

LARRY GOODELL



from The Staff June 1972



from The Bowl October 1972

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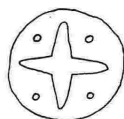
photo: Bob Christensen

LARRY GOODELL

Larry Goodell was born in Roswell, New Mexico in 1935. He attended the University of Southern California and studied under Robert Creeley at the University of New Mexico. In 1964 he attended the Vancouver Poetry Conference to hear Olson, Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg, Whalen, Levertov and Avison. He was also present at the poetry reading sessions in Berkeley during the summer of 1965. He is editor of Duende Press and also edited **Albuquerque-Detroit Family** (1967) and **Oriental Blue Streak** (1968). His poetry has been published in **Blue Grass**, **Sympton**, **Caliche County Rendering Works**, **New Mexico Quarterly**, **Tolar Creek Syndicate**, **Criss-Cross**, **Dodeca**, and **Fervent Valley** (which he also edits). Goodell has written a short novel, several plays and radio plays in addition to conceiving some of the most innovative, entertaining and provocative performances ever to challenge traditional poetry reading procedures. Goodell has lived in the mountain village of Placitas, New Mexico since 1963.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FOR ARTSPACE

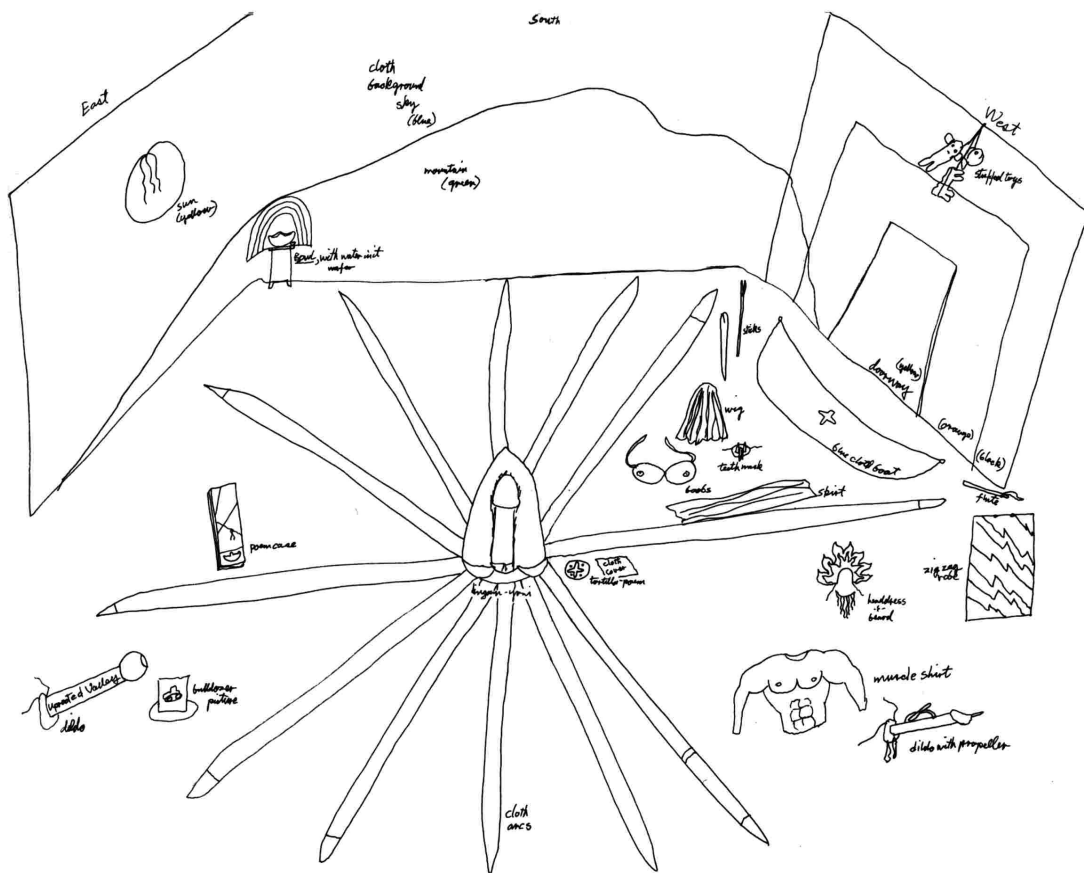
Every one of the powerful poets I have been around have taught me things. My notebooks are full of them. I believe in the common-place book that Jonathan Swift talks about, a supplemental memory. I can write down anything I please whether it pleases me or not later. Then I type out poems, or whatever. I make my own notebooks. I love the pre-Columbian codices and hate the Catholics for burning sacred books, but I love Sahagun and Fray Diego Duran. I love the Aztecs and I love my wife. This is a slightly affected autobiography but it is a miracle for me not to write poetry.



