



BROTHER

Larry Goodell

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duende book

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Introducing

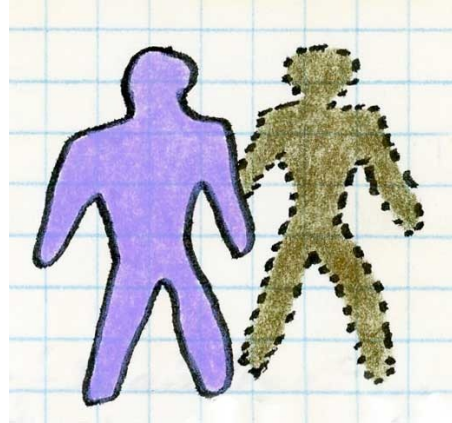
my brother
the other half of myself
the imagined real thing
the older, the half-guide
the half-visible presence
the wished for, the missed
the wondered over
the called to in the canyon
of my own voice
where loneliness was a way of life
the hope, the Hopi, the white, the tarnished
the black, the bronze, the brown, the tan
the pinkish white the true the lost
the forever vanished and longed for
long after death, long after life
the blue star, the red, the black, the white
the green in the presence of growing
the naked, the half-naked, the muscular
the wise, the guide, the going, the ritualized coming
the coming again, the companion walking
the other half of the real thing
the elder, twin or better, the non-related
the Blue Spaceman who visited me
sitting in my chair, there, there
the uncle, the father, the brother, the man
friend to friend, freed to accompany
on the journey to vast stars
or here, in reference to the voice
the echo come alive, just there, there
where he knows better ways, pass them on
Oh I see now as we face together
the same things.



I wrote and

compiled this

work
on an imaginary brother
from October to December 1970
in Placitas, New Mexico.
Some of the suggestions for assembling
and carrying out performance
were not completed but many were.



walk to cottonwood
 then up hills to the shelter bluff
 on up following chickadees
 to abrupt rocky end of that
 rise, then back thru where
 I first met my brother
 (clear area) shouting 'brother'
 in the canyon. Scrub jays.

"Insight is always in sight: an action, not a report."

– Cid Corman in review of Eigner's *Another Time in Fragments*
Elizabeth XIV

what I'd 'add' to the [Ken] Irby in me
 (Creeley, Olson, etc.

)

the story-song
 popular song
 peyote meetings
 ceremonialism based on
 how I walk with
 the trees

Guthrie
 Kell Michael
 Dylan
 (Jerry Merrick's
 'Follow')

& my brother

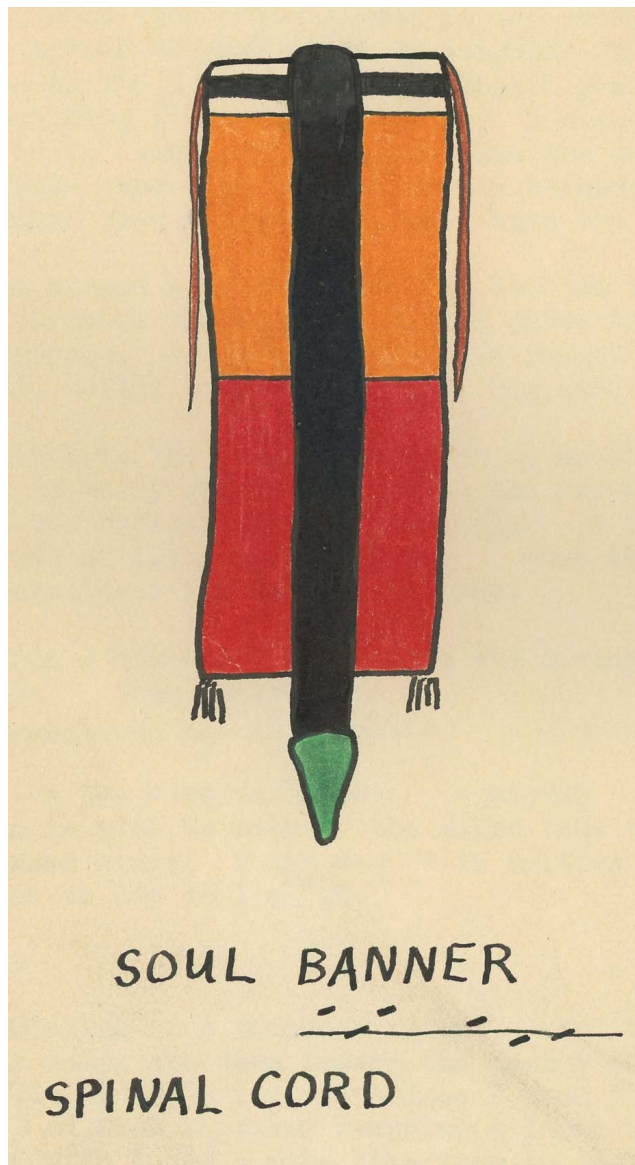
& inner vision juxtaposed on or so strong it
 erases whatever I'm 'looking' at

/Ash Wednesday 11Feb70

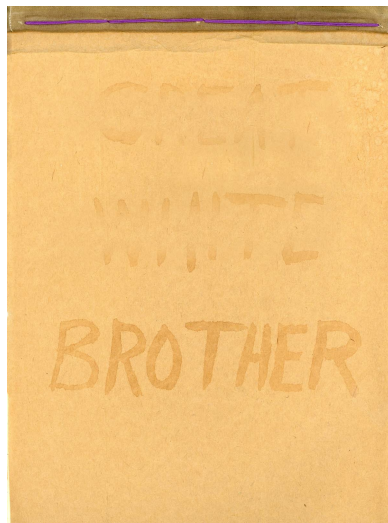


cottonwood root brothers



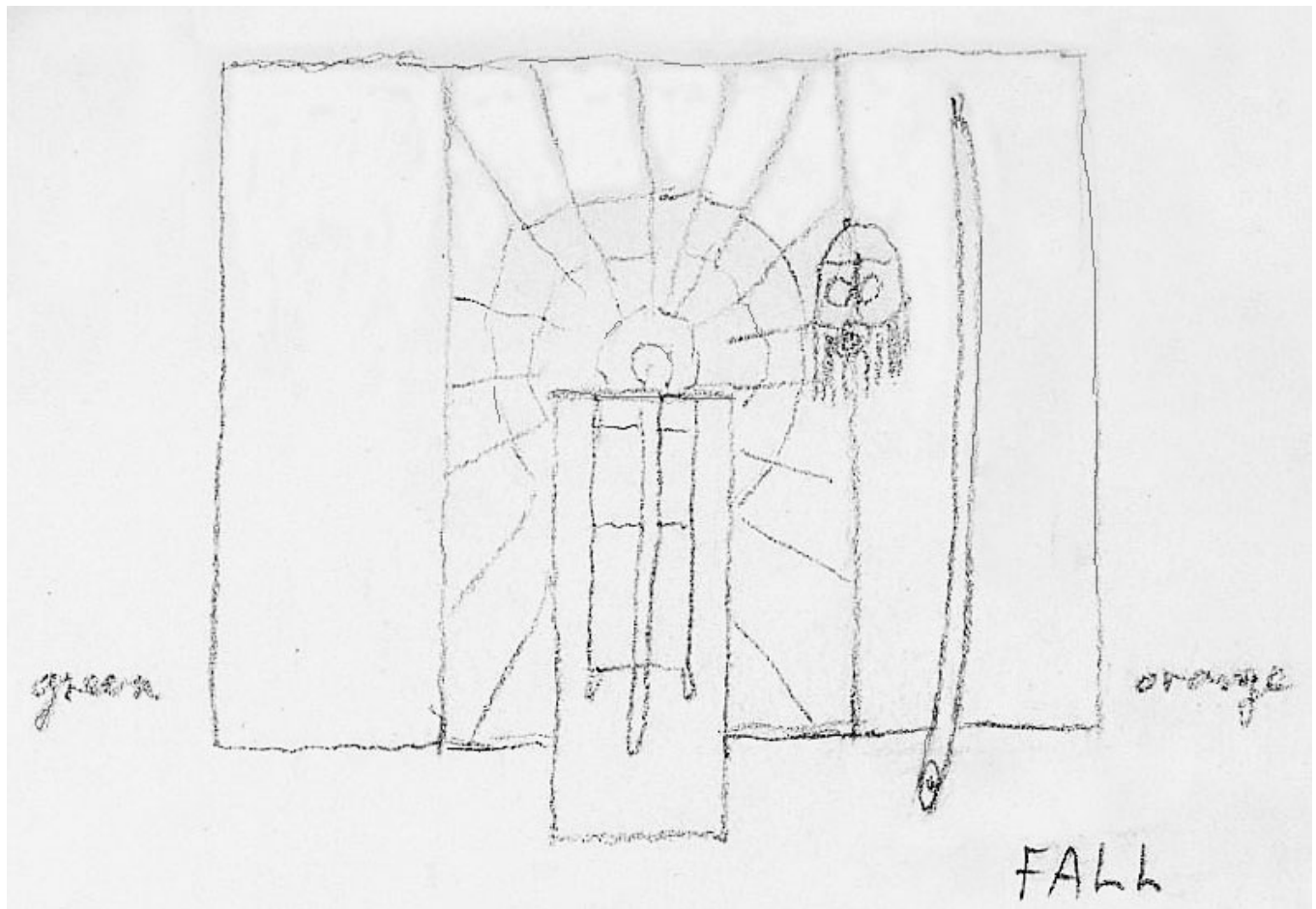


(unwrap the cloth cover of Brother
saying/chanting the above
until the cover
is unwrapped . . .
hold it up saying SOUL BANNER
as one hand rubs from top to bottom
of the banner
saying SPINAL CORD
as one hand grabs the long
black tongue at the top &
moves down & over the green tip
this is the naming of the cloth cover
of Brother)



brown cover sheet
of Brother
under the cloth wrapping
(wrote with lemon juice this
variation of the
word 'Brother'
and hot ironed till burnt visible)

GREAT
WHITE
BROTHER



backdrop podium mask staff with cover
hanging in front
(suggested)



at 2 oclock I woke up from some dorm scene in which a fat guy in a suit was clutching my keys & informing me they'd staggered the shower hours so that guys cdnt fuck each other stoned in the showers, this after my neighbor & he agreed to fuck after my neighbor fucked me. my neighbor was some blond creep who'd got pissed off when I grabbed his wallet off the hall table thinking it was my key pouch. I had the last room down on the side of the hall, earlier I'd walked into the shower area & picked up a popsicle paper for the old shower attendant there. he was chewing gum & smiled when I threw the paper into the trash barrel.

before that I got stoned with my father for the 1st time. there were a couple hi school friends there my dad had to drive back home. I wondered how he wd drive stoned. as he started out it seemed to me he was driving faster than usual. all I remember it was a big car.

when I got up with only the dorm scene fresh on my mind, I heard coyotes (not near enough to worry about the ducks & the puppy) they sounded like mudheads at the Shalako dances exactly & I thot I'd just decided to try not to read or think about Indians that there is no crossing cultures intellectually & I'm wasting my time.

I covered Joel with a blanket came into the living room & thot coyotes & mudheads then I wrote

I give up the battle order of the republic is in the burial grounds on which you live

I squashed a fly on the west wall above the window where I cd see a poorwill swooping to pick up moths. the light from the room on his black & brown banded wings. I sat down & in writing down the dream, enumerated it back as far as I cd go.

