

JULY / AUGUST 1992

VANCOUVER ARTS MAGAZINE

# FRONT

*GIANTESSES*



Roses  
by Chick Rice

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Western Front Lodge, 303 East 8th Avenue,  
Vancouver B.C. Canada V5T 1S1  
Telephone: (604)876-9343  
Fax: (604)876-4099



Here is the work of six women whose long participation in Vancouver poetry and art forms a model of concern and commitment. Renee Rodin came to Vancouver from Montreal in the sixties. After raising a family, she opened a bookstore and has run a reading series there since 1986. She has been writing and making visual art since the early seventies. Judy Copithorne has published many books including *Rain*, from bp nichol's GRONK, in 1970, and most recently, Coach House Press's *A Light Character*, 1986. She studied at UBC, and attended the 1963 Poetry Conference where she remembers Phillip Whalen walking into a room and writing GERTRUDE STEIN in large letters on the blackboard. Visual artist and poet Rhoda Rosenfeld's writing began with contact with Intermedia poets such as Copithorne and Gadd. Her work — included in the 91 Artropolis, locally distributed in photocopy and mimeo, and one book, *Stooks*, published by Gerry Gilbert's BC Monthly in 1978 — stems from early conceptual art's structural and semiotic explorations of perception. Jam. Ismail was born in Hong Kong and came to Canada in 1963. She studied at University of Alberta, then taught Pound, Stein, and classical literature in translation at S.F.U. She says her English "includes angles of Hindustani and Cantonese, and Vancouver — Hong Kong changes." Publications range from work in the recent *Many Mouthed Birds* anthology (Douglas and McIntyre, 1991) to her



portraits by Chick Rice

## A Conversation:

Sunday May 18, East Pender

with Maxine Gadd and Rhoda Rosenfeld  
by Catriona Strang and Lisa Robertson

L: Vivienne Westwood says "The only possible effect one can have on the world is through unpopular ideas. They are the only subversion." [laughter]

M: But then you celebrate your marginality again and ta-da-da-da.

R: But if everyone's marginal, then we can have a good time.

M: Well democratically we should be. There shouldn't be a center, right? The center should not exist.

L: The whole idea of unpopularity: nobody actually knows your work, but they know of it.

M: Then you become some sort of monster.

L: And that can almost have more dimension, socially.

M: Aha, you're getting the power, are you?

R: Well, I feel really lucky. I feel like —

M: Privileged.

R: I feel really lucky about my career. I don't feel like —

C: So this issue of marginality hasn't —

M: You can take it, but it's still infuriating.

R: It's been very direct and I've connected with lots of people because of it, and it's been very satisfying — and beyond that — it's kind of weird, really.

L: Well, you've managed to form your life so you can do it.

R: Well I had to.

M: It never piques you?

L: Wasn't it a conscious thing?

R: What do you mean? I'm not sure.

L: Well, it seems to me, not really knowing anything about your life —

R: That's a great way to ask a question. That really reveals you.

L: Well, not really knowing anything about your little life story, your biography, you know —

R: "Your little life story" for a great big giantess. [laughter]

M: That would make a great anthology: "Little Life Stories".

L: It seems to me that there's been a great deal of conscious forming — that you've made it possible for yourself consistently to be producing work.

R: Well, I wanted to be an artist and that was all.

M: Yeah.

R: I knew it was going to be hard. I didn't think it was going to be this hard. Once I was into it, it seemed to go on, the way it did since we were started — thinking — this was a thing to do because this is what you wanted so badly to do, and so many things happen in order for it to happen. I just wanted to be an artist really bad.

L: What was your sense of what an artist was?

R: Nothing that it's turned out to be [laughter]. All those delicious romantic things.