in order & instructions
for presentation

Placitas

Larry Goodell - August 1974



Jun-Jul 72

1 The Messenger

BACK
(of audience) put on zig-zag robe
carries in sun with wafers on it
reading map
put wafers around side of Bowl
hang sun up
take robe off

read one text quotation from
León-Portilla

2 Month

take "record" out
hold wafer on it
read
eat wafer

3 Round Prince

BACK
carry robe BACK
put ^{on} Beard & Headpiece
put on
carry lingam in reading
uncover yoni & put the cover (cloth
blue boat) at West doorway ~~~
put lingam in the yoni in
finis reading
go behind sun (East) & take stuff off

4 Uprooted Valley

behind sun-east
put on delado & come out reading
strike match & burn picture of bulldozer
finish
put a tuft behind sun

5 The Gossip

open letter, read

6 Hairy Sin Lambush & The Forest Pansy
(a fairy tale)

off Main - Local Yoni Dancing
in Case
until lingam
move Bowl beside lingam-yoni
read, pick up Bowl
finish, empty Bowl on L-y.

BREAK (optional)
Take blue cloth boat BACK

8 Juice

BACK put on long skirt
600's
mouth mask
wig
pick up blue cloth boat & hold
with sticks
come in reading deep boat
trunk
Push boat up a bit behind sun
take everything off

9. Changing Women in the West

behind Sun
 put 3 black stripes on each cheek
 hang stuffed toys on back-e-
 carry clay flute
 go towards West reading
 put flute down at West doorway
 hang toys up on doorway
 go thru doorway e-wise off for minutes

10 Star Child Eating

pick up cloth wrapped tortilla with
palm on back
unwrap & read
then take bite of tortilla
put tortilla - palm by lingam - yoni

11 Muscle Parlor #2

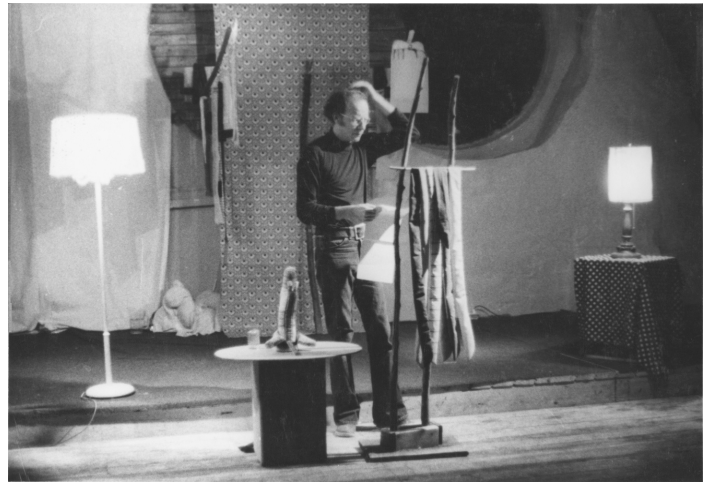
put on muscle shirt
put on dildo with propeller
carry golden glove on pole
come in reading
hit sun appropriately
take muscle shirt off & dildo off

12 The Bowl of Omteotl

put robe on
head

few poets can raise the dead, much less
 raise themselves above the written word upon the flat
 plane, few artists can affect my thinking with
 such profound enjoyment, to experience a Larry Goodell
 reading is to hear a shamanistic jam session at a
 kundalini beach party, he is the skinny bridge
 between two parallel worlds- a genie destroying his
 bottle, unfortunately we all walk around in our
 little bottles unable to leave our too-tight
 thought processes behind and journey into
 the realms of pure imagination,
 fortunately for my life, my
 rational mind was dissolved by Larry's
 performance at the Thunderbird Bar and
 replaced with the Humour of God.

—Jeff Bryan



1968 for me was a downright remarkable year. I was 33. I was in a play we called **Wherever She Blows** in which Bill and Meredith Pearlman and Mel Buffington and a dancer named Gandalf and I made the whole thing up. Bill and Mell and I ended the thing by each of us reading a poem when the spotlight would hit, and I did things to the back of my poems. I became aware of the backs of all my poems. I fixed them up and did designs on them. I would tear a poem in two when I was reading it in the spotlight. We slowly as the spotlight went from one to the other began to move away from page dependency and would make up poems. Make up things. Jump up and down.