— — — — —

today is the cherishing of a thousand saints but their feet are on the earth & their heads are down toward the center of the earth & when I walk on the soles of their feet sometimes I hear them laughing. often there are 3 of them together laughing & I run around naked on their feet & they wish I had a robe like them & I do too

out by the cottonwood tree where my lizard friend lives or out in the arroyo after the rain has left everything cleaned & erased all human footprints

I make my offering

— — — — Lenore's dream (several nights back)

in an art school there is a brother with a limp & his little sister. she wants to visit their father's tomb & the brother is chasing her not wanting her to go they are going down a ski slope & end up in a cement room still part of the art school there is a refrigerator in there the little girl sits in front of it & starts screaming she sees that her brother has their father trapped under the refrigerator

— — — —
flowers of the mute feast the mask I made from the colors of autumn there is no reward only the reward





(drawing of staff)

*(read
in front of green banner)*

(put mask on & hold 6-foot Cottonwood staff in right hand)

am I the father lover gotten down under
fallen into season & dying

●

I am a lad, lady a man, woman a GI, girl a hick, chick a male, female

bean-pole a stance the prick in hand the dance
the cottonwood pole with 3 jay feathers stuck in the end
the supporters of the tree poles leaning up against the old cottonwood
the center of the dance you & me
the center of the tree you & me

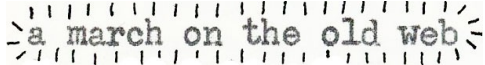
I am drawing out of myself
tree out of myself
I am drawing out of me
me out of the tree

does one moment end where
another moment begins
Tamarisk Tamarisk happy dance
by the spring by the spring

Apricot desire old aged tree
lifting the limbs up bearing the blossoms & the fruit
& the dead limbs showing thru white in winter bare in summer
Apricot dance
3 of us in a row North & South
the old one by the road on guard
the stable elder Apricot while the others 30 & 50 yards away
stagger dance on lowering ground down to the scrub oaks

Cottonwood — 4 foot thick trunk in the arroyo top of the tree,
above the arroyo male I pile
Cottonwood staffs against yr sore trunk
holding yr death up forming layers of it
I step out of myself large
& accept yr offering at my feet
the hole in the ground the drawing of the woman
 with wings with claw feet
there in the hole & covered up with
wheat flour corn meal & familia &
the human sap

you cd look at me & think I am dead now
especially with the sore on my side my dark brown dripping
my tree blood but searching for signs of life,
the knobby stems have green pointed sticky buds
full of my pollen held thru this winter
for spring

 *(in front of web)* full of double meanings each with double meanings

the old Spider woman I am caught in her web & it is March now
she is caught in her own web & I am marching on it thinking I
can save her she got me thru the winter now tied up there she lies

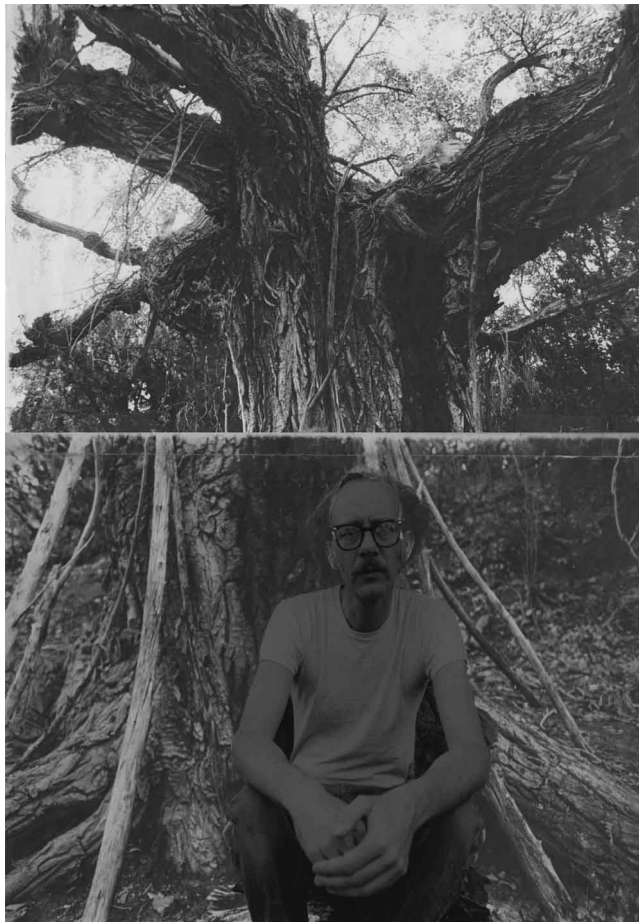
conundrums & panmumjum unfolding in the arroyo the march with a double meanings
here clarified & laid low I am singing over her song her wee voice I
sustain my breath going out moves her warms her out brings her into life again
she walks she walks she walks she walks
tied up in the tree this is the death of me

(take off mask & put aside staff)

●

I think you are afraid of power
thus the beer & cigarets & endless search for friends
you are afraid of communicating power
because you know it will offend

& yet the network needs recharging
from the human earth & non-human universe
endless forms in rapture coming
into themselves
the buds of pollen on the cottonwoods
the buds on the apricot & peach trees
right at a time when a brilliant young man at the University
(& several more have followed his example) comes into the restroom
takes all he knows & squeezes it into a tiny spot
which remains awhile on his hand between the thumb & forefinger
but then slowly disappears



(notes)

Cottonwood

heard it rustling

walked down to it, wind blowing thru it louder

where I was looking

1 old jay feather,

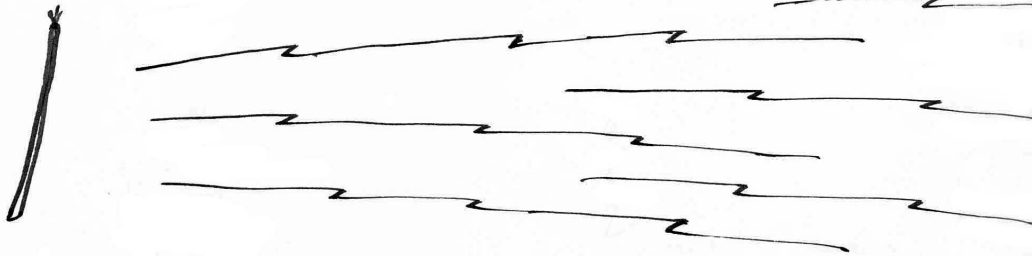
another old jay feather

a 3rd old jay feather

I saw a long pole lying among the exposed roots of the tree.

Picked it up ~ snapped it free.

Put feathers in the ~~soft~~ pithy end of it.



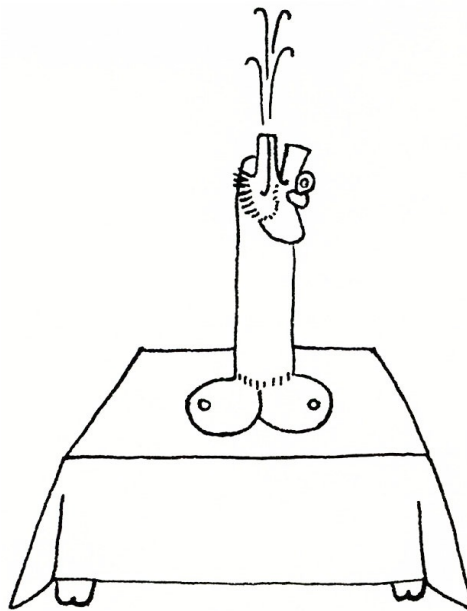
Picked up many long poles (roots? chopped limbs?)
& rested them against the tree.



& rested the feathered pole there. |||||

,

The Ministry of the Primary Super Napkin says:
the perfection is innocent theperfection is innocent
the cunt is open the cunt is open
THE DIVINE IS AN ENTITY OF THE BIZARRE INSTANT
(let balloon go, deflating itself)



• •



leaves from the heaven trees blow down diagonally across my face & the Jemez

when I lift my arms & great arcs shoot up from my head
the wind picks me up & I float down over the nearest line of hills
down over the River & the lava mesas
& over the mystery line shadow to the north of it sun to the south of it
mystery line on that incredibly gentle slope of hill above San Felipe Pueblo
& over the Jemez I am circling over Redondo Peak the Valle Grande caldera
it cd be a crater lake
she is always pregnant
she is always pregnant
she is always pregnant

echo of my heart echo of the canyon beating the heart on
those red lights on top of the Sandias on & off the pulsing of blood Ken said

fills it up
I am giant standing over bending over turning colors turning into a rainbow
from Jemez to the Sandias



Old Tired Magic Fable America open yr book
& immediately Joel crawls over to the book left on the floor JEWISH MAGIC
he plays with it opens it I stick my finger in the place & he closes the cover
& sits back looking at me I open it to that place THE NAME OF GOD it says
'too sacred for expression, uttered only once a year by the High Priest'
it is now time to pronounce it
(put in the center of the forehead an octagonal cloth with the infinity sign on it)



(shout)

FART



'Turn it round & round, for everything is in it.'



he was amg the numbers when deuteronomy fell from his loins
& his genesis was exposed



(take off the infinity sign)

Basho said

‘neither a priest nor ordinary man of this world was I
for I wavered ceaselessly like a bat
that passes for a bird at one time
& a mouse at another’

pale wisdom

the Trinity

in Zen

3 Sages laughing



dream from teenage

I am skinny & want to be muscular I put on this flesh coat fit in it
& I am muscular I look at myself I'm happy

dream picture I see almost daily

a pyramid or steps leading up a pyramid it cd be Aztec there is a man
to the right of the pyramid he's wearing a black robe & his hair is long
 & matted?

he is beginning to climb the steps or is climbing them & looks back
at me his face & hair bright the pyramid indistinct the sky dark



am I sacrificial priest do I help cut the hearts out of the prisoners
 & flay them ?
 do I put on the flayed skin during the feast of Xipe Totec & dance around



I had to kill 3 rattlesnakes this summer with a shovel they came up outside our door where there is water & rocks & I buried them under the apricot tree by the road



I will enact a dream I had in which I am expected to utter prophecies

(put on GRAY mask no eyes or mouth, walk around in a dignified manner)



(take mask off)

in the dream I found it difficult to say anything at all.

● ●

FALL STORY

I dreamed that Nancy Stevens brot us an ostrich

but what she actually brot me was a great horned owl which she found by the side of the road in Lybrook I cut the claws off stuck them on a tree took most of the feathers off cut the wings off & stretched them out to dry I put the feathers from the 'great horns' in a small envelope

then

Nancy brot me 2 woodpeckers flickers she found in a sack outside Silva's Saloon in Bernalillo we kept most of the feathers I buried the bodies of these birds far away from the house these are witches' birds according to the Indians

owls

& woodpeckers

we had a good garden so I made a mask to dance in out of harvest colors orange yellow green brown black many colors & took it & my bullroarer to Santa Fe there drunk one night where my cowboy friend had a barrel set up in his front yard as high as a horse so he cd practice lassoing from it I put my harvest mask on unwound the bullroarer & without any shoes on I got up on that barrel & whirled that bullroarer round & round like a lasso round my head it was thunder & I yelled over & over

DOES SHE RAMBLE

DOES SHE ROAR

DOES SHE FIT IN THE BACK DOOR

it's a wonder my friend didnt kill me

back home

my left foot swelled up sore from the little toe up to the ankle it must have been a centipede or something that bit me that night & I began to think of the owl feathers & flicker feathers & wonder & as we were sitting around — Nancy, my wife & I our black cat started eating something up from the floor it flashed like a needle & before I cd get to the cat he'd swallowed it, gagged & swallowed it down it must have been the thread stuck in a little butter dropped on the floor drew it down his throat

my foot ached all that night & the cat was outside & I lay there worrying & thinking of owls & woodpeckers owls & woodpeckers

the next day the swelling was down & to this day our cat is alright that needle must have gone thru his system we call him Needle & I still have these feathers the Indians call witches feathers



,

the great white brother is no whiter than I am

if there is
a great white brother

& there is
a great “white” brother

darker than I am

(what brother?)

just
brother

Lenore said

Nectarine must be the most delicious fruit there is.

this is the corner of the door I offer

of a pumpkin the gift

she brot in from the garden

& left

on the kitchen table

for me

for us

the earth is a pomegranate which runs with my blood when you squeeze it

or a tomato closer to home & less shriveled in the stores this not being
a tropical paradise

Hollywood shrivelled up & left us here awash on the edge of Hopi land

on the edge of San Felipe, Santa Ana, Zia, Sandia the nearest pueblos

where I am not wanted any more than you

great, white, brother

I stand



that is

remain

take

a stand

the bull by the horns

with no promise of coming back to life

it was suicide they say as he rose from the flames

as I speak to you now over the dead

whiter than ever to return in my own flesh here now

Full Moon Friday the 13th November 1970

Larry Goodell

A

Lenore's dream

she goes to the laundromat & puts the clothes in then realizes she forgot the soap
she goes looking for the soap but by the time she gets it the laundry is done

a Chicano friend & his wife are there & they talk when Lenore starts to leave the guy zips this
thing over her head he's whirling bolas around but there are knife things attached to the end
instead of balls she gets pissed off & gives the guy a finger he tries to kill her whirling these
things at her & she runs under her car tries to get in & wakes up

B

dream

Charles Olson will be reading in some large city he tells me to think of myself
as (potentially) worthy Im sitting in the small audience, to his left
one poem in which everybody gets in a car with him another in which there is
a very important name of a woman a long name on the page starting with B
& the words are written in brown ink

after the reading some of us are sitting there talking about it at a certain
point an erect yellow snake comes in & is a danger it is bigger at the head end
than at the tail end it has whiskers a mouth with fangs a knob on its head I grab it around
the neck
(pick up stuffed cloth model of this yellow snake)
keep a hold of it until brown liquid drains out of its mouth into a bowl
(hold mouth of snake over a 'bowl')
then it is no longer a danger

the dark brother tries to subdue her
while the white brother subdues her beast



THE LOST BROTHER

“ . . . the time would come when they would be overcome by a strange people. They would be forced to develop their land and lives according to the dictates of a new ruler, or else they would be treated as criminals and punished. But they were not to resist. They were to wait for the person who would deliver them.