L: Was that when you were a kid, actually?  
 R: Yeah, it started there.  
 M: [Aside] A free life in Paris in summer, good looking people of all sorts...  
 R: A free life on Stanley Street, downtown Montreal in the early sixties.  
 M: ...standing around being nice to you and kind to you, taking you to bars, and nice cafes...  
 R: Romantic, very romantic.  
 C: It's actually a socially formulated thing, though...  
 M: ...big houses with lovely gardens and...  
 C: To formulate it even at an early age as...  
 M: ...your own room, a computer...  
 C: As freedom from something.  
 L: Well maybe the romantic mythology has a function then.  
 M: Well of course it does. Of course it does. Romanticism is what it's all about. There is nothing without romanticism. It's the big sloppy sea in which we all slurp.  
 R: Swim.  
 C: Sink.  
 R: But you know, there are lots of moments when it's true. This is one of them, I would say.  
 M: Bliss.  
 C: So in that sense, these issues of canonization and stuff that pique me and Lisa are utterly irrelevant?  
 R: No. Of course not. That's impossible. Don't tell me that any of us here doesn't want to be inside, a part of that in some way too. You have to be prepared to suffer you guys.  
 M: But don't take any gaff.



R: What is the forbidden narrative?  
 M: Narrative is forbidden. It is forbidden.  
 R: This is an old concept, it sounds like.  
 M: Yeah. Hard to resist, right?  
 R: You mean you're not supposed to tell stories? I knew you weren't supposed to make images —  
 M: No more stories Rhoda. That's where it's at.  
 R: What's left? You'd have to be, like —  
 C: I've had this argument before. I maintain that as soon as you write down one word you've got narrative.  
 R: Maybe they're just talking about the linear narrative.  
 C: Ya. That's a differentiation. That's not useful is it?  
 R: They want to tell the whole story.  
 M: We could try it sometime.  
 R: How would you do this — where four voices are overlapping?  
 C: I'd tape it.  
 R: Right! Lets forget writing and get into audio technology. Like this.  
 L: Like voice-overs in trashy movies. You can't really do it in writing.  
 M: Sometimes you have to.  
 L: How do you do it?  
 R: How do you realize that overlapping?  
 C: [to R] Don't you do that in a chorus? You know that



book sessions (Kitsilano 1986). Originally from New York, Trudi Rubinfeld studied painting with Roy Kiyooka at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. Her video *Eight Long Minutes* was shown at Kiyooka's gallery *The Blue Mule* in 1981, and an exhibition of combined painting and photographic work, *Familial Traces*, showed at Bill Jeffries' Coburg Gallery in 1985. Maxine Gadd has been writing poetry in Vancouver since the early sixties. Her mimeo books from 1967 – 1970 were collected in *Westerns*, (Air-26 1975) and a book of selected poems, *Lost Language*, (Coach House Press 1982) was edited by Daphne Marlatt and Ingrid Klassen. Maxine's allusive performance style locates her in an oral poetic tradition ranging from Sitwell to Bissett.

These women — above all through the challenge of their work, but also through their engagement and their presence — have helped to form the rich and necessarily demanding context which has motivated Vancouver's art and writing communities for the past three decades. Although diverse in background, their work shares a willful subversion of genres, and an unembarrassed and clear criticality which never refuses the complexities of daily existence. For these writers, the political is grounded in the contingencies of conversation, friendship and community.

L.R.



piece of yours we published in *Barscheit*? [Play, on a paragraph from Guy Davenport written after Julie Belmas pleaded guilty] You have a chorus. In terms of how you read it, you get to the chorus after, but I always think of the chorus as happening at the same time as the poem has been happening. To me that makes it just like a voice-over.

R: Really — that makes the audio quite strong then.

L: Just that labelling — Chorus, colon.

C: Right.

M: Getting it all ready for the media.

R: Straight play stuff, straight dramatic form.

M: You build your arena than you get your actors together, producer, director, patron. [Laughter]

C: That's what's missing — the patron.



R: [To M] Your father taught you to read and write.

M: My mother gave me language. And so did the radio.

