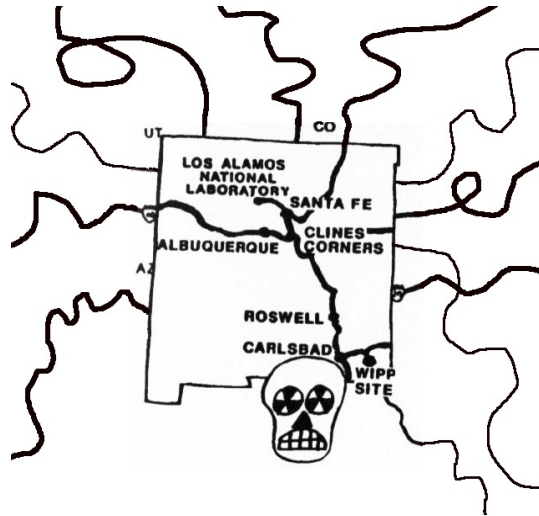


- Ed Mad Bills

WIPP

69

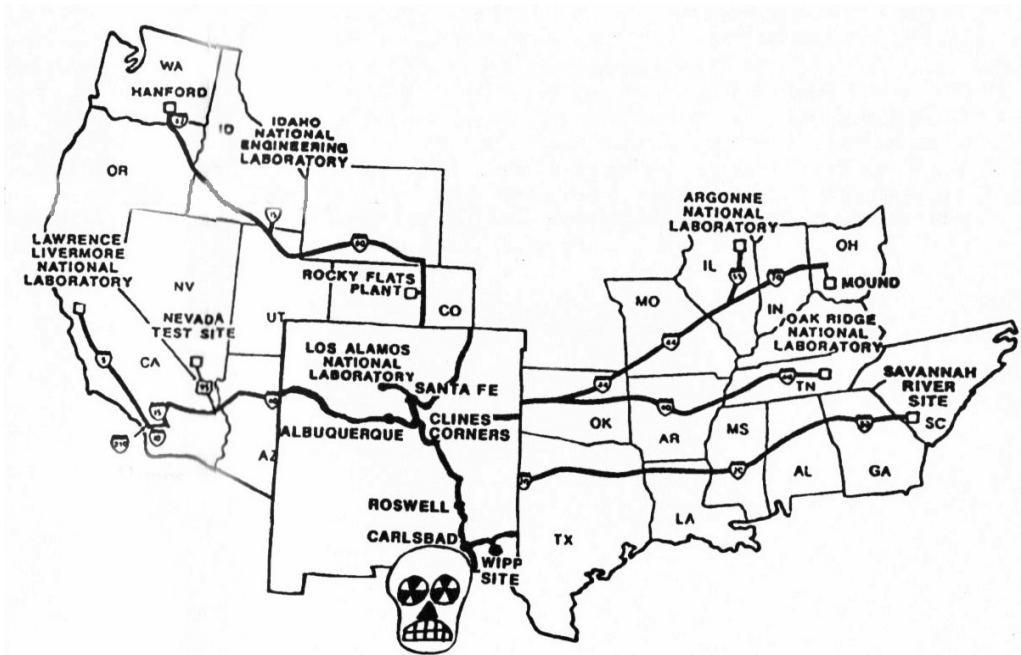
poems



larry goodell

**“The Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, or WIPP, is the world’s third deep geological repository licensed to permanently dispose of transuranic radioactive waste for 10,000 years that is left from the research and production of nuclear weapons.”
– Wikipedia**

**“WIPP site to receive more nuclear waste.”
KRQE, Albuquerque**



**duende makings
open words open pictures open voice**

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po box 571
placitas, new mexico 87043 USA
larrynewmex@gmail.com**



poems

& other items

New Mexico the Garbage State

Garbage Bag cut to shape of state of NM –



cut slits for arms and neck
put on (get inside) and play piano accompaniment while you sing
(or if no piano, clap hands and sing)

New Mexico the Garbage State

(put on garbage bag
with hole for head,
sing & play piano or
snap fingers & sing)

You want to dump it in our dirt.
You want to bring it down the narrow road.
And if it ever causes hurt you say
"Don't worry today!"
You think we don't know where it's at.

You want to ship it here in trucks.
They'll come from everywhere night and day.
And if it crashes, spills out--Hard luck--
Just try to clean it up!
I wish you'd find another sucker state.

You want to dump in our backyard
Your million 55 gallon cans.
Out of sight, out of mind, no rust,
No leaks if you're blind--
I know it's just another short-term scam.

You want to dump it on our bed
Of salt or land, it's still New Mexico.
And it's the Land of Enchanted Wastes
For big-cities--
New Mexico the garbage state.