This person was their lost white brother, Pahana, who would return to them with the missing corner piece of the tablet, deliver them from their persecutors, and work out with them a new and universal brotherhood of man.” (from Frank Waters’ *Book of the Hopi*)

• •

THE CRAZY BROTHER

I direct this toward Hopi land
(face West)

SCINTILLA

* * * * * * *

fish eyes

*

raisins in a pudding expanding

there is only space between me & you

an enormous kiva
(spread arms out)

huge

round

projection of the left auricle of the heart

I

now

speak from the eyes of an old man

the 2 shadows

meet on the page the corners come together

do I separate what's in my head from this perception
the inner room & not the wind outside ?

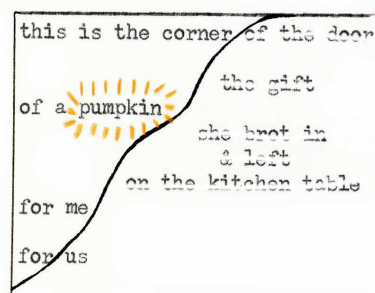
‘
or everything
is my domain
but everyone
is not ?

one
shadow is from the light outside
one
shadow is from the light inside

they meet
exactly where I speak
(touch forefingers to the mouth)
one eye goes one way
& the other eye another

when I try to focus
we meet here together
& there is no misunderstanding.

I bring the corner of the door to you
which you have been missing

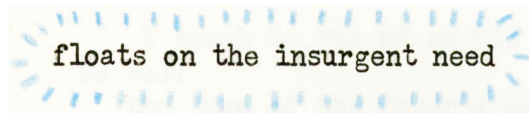


(detail)





*will Mother understand
dead in the ground
how I shot my cowboylover
& made love to my spaceman brother*



urn vhm? ?lo m k 7 y b ?
(Joel, 11 months old, at the typewriter)

yr fingers messages hold me up tower lines
a whole library of ancestors & one of descendants
see one with one eye & one with the other each time my eyes focus
an experiment in looking at yrself

do they hear anything here do they know anything there
?
do they know anything here do they hear anything there
?
speaking of flying saucers & the blue star of the Hopis
SAQUASOHUH Blue Star Kachina will dance in the plaza
when new time comes
a throw back, rainbow whirler to the old
comes up new seeds
wen-dlo new old
I've got my eye on it the navel of another person
hi & lo
skips & jumps with a Bible in hand, masturbating its pages with
a plastic dildo

'that son of Larry Goodell's is just impossible he's also wet'

we are a family in need of the American economy just proved it today when-
we took out our 23 dollars still this place with no rent, free water butane-
electricity
but on top of that a couple dollars thrown out at a time drinking or not thrown out
taken in

bide with me here a bit I will sing a song
I will command you which is a ship finger on yr navel the way it quivers when
I first touched it all lost
we are dying into lost
watches & things ends up in the soup-sukiyaki argument
how to star in films & make it without breaking the lake

rainbow whirling dying sparse suit I mention dying

something to talk about around a campfire at night
a GHOST jumped up from 360° around us it was light blue
flaming around us like an alcohol flame cool & blue
gas jets placed there in a circle ?
& we in the center had one moment of glory

(I wd be 2 tunes instead of one)

Come again Stranger
Stand around me
Hold my cock & hat in yr hand
Know the Hole in the Wall
Is where the Voices come from
— Henry R. Minx

he was a Cowboy with Spurs Lyin Dyin Fightin
the Lice off his Chest

I speak to you of an Old Song which you Know
so well
the Edge of the Paper I am Typing on
drew Blood from my Ring Finger

*

(sliding off the star, mine wrecks)
which means Nothing
the only important word here
because it is most exclusively pure
abolishing itself in its own cause
Nothing is as Nothing persists

- - - - -

(an example of my calligraphy) (hyphens s p r e a d out into s p a c e - -

come to me from a Heavenly Spa

I lie down on the road like a dog with it up in the Air
my Record at Noon
when I killed the Cowboy

-it's finger-lickin good!-

does the vegetable determine the season
no, she says, the season determines the vegetable
we had winter squash for dinner with a little cinnamon & brown sugar-
& butter on it baked
it was like eating a dessert

- - - - -

MY ANCESTORS HOLD THEIR ARMS OUT, PALMS UP, & SUPPORT ME ON THEIR FINGERTIPS

ancestors is a difficult word in English besides what I mean is my grandmother
my grandfather, mother, father, my friends, my wife
the breaking ground with the ancestral libraries men women liberators
staying up all night to find that spark or lost it gone out making fire
again in the stomach when we eat who we are again & again

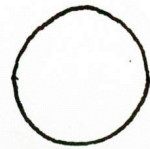
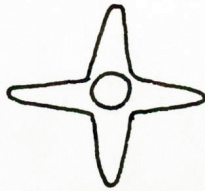
*

I float on Ken's fingers Quetzalcoatl's Miriam's duck feet
strong points in any arguments spread out like a net for me to
walk on
boiling heat
where I exploded against his navel the blue spaceman Wo man

his hand held me up her hand Old Mr. Voice

• • •

I've blended in with the constellations so much that
 it is difficult to stick to one subject at a time.
 a 1000 threads go into the weaving - & - the pattern
 continues to explore complicated heights. it is like
 a shuttle back & forth from morning star evening
 star morning star Venus also Quetzal-
 coatl - Xolotl - & - Freya



his life has a texture emboldened by the mountain
 which is his Teotihuacan erect on North-South axis
 giant blocks of earth crust tipped up sideways
 20 million years ago. $\frac{2}{3}$ of it eroded leaving
 North Sandia Peak his Temple of the Moon
 the Crest of the Mountain his Temple of the Sun

it is years now driving by he saw in the mountain
 a man lying down & a woman lying down pregnant
 beside him

I've blended in with the constellations so much that
 it is difficult to stick to one subject at a time.
 a 1000 threads go into the weaving - & - the pattern
 continues to explore complicated heights. it is like
 a shuttle back & forth from morning star evening
 star morning star Venus also Quetzal-
 coatl - Xolotl - & - Freya goddess in Friday



his life has a texture emboldened by the mountain
 which is his Teotihuacan erect on North-South axis
 giant blocks of earth crust tipped up sideways
 20 million years ago. $\frac{2}{3}$ of it eroded leaving
 North Sandia Peak his Temple of the Moon
 the Crest of the Mountain his Temple of the Sun

& like Teotihuacan crawling with people a government project
 with the bad air rising
 up the River & all the way to Santa Fe smog

it is years now driving by he saw in the mountain
 a man lying down - & - a woman lying down pregnant
 beside him

with the bad air rising
 Sandia Loop Road they'll pave the way to the Crest & down
 one way or another the Forest Service evil boots
 up the giant's feet up the woman's legs
 up Goodell's ass & how many others

this is the baby born

the Exquisite Revolutionary exists between the Louis of the Great Emper^{resses}
the Great Emperors are in the Left Armicle of my Heart
- their Death Rate is Increasing
so that not everything
is Holy

Nothing Is that Does Die
She Rose Up before Me Lenore - my Son Rainbow - Her Hair
was Down to the Floor - - Nine was Cut Off Mass of Hair
Burned in the Incinerator today

We were Walking on Air
Descending with the Up side Down Lions Holding the Falling Crest
their Crown Burning between them they were on my cigaret
which I put out Young Out

So I will sit with Her - Rainbow in Flames Falling
until we hit the Ground
- I am Born Backwards thru Her Age 35
this day of October month of Feasts to the Jews a Harvest God
She brot back to Earth
- we Eat this Dinner together

(typed)

the Exquisite Revolutionary exists between the Loins of the Great Emper~~ors~~

resses

the Mighty Cross

Out

the Great Emperors are in the Left Auricle of my Heart

& their Death Rate is Increasing

so that not everything

is Holy

Nothing Is that Does Die

She Rose Up before Me Lenore & my Son Rainbow & Her Hair

was Down to the Floor & Mine was Cut Off Mass of Hair

Burned in the Incinerator today

We were Walking on Air

Descending with the Upside Down Lions Holding the Falling Crest

their Crown Burning between them they were on my cigaret

which I put out Going Out

So I will sit with Her & Rainbow in Flames Falling

until we Hit the Ground

& I am Born Backwards thru Her Age 35

this day of October month of Feasts to the Jews a Harvest God

She brot back to Earth

& we Eat this Dinner together

• • •

austere fragmented woman who brings us sickness in her strength

(Joel sick with roseola)

nauseated must have been detergent in that coffee I made this afternoon
later in bed I'm increasingly nauseated finally throw up

‘
lying there thinking &
 S E E I N G
 instantly recognize Lawrence of Arabia
 HIM or somebody like him
 in that WHITE HOOD THING or is it his HAIR
 is he trying to look like he's a WOMAN ?
 yes & he's leering
shut off
shut out

& this came to me as the WHITE GODDESS

•
later I remember -Robert Graves was Lawrence's secretary-

Lenore brot in pumpkins, carrot, eggplant, fresh corn —
& we ate the corn.
'There isnt any reason to cook sweet com except that it makes it hot'
she said

Slogan

EGGHEADS ARISE YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHICKENS

Bumper sticker

DICK IS A 4-LETTER OBSCENITY



I shouted to my friend drunk
IT HAS TO DO WITH THE ITCHINESS OF THE PALMS! ! !

 drinking from one hand
smoking with the other

surrounded by a crowd, afternoon din of Okies'
10 cent beer

then “we fell off a rock into the sea”

• • •

Coca-Cola



Origins given the 1st Precinct there was a gentle shift in the nation. Old wasn't enough, but a gift from the 1st man or woman, was. He gave them a Coca-Cola bottle & it was setup large $\frac{1}{3}$ miles south of Sunset Boulevard, near the Minx. The Playboy Bunnies took a break from playing boom ball with the KFI Personalities, half time at the ice hockey game between the Penguins & the Dragons, & came over to watch. During the raising of the bottle they only got their bunny ears & tails pulled once by an irate housewife, which was a record. "They usually pull them out of curiosity to see what they're made of," said Sasha Mother Bunny for the 8.

The Minx Club members made up entirely of Jewish men, came out to watch the raising & noticed with disdain that as the bottle went up the shadow from it mid-afternoon fell directly across their 8-story building & covered it completely till night fall.

Records of what was there are available somewhere in the bottle, but what wasn't recorded was the presence of a mouse which the first Coca-Cola representative found in the bottom of the bottle after it was erected. It was dead but it upset him so much that he shipped it to Albuquerque where an old friend dumped it in the Rio Grande & it disappeared as evidence forever, or would have if that same old friend hadn't taught me how to write & I reveal it now for all time.

The bottle was beautiful going up red-brown in the sun it was painted to look like a full bottle of Coca-Cola & as it reached its full height & the air seals were put in place it stirred up a lot of people & brot them out of their offices & apartments.