Later in the Spring that year Larry Morris asked me to talk to his class at UNM. I was up all night putting together magic box poems called **Making It**, which is the meaning of poetry. In each of the seven different boxes there was a different event poem, all the way from word sounds to chance, from cut-up method to semantic punning, the audience writing the poems for two of the boxes. (I handed IBM cards out and had them write things on them and then shuffled them and read them.) One called **General Westmoreland's Nuts** had peanuts in it which I ate as I read a Burroughs cut-up of a mixed nuts can label. One called **Ideal Poem** had the first useful mask I've ever made in it, a little collapsible silvery thing that fit over my eyes. Somebody would mix all the boxes around and I would go through them one by one.

I did this for Larry Morris's class and a week later I went into Steve Rodefer's class after having stayed up all night putting together a thing called

The Fool. In this event poem I read **nothing at all**. I handed to the audience cardboard, paper and a tube with poems on them, and I handed them the **I Ching**, the **World Cook Book**, the Egyptian **Book of the Dead**, say, etc. and they went around in a circle two people reading simultaneously, reading the page they'd happened to open the book up to, or the poem I'd handed them. While this chanting went on I was busy at my Magician's table going through the motions of creating the world. I'd made replicas of the Earth and the Moon and many more things. And I kept moving around never saying a word but following my ritual directives step by step. At one point I had a huge Texas dollar bill sticking out of my hip pocket, a huge Gordon's Gin headdress, a tie on but no shirt on, and I'm moving a plastic replica of the Polaris missile through the air. I screw everything up and have to start creating the world all over again. I scatter seeds from a pouch that's tied to the end of my world-creating whirler and sit down, and that's the end of **The Fool**.

Now that I look back on it I was getting as far away as possible from a typical monologue poetry reading which I'd been to hundreds of times by then. I do not feel that an audience has **any** obligation to listen to a poet read his or her work. If it's boring just get up and leave.

I am dedicated entirely to oral poetry. Reading is a nice thing to do especially to discover secondary sources which might ignite the primary source which is yourself. For contemporary poetry, hearing it from the poet is the test, no matter what the lit critters say. Increasingly you can give space to someone's voice, but your life can get jammed



Larry Goodell stands with the poise of a rascal in a ribald tremor of objects. His paraphernalia aren't just stage props used to add realism. They are icons, landmarks really, in what a friend calls a mythic Comic Book world. His poems montage words and things that eat each other. To enter his cosmos, we must not begrudge the visual, an eye in an ear. His songlike rhyme, half rhyme, no rhyme alliteration process keeps you reevaluating what you're hearing, finding sound connections (a truly semiotic process) until you hit the proper dimensionless, colorful character/voice. It's Comic Art! It's not a poetry reading exactly, but more like an amorous troubadour convention. Another friend sees a ritual passage process, maybe the purest ritual overabundance the New Mexico spring could ever carry to consciousness. No dreary drunkenness, only hermaphroditic maps.

— Jim Ruppert

up with the printed word. So all the more important for that voice to be worth hearing. [Charles] Olson told us young poets we weren't doing things large enough, we had little bits-and-pieces poems. That big man told us that and struck a reverberant chord in me. I've always been interested in risking myself at the boundaries others impose on me. I've always wanted large forms. Novels, plays, events, creating a world—but never just the single poem with somebody's explication on the opposite page. The job of the poet is "to build us his world," Ezra Pound said.

Now that I look back on it I was exploring to the hilt the tremendous longing for rite in me. Living all my life in New Mexico observing people with their own meaningful rituals, I wanted my own, and had only me to come up with it. **The Fool** allowed me to be a Magician and at the same time realize who exactly I am, a Scotch-Irish-Cur-New Mexican, skinny and with too high a voice. And whenever things got too serious there I was the FOOL. Magician and Fool at once. The sacred and the profane. The clown-priest, but not really, just me. **The I Ching** and the Tarot figure constantly in my notebooks at this time. Taking of sorts. Pointing the finger at a text and reading. Shuffling cards and reading. And writing poems.

In 1968 Lenore Schwartz, a New York sculptor and I went to Mexico City and visited **Coatlicue**, Aztec Cosmos-Earth-Goddess, in the big museum there. Then we married and settled down to our high Placitas garden.

I did poems to the different directions and Lenore did drawings to them and one evening in the UNM Kiva we put candles everywhere and put

the drawings down on the floor and I read my **NWSE Up Down Center**, each poem from its respective direction. These were published in **Caterpillar 13** and are for the birth of our son.

