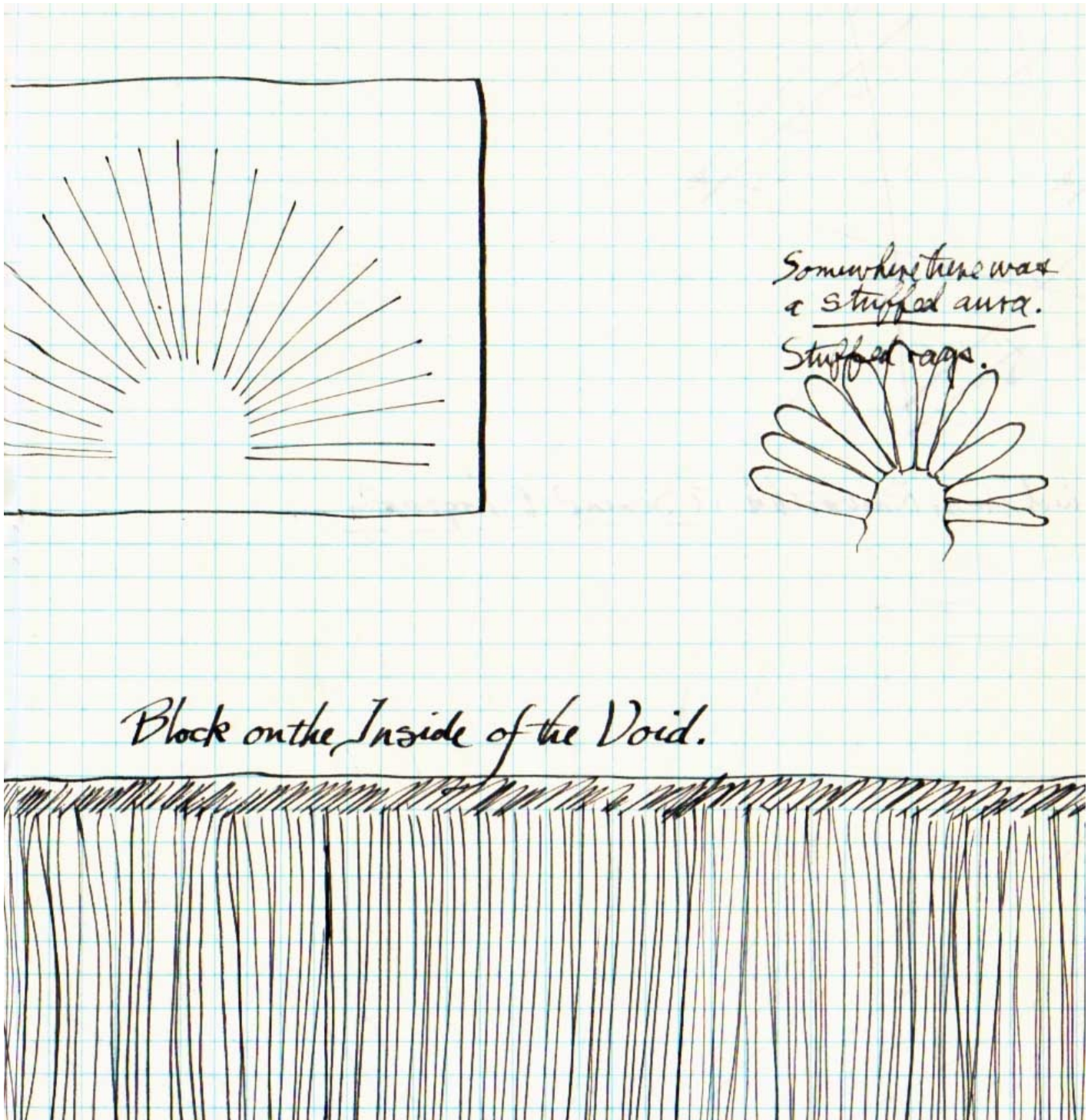
these are the auras sketched in the shirt notebook



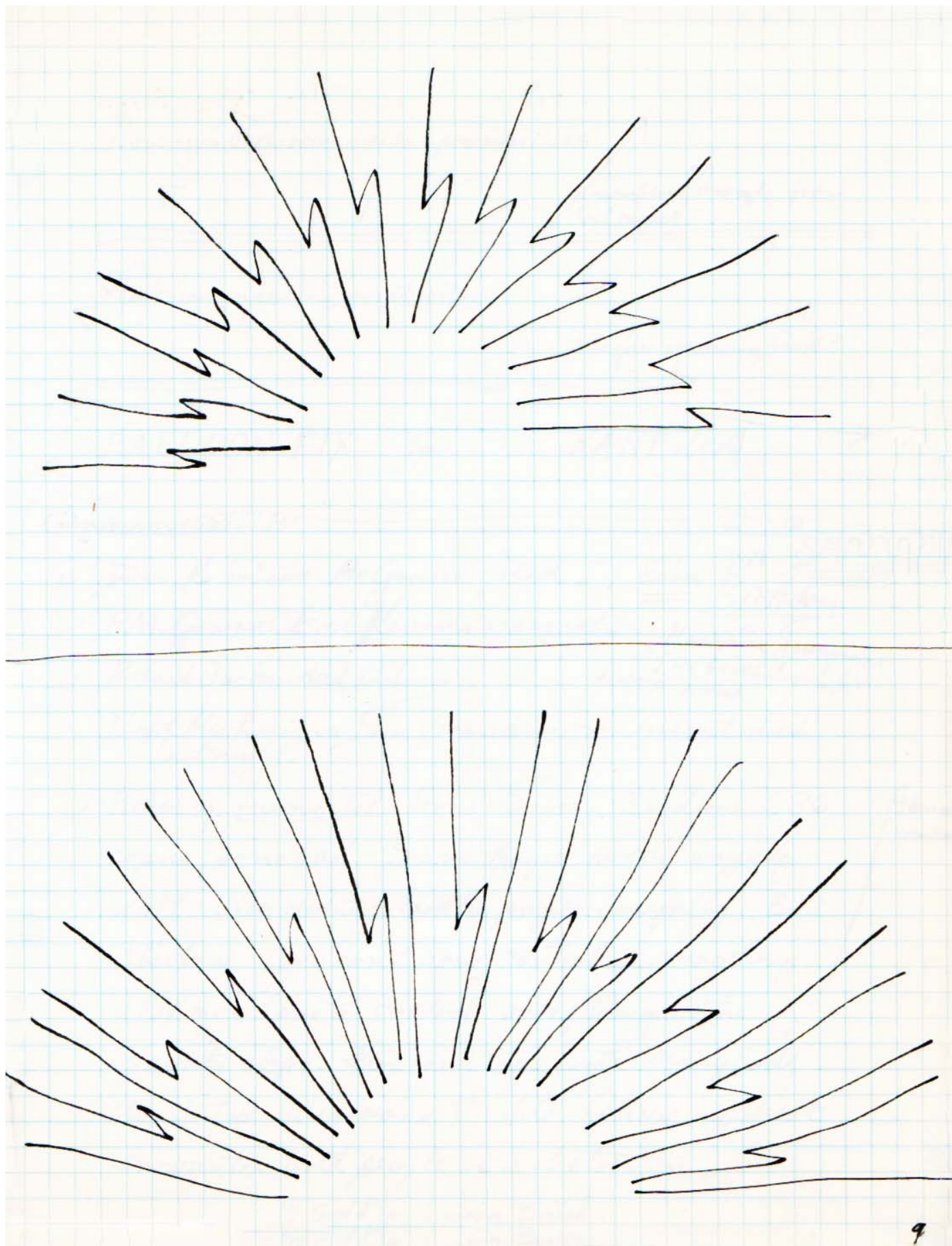
Remember, since its now into deadly 1975. All the predictions agree. We are strong, comparatively. I'm not a Pre-Dict, only a Dicked.