At night the lights from the cap & from the landscaping below shot up illuminating the entire bottle in the new peach glow even the top was lit up and could be seen by people in airplanes & jets overhead.

The Coca-Cola people started moving in the record of their company including the history of their bottle shape this was the classic shape of course.

This was one of many gifts which the first man or woman gave.



• • •

dream

my Dad is staying with us. I'm waking up hearing him talking to some man outside.

to the gardener abt standing in the shade ?
he's talking strangely, incoherently. he comes in & thrusts out his arm to me. I see that he has a stump there, no hand. he talks abt getting one of those wire hook artificial hands. I talk abt how awful it is not to have that hand~ I remember that hand. I wake up stunned.

(in trying to remember which hand of his was missing, I realize what I saw was perhaps a mirror image, thus the difficulty in figuring out which hand it was tho it seemed like his right)

& all things seen in dreams are reversed ?

another part or dream Archibeque, who runs the Mountain View Grocery in Placitas, has hired 2 naked hippies to paint the inside of his house white.

NAMING

1.



my own name for her:

(draw in plain sight)

with her talon feet & wings & loops in her hands

& rings in her ears & bracelets

she's standing
on Lions with Owls at her sides

naked & crowned with 4 sets of horns
stacked up

the headdress is the temple pyramidal

the cunt triangle the opposite temple

‘
-

facing
reversing ?
mirror image ?

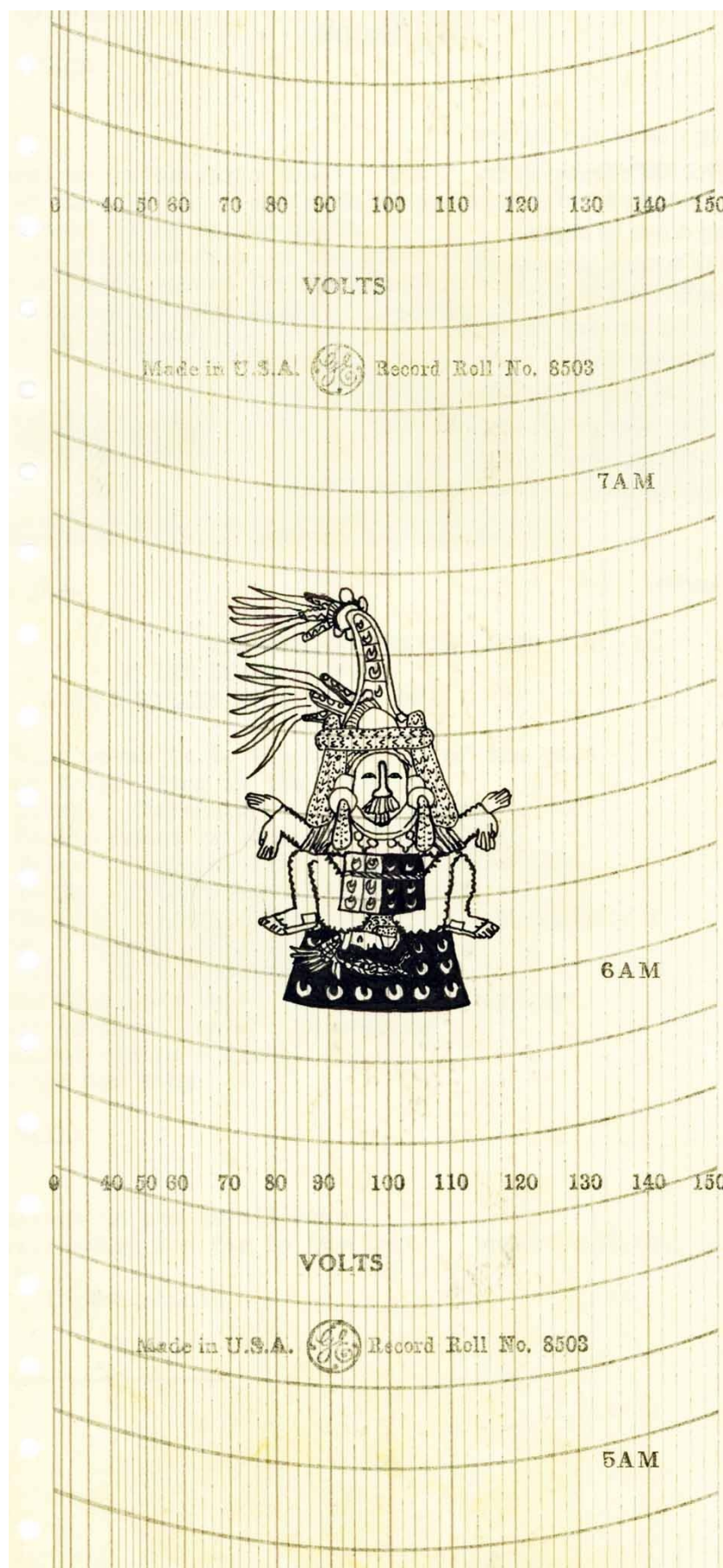
so that we do not walk on our feet

it is there between those 2 temples
that we walk
that I am returned to
myself

*(hold left hand out palm up, thumb touching tips of 1st 2nd & 3rd fingers,
move in a loop clockwise, saying)*

of the ocean
out
that swam
cunt
the bush
my mother's
ε-became

“Triple Goddess Ana, or De-Ana, or Alh-Ana, or Di-Ana, or Ur-Ana . . . Uranus the father of the Titans according to Greek Classical mythology, is likely to have originally been their Mother – Ura-ana, Queen Ura.” Robert Graves, *White Goddess* (414)



Tlazoltotl



2.

on the day of completion of Torah reading the Scroll is rerolled
 & Torah reading
is started again.
on that day Miki brot me a roll of paper she got at a government auction
it was like seismograph paper with lines on it & the time by the hour
 but this one
 said
 VOLTS

G-E

& Terry brot me an electron tube RCA with mirrored top
3 wheels of mica in it one with 12 sprockets
& when you hold it up to the light
thousands of slight ridges in the glass cast
thousands of lines across the dark metal parts of the tube
becomes a skyscraper with lines in waves
over it as the sun moves
it says

There is no worry Larry
where there is no hurry.

the tubes come alive & burn up the seismograph

,

'walkin on fire

ALL HELL'S BREAKIN LOOSE
& THE DEVIL IS FREE
& HE'S WALKIN WITH YOU & ME'



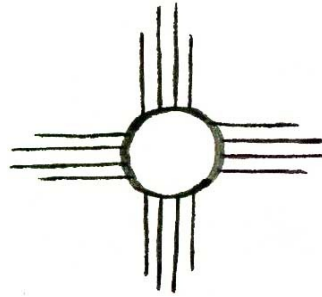
skillfully woven in to the testicles of the plot
the plot tolps along in the retelling
Saint Torah Saint Ann Saint Robert
Saint Cookie (made me vomit) Saint Horn
Saint Volta General Saint Saint Electric
Saint Radio Saint Twist-Her-Neck-Off
Saint Worry Grunions Hadacol & Roxburgh Jelly
Message Walkin on Fire
the Balls of a Great Man
ride the Empress's lap where she is already
pregnant as Tlazolteotl & wearing
the honored victim's flesh
as she has her baby

Saint Balls

the message on the scroll says
you are reading too far to the left you are reading too far to the right

stay in the middle





(draw in plain sight)

from an article on Zia Pueblo in the *Albuquerque Journal*

"The sun symbol which graces New Mexico's state flag is a Zia potter's design.

The sun symbol has no special significance to the Zias.

'IT'S JUST THE sun,' the governor of Zia said."



're SOURCE

ORIGIN'

divide the source (duende)

dividing the source again

ALL WOMAN

what writing is at hot (all burning) point: BALLING (chasing the
dick regression)

in Full Socket Cunt Stop

floating the world in me Full Dong source



'what was lost . . by increase of population . . HONESTY'

which gets down to estranged levels of the WOMAN-GOD-MAN within

we have gained in
MONSTERS of the state

AGNEW:

It's abt time I take ray gloves off — no more of this nice guy stuff.



& what do you think of the TAU, which favors valleys over mountains?

& says you shd get down underneath like a WOMAN in order to conquer?

LOCKER ROOM

answers:

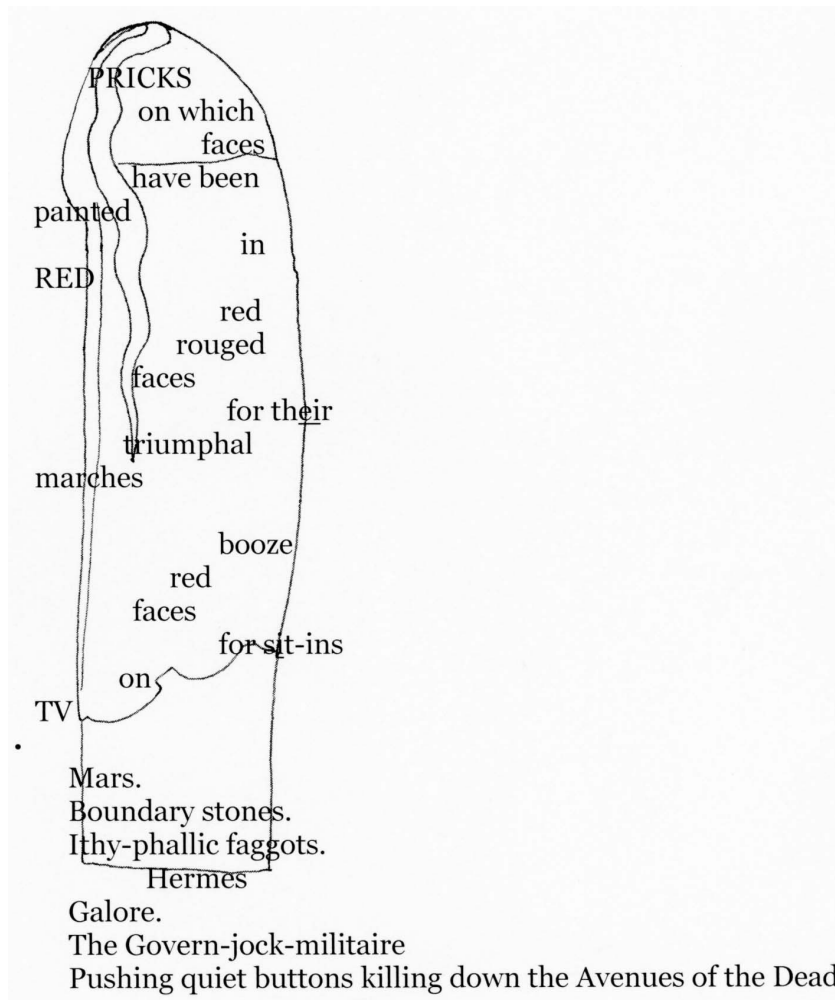
-NEVER CHANGE YR UNDERWEAR DURING A WINNING STREAK-

+

the governing athlete military are walking pricks
they do not need cocks because they themselves are pricks
flying

or

dining



Guns &

Cameras

Bombs out of scrotum pods, machine cocks sliding into port

On sudsy runways

‘
To redden their triumphal faces, drunken march into bed
With Bilulu Ninhursag Nintu & Inanna

Bilulu
Ninhursag ?
Nintu
Inanna

Anna-Nin Uttu Ashnan Iyatiku Anya Mana

Anna Nin
Uttu ?
Iyatiku

Anya-Mana

Drunk & reddened they don't know
What that little jigger does or doesn't in a foreign port
Or home

the next day, they puff out, the bel glans
of their ruddy cheeks
& spout forth

to everyone

I HAVE COME

I HAVE COME

stuffing silver marbles up their ass

& never changing shorts

walking red pricks in business
or pleasure

a woman is a drunk forgotten fuck
& they never dream

Urana
Smyrna
Chalchihuitlicue

Ishtar
Tonantzin
Our Lady of Byblos

Sussistinako

she thot outward into space & what she thot became real

✚

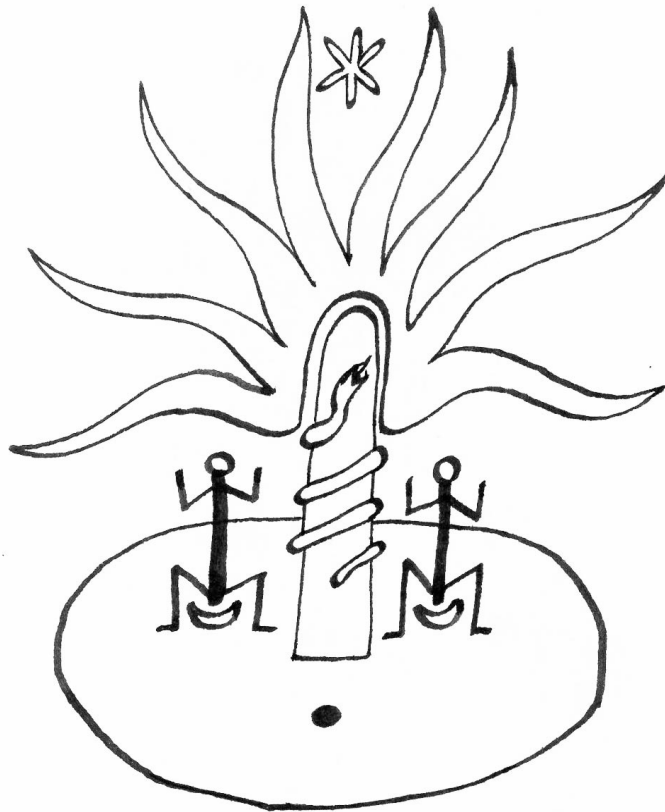
Harvest God speaking Yum Cax Centeotl Muingwu Tammuz?