The Land of Enchanted Wastes.
New Mexico the sucker state.
New Mexico the garbage state.
The Land of Enchanted w-a-s-t-e-ssssss.

©1989 Larry Goodell

(presented at DOE hearings on WIPP in Albuquerque.

The "bag" was left with DOE as an Exhibit that goes
along with my "testimony.")

Foes Sing, Act Out Opposition to WIPP

“There's more than one way for foes of the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant to make their point, U.S. Department of Energy officials learned Wednesday.

“A few people at Wednesday's public hearing in Albuquerque sang songs and acted in skits to express their opposition to the plant.

“During testimony before a panel of DOE officials, Larry Goodell of Placitas offered a tune he wrote called “New Mexico, the Garbage State.” Placing a plastic garbage bag cut in the shape of New Mexico over his head, Goodell sang:

‘You want to dump it on my head/You want to dump it on my pregnant cat/You want to dump it on my bed and say/’Don't worry today!’/You think we don't know where it's at.’

“Another group sang a song called “Does DOE Love Me?” The lyrics went, in part: “DOE loves me, this I know/’Cause the SEIS report tells me so.*

“Meanwhile, another woman, Eileen Weiss, went one step further. Wearing a button promoting a group called “New Mexico Mothers for an Eternal Salvage State” and calling herself “Wanda Glow,” she praised the virtues of Tupperware as a shipping container for radioactive waste.

“Richard Marquez, DOE's director of intergovernmental and external affairs, said the agency is interested mainly in public comments relevant to the environmental study. But he said there are no plans to stop people from making philosophical protests of WIPP — no matter how unusual.

‘People are free to speak on their allotted time on anything they want,’ Marquez said.” — from the *Albuquerque Journal*

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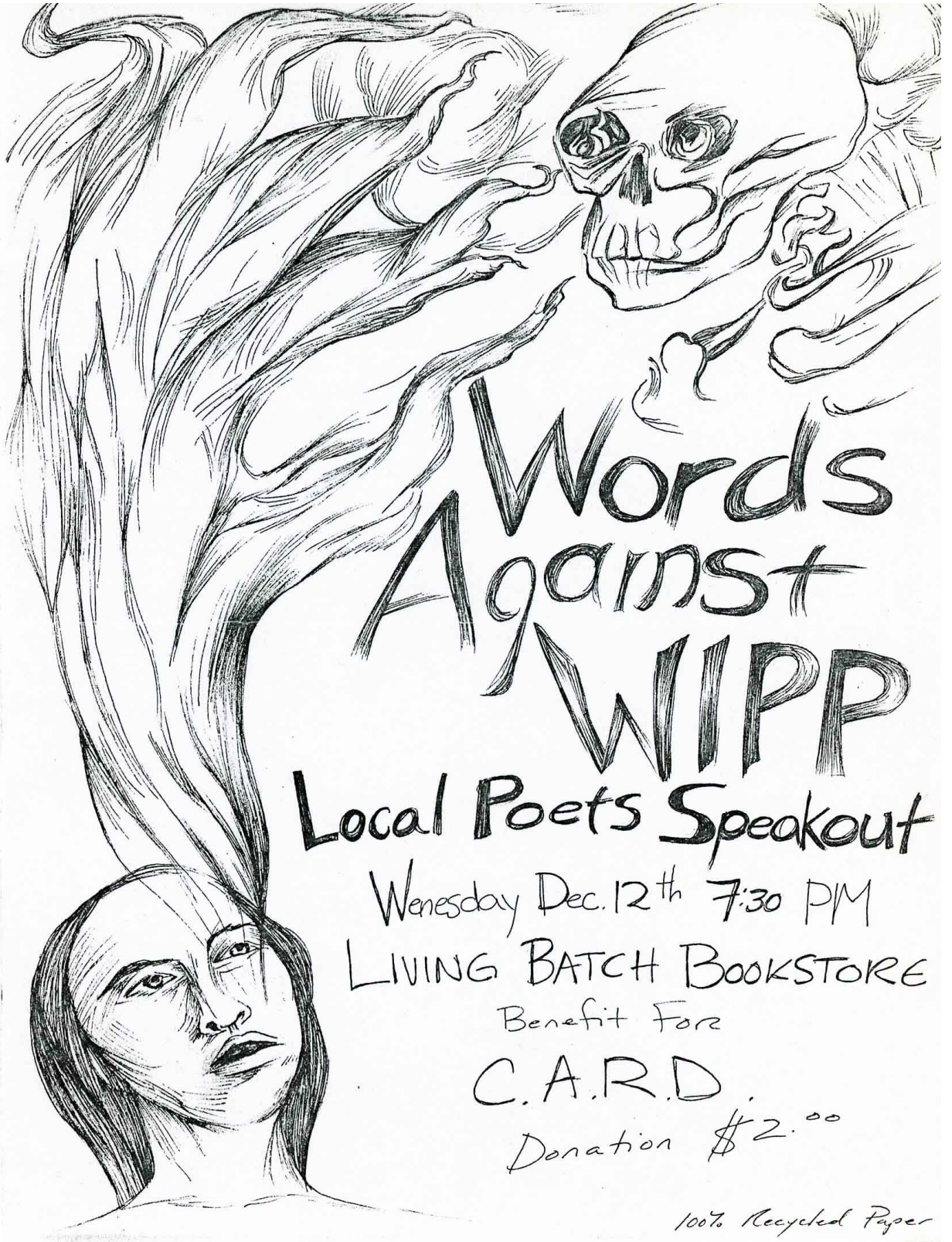
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Words
Against
WIPP
Local Poets Speakout

