



Accordion Fold Note Books

& a poem
Home Space

larry goodell

duendebooks
2012



these long sheets are leftover cutoffs from a printing project from years ago.
I'm gluing them together to make a very long sheet to fold into
my accordion notebook and I'm remembering the accordion fold notebook
I did back in the early 70's . . .

◦

cut out mat board ends, glue to a strip of cloth glued to each end of long paper

◦

cloth wrap around cover with hand-sewn "pockets" to fit over mat board ends . . .

◦

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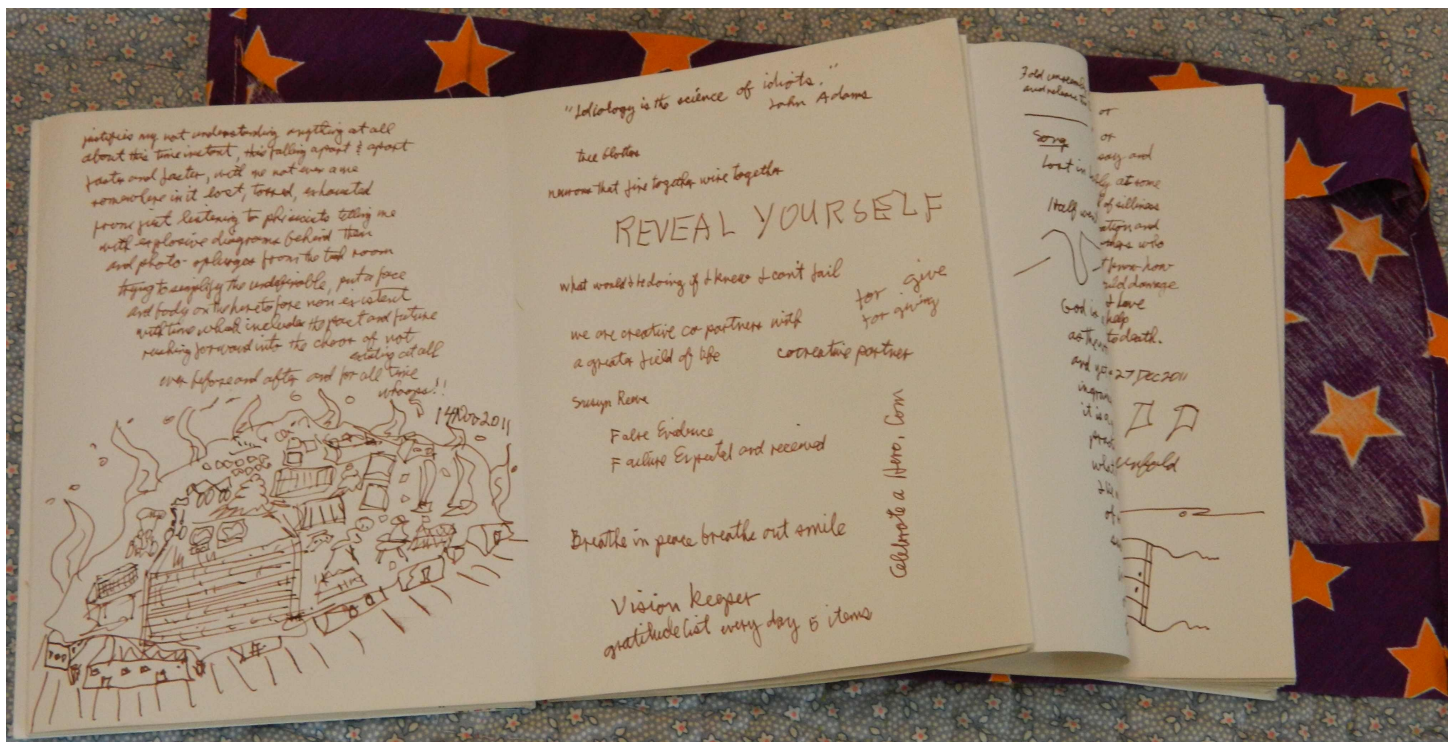
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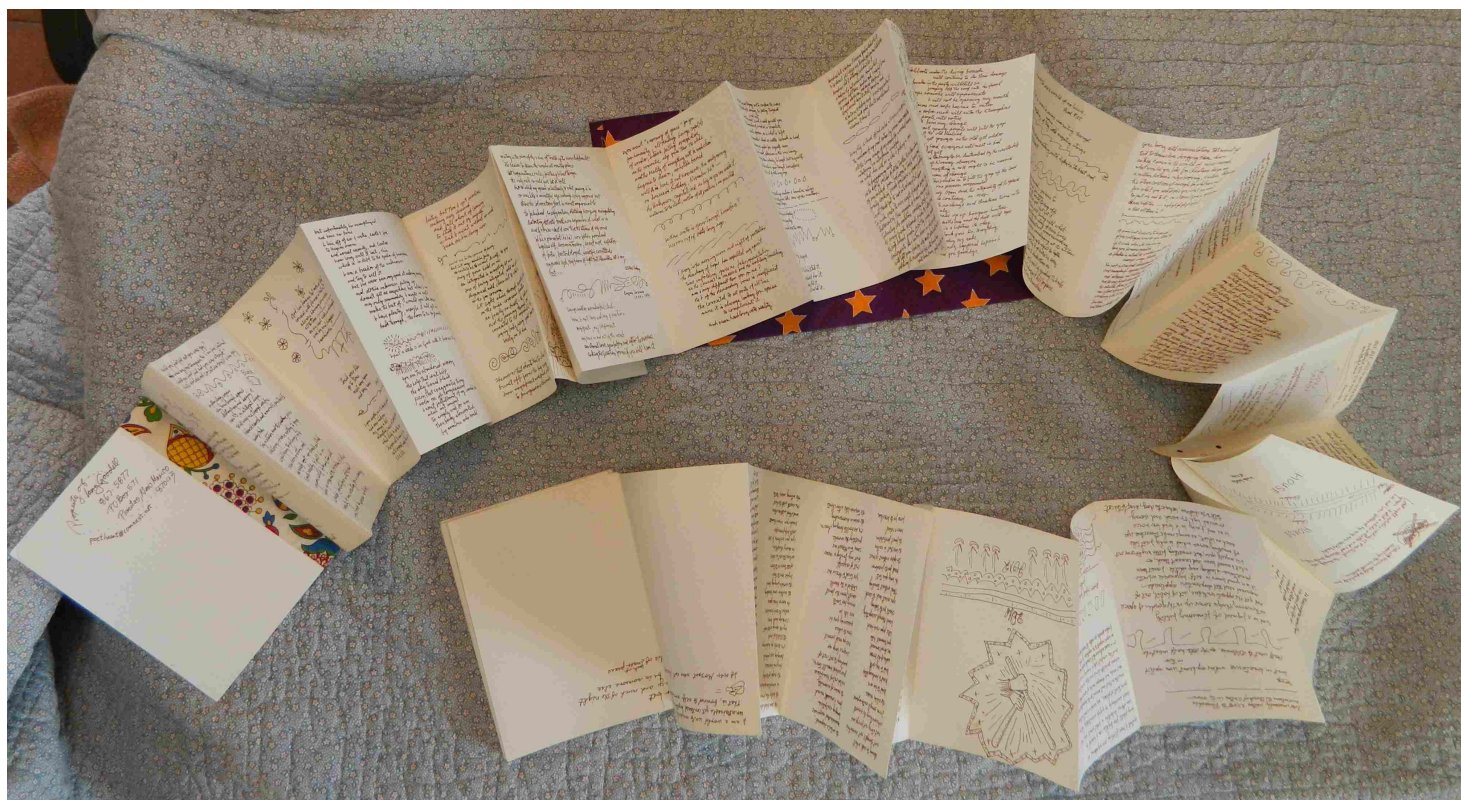
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Notebook #71, current NB in progress
when I'm at one end I'll decide whether to continue on the back,
but the paper may be too thin (compared to the earlier NB #7)