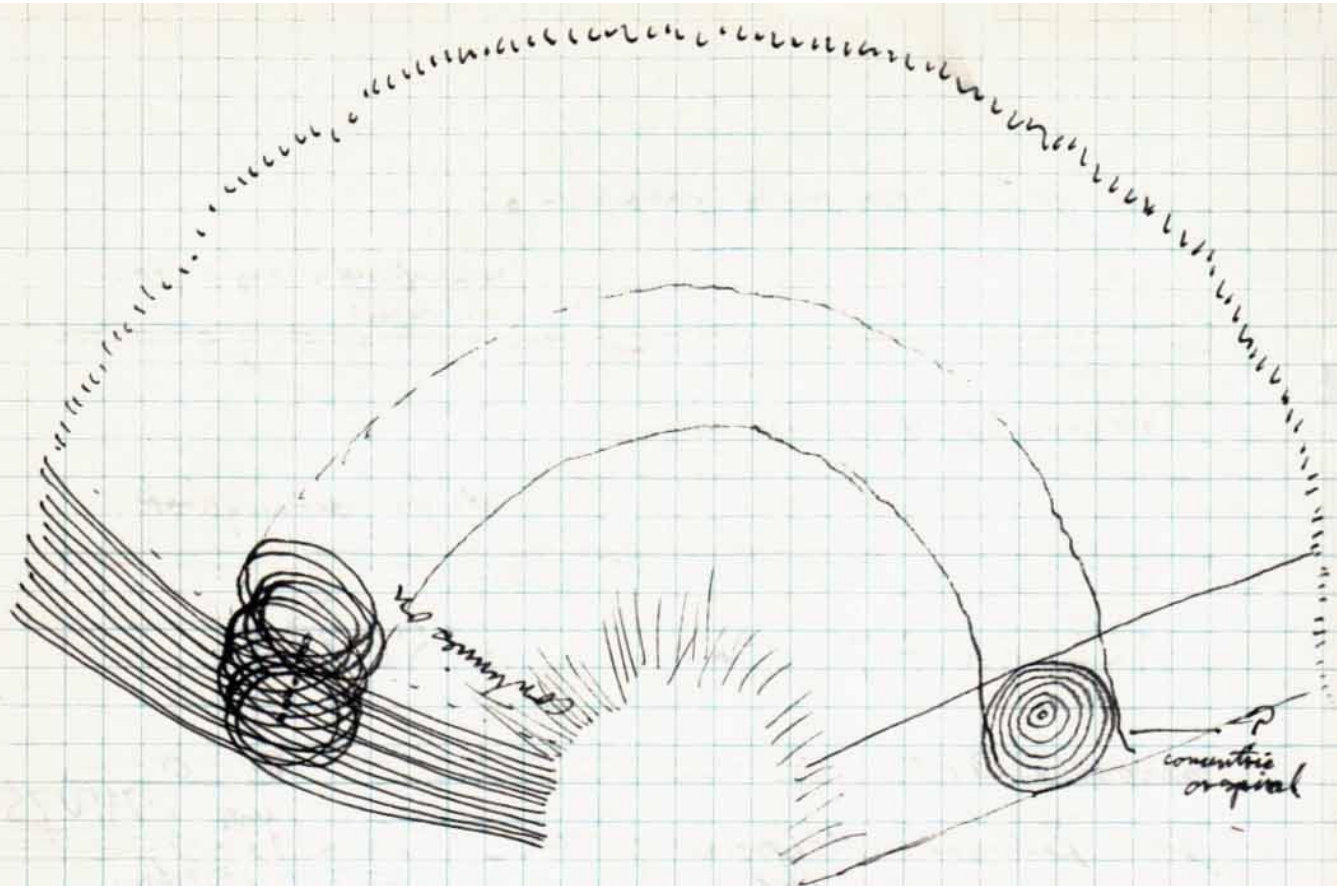
Auras in order experienced. Driving by myself on the Albuquerque freeways.


this goes directly to the right of previous page



Somewhere there was a stuffed aura. Stuffed rays.