In 1970 I worked on a largely unsuccessful work called **The Great White Brother**. Pages were large and visual as well as verbal. I ransacked my notebooks and laid things out on pages and stuck them on the wall. I wanted them to be like old texts that survived the centuries, but I was too contemporary. I made masks, I brought images from dreams into reality, I wrote directives for moving my hands while I read, I saw a spiked aura around our garden pumpkin, I became a Babylonian Sun Priest with appropriate ceremonial skirt carrying the sun across the room out at Welcome Home, a coffee house in Corrales, and thusly arrayed, I addressed a middle-class American couple I'd drawn on a canvas hung on the wall. The poem was on the back of the sun-thing I carried so I could read as I walked. I communicated with the Blue Spaceman and made his headdress which was a fiberglass lighting fixture turned inside out and painted blue. I wrote a chant against Christmas to be delivered under a cottonwood tree. I made a tree ornament poem. A tunnel poem that you look through and see "delight." A poem to be unrolled from a bottle and placed on the floor. A cloth poem with seeds in it which when opened had long lines on parchment spilling out of it. **The Great White Brother** was a reaffirmation of my own New Mexican blood that had rejected Christianity and wanted something to fill a space and that turned out to be our careful beautiful productive

what will they say about him?

O he's gone wallowing in Gondwanaland
it may not be poetry but it shure is fun
he found a good thing but he drove it into the ground he's
alive by firelight on the 4th of July
I found him dancing & his chanting was desperate everybody
knows what he's really looking for

Larry is the spirit and the blood. He ranges the full fire of us
sentients in as rich an arc as the day's light evolving across
the hills and arroyos of his fervent valley. He can roar the
fluid loose and at the same time stretch his arms wide into
the silent air. We need him to keep along the celebration. He
is a dancer. — Ken Saville



organic-as-hell Garden, and Lenore's drawings from it began to open my eyes to the visual earth. Poems for me no longer could be trapped in a book or stay too long on the page. They had to be enacted from real life. At the same time their source remained a mystery. The Unknown, as Jack Spicer said in his monumentally important Vancouver lecture. Poetry being dictated to me not as a Southwesterner, nobody can define that well enough, not as a regionalist because it could conceivably be happening to me in Japan, but as a New Mexican, with my Goddess in Old Mexico and yet under my feet at the same time. The schizoid aspect of my Gemini, ambidextrous, hermaphroditic, comic-serious, oral-visual self always returning to myself and my wife and my son.

New Mexico counterpointed by New York. Bursting through the stereotypes of current romantic "Southwestern" poetry and art and trying to allow space for the origin of poetry/art to be expressed once more, as someone must always be beginning again, as Gertrude Stein was. Her life was a continual beginning. Our radical predecessors can't be allowed to go unheard for too long. Behind every cottonwood tree there is a surrealist. An absurdist is hiding behind that coyote, if he hasn't already been poisoned. A cubist is hiding behind that prickly pear. A dadaist jumps from behind a ristra and a fauvist is behind every New Mexican sunset. A German expressionist pops out from behind an Aspen tree. An abstract expressionist rides out of town on a horse and a vorticist jumps out of a Ford pickup. A constructivist does a drawing of a roadrunner

being destroyed by a buzz saw. We are all here and must know about each other. New Mexico must not let the artsy-craftsy insular imitative fourth-rateism swallow it up. Claes Oldenburg more than anyone else on the face of the earth right now should come to New Mexico. This is integral. A giant **stuffed** New Mexico that would also be a stuffed sopaipilla. You can not love this state without seeing its faults, its soft excesses. To be art-strong is the only resistance and the greatest love.

In '72 and '73 I wrote the **Ometeotl Trilogy—The Staff, The Bowl and The Book**. The staff is a cottonwood staff and from that I made two cottonwood poles that stick out from the wall and I can hang the poems on. I made cloth banners to cover the backs of the poems and have my fool-magician's table in front of me with the red wig and fool's cap and exaggerated Sufi-Shriner fez and costume concealed under that table. As I go through the reading I take banner-poems off one pole and read them and hang them back on the poles. At the end of reading **The Staff of Ometeotl** six poem-banners are on one pole and six on the other.

Ometeotl is the Aztec dual god, god and goddess in one. He and She live up there in the 13th heaven. So **The Staff** is the male series, hopefully **serial** poems, one evening dedicated to the male in my own cosmos.

The Bowl is the female. It is the most complicated visual work I've attempted although I can get everything needed to put it on in a box 2' by 2'. The cloth backdrop behind me is of the Sandias and the bowl sits on a little stand down

where the North side of the mountain would be. A rainbow is over the bowl and there's water in it which I use later on to pour over the stuffed lingam-yoni as a kind of blessing. **The Bowl** is associated with the springs which are so special to my home village, for drinking and irrigating. Peaches Malamud made that bowl for me. Lenore made me the muscle shirt I wear for this reading. Most of the other stuff I've made. **The Bowl** is an **elaborate** evening, I even have to be carried in at one point dressed as a fanged feminine presence come up out of a boat from the Rio Grande. It's kind of like a threatening goddess warning us to take care of the earth we live on or we perish. SHE will destroy us. At least the poem seems to be saying that to my ears. There are 12 poems in this series.