[laughs] Really. I grew up with radio. In the second world war in London that was the one thing that we had. We had no food — but we had the radio. We could listen to music.

C: War functions as some kind of huge morphological thing. It's really present in my family.

M: It eliminates large parts of the population. It forces people to organize on very altruistic, clan like, at least local, levels.

C: My parents still behave according to the patterns that got set up during the war. My dad still won't have butter on his bread if he's having jam.

L: I remember my grandmother telling me she used to sew my mother little dresses out of the tails of my grandfather's worn out shirts.

M: Great. That's terrific. They were probably beautifully made too.

L: She's an exquisite seamstress.

M: Hey Granny, sew me up some of those, we'll have an exhibition!

L: Little dresses out of the tails of worn out shirts. And that went along with saving piles and piles of those papery butter wrappers.

M: Everything was useful.

C: I still do that!

M: That's sensible.

C: It's sensible but at the same time, incredibly torqued.

M: You'd have to put them in the freezer or they'd go rancid.

L: Every time they did it, it was mentioned in the context of the war.

R: That's what Heesok Chang was talking about you know, that sort of etching onto the skin — he was talking about Derrida, and that whole — when something is that intense, it becomes engraved on you.

M: Like Kafka.

R: Exactly. It goes through generations.

M: Oppression. Maybe we need a new way of talking about oppression, too.

C: I think we do.

L: A new vocabulary.

M: Well, a new syntax, a new story.

C: How can you get out of it, you can't get out of it. To my mind, you have to find ways within it, to dislocate, or transform, or irritate at least, because to posit some place outside is so —

M: Wonderful.

C: Sure it's wonderful but it just doesn't happen, you know.

M: It does, it does, every once in a while.

C: Really? You get totally outside, really?

M: Yes, yes.

R: Ecstasy.

M: I mean, it's not what you think it's going to be. Why shouldn't erotica be great writing?

R: That's what it is. That's what the oracular comes out of.

C: The erotic?

R: Ya.

M: Well, it's the sublimation of the erotic. It's been taken and compressed and turned to something mad.

C: Ooo!

M: Sorry. I shouldn't say that about poetry.

C: No — I want you to say more about it.

M: It's a cliché.



M: What about bilingualism you guys?

L: I'm all for writing in languages you don't know.

M: They get really mad at you though. They get really mad at you if you don't get it right. They read it and they almost take you seriously and they travel around and they think what the fuck is this? It's great — you can jump out to other worlds.

C: It's just the same world there.

M: No, every world has its codes. I mean the subworlds.

L: It's incredibly decadent. You're speaking this language that your personality wasn't formed within. So you could almost become this theater — you're so conscious that you're inventing a personality.

R: The music to go with the words.

L: In French I found myself saying things in public that I would never never say in English.

M: It's dangerous though. It's really dangerous. You know Tourette's syndrome? Have you ever met people like that?

L: What is it?

M: It's something in a guy — it's mostly men I've met — who can't control what they say.

R: Mainly obscenities and hostilities.

M: And it's so shocking, especially if someone hasn't warned you and you don't know about it. This is one of Rhoda's ethics in art — that you put it all out, all down.

R: It is not. Are you crazy? Do you think I want to get killed? What I do is I just concentrate it all.

C: Boil it down. Do you revise?

R: Endlessly.

M: Do you throw things out?

R: It's sculpture to me.

M: What do you throw out? How much?

R: How much do I throw out? I choose. I don't throw anything out.

M: Do you keep boxes, brown cardboard boxes?

C: How do you decide?

R: Well, the strongest stuff that I can pick out of it. I come out of visual art, so that has a lot to do with how I put stuff together and how I deal with everything.

C: What do you mean — in terms of composition?

R: I think so.

M: Deconstructing.

R: And reconstructing and reconstructing.

C: Within one piece.

R: Ya, all the time.

L: So do you find that often something comes out to be utterly different than you had initially projected?

R: I never initially project.