Wednesday Dec. 12th 7:30 PM
LIVING BATCH BOOKSTORE
Benefit For
C.A.R.D.
Donation \$2.00

100% Recycled Paper

Many thanks to **Janet Greenwald** for spearheading C.A.R.D. and promoting research and communication to New Mexico residents.

Waste Isolation Pilot Protest

Waste island piled up process
waste haste erased face
eye sailing solution salination piled up project
waste island piled up process
weighted hated icicle fracture profligation malfunction
junction compression waste pile up concussion
comprehensive collision at junction to malfunction
pilot concussion isolation explosion ramification
pick up projected erased condition colossal collision
project pilot malfunction computer project
wasted, tragedy isolated, fracture severed waste
spill contaminate projected piloted computer truck container collision
fault fracture

conjunction
waste haste effaced pilot light eye sailing salination
fissure earthquake spillage isolation impossible
collision inevitable malfunction Carlsbad Artesia
split Hobbs, Jal concussion project contaminate
Carlsbad Caverns wasted, Carlsbad isolated,
contaminated pilot screams projected collision
clean up condemned quarantined isolated malfunction
inevitable fracture seismic overthrow Carlsbad
Contaminated Clines Corners quarantined 4 Corners
isolated Gallup Fort Worth Oak Ridge Santa Fe Arroyo Hondo Los
Alamos
Sandia Labs contaminated I-25 isolated
state cordoned off New Mexico Colorado Texas
Arizona contaminated spillage collision
pilot screams waste isolation
pilot protests in collision
that project progress process rejected:
the waste isolation pilot protests.

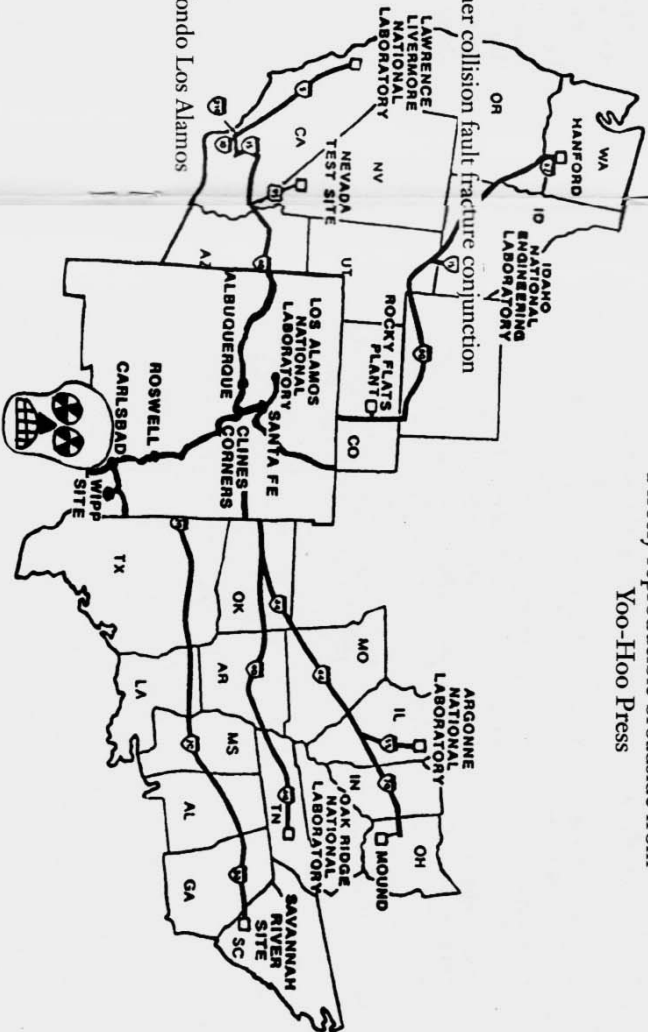
/9dec90

/next page printed center page as broadside in *Out of Secrecy*,
Yoo-Hoo Press 1992, thank you Scott Nicolay