The Book was a return to the sense of poetry being in a **book**, and not so elaborately performed. I was invited to do the trilogy in its entirety at the Mandeville Art Gallery at UC San Diego in La Jolla. It was remarkable to have all that white space to deal with. I was floating in time and they were so nice to me. Allen Kaprow was there and said I should call my things WORD PERFORMANCES and drop the word-poetry because too many people think poetry's dead. Poets in the classrooms is the only answer, but not the golden glow poets, the radical poets. And teaching freshman English. That's the only way they'll learn how exciting poetry is nowadays. They certainly won't learn from literary critics. Lit-crit and art-crit by definition are secondary. Only poets and artists who are attuned to the world as a whole, our specific place in counterpoint to the world as a whole, our specific place in counterpoint to the spinning Earth in total, have the primary power to warm our hearts and allow illusion to cast its spell. Our Imagination places auras around the specifics of our daily lives. Not all the time, but some times. Hilarity is the only escape from a too tense evening. To be on edge is not my cup of tea, but to dance and read to you from my work is.

In **The Book** I am an old man reading from a book by the side of a floor lamp which I adjust to several appropriate levels of illumination. I have long given up depending on somebody else's

lighting system. I bring my own. It's much more relaxing. And in the course of **The Book** I read poems and some poem-blessings and at one point attempt to destroy our calendar and erect a more seasonal and fluid one, a circular one with a hole in it perhaps. The Book ends with my addressing the Twins, the Twins in the Navajo stories that I've always identified with though it's coming in from another culture and I'm a little leery of that. Still duality is my specialty and my greatest love. So the duality of **Staff** and **Bowl** are in a way reestablished at the end of the trilogy.

"Poetry if anything has a sense for everything."
—Louis Zukofsky

"Every particular is an immediate happening of meaning at large."

—Robert Duncan

"It is impossible to write of what one has written or lived, except as the day is, out the window, now, explicit."

—Ken Irby

". . . art is inevitable everybody is as their air and land is everybody is as their food and weather is and the Americans and the red Indians had the same so how could they not be the same how could they not, the country is large but somehow it is the same if it were not somehow the same it would not remain our country and that would be a shame. I like it as it is."

—Gertrude Stein

Since the **Ometeotl Trilogy** I have gone totally away from things other than words. I wrote a full length prose book called **Dried Apricots** and put it away in a nice box I made for it. And now I have written several short plays called **Hot Art and Other Plays**. Simple to produce and hopefully entertaining. I believe in separation between performer and audience except for casual banter before and after. I believe that the things I have made other than the words are extensions of the words. Things I make extend from the words, sometimes cradle them like a mouth cradles the words you say, before they are said.

Larry Goodell

The Shredder

from **The Staff**

the Structure of Dynamics a Fool wants in
He is giving You his Strength & Madness
 "I will ride you Fairy Wheel Ultimaca Formica
Grind you up in Mortal & Pester you
Shred you in the Giant Shredder
 what I havent developed
will come later
when the Giant Squid float in the Sky
& deposit Eggs on the Sandias
 Shred you up & leave you later
all the Cans & Garbage of American World
the Plastic become brittle Shredded into fine choking dust
will Invade you under the Black Dawn
yr Power yr Power is in Yr Family
Stick with it it's Lovely to Look at
 the Dynamo of Husband & Wife
Choking on their Marriage Pinnacle in Dust
they created by Joining their Thighs
 Listen to the Lies Listen

 the Cavern which is Opening announces the Dust
of all the Plastic come to invade you Dust
Storm of Woody Guthrie's was Nothing
 & it All
comes down in Giant Squid Shit Eggs of Dust
to Cavernous Bequeathing You the Real Image
of What's between Yr Legs & Knees & Nose &
choking Children."

Star Child Eating

from **The Bowl**

Star Figure Idiot Child. Beautiful House Dish.
I eat you & eat you eat you & eat you eat you
& Eat You I Eat You
Star Figure Intelligent Child Beautiful Mind Dish
I eat your Feeling Body Feeling mine lips teeth tongue
Carving of the centuries before men's minds
I saw you walloping up Star Figure Child go
floundering in Scorpion Pussy twist & dance
I saw yr lifting energy crossed suppressed
back & forth cock-eyed eyes go turning inward
& on my Crystal Ball I saw you Backwards Balling
surrounded by rainbows & little carved shells
I saw you in your Inward Wagon pulling out yr Mother's
Hips Her widening & widening Stare as you came on
& out I eat you on the seventh day
crawling on yr sand bed little hairy twistors
& feelers & hands & arms & shoulders
& mantras & songs go singing of legs & feet go
slamming them on legs & hips go naveling pussy
Wagon Carrier Star Child Figure Inner Urge Go

performance, and it unfolds in the immediacy of time, tribal as a rock concert, and it dilates the present to metaphysical proportions.