‘star Isis star crazy woman stars don’t bother us
‘until we cut our hair die & take our cocks down off the wall
‘& dip them into poison
 & go
 for
 a walk
 with
 the dog

down into the darkness

HARVEST GOD speaking

star Brigit Ana-hita star evening weaving star doesnt bother me
until the only thing that pulls me up

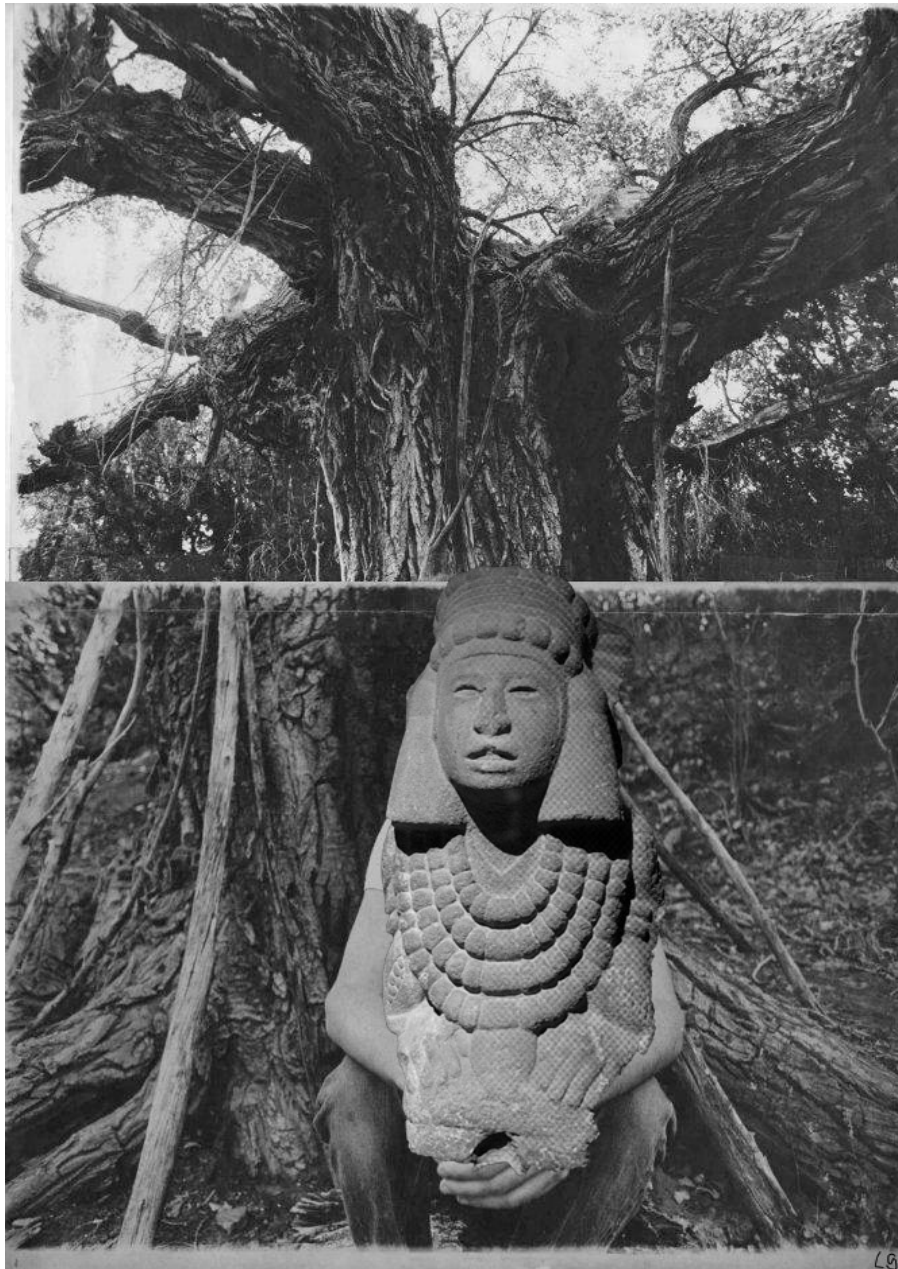


no privacy is what I offer standing in the arroyo that deep cut
in the earth stoned without clothes on standing there
is what the man said feeling our bodies feeling each other up
UP & to kiss down & thru that rise on the head of the surface of the lake
fairy tales enter specifics & draw men out that is skin-flesh below the surface
that is rising surfacing our bodies rising to lie down on the dirt & slide
back & forth entering the roots of the tree there



I saw her face where the roots slope out from the bole of the cottonwood
& enter the ground
kissing down our bodies fucking sucking us
the wettest wet is worked up from sweat
drying & lies there now with us in the sun

I saw the face of the Water Goddess
ChalchiUHTlicue Goddess of Rivers & streams
in the base of the Cottonwood that day.



based on photo by John Woods

dream

Lenore has a whole bunch of Crocodiles in the arroyo in back of the house,
a kind of pond there. I go out & cook a Crocodile egg for breakfast,
the burner flame is somehow IN the water so I think I may be heating their
water up too much while making the egg. doesn't seem to hurt them.

a process of floating the whole thing toward you
no one of us at the point of the wedge

nor group of us it is crazy out of control (as they say)
no PHALANX (masculine army)

just Earth turning & the Sun
the Moon gone down & the Evening star lost in a crowd

night before last dreamed of Lenore's mother walking among counters of colored
rocks trying to decide if she wanted to buy any — what size, what color.
a service station curio shop we stopped at.
last night dreamed of Lenore's father wanting to take a yg chick out on the town
— N.Y.C. — a special deal — 15 dollars each for 12 nightclubs — 12 martinis.
He wanted me to go in case something happened to him.

• • • •

it is easy to say because it is true
 (but it is NOT easy for someone say my father, to read)
it's the way the blood flows
I am a father & a son a husband but not a brother



HARVEST GOD speaking from broken tablets of Sumer
prototype the 1st typing from the crest of the sea the delta & the desert
who was a tree 1st under staring MAN & when he used his hands
fingering the seeds he became the crops they grew & rose up to-
be harvested under sweltering sun & there died in their mouths
to go down into the bowels of the woman earth digesting
she sent the sickle & he grew second planting
to go down under the sickle tusk boar his brother
in the month I start writing under October-November

INANNA went down thru 7 gates of undressing & stood naked
before her evil sister who killed her & hung her up a carcass
to rot

lover brother sister mother dead in the earth
& the winter is that dead in the earth

don't shake yr shaggy locks at me	gory pervert
dripping with blood from the sacrificed beast	
what was it this time	quothe the puritanical onion
an ant	a goose
an aunt	an uncle
an innocent child?	

while you danced around under	& let the blood flow
all over you?	do you feel better now

a fairy came down & sprinkled the Water of Life on her
she dressed thru the 7 gates of dressing & returned
with her lover?
the gift of her lover an old man sings of the sacrifice to come

“each morning when I eat Wheaties
each noon when I eat a ham sandwich
each evening when I eat steak
each night when I slap my wife”

SHE ROSE UP BEFORE HIM & PULLED HIM UP FROM THE DEAD

`I am water-blood anything that runs-flows

you are coming in you are coming in & I fear you

yr balls are as big as my tits I fear you Johnny hot-nigger

cool blade sharkster zoot-suiter Mr. B

Harry Horn Hot Tamale is that electrical tape around yr dick?

electric tree mythical bowsprit don't make me the last iron maiden

penis screws oh penis screws'

the above is how it appeared in the *Albuquerque Journal* but gossip has it
that she brot him back & he lingered awhile he lingered awhile
in fact it is reputed a little bird told me
he has settled down

the last lost pathetic brother
gone down under the billy club riot night stick of a wild pig

'the land of no alibis'

but to fiddle with it with or without a digging stick
with or without a gun
no matter how powerful the initiation
is not the same as living it for years planting & growing

•

at the time I was writing a man considering himself a reincarnation
of Ulysses S. Grant shot 2 men dead
on the site of his commune a few miles from here
culmination of years of 'restrained' violence, who knows
& no 'ritual' replacement ever in sight

•

when people stop dancing the substance has gone out of the songs
songs are rite directives & the waning "dead" brother
takes over in the silence
staying on to the bitter end

'And imagining himself to be two persons he eases his mind
by putting his burdens upon one while the other takes
what pleasure there is before him.'

– William Carlos Williams in *Kora In Hell*

• • • •

5
disjointed, yes, bits & pieces of a corpse
6
she did it
1
‘the tree surgeon who fell out of his patient’
2
she takes care of
3
he speaks in a voice larger than himself
4
she tears him apart by way of a 3rd agent



0
‘light differs from other forms of matter primarily in that
photons have zero rest mass’



[KEYS TO THE AUTHOR

5 bits & pieces of a voice

6 she helps to put back together

•

the more the deadman is discovered the more
lifelike he is

you reach resurrection before death

shouting in the canyon hearing the echoes before you shout

1 '3000 miles back where the incision started'

born again thru the lips of a DJ who

interviews the Panthers & his pants fall off

exposing a lily-white cock & pair of cue balls

no hair at all

a faint scar circling the genitals

2 this expressed ideal from the Poet

while I listened in his kitchen

3 a hot air balloon or is it smaller like

a jigsaw puzzle or is it a boon to poets

4 she didn't do it her dead sister had it done

hindsight of subzero temperatures

the lowest temperatures on record in New Mexico

only the Indians remember when it was colder

remnants of a new ice age come to Earth]

he was walking down the road the most astounding Beauty

he'd ever known

(each time it was it was)

but this so cold

the road & her deep snow slipped down he

descended into Earth preparation & death so

beautiful

her snow crystals on the juniper branches piled up

dry pure

no water anyplace just crystals & the cold

dry crunch as he walked the road down into her

he set up the town square

and she organized the dances there

weaving in & out

until they heard a shout





all fall colors bright

– Ken Irby

a pumpkin from the garden on the table in the kitchen



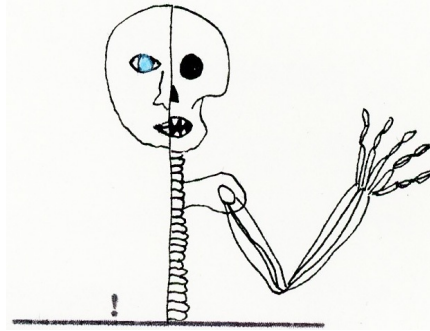
'death is when there is electrical silence in the brain'

the only thing that doesn't change, blur, is exact

the season I am in

•

to enter & take hold mold the era



emanations from the dead

how to communicate with the living

we communicate by way of aura

with people who use their hands to make things
especially

'sculpture is to give image to the gods'

Lenore said in Las Cruces talking to me & Keith
& Heloise Wilson around their kitchen table

a woman sculptor moved her hands thru the auras
around the onions & pumpkins & carrots & all
in the garden she made the auras
like golden spikes like cones like small towers
carried far

what we are eating is the god or gods before us
picking the fork up & jabbing him or her or
picking him or her up with chopsticks

 & putting him or her

in our mouths & eating

the metal at the roots of things communicating positive
& negative ions

like dancing back & forth on a river boat at night
while it is floating down the river

 & all

aglow.