WASTE ISOLATION PILOT PROTEST

Waste island piled up process
 waste haste erased face
 eye sailing solution salination piled up project
 waste island piled up process
 weighted hated icicle fracture profligation malfunction
 junction compression waste pile up concussion
 comprehensive collision at junction to malfunction
 pilot concussion isolation explosion ramification
 pick up projected erased condition colossal collision
 project pilot malfunction computer project
 wasted, tragedy isolated, fracture severed waste
 spill contaminant projected piloted computer truck container collision fault fracture conjunction
 waste haste effaced pilot light eye sailing salination
 fissure earthquake spillage isolation impossible
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 state cordoned off New Mexico Colorado Texas
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 pilot screams waste isolation
 pilot protests in collision
 that project progress process rejected:
 the waste isolation pilot protests

/9Dec90



a freely reproducible broadside from
 Yoo-Hoo Press

Larry Goodell



A Whale in Aisle Two

Tote bag fru-fru
 skies are blue
and if ever there was a
 great big
 beached whale
it's in aisle two.

Gabblegone
 gabble gooby
 napa nong
and if ever there was the history of
 the computer chip
it would be placed in cow chips
 along with the produce
586 strong.

Attention shoppers
if ever you need
 all the preservatives
 & all the additives
 and all the superfluous
 processings of food & fluff
you'll find those in 55 gallon cans
 mixed up with the undelivered
 WIPP wastes
but you won't find that in
 aisle three
you'll find that
in the room with every known
 carcinogen known to
 scientific man &
 woman
in that room almost
 everywhere in America
but here not here
the skeletons walk the
 dangerous path
 here we walk the safe and broad

options galore
health brims up like the
Earth used to be
back in aisle one.

Attention shoppers
it's a celebration proffered
life & the liberty to
eat good food
is offered.
in this aisle
in the aisle
this aisle
of fruitful
paradise.

/written while driving,1998



Uranium Queen



Susan Schmidt (chorus) and the the Author (Uranium Queen)

Uranium Queen

*(put on Uranium headdress
wear 6 white inflated balloons,
Chorus wears dark robe –
parts underlined)*

The Wind brot me in, but more than that
the way things blow in New Mexico
the way things blow in New Mexico
the world that isnt funny yet wakes up alive.
We aint dead yet, we got a lotta kickin to kick up
we aint dead yet, we got a lotta kickin to kick up.

They dont call me the Uranium Queen for nothing
coming in on the wings of the Wind Man
/the Sand Man the perpetrator of dreams
to renew and to reduce the element that I am
to its sleeping place in the cosmic fold –
Oh let me be
Oh let me be
Oh let me be
Oh let me be free to be me and not
exploited all out of shape
exploited all out of shape –
FAT when I should be thin
thin as a needle or a pin
fat with your uranium exploitation
look at all the potholes on my face
look at all your potholes on my ass & legs.

Perfidious bloating greed
perfidious bloating greed
has done this to me.
I want to be free and dance
I want to be free and dance
and dance and dance and dance
the enemies from my state
the enemies from my state of mind.

Dance the enemies from the state
it's all local here and to be there is not to be here
at least, when it's so late.

Hurry up and dance because it is too late.

Martin Klaproth discovered me, Pierre Curie and some workers
should have been my only fury
but the nuts came along to shake free some screws
and radio my active lust & feed me atomic dust
to swell out my borders and turn a fiend into me
I'm wrongside out I'm out of my element
that's what I'm shouting out.

Go burst me!

Go burst me!

Go be my friend.

Put me back in the earth again —

Put me back in the earth again

I cant step in unless Im slim.

I cant step in unless Im slim.

Let us dance until we burst
the whole hog show down
the uranium monsters out of town
Here we go – bum bum balm balm bam bam boom boom
out of state out of mind
(pop balloons)

uranium lust bites the dust

let her lie back in her tender sleeve where she belongs.

Whooooooooosh! and away.

away to rest!

Now I lie in the earth's tender sleeve where I belong.

lg (6sep79)

Photo is from Rico's Winery reading of "Uranium Queen"
in Albuquerque. Susan Schmidt is the "Chorus."



Uranium Queen Headress
with balloons to be popped



Robert Lloyd in Albuquerque
photo by Nikko

NUCLEAR PLANT EXPLOSION, CHERNOBYL, UKRAINE, U S S R,
APRIL, 1986.