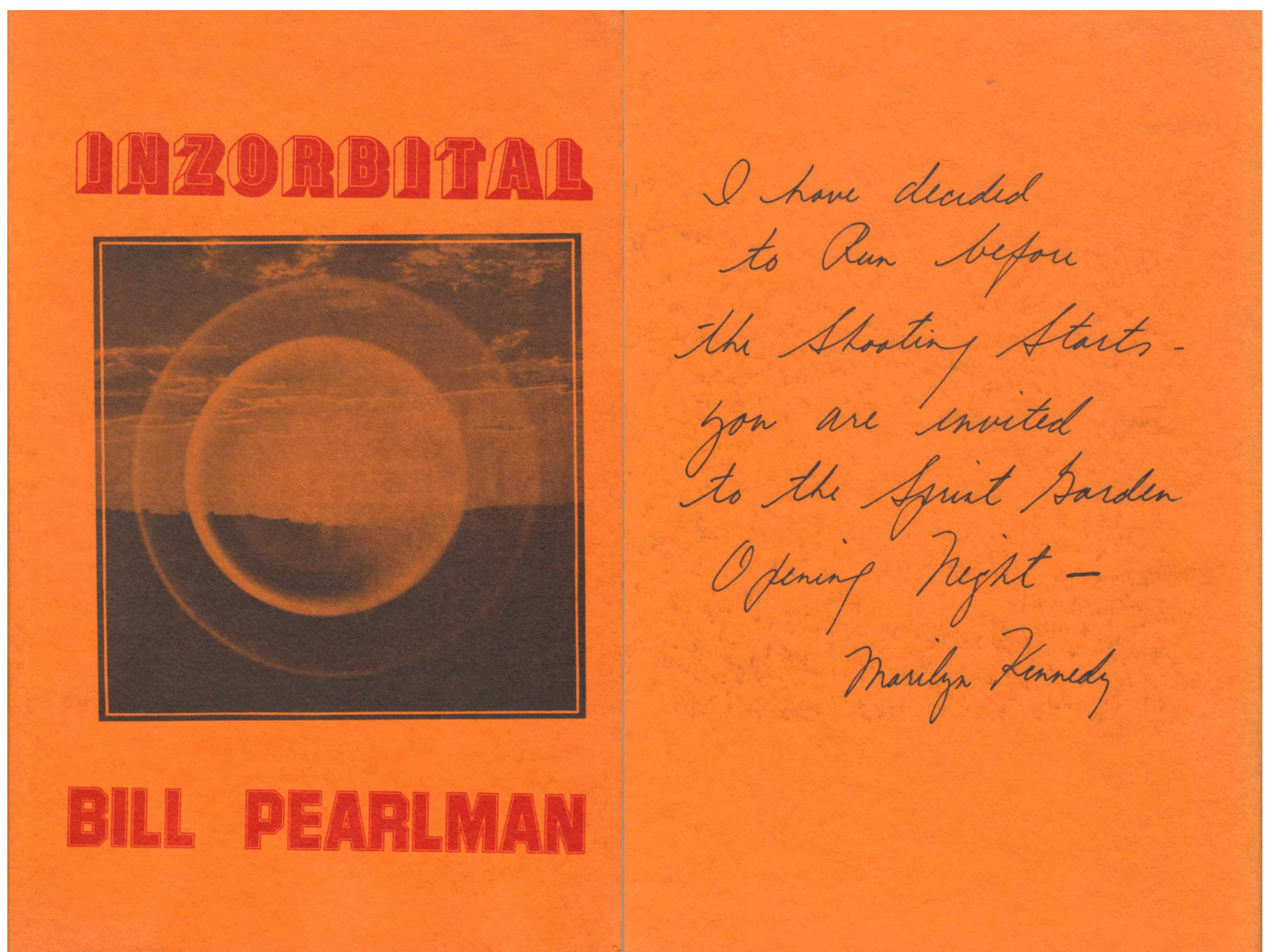


On way to Sunray Binding on San Mateo heading South. Seen immediately before me but also ^{from} ~~out~~ ^{from} lead. This has that Union Blind effect multiplied, much more closely spaced, first seen perhaps at Ken's listening to Jax's songs, stoned. things were passing thru the slate, colors? 

But this aura if it is that, ~~imagination~~ imagination is seeing, & here Ken & I are poles apart, this "aura" is rayed infinitely closely packed lines like a beautiful head of hair just combed. Goes out from the head & midway out does a perfect circle, each line-ray & continues on out straight. Looking at an LP record turning when the light hits the grooves a slight undulation like that. Impossible for me to draw while hurried. ~~Some sunset thing~~ ^{later}

On way to Sunray Binding on San Mateo heading South.* Seen immediately before me but also on & from my head. This has that Venetian Blind effect multiplied, much more closely spaced, first seen perhaps at Ken's (Irby) listening to Ives' songs, stoned. Things were passing thru the slats, colors? . . . But this aura if it is that, *imagining is seeing*,* & here Lenore & I are poles apart, this "aura" is rayed infinitely closely packed lines like a beautiful head of hair just combed. Goes out from the head & midway out does a perfect circle, each line-ray & continues on out straight. Looking at an LP record turning when the light hits the grooves a slight undulation, like that. Impossible for me to draw while hurried. Saw several times later. *(She builds & extends something into the new.)

*I picked up Bill Pearlman's *Inzorbital* which I printed on a Davidson Offset Press
in Frank Lindsey's printing shop on Candelaria, 1974.



Beauty resurrects the dust from dust.

Pulsation is from head outward on the beat.

- 1 out to loop.
- 2 around loop.
- 3 from loop out - 2nd pulsation starts from head

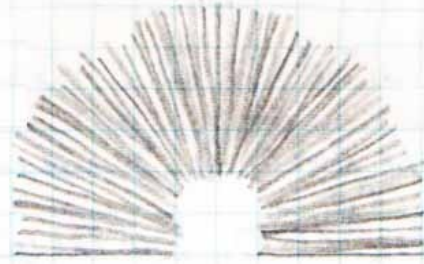
1 - 2 - 3
2nd 1st

Pulsation is from head outward o the beat.

- 1 out to loop.
- 2 around loop.

1 & 3 from loop out & 2nd pulsation
2 & starts from head

gold lines yesterday or the day before
very exact like welders rods but of
gold.



I never did put down record of one day when all day I was
experiencing a mixture of green & red in the aura. Red-orange
actually I think. The red orange or orange came from my
groin. Cock hot color took part & entered the cool green
aura & the mixture was a very nice thing. Seems like this
wasnt exactly an attractive aura, that color mixture well

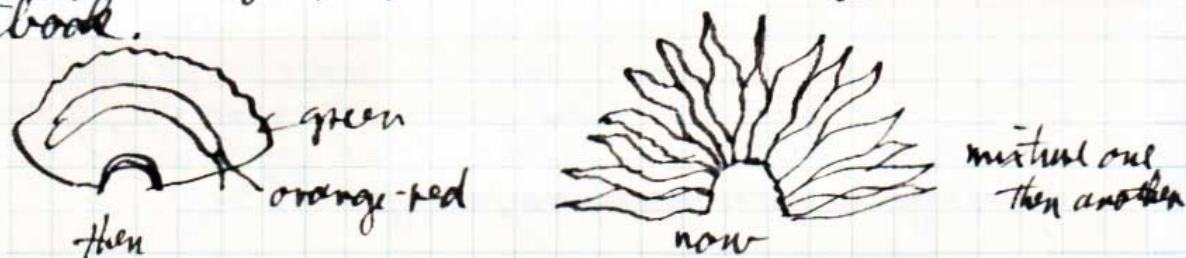
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Seems like this wasnt exactly an
attractive aura, that color mixture well, hard to say, hearkens back to earliest
auras I drew in Bruce's notebook. (NB 17)

Treat these things as visions.

hard to say, hearkens back to earliest auras I drew in Bruce's notebook.



Treat these things as visions.

One day with full aura on I got out of the car, could feel the aura brush against the ~~environment~~ top of the door frame as I got out, like feathers bending back & then straightening up again.

From a PC from Potts.

don't worry abt yr direct contemporaries, i don't hav a powerful sense that they r knocking any gods out.

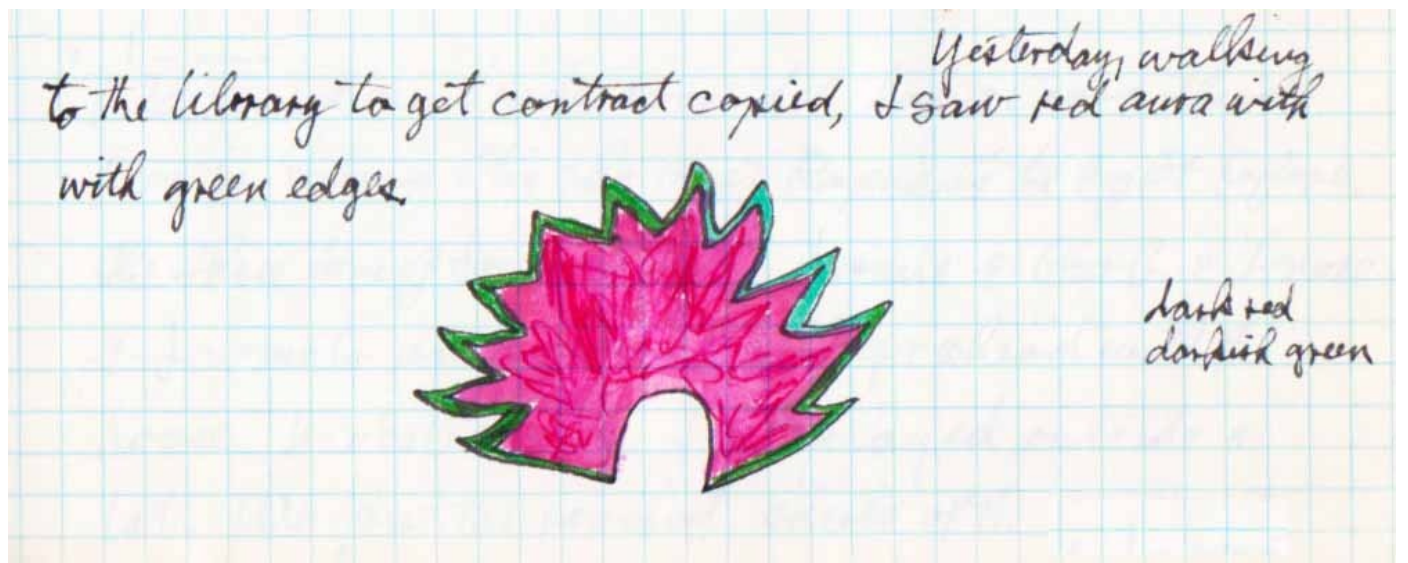
One day oh foodstamp day I believe. Saw purple veins in my green aura. It was awful. Disgusted.