Election 1970: *The Blue Space Man*

It won't be-too-long before somebody will stage an appearance,

mystery mastery

| | |

r I d I n g o n t h e c l o u d s

the Blue Star Bubble Master ?

(riding thru the clouds)

from some space, man.

stout guardian of the door

with his head turned in 2 directions

•

(in high mechanical voice)

automatic is on top of it on top of it is automatic

therefore to die out in mythographic levels

is to allow freak beams on top of it.

(regular voice)

+

which is the star we come from

BLUE

STAR

of the morning

this is a poem of concentrated love which is the intensity of-

hatred's reverse

if you can only understand one direction as I can

hatred's reverse.

Let in thru the Elmer's Glue slowly.

What I can remember, is so unlike, this totem pole
of the present.

I came to bring you gifts from outer space.

(3000 miles back where the incision started)

Whoever won has won whoever lost.

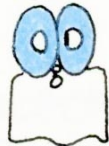


(NOTES for B.S.M.

draw a blue star in plain sight +

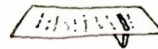
put on large helmet & speak thru its small microphone & speaker

read



hand out a copy of B.S.M. which has '(3000 miles back where the
incision

started)' recessed from the page about 1 1/2"



or

a piece of paper or wood object with this one line recessed about 1 1/2"
from the surface



remove helmet, erase star)

SONG

(text only)

my Father is a New Man
he sings forth out of the Haunches of the Old Woman
his great-great-great-great Grandmother

○

I come again

with one glance

I burn the suits off yr Flesh

you walk before me gray & metallic
I burn the suits off yr Flesh

because it is the person NEXT to you who I renew,
& come down in the Person who Speaks

Everyone in this ring KNOWS whose suits are burnt OFF
whether they know it or not knows they are burnt off

& I proceed to enter the air evade procedures
I *am* the air & the source of the sun
which rests solidly on the haunches
of yr great-great-great-great Grandmother

believe you me She is moving me
or maternal mover in the spring
comes down in autumn-winter to bring me back
or she started moving me or I started moving her
in the first place.

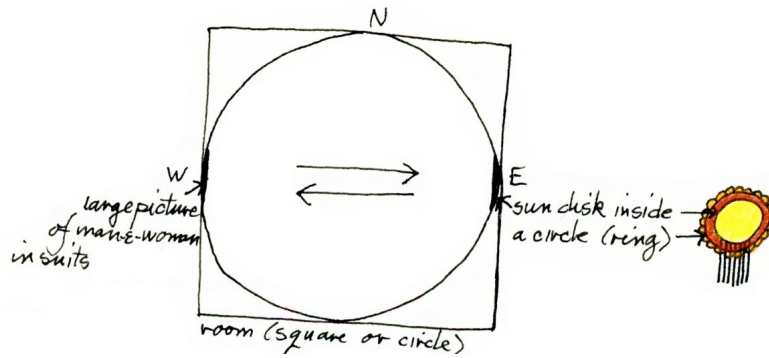
○

my Father is a New Man
he sings forth out of the Haunches of the Old Woman
his great-great-great-great Grandmother

SONG (My Father Is A New Man)

(items for performance)





(on back of sun disk so it can be read while holding it & moving)

walk to sun disk, forearms crossed right over left, grasp it

my Father is a New Man

moving the disk slowly out of the ring

he sings forth out of the Haunches of the Old Woman

his great-great-great-great Grandmother

continue moving the disk W, rt elbow lifting over the top of it

body turning to follow it W

I come again

moving toward picture on W wall

with one glance

I burn the suits off yr Flesh

you walk before me gray & metallic

I burn the suits off yr Flesh

backing off from picture

because it is the person NEXT to you who I renew,

turning with the disk, to face N

& come down in the Person who Speaks

moving back to center of room while continuing to face N

Everyone in this ring KNOWS whose suits are burnt OFF

whether they know it or not

knows they are burnt off

stand still

& I proceed to enter the air evade procedures

I am the air & the source of the sun

which rests solidly on the haunches

of yr great-great-great-great Grandmother

start moving E

believe you me She is moving me

moving E

or maternal mover in the spring

comes down in autumn-winter to bring me back

or she started moving me or I started moving her

placing sun disk in ring, rt forearm over left

in the first place.

let go and stand

my Father is a New Man

he sings forth out of the Haunches of the Old Woman

his great-great-great-great Grandmother

A STORY WITH A QUOTATION

to cover up how ordinary he was he was always striving to say/do something unusual sitting around with people when it came to a commonplace expression he wd substitute a different word for it

the coil he was on was consciously sidestepped so that people became uptight around him tho at first nobody knew why there was such a downer

but then as he continually substituted, looking up synonyms at home & sidestepped & as he was always sitting when they were standing or standing or walking backwards when they were sitting it became painfully clear & besides they were mostly stoned together & as his heart was screaming bloody murder but he wasnt about to say 'bloody murder' let alone scream it one day someone out of the blue challenged him to a duel.

& right then & there he knew his time had come. 1

he walked over to the friend who challenged him, dropped his pants & shorts & started massaging his prick with his right hand, with his other hand he grabbed a book by Gertrude Stein, opened it & started reading aloud 'I am sorry Dr. Campbell, but I certainly am afraid I can't stand it no more from you the way you have been just acting. I certainly can't stand it any more the way you act when you have been as if you thought I was always good enough for anybody to have with them, and then you act as if I was a bad one and you always just despise me. I certainly am afraid Dr. Campbell I can't stand it any more like that. I certainly can't stand it any more the way you are always changing. I certainly am afraid Dr. Campbell you ain't man enough to deserve to have anybody care so much to be always with you. I certainly am awful afraid Dr. Campbell I don't ever any more want to really see you. Good-bye Dr. Campbell I wish you always to be real happy.'

alternative ending

the friend who challenged him had a bazooka & pointed it at him he pulled out a long sword & ran it down the tube of the bazooka just as it went off — he was blown back against the wall & exploded thru it backwards

the Southwest seems to be a resting place from the motion of the sea &
the cities & the plains made boring by Middle America

Keys to Success:

1. suffer quietly & concern yrself with others
(my mother whose funeral song was 'Others')
 2. thrust yr chest out & stand up straight
(like a plant)
 3. think of everything as pulse
(window frames have a way of losing
their rectangularity)
-

'they were having too much fun to enjoy it'
(thereupon the Thinkers invaded the Holy Campus & got
everyone to walk around on their hands
teaching Karate even to the Water Lilies which is the West's
miserable excuse for the Lotus notwithstanding the racing car
which resides in England)

alchemists 'took over the place of Christ
took over the work of redeeming god from the cold-blooded destroyer.'

the shadow of other men's conscious is my burden
gone down the other side of the world & erupted
the shadow of conscious on my inner self is a heavier burden –

the destroyer from overweighted conscious the mighty
World
deepens my own
struggle
to sustain

I am within it there is no such thing as my shoulder
left

pinnacles left after the storm fingers of the mountain
I am Sandia Man whose balls froze just as mine
to be warmed up loosening the sack at that mystical future

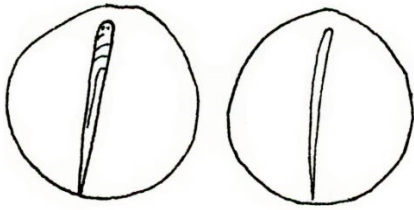
when the opening of the familiar flowers comes
it is spring so there is hope demoted
with nobody laughing

too cool too cool
for caring
too cool too cool

rotation brings on constant orgasm in the center of the earth
throwing out sunsets, fingertips
loco weed coming up like crazy everywhere



God is a combustible element known as stone.



*

there was an O
pening (Up of all stops)
sometime back there in me



& things before that opening
can never begone thru the same Again.

n n n

or

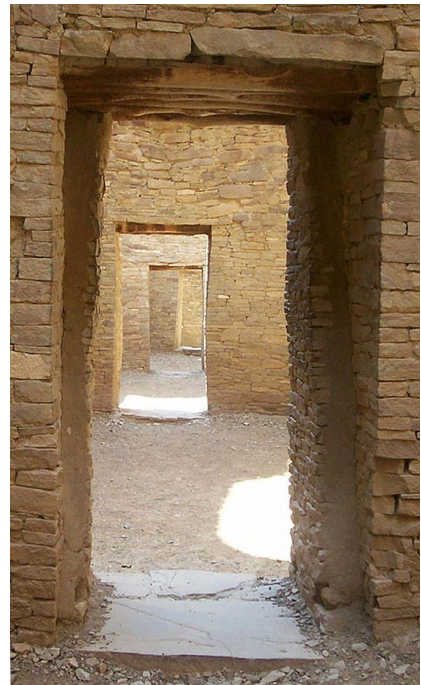
to try to characterize its parts
whiff the mood again

I'm so simple I can be general
to myself.

rap abt a departed b r e e z e
that's always thundering at me back

(show a photograph of these doorways)

the beautiful doorways
four
in a
row



the beautiful doorways four in a row at Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon where it
is dry & there used to be forests of piñon & juniper in the canyon floor
those Indians cut down the trees to use in their beautiful building
kiva roofs supports floors & ceilings
& they created floods that washed out their fields so they had to move
move out of that canyon
which is now a national monument with a museum & clean toilets

*(brot in the 2 planting sticks from the garden –

‘
walk around the garden boundary, picking up planting sticks
beat them together & against the garden flag pole
beat them against the trees – fruit trees mainly
stick earth ends of sticks into water edge of the pool of spring water
mix oils – sesame, soybean, peanut etc. – & apply to the sticks
mix oil & mud from bottom of sticks & rub well into the sticks
tie them together to keep for spring planting)

✱

I must think everything is fragile & possible at the same time

everything is possible & fragile that the naive corn I plant came up

some
time
to remind myself.
I must think.

& nevertheless wake up one morning all covered with dew

the process of writing is revealed
which includes pen on paper
only that is excluded which isn't superpositive
& obvious

are we just going to nibble our way thru lunch ?
super obvious positors have place too
spelling out letter by letter e - l - e - c - t - r - o - n
cells have ears & eyes too!

last caller on KOB's "High Noon," 20th November
'at this point I'm sick to death of all the griping & that's my gripe'

on the Crest

'you are just as responsible for the War in Vietnam as I am for killing those
people'
—Charles Manson

deadlock

hand to hand cone Alpha Centauri to cone Alpha Centauri
the nearest star is a dance

,

which tired rusty legs make -getting in the exercise-
the only thing he does to keep his heart going is beat his meat the real thing
is slower is the touching of two insects is the hovering of the sperm
over the waters
where the earth is an upended faggot

San Francisco to Santa Fe
the pendulum swings from gay to gay

pushed down in the mud (social comment 86) which means

the other end comes up

looking in the mirror reveals how I look all day
how do we differ?
only how do we differ

I have pulled everything apart until I come back to the same center of holes
we lie there kissing long &
complete

the union of asking & giving that she provides me her moisture
a b

when Im ready to go in just a little work does it
c d e

(a left hand open palm up extended to
right hand thumb touching forefinger as if holding something
b move right hand toward left & touch the open palm
c touch palms together d rub them e clasp hands)

he's gotten away from the song & into the litany

moving around the balls
all the time his skull is a scrotum

with his heart beating
a song out

•

‘
whenever concordant lines meet
& the eye falls

the eyes fall

where his hands are he fingers his eyeballs
feels out the center‘

focus
thru 4 doors doorways Chaco Canyon
living quarters ?

light comes down thru what were
ceilings high rock slab walls

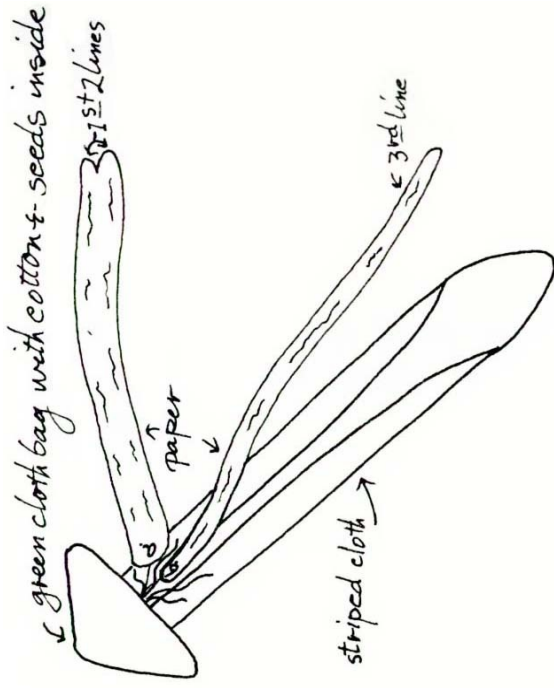
door thru door thru door thru door

in any direction in & out I have identified myself with pulse
& breath thru the channels in & out

I am basically agriculture oriented.