Meltdown under the Phoenix!

Now

not even the Nest remains.

No Bird reborn above radiation cloud

or hatched underground Nevada tests

radiating shocks to earthquake zones.

The Dove no longer descends to drink

overflown Waters of Life,

the Fountains vapor

gas

and the Chalice

shattered volcanic glass

tour souvenirs of Tularosa Basin

New Mexico site

H o l y T r i n i t y .

* * * *

Robert Lloyd

crl

28 IV 1986.

first public reading, 10 IX 1936, Wednesday, at The Living Batch
Bookstore, at Farewell with Michael T. Kelly.

Dear Larry & Lenore, here's a souvenir of last September's
"fallout" . . . Here's to the Inorganic! Everbest loves, old Friends!

Robert

Sarcophagus

Larry Goodell

Out of the inside insane outside ratside batside ouchside cry
came the reason for no reason which is why.

That is because because is no reason to die but to live is all the reason
why there's no excuse to do so unless you have to
and once you're alive why not? And why not?

And who? Who and why and how to? Or in which direction?
Are you the abominable snowman or big foot?
The Lochness monster? The serpent of the deep? The big bad boogie man?
Why is a square a monster? Is Halloween nobody's business?
Rationality is being rationed out. Did you get any? I certainly didn't.

Where there's no reason there's no money. I have neither. Neither have I halves.
My brain is one whole thing, unlike anybody else's, according to
What they read about their brains & what they tell me.
Now I think in one whole pattern, diversity radiating out from my center
probably my medulla oblongata. Intuition is the starving artist there.

Without intuition there would not be me. And without me there wouldn't be this.
Thus this. But I'm sure impossible universal causes are at work
in every word I speak: it's all building blocks that aren't building,
a spasmodic author of everything having a coughing fit &
spitting up sputum. Words are those little blocks but his/her
fingers are so much bigger than them that they keep knocking blocks over
instead of playing with them. Well maybe knocking things over
is playing with them. The words coming thru to tell me what to do.

"Nonsense is what shit fabricated God out of." And out of the quote
from God said don't quote me. There is no God and there never has been
the biggest fabrication known to humankind. But the intensity of
not looking things in the face is as intense as looking at them.
I find spirits jumping in the woodwork, how do you? Jump?

Animated spirits. An animist in the rocks. In the ceiling beams, latias,
vegas, insulation, roof, stove pipes, rug, TV set, Chernobyl.
So I'm not without recourse. I'm not an atheist animist, I'm an
animist hot potato. An intuitionist. A brainless financial
nincompoop. What I say rants & raves. I imagine a Busby Berkeley
field of readers rocking in rocking chairs all reading this.

Someday I'll have a book, and that book of this will have a book.
And all those little books will be rocked in the rocking chairs by loving readers.

"When I was a squirming alphabet I gave birth to a double entendre."
My wiener in the bun. My pillow in the bed. My wood in your fireplace.
My sugar in your tea. My bulb in your socket. My plant in your pot.
My Squirt in your pop can. My stereo in your cabinet. My sunflower seeds
in your jar. My fish in your aquarium. My painting in your frame.
My foot in your shoe. My body in your clothes. "You're just about there:
don't despair." "Beauty's in the eye of the eye." "You are what you watch."
I watch you watch TV. **The disaster of Chernobyl. Reality stalks fantasy.
The sarcophagus built over the meltdown from that nuclear booboo.**

**A structure that will have to last longer than the pyramids.
Suitably called, the sarcophagus. Does anybody know no no?
The human animal will do precisely what it wants to do. To do to it
what it wants to. Build bombs on top of bombs, reactors on top
of reactors until reactions set in. Call a doctor. The doctor
won't come near you, patient. You're doomed in your sarcophagus.
The Twentieth Century blew up and built you, massive structure,
the wonder of our world. Ancient humans built *pyramids & gardens of Babylon.*
But I'm hopeful. Rock hard hope. Step by step out of this pyramid.
I intuit, not know what it is & needing a word for it. I live for
the undefined which makes me definitely not a scientist. But a what?
This house, October late, light frost last night, light of yellow brown
green bursting through the big west windows, this house is a pyramid
in a way, no. It's just that I see everything in steps, up, while
you see everything in steps, down. No, I'm going down, but thinking up.**

How many friends do you have. I wonder if I have any. No, that would be a slap to ones I may have. Heck, do have. How many good times do you have? How many do I? Maybe tonight, going to dinner with friends. Maybe what I would like to mean by friends is pals. Yes! I really do have friends & we do have good times, more than is accepted in these drab times. But I don't have any pals. Someone to pal around with.