One day with full aura on I got out of the car, could feel the aura brush against the top of the door frame as I got out, like feathers bending back & then straightening up again.

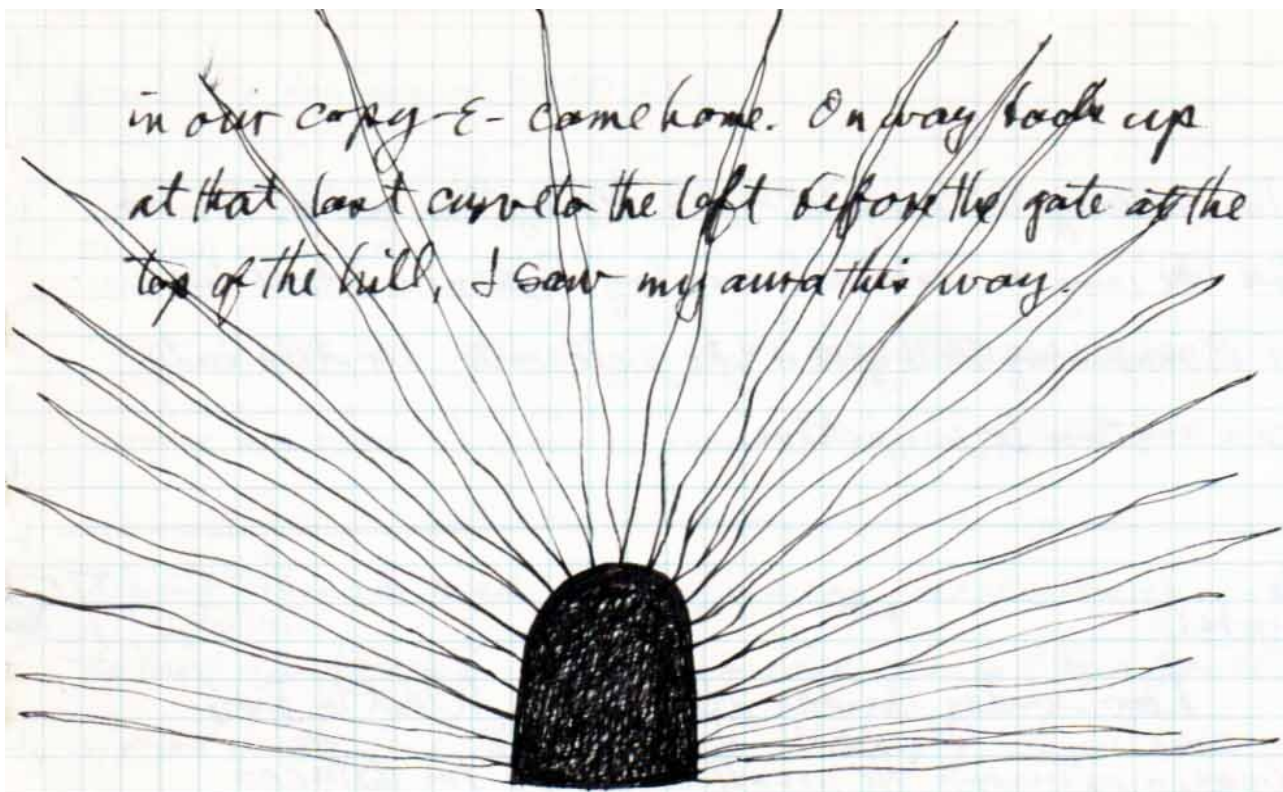
From a PC from (Charles) Potts.

"don't worry abt yr direct contemporaries, I don't hav a powerful sense that they r knocking any gods out."

One day or foodstamp day I believe. Saw purple veins in my green aura. It was awful. Disgusted.



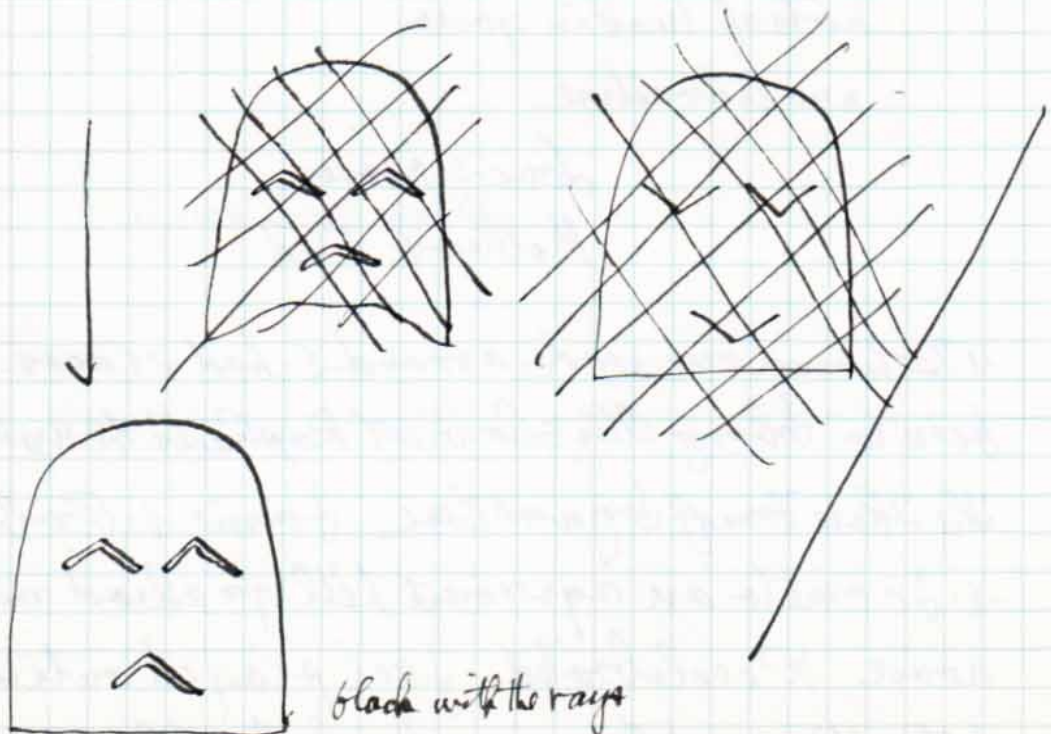
in our copy & - came home. On way back up
at that last curve to the left before the gate at the
top of the hill, I saw my aura this way.