Song for the Planting Sticks

star for the pleasure you give me what I know of wood
willow you are made of all willow from beside the spring you grow
I have brot you in oiled you with finest oils tied you two together
snake groove along yr shank coils around one end eyes on the prick head
you are cock stuck into the ground rooted rooted rotted you two
tied together star for the pleasure the ends of you kissed to bring the pleasure
again



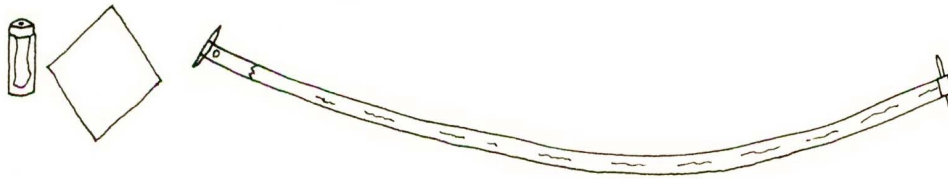
Song for Lenore

a. I think of myself as 1000's of parallel lines with waves in them affecting them all

sedge in a current but dry electric 1000's of lines left glowing by the Sun

b. I think of myself as 1000's of parallel lines left glowing in a giant wedge with no ends entering you

a long time ago I had a long roll of paper about $\frac{3}{4}$ s of an inch wide I don't know-
what happened to it what I wanted to do with it was write a long 'one-line
poem' on it & stretch it out on the ground



*(take up small bottle with rolled up 'one line poem' in it, open the bottle, unwrap
the cloth, unwind as you read, & place the long strip on the ground)*

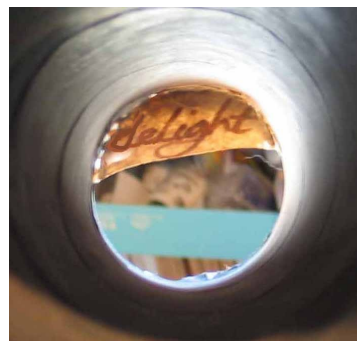
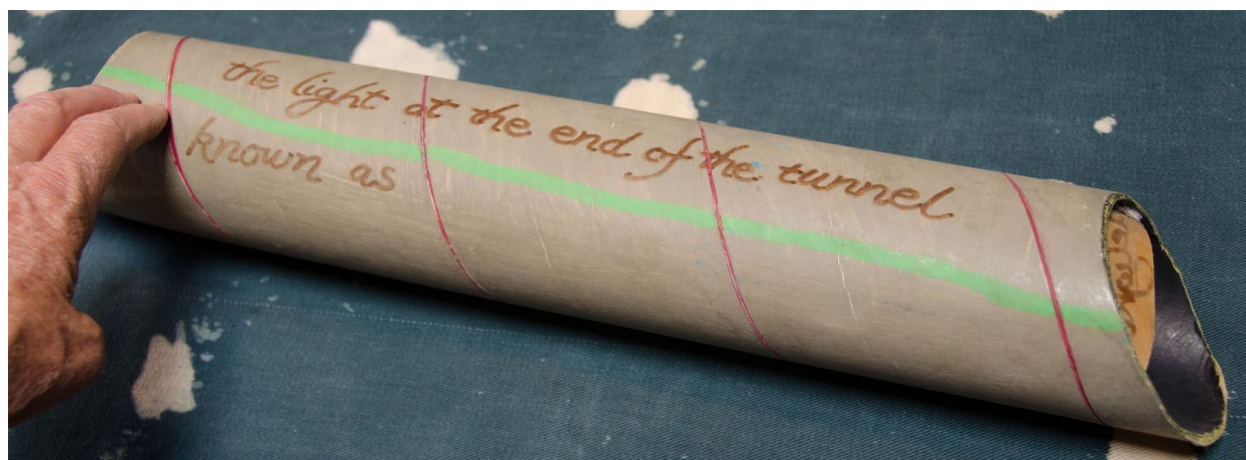
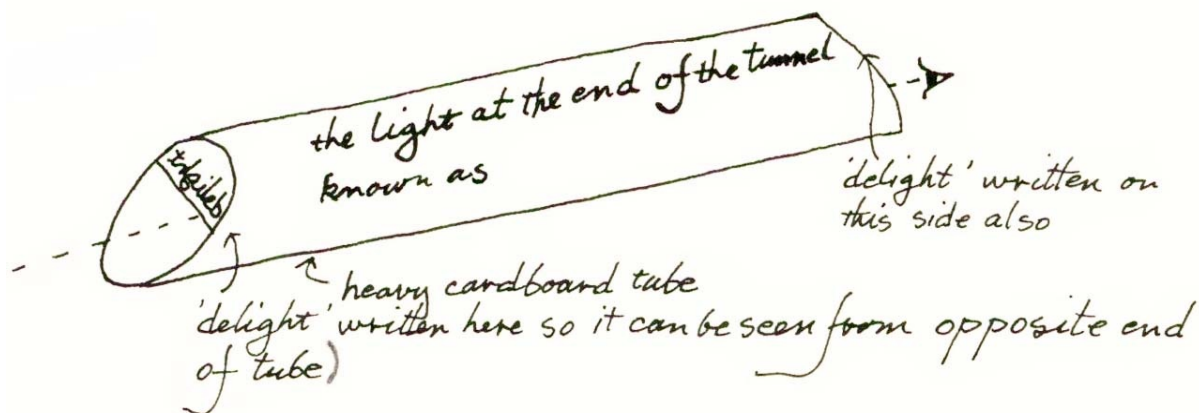


a long time ago I had a long roll of paper about $\frac{3}{4}$ s of an inch wide I don't know what happened to it

what I wanted to do with it was write along 'one-line poem' on it & stretch it out on the ground

the light at the end of the tunnel known as delight

(take up the 1 ½ foot tube with these words written on it, hand it to someone)



•

“It is mainly because she feeds him that he learns to think of Earth as the Mother Ge is mother because fruit-bearer. Earth then is fitly embodied by the primaeval fruit-bearer, the tree.

— Jane Harrison in *Themis*

•

these words ride on the death of trees

•

the 1st key: difficulty in finding a door that wd open to her house

she'd turned her house into a museum

all of her possessions were displayed like badges of herself

fortunately I'd brot my own food for this far away visit

coupled to this is the image of a friend who when I said
Wow that's really nice said take it it's yours
& I realized how I didnt really want it

she had none of that generosity

something I'd given her was hanging on the wall over her bed

now it is one of her prizes

•
light of the star fissure

opened up from smog & bane of cemetery juices
to let me out

I am not Ed Sanders riding the tide of the all-knowing eye
not even myself but an assortment of lightning sources
bursting ever which a way from the head-on center
placed outside myself on the parking lot of K Mart
languishing there advertised as the source
the great Horn of Plenty with a Circle K Store on top
THE SOURCE Earth dead under the pavement

•
Spicer's Martians scare me

youve got to say the same impossible things yr own way
pave yr hemorrhoids to Mars
the keys from other writers as if ego-keys are not enough
or they sit on & devour the locks they open
like hydrochloric acid poured over the shiny dark wood of the dining room table
& allowed to burn there all the way thru

he continued to disconnect with his own creation

ooo

WEST & SOUTH: ⁴the Interior

dead in the death west

the sun is a circle swung around the South Star withdrawing into the mountain

a thematic colander

everything I have to say relates to food

come back versions of the star of morning

the conscious is virgin

the undervirgin bitch draws her down (in a spin)

notes within notes within underpinings of current ¹

the electric water notices food for thot

¹tabs spat out keys eyes of the K ²

²an enormous eye of the fly

what I see with is part of a disgusting creature

the enormity of the disgust equals the magnificence of the fragmentary vision

each one pretending to be whole walls between neighbors

this structure³ is left me by my Grandfather Brown &

Grandmother Goodell what's still alive

³a metal framework dome ⁴parts of it falling

the crash of glass

Full Moon



it is an exciting & lonely task
the pallor of suicide
plugged in to the Circuit
plugged out of the social circuit



away we go playing with the stomachs below our cocks
the donuts in the breeze
& the snatches of love that recall us

the quiet in the evening bunches
the hair down low the gentle
faces in the stars •
come down near •
• • •
warmth is in bed



for Lenore Dec 1970



PLASTIC CUPIDOLL

the Season come round at last
businessmen opting on what Americans will spend
their last dollar on

trees slung over their cars like carcasses
they head home


in the presence of their dying tree
they open this last gift



(sing, shaking rattle at each pitch change)

	the Sun	the Sun.
the Sun.		They o
	pen up	Some pla
the package.		They set
	stic cu	& one
pidolls.		The stench
	them on	they run
the mantle.		
	falls in	
the fire.		
	is o	
verpowering.		
	out	
the door.		

		& breathe
stic air.	the plas	
	ty's com	The ci
bination.		it gets
their hair.	all in	
	their clothes	they throw
on bushes.		& dance
the driveways.	around	
	the dead	they pull
grass up.		& stick
their hair.	it in to	
	with I	they dance
tching hardons.		they dance
	with I	
tching cunts.		they beat
	themselves	
with shrubbery.		but that
	makes them	
dance more.		they run
& drag down.	inside	
	mas trees	their Christ
upon them.		

the struggle.	dren watch	the chil
& plastic.	sting glass	the bur
tear.	the tree limbs	in flesh
		
castrati.	try of	A coun
rus strong.	in cho	They sing
without them.	returns	The Son
no wrong.	produce	they re
withouthem.	returns	The Sun
no wrong.	produce	They re

hatred pinchy bitterness the degraded degrading spirit
is what I get under the Christmas tree 1970
Christmas is the Curse of Christ

what America needs is its own prophet
the Great True Brother
Green around the Edges
he is called
Buddy