Antediluvian, I said, and by that I meant some prelapsarian time well before the Flood when a being like Goodell could be both bird and snake, when these two powerful avatars shared a single phylum before we separated them into specialized species, dividing essence as we do labor. The metamorphosis in Goodell's works, speaking still in avatars, would be that one in which a snake sloughed his skin, shed scale for feather, and emerged surprised in radiant plumage readied for flight. In the peacock, for example, one can clearly see the snake. But in his plumage, in the hushed fanning out of his tail one sees far beyond the peacock. As his eerie screams enter the imagination what one is seeing is transformed into the metaphysical: peacock becomes phoenix. Beyond the phoenix is the demi-god, Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent. Beyond the demi-god? Only the Sun itself.

Goodell is pre-choric, a single manic creature wrestling with making sense out of being, a poet's tongue untwisting the commonplaces that tie it so that he may speak out clearly the poem enveloping him, and as he speaks it out, dissolving the membrane, it becomes an action best represented by a breathless flame unravelling upwards, climbing higher for more air, more light, until the air thins and, subsiding, the consuming flame is extinguished. The priapic clown shoving it up the world, exploring and inventing existence with hoots and a virile member. Locally this clown would be a mudhead, a creature still confused with the earth and blood into which he was thrown from between the piss and shit of his birth—anciently obscene, secular, profane as dirt, autochthonous—like those wonderfully androgynous beings in Aristophanes' contribution to **The Symposium**, creatures who sought each other, One always in need of the complement of the Other, and who seemed to think they might put back together the sundered halves of the world by fucking each other crazily—restoring the anciently divided essence, whether of snake or bird, man or woman, being or nonbeing. Silenus Goodell! A creature who just can't get enuf of it!

Poet as dancer, as chanter or singer who compels assent and prayer; one who steps out of the poetic swamp, or slithers out, who rises above his own storming and confusion, as high as he can

get on his oddly jointed limbs—he rests briefly above his work, his head coiled in the feathers (or atop rustling cool coils of scales), atop the locked joint of a single leg, the other tucked up below. Out of the nesting feathers of the body lifts the head, the eyes beady with concentration, serpentine the craning neck. Then the uplifted leg descends into the waters of the slough, the neck slides over and down, and as the talonful of rich muck is raised from the bottom, this creature either minutely inspects its contents, listing the details and making a poem, or else, dissatisfied with the results of his analysis, hurls this mud rich in restorative virtues into the roaring faces of his tipsy, toppling, soaring audience.

Truly to laugh with Goodell, to understand his old comedy, is to see revealed the weakening prehensile underpinnings of common sense; to see laid bare our uncommon prejudices and the contingency of what we commingle. On whirls the world, on the poet's fingertip or, transformed by his rhythms, upon the nose of a seal, that seal of being Hart Crane evoked once and for all, writing beyond himself: "Bequeath to us to earthly shore until / Is answered in the vortex of our grave / The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise." This fleeting glance beyond is also the clown's roaring, raptuous disillusionment with being.

I have used extended figures to explain the work of a man who is essentially a mixed metaphor. My purpose has been to evoke in the reader a feeling of Goodell. Yet the point implied throughout the preceding, and the point most worth making, is that Larry Goodell is a **natural**, a category that academe either explicitly denies, actively discourages, or has forgotten. Goodell is the poet fully gripped by song, the man who must dance just as a goat must leap or make himself attractive to other goats by pissing down his throat. The natural is today treated as the abberant, the freak, the perverted, and the consequence is that poetry which is muttered up and printed upon the page. Yet there is in art, as there is in sport and mathematics and chess, a **prodigious** category, full and exuberant and youthful, and it is the natural—swimmer, shortstop, painter, poet, or jazzman. Local examples are Goodell, Bill Pearlman, and Kell Robertson. They are not shamans because they are unsponsored by a group and because they are not representative of a collective mind. They span only themselves. Free in their creations, which come from the isolate

powers of their singular imaginations, they are their own centers, single points eccentric to academic circles. The sources and wellsprings and powers they display are not held in common. They are their talents themselves, all alone out there, dangerously ventured in their own originality. Without this category art of any kind is impossible. Because? Because against what academe teaches theory only **succeeds** art, in a quiet, active meditation on work done by oneself and others; and art, if it is genuine, is a response of the whole individual to being-in-the-world and not, not primarily anyway, the dramatic solution to an anteriorly posed critical problem. Having chosen not to deal with the natural, not to groom or train or nurture it, academe is left with its own accomplishments, achievements somehow against the grain: the brilliant but gelid genres of the modernist novel and poem, and that turgid confusion of filched formica laurels, an arbitrary criticism that seeks to usurp and absorb its object and thereby, by digestion, to gain autonomy.