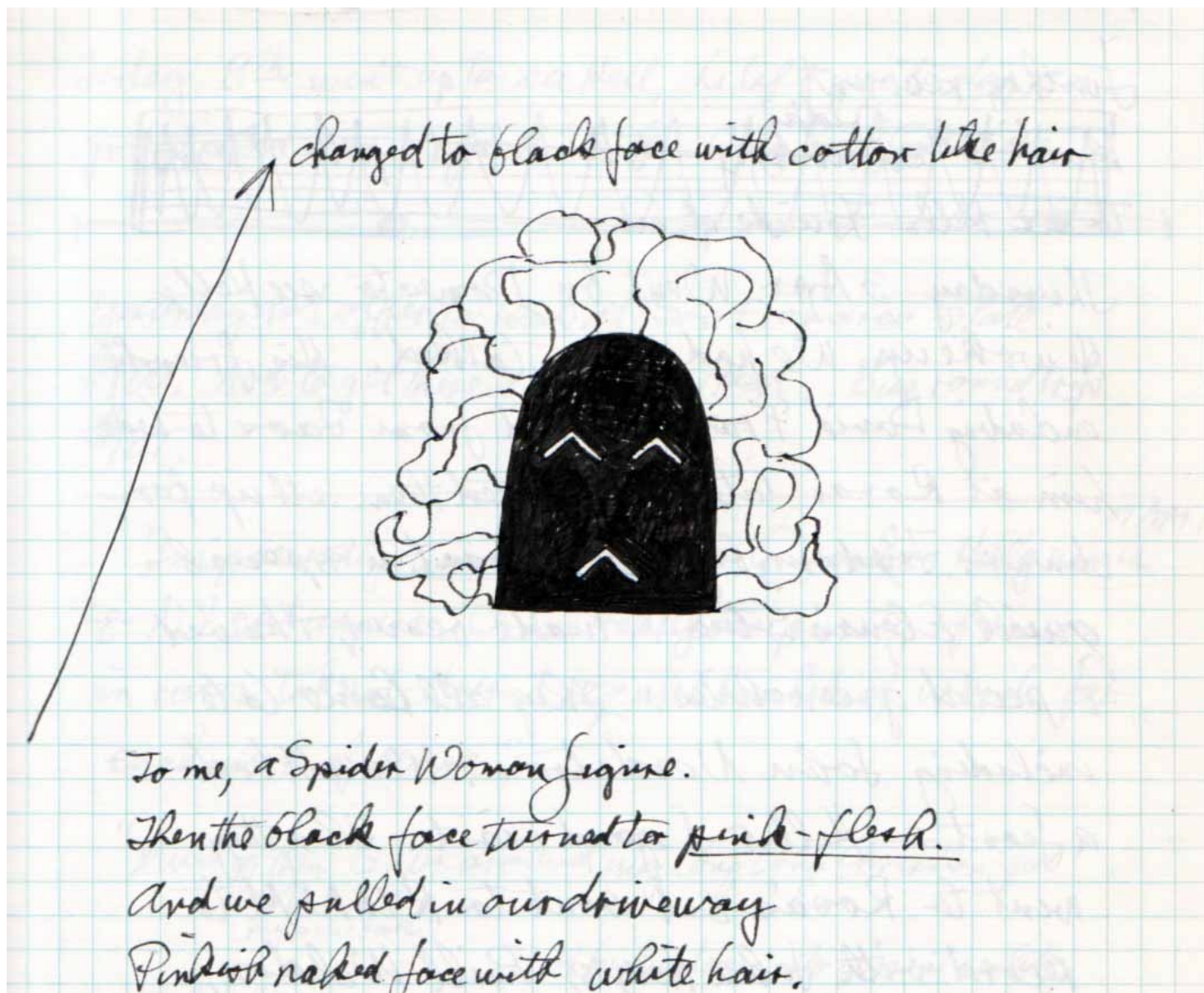
black hood
center

greenish rays

Then saw definite eyes & - mouth - nose.



black with the rays



...I saw my aura this way, black hood center, greenish rays,
then saw definite eyes & mouth-nose
changed to black face with cotton-like hair.

To me, a Spider Woman figure.
Then the black face turned to pink-flesh
And we pulled in our driveway.
Pinkish naked face with white hair.



1975 reading performance of the *Bowl of Ometeotl*
showing old man headdress
Thunderbird Bar, Placitas, New Mexico
detail of photo by Bob Christensen

Prayer to Get Our Land

a duende mimeo broadside 26nov74, rainbow color-pencilled
this prayer-poem worked: we got our “land and warm house”

Prayer to Get Our Land

for Lenore

I will love

until we find our way
our place
our hour in hours

the creation of the land speaks opens hearts takes
our sacrifice with it to the Sun & back
sacred woman in the turning Earth come back down
flat feels warms in rich in
soil
the property markers of her body given out to
a separate place
I will will to love & hold on to my
cold earth
where I fall

drunk
lie

there

stand all's well in the circulation of the heart
holding this prayer to the things I make
holding this cotton we grew every
thing swells
into our presence & welcomes
us back to
the land

I pray air breathe dish out
our property boundaries marking the stones
we walk it out & bring our giants
back to life
harmony in their prayers back
dwarfs & trolls
& helpful

we break our bonds out of this place into
the face of our landing where
we land
all friends pray & hope the day
takes us spirits
alive in our deeps loves lines crossed
mine yours wife son who knows what's best
is blessed protected on our own
land & warm
house
land
garden of the gods descend.



HOME INTERIORS & GIFTS, INC.
645 Regal Row, Dallas, Texas 75247

This beautiful color photo represents only a few of the fabulous accessories which you and your friends may see at your Home Interior Show.