('black

Persons who say things are different as *black* and *white* might be surprised at how alike these two are. Both were associated in the early mind with absence of color: *black* is Anglo-Saxon *blaec*; but Anglo-Saxon *blac* is *white*. Whence English *bleach*, from Anglo-Saxon *blaecan*. to make white, from *blac*. Hence also *bleak*, pale. Blanch, blank (empty, white sheet), and blanket are of the same origin, via French *blanc*. white, and *blanchir*. to whiten. The word white is also common Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon *hwit*. cognate with Anglo-Saxon *hwaete*. *wheat*.' – from *Dictionary of Word Origins*, Joseph Shipley)

when

nothing makes sense but the intrusion of opposites

o

IT IS GIVING GIFTS TO THE TREE NOT TAKING GIFTS AWAY FROM IT



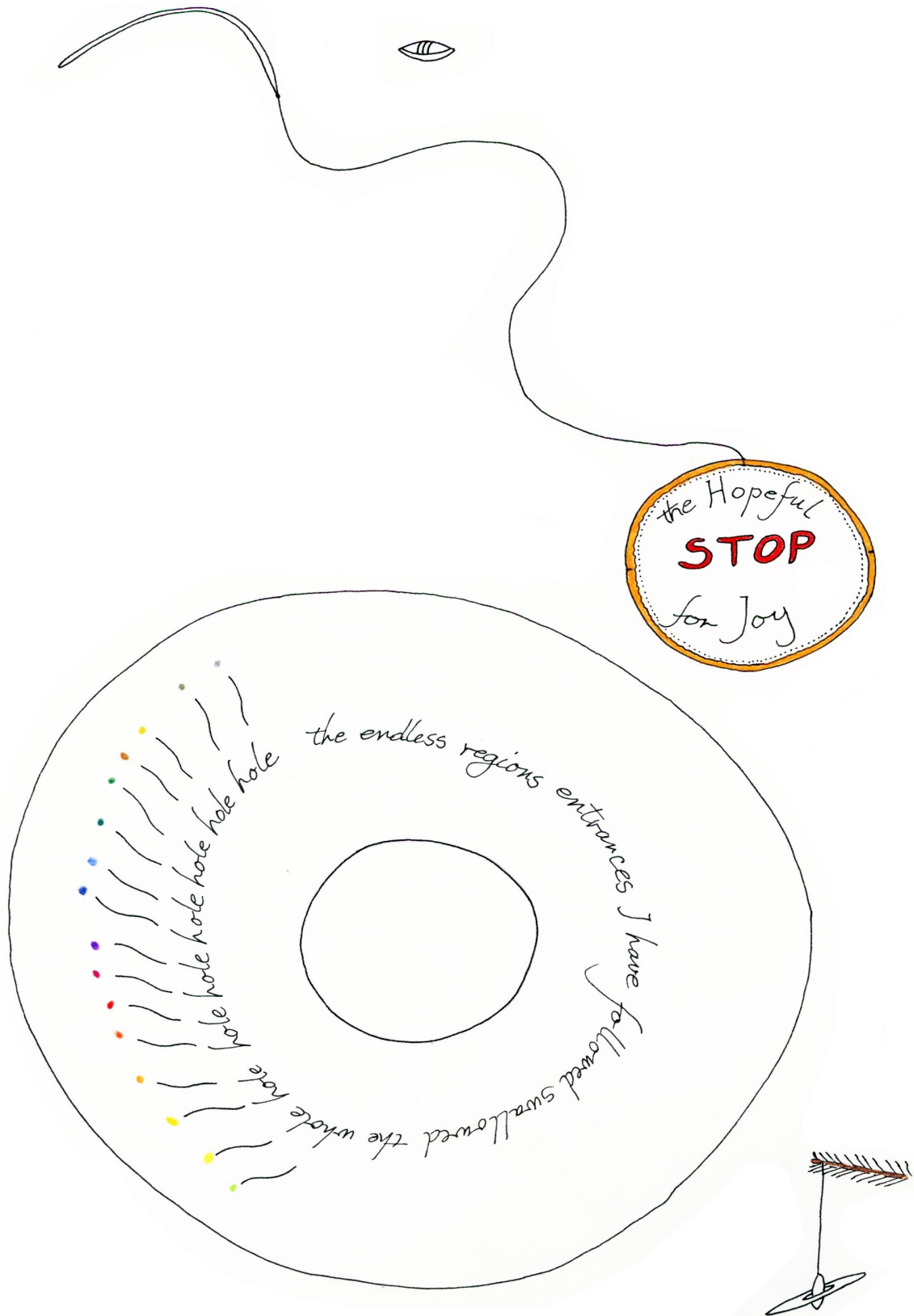
a little speech for the Monomaniacs of Money who in Dumb-Shit Paradise ask
But what wd a tree do with an electric toothbrush?
in Dumb-Shit Paradise where everyone wears neckties & everything you touch
turns to Shit

so when he reached down & pulled 'his' gift from the tree
the tree reared back & formed into two gigantic jaws
which clamped down shut on him & devoured him



The Revenge of the Tree

“the boy upsurged within him & he reached down & pulled his gift from the tree
the tree reared back & formed 2 gigantic jaws which clamped down on him
& devoured him”



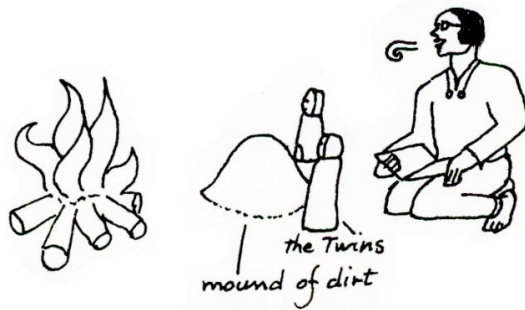
(print, cut out and hang)

the Hopeful STOP for Joy - the endless regions entrances I have followed swallowed the whole hole hole hole hole hole hole hole



OM PHALLUS CUNT EASE

in celebration of the Birth
of Terry & Michele's son
Mark
Thirtieth of December Nineteen Seventy



Fire is the Navel Navel is the Uplift Uplift is the Dawn
the FireGod is the Center of Things The Stove the Fire the FirePlace
the Hearth is the Heart Unlike Origins must Come Together
Man & Woman Opposite Sides of the Continent Opposite Sides Together must Come
1st the Earth in the Womb of the Sun Warming the Other must Come
then Sun in the Womb of the Earth Warming the Other must Come
the Sunken Navel Warming the Bulging Navel of the Other
the Bulging Navel Warming up the Other's Sunken Treasure
the Crosseyed Dawn
 Son of our only Sun
the Crosseyed Son

the Crosseyed Daughter
 Twin of our Only Earth
the Crosseyed Daughter

Rubbing into Coming Sunken Rubbing into Coming

Rubbing Bulge of Older Navel Warming Sunken Bulge of Ours

We Lift Up like Christening Daughters to the Bulge of the Sun

Rubbing Warming Sunning Bulge OM OM PHALLUS PHALLUS OM OM OM
PHALLUS

Warming Warming Reaching Up the Bulging In Between

We are All the Crosseyed Daughters Reaching To our Crosseyed Lovers

Bulging In Between OM OM PHALLUS PHALLUS Heart Hearth In Between

Older Navel Bulging in our Sunken Treasure In 3etween

Fire God Dawn Stove Together Must Come

Man Woman Opposite Sides Womb of the Son

Womb of the Daughter Madness Christening Up & Reaching Down

Om Phallus Om Phallus Om Phallus Cunt in Store

Cunt Phallus Cunt Phallus Cunt Phallus Cock in Store

Reaching Over & Becoming Sun Earth As We Are As I Am As I Was

Earth in Warming Sun Sun in Reflecting Earth Earth in Reflecting Moon

Moon in Reflecting Ocean Ocean in Reflecting Sun Sun in Reflecting Moon

Sun Moon Stove Heart Together must Come

Sun Moon Bulging Sun Sun Moon Sunken Moon

Sun Venus Sunken Venus Sun Venus Bulging Sun

Crosseyed Lover First Lover Cross Eyed Earth Moon

Crosseyed Venus Earth Mother Sun Lover Finish soon

Navel Hearth Warm Stoke Fire Place Dawn Road

Up Lift Dream Wood Tower Burning Flame Juice

Flesh Wood Tower Burning Juice Moon Dawn Come

Venus Blood Spent Fire Hearth Juice Lift More

Knees Up Belly Catching Rain Juice Clouds More

Electric Dawn Coming Mad Snake Juice Scream More

Chanting Out Holds Lotus Snakeweed Om Phallus

Dawn Cream Fire Woman Man Earth Twist Sun Venus Prick
Moon Ass

Mound before the Altar
No Mound No Altar

Mind is the Altar
Birth is the Sun

the Mound is before the Altar & Before the Fire

No Mound no Altar

only Earth

Fire is the Sun
Given in Birth

Out of the Mound
Mound of the Earth

Cross Eyed Twins
Woman & Man

Out of the Mound
Given Birth

Son of the Sun
Daughter of the Earth

Om Phallus Om Cunt Om Cock Phallus-Cunt

Sun Venus Earth Moon Reaching Into Itching Each

B U L G I N G J U I C E

SPURT Love Dawn Twist Evolving Mother

Long Haired Dawn Son Cross Eyed Dawn

. Turns on her Back & Wrestles Sister

. Turns on her Back & Wrestles Brother

. Turns on her Back & Wrestles Father

. Turns on her Back & Wrestles Mother

Om Phallus Om Phallus Om Phallus Itch

Om Cunt Brother Cock Sister in Cross Eyed Come Flow.

Cunt Phallus Long Hair Put Out the Fire

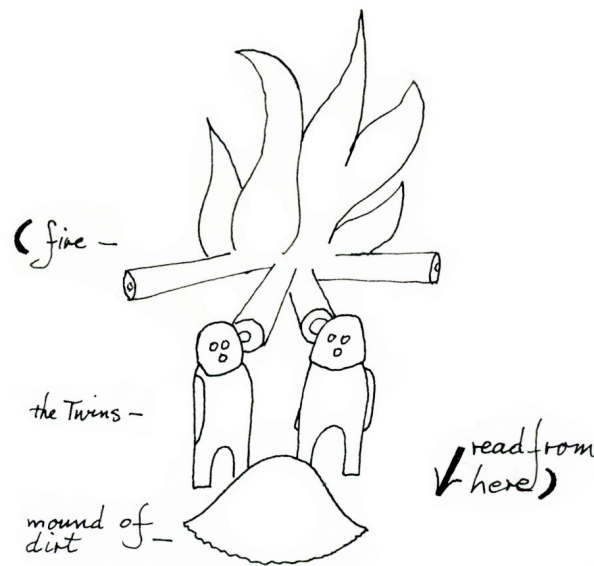
SPURT

Ease

SPURT

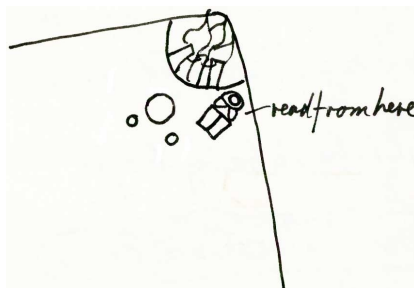
Ease

Om Phallus Cunt Ease E is for Earth
Om Phallus Cunt Ease E is for Eye
Om Phallus Cunt Ease Eye is for Sun
Om Phallus Cunt Ease Put Out the Fire



END

(by fireplace or by fire)





cottonwood root brothers, twins



BROTHER

END

Postlude

brother I never had whose form & shape take on the meaning of a dance

he died on Sunday Monday Tuesday she brot him back on Wednesday Thursday Friday
they danced on Saturday



Hand made Japanese bound Notebook #11
17Aug70-F3b71
from which most of "Brother" generated.

BROTHER

Larry Goodell



duende book

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placitas, new mexico 87043 larrygood@comcast.net



Notes for Brother

Brother or *Great White Brother* or *Great Dark Brother* or *Brother*
or *What Brother* or *Mr. B* or simply *Brother*. . .

I started writing and putting this together October 1, 1970 and continued off and on until the end of the year. The 8 sections correspond (somewhat) to the first 7 cards and the Fool card of the Tarot: 1&2 Magician & Priestess; 3 Pregnant Queen; 4 King; 5 Preacher; 6 Lovers; 0 Fool; 7 Accomplishment.

1 ● 1Oct70, & 7Mar71 (matching of the fork and the union)

2 ●● 6-8Oct70 p.8 This formula appears at the bottom of a page of formulas Terry Sowards gave me, from somewhere in the course of his working on a dissertation in engineering concerning avalanche theory.


3 ●●● 11-23Oct70 See "Winter Solstice in Dome Valley, 1970," letters & bio. "Coca-Cola" is from living next to the Coke plant and my dad an Asst. General Manager.

4 ●●●● p. 38 Mayan glyph for the day Kan sacred to the yong maize god & symbol for corn, touched off from Harvest God, p. 34.

5  1-18Nov70 p. 54

stone is a combustible god known as element
element is a combustible stone known as god

6  20Nov-13Dec70 p.67 drawing by Lenore Goodell

0  Mayan stylized shell = o.
17-24Dec70 p.74 on back of small disk "The Hopeful Stop for Joy"
is a sticker of a couple cherries

7  30Dec70

"Winter Solstice in Dome Valley, 1970," letters & bio, is available from duende press 2014.
For many works being made available online see <http://about.me/larrygoodell>