Food digested, though it nourishes, turns to shit. —Well, but doesn't everything; ultimately, I mean. If you don't know the answer to that one you better keep on reading. (The proper question is not what survives but rather what does not turn to shit.)

Insofar as Goodell's work is not academic neither is it part of the current, late movement of conceptual art/performance. Performance is reactionary and self-conscious and offers its antics as a solution to a critical problem. Performance is a dramatic response to what the performer believes **cannot** any longer be done in painting or sculpture. It is hysteria caught up and wedged between the slowly contracting walls of the two-dimensional and the three. In Michael Fried's term it is **theatrical**, a bedecking of despair in which the performer simultaneously mocks himself and his work in the hopes that his ridiculed audience's reactions to his own display of failure will in complicity acknowledge that to fail is really to achieve. It is as if Hemingway's hideously painful gutshot hyena in **Green Hills** were performing his death in order to win his killer's approval. The shortest version of all this is the unexamined axiom of much bad modernist thought: that a vanguard precondition on having a subject is to declare the impossibility of a subject matter to be your subject matter. Yes, if you are Mallarme, Bird or Trane, Creeley. Otherwise the result is John Ashbery, a latterday reincarnation of Wallace Stevens

"muttering king," who maunders among the shivering hinds of his verse like Elliot Gould's overly mumurous, throwaway Philip Marlowe in Altman's **Long Goodbye** —an endless investigation of the erosion of imitative form by what it imitates.

Though natural, what is superb about Goodell's enactments is that his is a naturalness re-achieved and against odds; his achievement of old comedy and his unabashed willingness to say what comes to mind; and while avoiding the theatrical to become, if needs be and the world demands it, the mouthpiece of ventriloquist being —by turns dapper Charlie McCarthy, bumpkin Mortimer Snerd—where a burp may become oracle, a delphic choking or gargle and a pratfall can jar loose the world. Goodell's achievement gives credence to the comic's ancient retort to, How do you do it? I just make it up as I go along. And I am **always** going along!

Certainly the priest's vestments are nothing more than one resolution of the clown's motely just as the arithmetical norm called meter, the justice of the written poem, is merely a resolution of the poet's own heartbeat in his jarred-loose response to an out-takilter world. **A commodius vicus of recirculation:** the poet in flight, or meditating, thinking down into the scales and pinions of himself, coiled to fly or strike or struggle. And once the recirculation begins within him and then passes into his audience, the measures of the poet keeping it all balanced just this side of frenzy-well then the line comes inevitably to mind, filling something like a mind now held in common. The line is a whole poem, Duncan meditating on Pindar: "the light foot hears and the brightness begins."

I'll close my prosaic anacreontic with a reminder in the inspired words of Stanley Cavell's **World Viewed:**

"For poetry is so out of the ordinary that it could not appear unless the world itself wished for it. Not alone the poetry of poetry, but the poetry of prose-whenver the time of saying and the time of meaning are synchronized."

Gus Blaisdell

from ARTSPACE Southwestern Contemporary Arts Quarterly, Volume 1, Number 1, Fall 1976.