THESE AURAS

*These auras have cost me
my life I see on
me*

*I want you
to see them too!*

Pub. by Bob Kornegay, Photography, Dallas, Texas 75204



Sybil Ludington Youthful Heroine

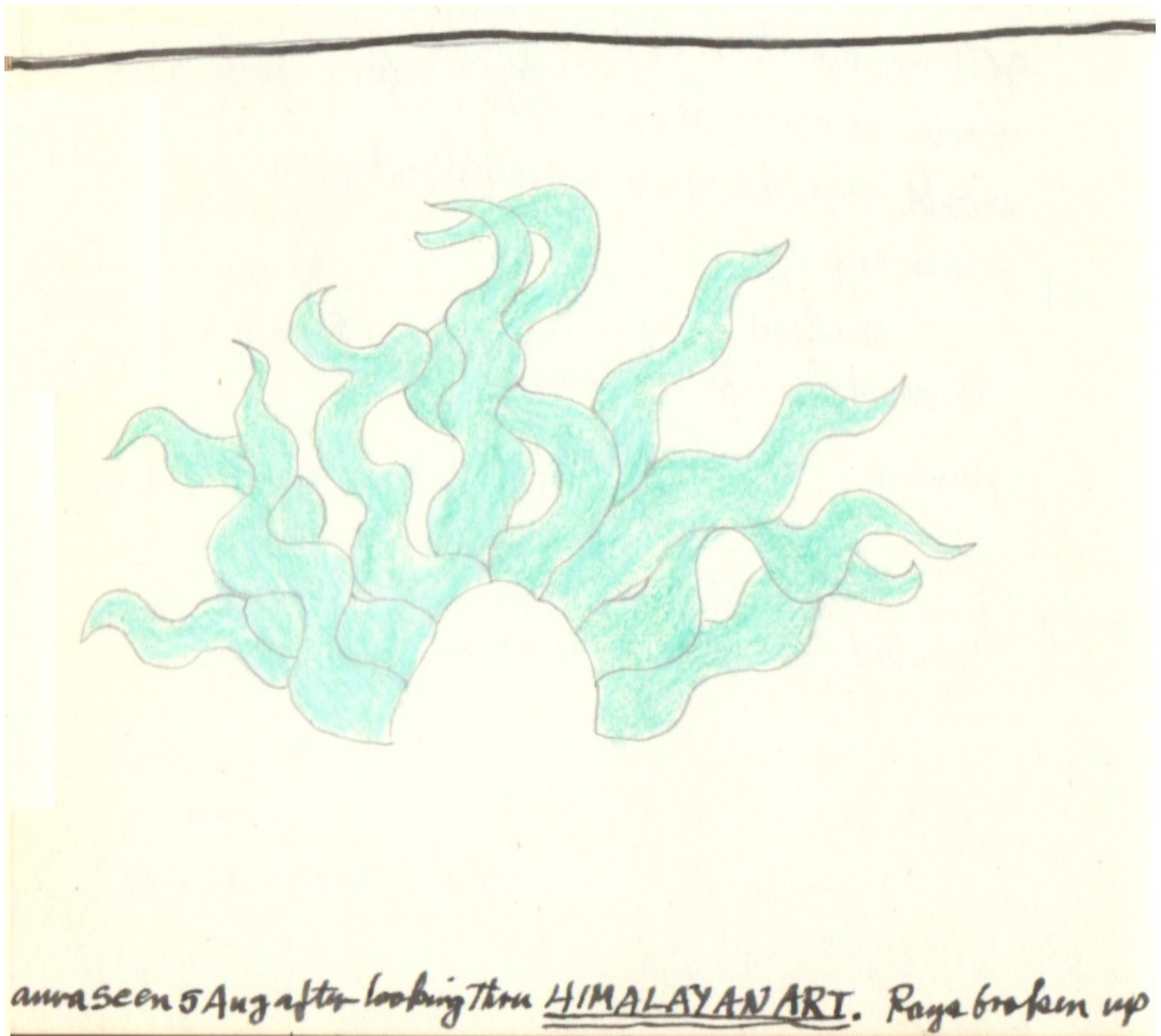
Post Card

Larry Goodell

44310-C 8 of 20

2 Aug 75
MADE BY DEXTER PRESS, INC.
WEST NYACK, NEW YORK

postcard in hand edition of 20



turning

from straight to whipping out from head.



6 Aug, following Understanding poem for Bob. Around to the left & up like vines going up a string. Huehuetéotl's smoke going up our chimney of our new house, from the brazier on his shoulders.

6 Aug (1975), following "Understanding" poem for Bob. Around to the left & up like vines going up a string. Huehuetéotl's smoke going up our chimney of our new house, from the brazier on his shoulders.

15 Aug
auto seen on way to garden

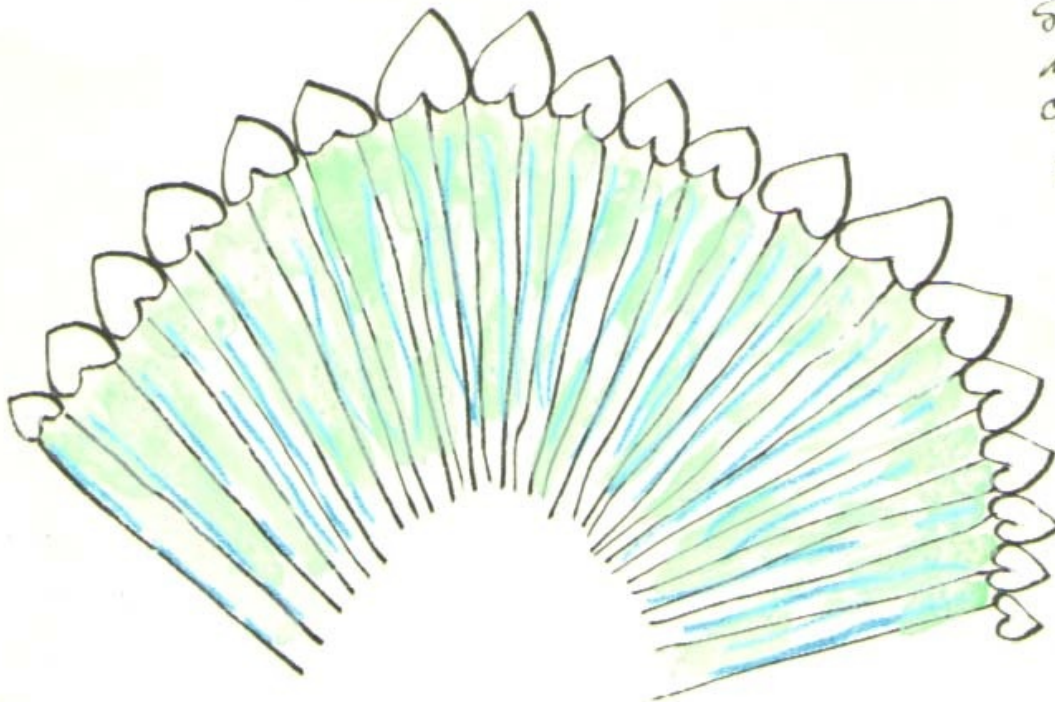


XEROX
S
BOX

CO's
Charles Olson
Claes Oldenburg
(C O
Commanding Officers



I am reading "Uranium Queen" with help from Susan Schmidt (chorus) wearing many-rayed headdress, Rico's Winery, Albuquerque, 1980