I have a pal, my wife. My wife my pal, true. I'm so glad logic, reason, fluidity of accepted thought has entered this discourse. Does that mean I can stop?

/26oct91

This poem appeared in the monumental anthology
In Company, UNM Press 2004.



Child of Greed

Stop playing with the sky
manipulating minds in a criminal time.
Stop churning the Earth
making radioactive butter out of the milk of God.
Stop clamoring from your high chair
you want more.
You make everything
power & poison.

lg/18oct2001

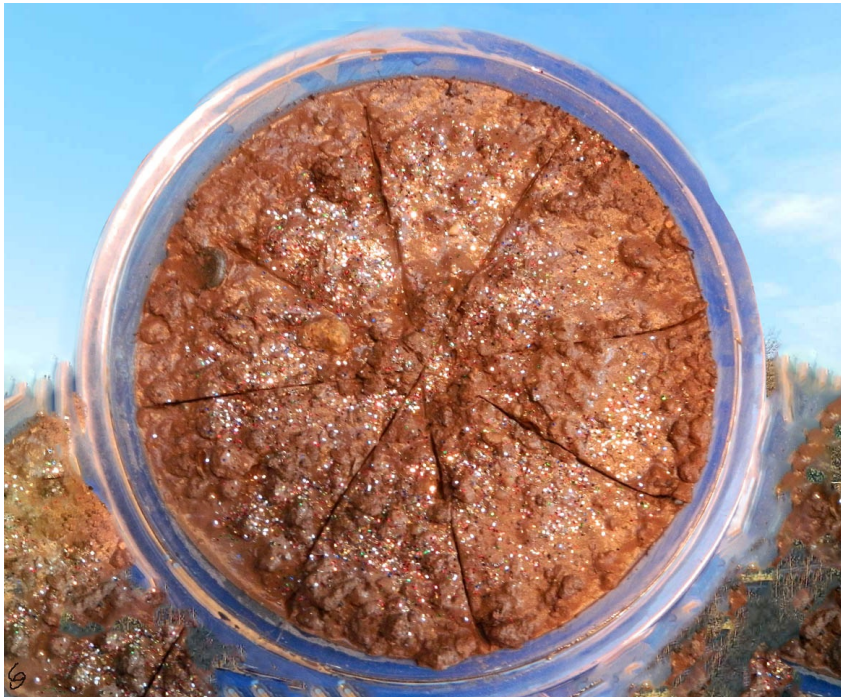


Poisoned Pie in the Sky

Peace eats up violence like
some bacteria eat up radioactive wastes.
Bit by bit, taste by taste, shit by shit.
Or am I too hopeful?
Here I'm opening my big mouth again
and downing vomitoria.
I'll tell you I'll eat it if it will
save the world.

It's a great big poisoned pie in the sky
We've manufactured our own demise
and the macho assholes have taken over
with their young men in gangs throwing bombs.
How are we going to eat it all?
Mother Earth asks.
Bit by bit, taste by taste, shit by shit.

lg/27may99



New Age Sewage

Now I can see Gray Water, it's just from your sinks and your tub
as long as you be the careful human being about it
which isnt easy and we'd be lucky if the majority of humans are
careful about their wastes, but hydra-headed multi-conglomerates
now world wide

have taught us up the pyramid of decades
carelessness

after all
everybody is overwhelmed with packaging and toss those empties
throw it down the toilet dump it on the ground throw it out take it to the
dump
dump dump dump
take it to the
dump
dump dump dump.

And then there's the sump oh what to do with it around the house
the cesspool, a couple holes in the ground
youre thinking!
the septic tank
wonder of wonders, it works
but of course you dont pour antifreeze or pesticides etc. etc. down there
but yeast, bacteria
hey!
that's alright
to get rid of grandma's and your turds and piss and soap.

And I can see the community doing the community services
the sewage lines, sewage treatment, all the rest
humanely, if engineers can act humanely, let's hope so,
humanely governed.
But they shouldn't require the organic gardeners in the organic gardening
newsletter
to rail away at them to compost the city leaves
and people should do what the pioneers did, bury their compost
put a board over it to keep the dogs out
it's good for the land the worms the crops there to come.

We can all learn over and over and expand and try
create in our own backyards the oldest rhythms of the earth
married to our times in creative offspringing:
we are the new limiting technology.

But now that the Uranium Queen has reigned above the ground,
where she never belonged, or ever wanted to be
but was dragged up from her chambers below against her geological will
she has wrecked havoc in revenge and spewed her cancerous arrows out
let her go back down below
let's admit we're the losers
and try to make the best of her visit we
inflicted upon herself
may you rest again in the Earth below.