IN ADDITION 2012

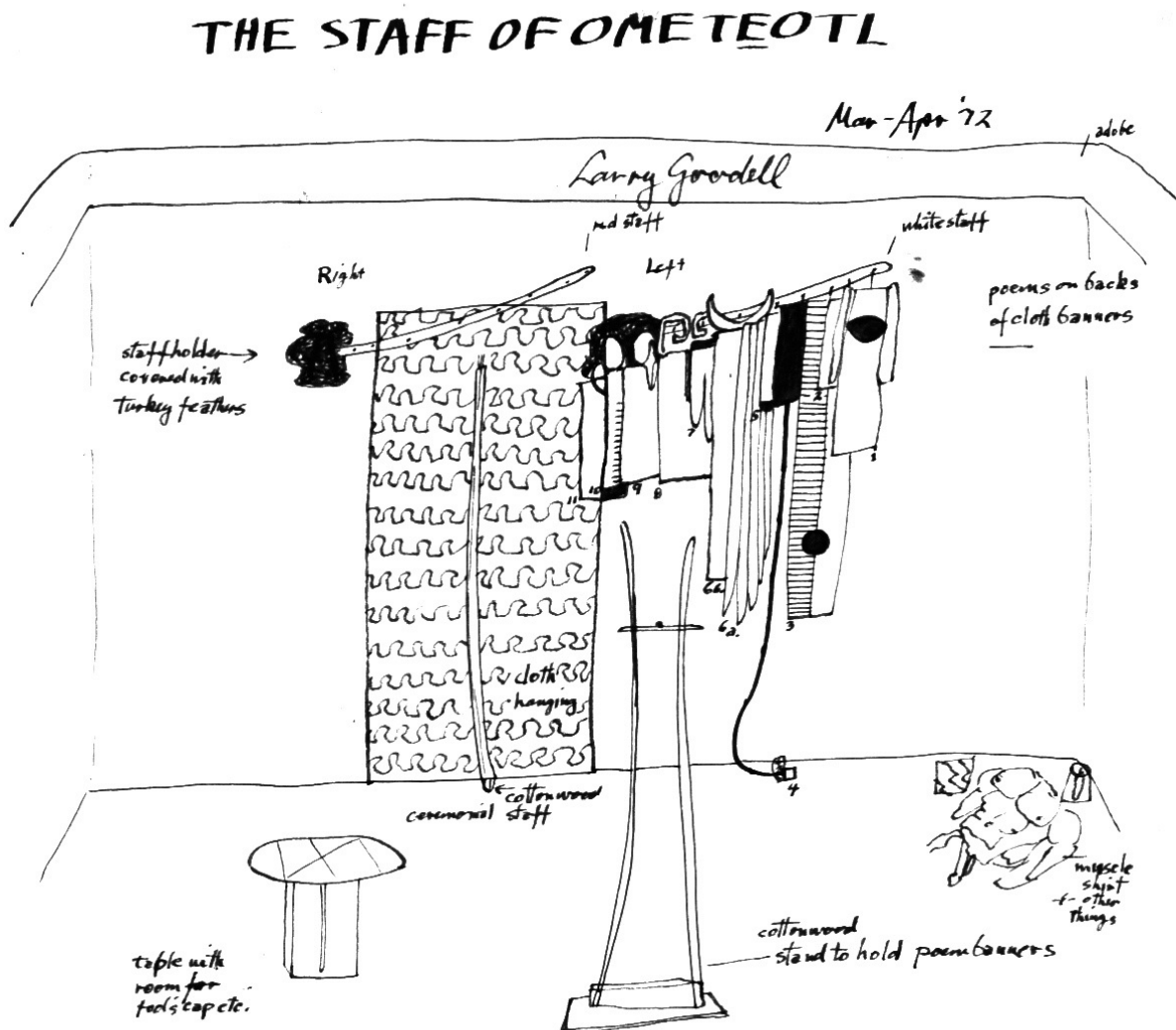
Both The Staff & The Bowl were presented on a reading tour in the Fall of 1973 by Larry Goodell and Stephen Rodefer at SUNY Buffalo, St. Mark's Place (NY), Toronto, University of Connecticut (Storrs), Bloomington, Indiana, Northwestern University (Chicago), and Boston University. In 1976 Larry presented The Staff & The Bowl at the Mandeville Art Gallery, UC San Diego.

The Staff of Ometeotl was first read to an audience in Old Ortega Hall, Bandelier East, at the University of New Mexico May 26, 1972, but more completely premiered at the Thunderbird Bar in Placitas, New Mexico on the 6th of June. *The Bowl of Ometeotl* was premiered at the Thunderbird on the 4th of October 1972. *The Book of Ometeotl*, the last of the *Ometeotl Trilogy* was not completed at this time.

The original Artspace article is from pages 2 to 11. I thank Bill Peterson, Michael Reed, Jeff Bryan & Gus Blaisdell for their enthusiasm in publishing the article. Additions to the original Artspace article include the 2 photographs on the title page and this material.

"Star Child Eating" is on the back of a tortilla which I take a bite of at the conclusion of the poem.

Schematic drawing and procedure for *The Staff Of Ometeotl*.



each poem is either attached to the stand or held in hand while being read, as the poems are read they are hung back on the stands alternately on the white & then the red, etc. so that at the end of the series half will be on the white, half on the red.

- 1 - The Man in fish scales
- 2 - Godmadness
- 3 - Astoria
- 4 - Spinning Out of Her
- 5 - Muscle Parlor
- 6 - Shaft
6. The Ark
- 7 - The Shredder
- 8 - Drawing from Her Body
- 9 - Red Giant
- 10 - The President
- 11 - The Staff of Omertot



"Muscle Parlor" with muscle shirt by Lenore Goodell, from The Staff

LARRY GOODELL



"Juice" from The Bowl



"Fervent Valley" from The Bowl

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