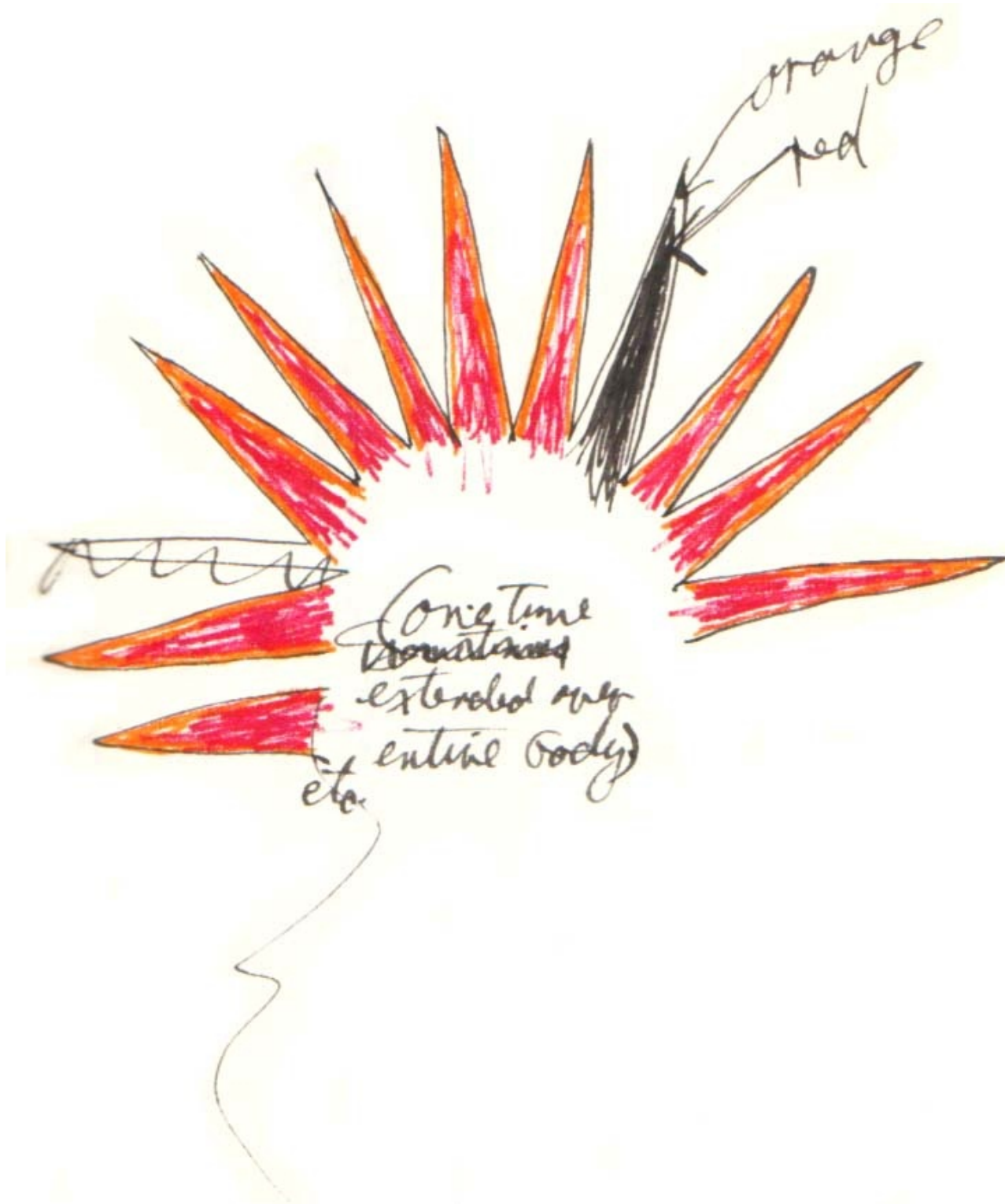


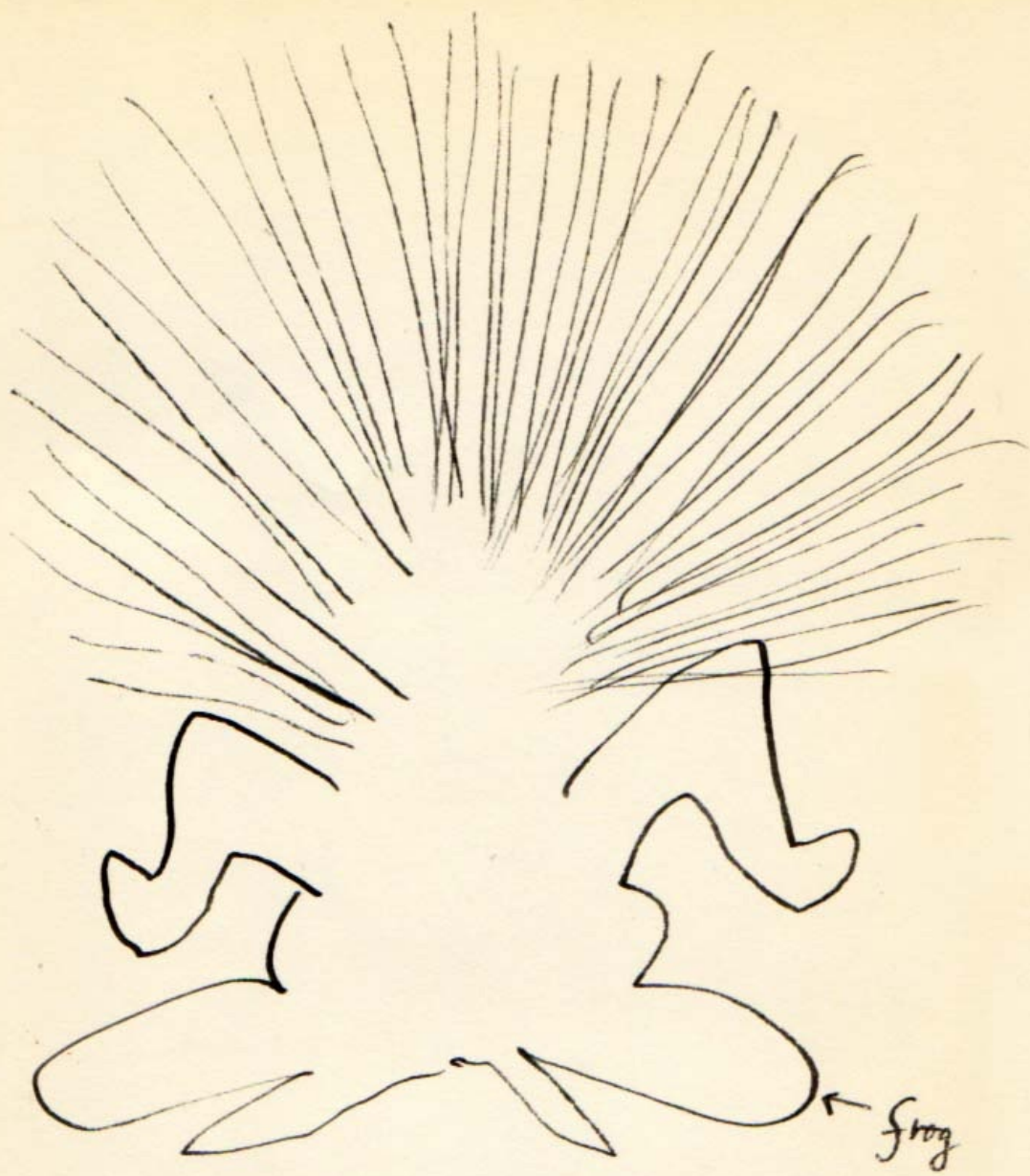
Tuesday
afternoon
standing
under the
cottonwood
facing
North.
Rain
last
few
nights
after
drought.

light green rays
white reversed hearts

Tuesday afternoon standing under the cottonwood facing North.
Rain last few nights after drought.

light green rays
white reversed hearts





The Beginning of Things

4 Aug 76

on way to Santa Domingo Pueblo



plant with aura, watercolor in Notebook 17a, 1974



photo by Nikko, muscle shirt by Lenore Goodell, pumpkin aura headress larry goodell



Self-righteous aura
misplaced
displaced
by sitting in somebody else's seat
assuming his or hers
like changing
headdresses.