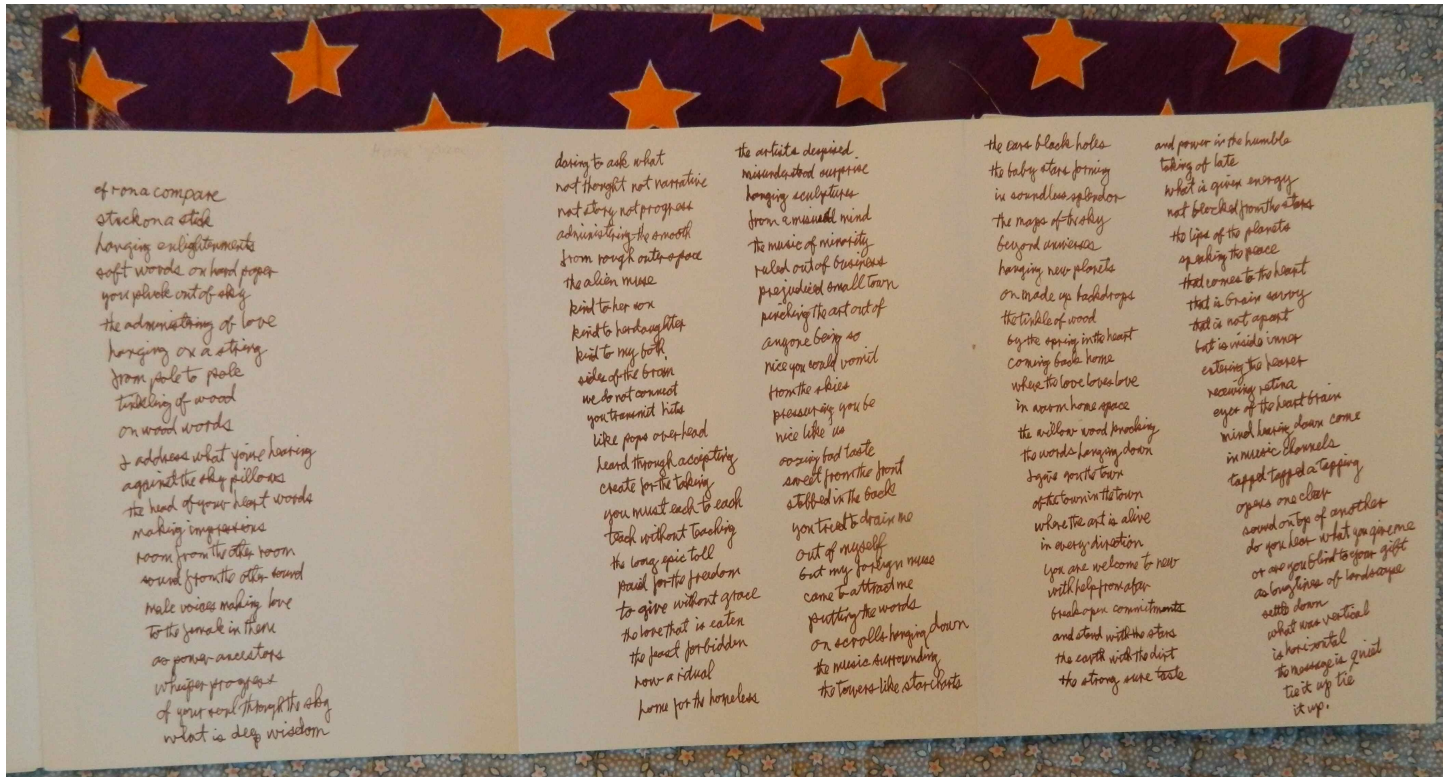


I'm so happy I did this although getting the pages flat to write on is sometimes tricky