Now that we're dealing with the results of her farflung revenge
and the waste from it piles up in this poisonous century
I cant see pouring that down the toilet, pouring that down the sink,
or any drain.
I cant see pouring radioactive Uranium Queen wastes down the septic tank
or a cesspool or a sump
or any hole in the ground.
Dump, dump?
dump it in the dump?

I cant see bringing it all here to New Mexico are we the
cesspool of the future?
sump of America?
drain for all the radioactive toilets of big cities? of everywhere?
dump
dump dump dump it here?

Let every state rise up in state's rights the way the military dogmatists
the industrial hyper hydra headed business monsters
dont like to see:

Yes, we will deal with the wastes we produce. Period.
Apportion it all out, state by state.
No state should be the dumping scapegoat for the other states.
Each to his own, it's own.
Let us stare the waste we make in New Mexico
IN THE FACE
and deal with that.
But nothing, ever from beyond these borders come
to invade upset what possible peace we have.
Nothing no containers from any other state or place
ever come to eat out our guts.
Deal with your own, your own diseased bone to bury
never will you invade us
to eat out our guts.

Dirt, earth, planet garden, planted here state of body
the beauty of New Mexico, the beauty of home.

lg /13apr90





“Garbage Poets”
Garbage Bag with hole for Reading Through
Photograph by Lenore Goodell

Garbage Poets

*(black garbage bag
overhead—hole
cut for mouth)*

I am being disposed of
Do you think I like it?
They threw the poets out with the garbage!
And we dont
Like it.
It's getting crowded in here
With all these poets—
Poets and garbage and poets and garbage
Or as somebody said recently
Garbage.



They threw us out with the wash!

Their radioactive lust cannot reduce me to dust.
I'm a lump on the landscape.
Poets in the garbage poets in the garden—
Bean pole poets, broccoli poets
And now
Rotten tomato poets.
Poets in the garbage forever! Wait a minute!
I want to get out of here
I am out of here.

A ragged world's record pea poet.

A pea poet yes a pea poet.
Larry Goodell the world's record pea poet.

*

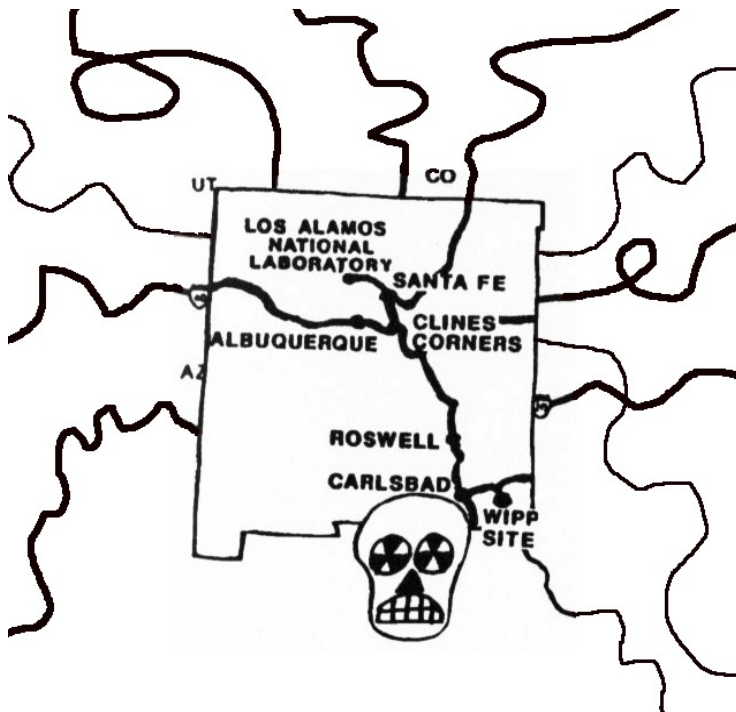


*(take off garbage bag
revealing shirt with
garden peas)

lg

Bye Bye Chile

The New Mexico Company Of Uranium.
The weapons business, nuclear industry
Shit with its local asshole
All the chile of its dreams turns into radioactive lust.



New Mexico Love Song

(a rumba, use castenets if piano is not available)

for Robert Oppenheimer*

The Bomb, you're so cute & strong, but so remote
The Bomb, you're so cute & strong.

I like something with muscles
Something with real impact,
Something that's so dynamic
When it hits you'll never come back—

The Bomb, you're so cute & strong, but so remote
The Bomb, you're so cute & strong.

I like something that's potent
Something that has real clout
Something that's so important
When it comes everyone will shout—

The Bomb, you're so cute & strong, but so remote
The Bomb, you're so cute & strong.

Now they make you labor
Turning those dynamos,
I don't think it's your nature
To not let everything go AT ONCE!