Are headdresses fashionable in the 70's?
I'm bringing them back.
They are hats, or what surrounds the head.
I get into the habit of hats
& then lose them repeatedly,
but my aura is just the same.
Straw hat with green see-thru shade,
tan canvas one
I lost them, & still
when a friend was sitting here
& I was sitting there
I saw my same old red-orange aura aglow.
The horny one that floats up like flames
but oranger
pouring out & up from my head.

But now, hatless, I sit where he was,
& see his, the way it was.
Green, cool green,
the green of magnificent
conversation.
How, I see, we matched, each other
hot reddish orange & cool green,
talking over cigarettes
& ice cold
orange juice.
Just the thing to remember
this hot July day
complementing conversation
alive in the groin the loin
the head the eyes the brain.

My headdress for yours, Sir.
Thank you.
May we be alive in every whichaway
again,
someday.

/for Dick Hansen 27Jul77

typed poem with pencil drawings of basic warm & cool auras by larry goodell



(a Washington petroglyph)

Note: our new house was completed in 1975.



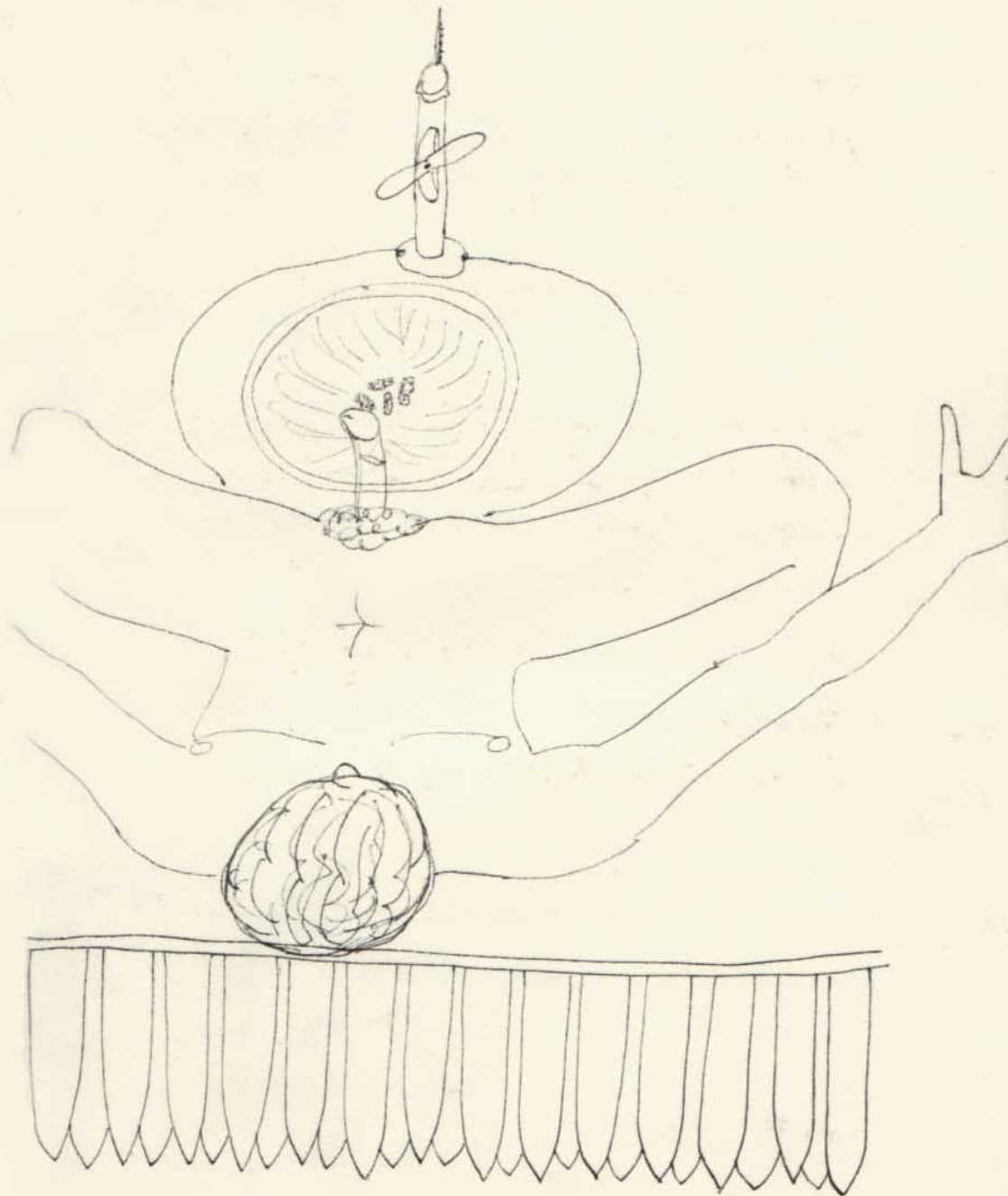
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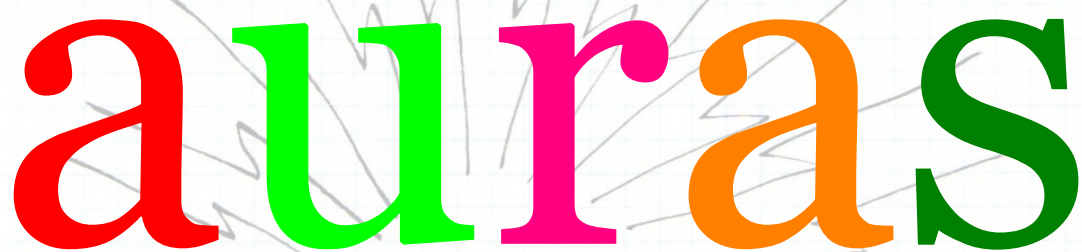
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A LITTLE BOOK
TO MAKE YR MEAT
FLY INTO YR SOUP

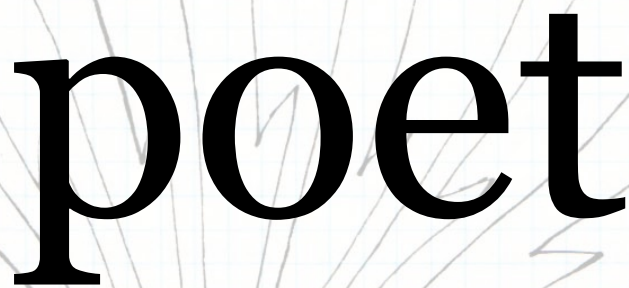


man with propellered dildo, his aura unrolled 17apr74, NB 17



auras

of a



poet

larry goodell