Home Space

poem in holograph
written very early morning January 3rd 2012



hear larry goodell read this poem
on *Soundclick* here
<http://bit.ly/wxzWfY>

of rona compare
stuck on a stick
hanging enlightenments
soft words on hard paper
you pluck out of sky
the administering of love
hanging on a string
from pole to pole
tinkling of wood
on wood words
I address what you're hearing
against the sky pillows
the head of your heart words
making impressions
room from the other room
sound from the other sound
male voices making love
to the female in them
as power ancestors
whisper progress
of your soul through the sky
what is deep wisdom

daring to ask what
not thought not narrative
not story not progress
administering the smooth
from rough outer space
the alien muse
kind to her son
kind to her daughter
kind to my both
sides of the brain
we do not connect
you transmit hits
like pops over head
heard through accepting
create for the taking
you must each to each
teach without teaching
the long epic toll
paid for the freedom
to give without grace
the love that is eaten
the feast forbidden
now a ritual
home for the homeless

the artists despised
misunderstood surprise
hanging sculptures
from a misused mind
the music of minority
ruled out of business
prejudiced small town
pitching the art out of
anyone being so
nice you could vomit
from the skies
pressuring you be
nice like us
souring bad taste
sweet from the front
stabbed in the back
you tried to drain me
out of myself
but my foreign muse
came to attract me
putting the words
on scrolls hanging down
the music surrounding
the towers like star charts

the cars black holes
the baby stars forming
in soundless splendor
the maps of the sky
beyond anniesas
hanging new planets
on made up backdrops
the tinkle of wood
by the spring in the heart
coming back home
where the love loves love
in warm home space
the willow wood knocking
the words hanging down
I give you the town
of the town in the town
where the art is alive
in every direction
you are welcome to new
with help from after
break open commitments
and stand with the stars
the earth with the dirt
the strong sure taste

and power in the humble
taking of late
what is given energy
not blocked from the stars
the lips of the planets
speaking the peace
that comes to the heart
that is Grain savvy
that is not apart
but is inside inner
entering the hearse
receiving retina
eyes of the heart brain
mind hearing down come
in music channels
tapped tapped a tapping
opens one clear
sound on top of another
do you hear what you give me
or are you blind to your gift
as brushstrokes of landscape
settle down
what was vertical
is horizontal
the message is quiet
tie it up tie
it up.



Notebook #7 in its cloth cover, from February 1971 to March 1972

◦

paper is cut out from supermarket sacks, glued together in one long strip and painted white with gesso . . . this recycled notebook has been a hit with kids & students . . .

◦

next two photographs: the collage covers from flower catalogs

I do not write for Fascists I do not write for Fools
I write for the Angels in the Void (Wind)
their Backside is laughter - & - their Hearts are Blood
Hearts with Holes in the Center of their Pages
come after me Harry - & - Horrible Harriet
come after me James - & - Moola
we will make the Muchachos on the Morning after
- & - Love the Mother of our Dreams

Earth Stick Jump Over Center of the Page
the Book slowly Floating from my Hands
I grab you furry Grandmother Du-en-de

Spiced Lovely Bat Juice Black Breed Brother Mother
Horn Rimmed Cider
Horny Ribbed Cider
my Mother had 4 ribs taken out
- & - we drank to the Change
Chocolate Milk
- & - an undeserved spanking
Set my ~~own~~ character
- & - set me on my way