The Bomb, you're so cute & strong, but so remote
The Bomb, you're so cute & strong.

Larry Goodell

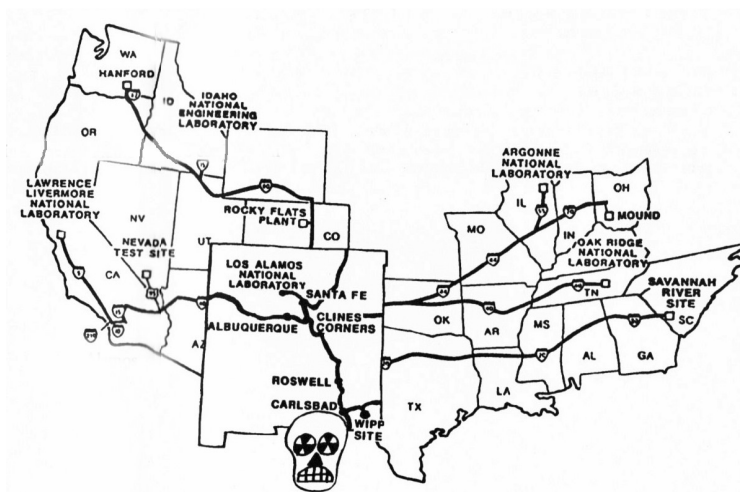
*whose dream was to marry nuclear physics and New Mexico



This photograph is from a news story from KRQE-TV, the first re-entry down into WIPP after the leak of radioactive particles.

Continue to check here for developments

<http://www.grass-roots-press.com/index.php?s=wipp>



Collages and Design by the Poet

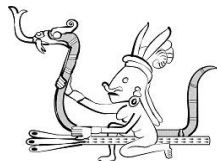
**“WIPP Is Still The Best and Only Choice
For Nuclear Waste”**

James Conca, Forbes Magazine

**“In the next several years, we’ll
negotiate how to dispose of all our
nuclear waste at WIPP, and all of our
nuclear waste will be isolated for
millions of years and the environment
will never be affected.”**

<http://onforb.es/1gA6cbv>

**This is what Corporate America
intends to use New Mexico for.**



**duende makings
open words open pictures open voice**

2014

**Larry Goodell po box 571
placitas, new mexico 87043 USA
larrynewmex@gmail.com**

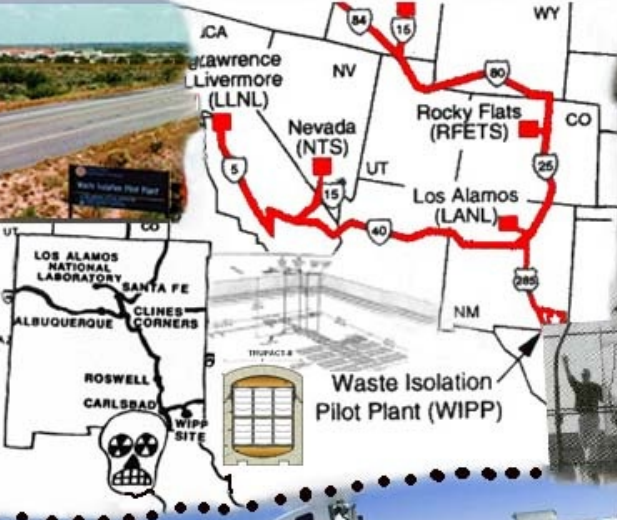


WE ALL LIVE DOWNWIND
DANGER



POEMS

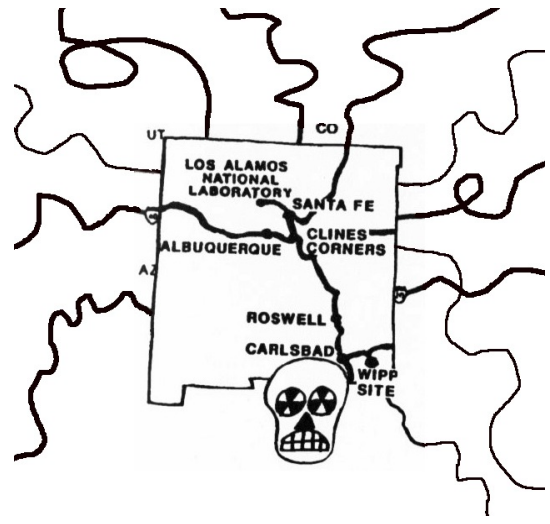
POISONOUS RADIOACTIVE ☢️ WASTE BURIED HERE
DO NOT DIG OR DRILL HERE BEFORE A.D. 12,000



- Ex Mad Bills



poems



larry goodell