26 Mar

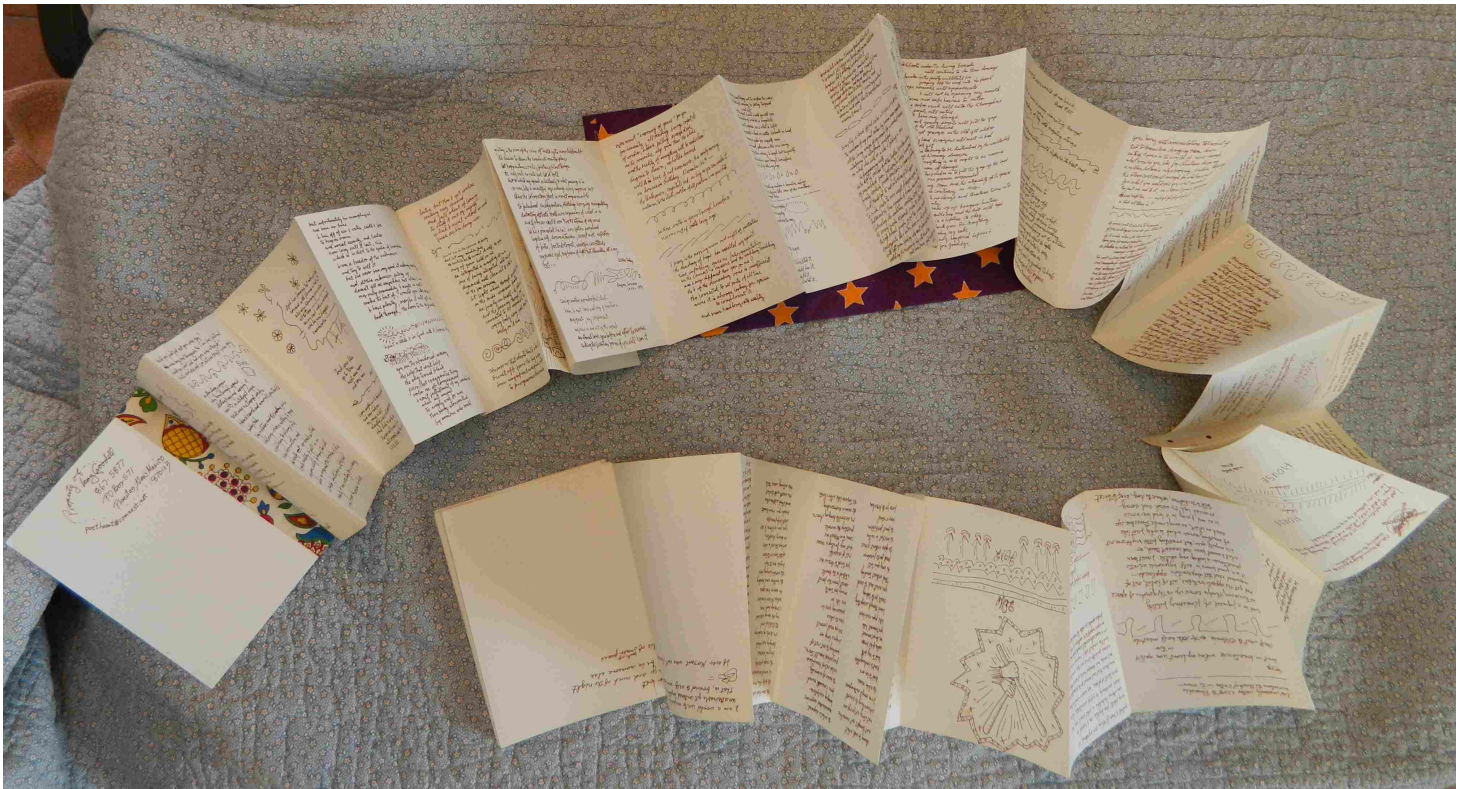
last part of "Astoria" a long poem from the Staff of Ometeotl, a performance sequence of 12 poems with cloth backings hanging on cottonwood staves . . .
holograph from NB #7



facsimile of the *Codex Borgia*, in the michigan state university library,
 the amazing and precious original created probably late 1400's,
 never to forget Catholic priests burned many of these . . .



Urgency is in the Wind which has died down . . .



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