C: You don't? You have no notion?

R: I don't do it that way and I don't do it visually either, in my painting. I just start painting. I don't say I'm going to do a painting of such and such a thing. I just start painting and I find out later.

L: So you don't have any prior sense. How do you feel as you're doing it?

M: That's the problem isn't it?

R: Strongly emotional and psychic. Erotic, in that sense.

L: Ok — what motivates you to begin the writing process?

R: I have a sort of a journal and I write things down — and every once in a while I say it's time to see what has accrued — and I look back over that, and I take things out of it, and I take another step, and I type it out. In that initial typing, that's where something gets formed. I see some kind of form. So I see that it's going to look this way or look that way, that it's going to be very tiny, or it's going to be longer.

C: But you've already made choices, just in terms of what's going to go into your notebook.

R: Absolutely. I could have been reading a lot and writing stuff down, or the other part of it is just what's happening in my life — what I've been thinking about, what's been pressuring me, what's been pushing at me, what I've been remembering, what I've been dreaming — everyday life.



M: Performance. It's the democratic argument. It comes from the sixties. See, Nancy Shaw's talk about Intermedia brought out that point which I'd kind of forgotten and that was there was a real democratic impulse, that everyone was going to be a poet, everyone was, could be heard, be an artist and a musician, right, and everything, you know that's what we'd be, we'd be free complete human beings.

R: And we tried.

M: And the contradictions there, we didn't realize what contradictions were in that concept and as they became apparent, you know, people would just, you could watch

them crumbling in front of you like rusty cookie jars. That was pretty frightening sometimes.

R: Pluralism is a similar idea though, you know as part of postmodernism, this thing that you don't have to stick with one thing and that all these different points of view have equal value.

C: That's another thing, though, than saying that anyone can do all these different things.

R: Yeah it is, it's saying that all these different things have equal values but not necessarily within one person.



L: Ultimately you don't really know if your work is something that is going to exist for years.

R: Right. We don't know if canonization is going to go on in the way that it did.

L: I've got very little sense of future for what I write.

M: Isn't that freeing though?

L: But I would like there to be a community assumption that it did have future.

M: [aside] I mean look at these fucking guys dragging this canon along...

R: There's a community assumption that it has presence. And we're lucky that we have each other to do this kind of thing with.

M: It's easy to take over history... History's being taken over by giantesses.

C: Not fast enough.

R: Let's talk about wanting to be in part of the canon, let's admit to —

L: It's not like wanting to be in the canon —

C: I just want the benefits of being in the canon without actually being in it.

M: I want the glory, too, trumpets blowing.

*Catriona Strang's most recent publication is Liner Notes for Francois Houle's CD Hacienda (Songlines). She edits Barscheit with Christine Stewart and Lisa Robertson, whose Portrait of Vivienne Westwood is forthcoming from Berkely Horse.*



Renee Rodin



last summer my neighbours turned me in  
Mr. A., a city inspector appeared at my door  
and told me I was "violating the neatness ordinance"  
that because I didn't cut the grass  
I wasn't "in keeping with the neighbourhood look"

the block has varying degrees of neatness  
but I'm flanked by intensely manicured lawns  
my lawn (not that anyone owns anything living)  
isn't actually a lawn  
but a few feet of tall, lush grass,  
plants, which some may call weeds  
(but who's to say what a weed is)  
wonderful wildflowers and other surprises that spring up  
everyone in the house enjoys watching  
the natural changes that happen all season long

the fight with the city's been going on for years  
but usually I'd only get letters from them  
threatening that if I didn't cut the grass  
they'd do it for me and charge exorbitant rates  
for their "services"  
I'd respond by topping it off, just enough to satisfy them  
when it grew back again, they'd send me another letter  
and so on

it's always the same two neighbours who report me  
Mrs. U., on the one side and Mrs. S. on the other  
both spend most of their elderly but strong energy  
keeping their places so pristine  
passersby gawk when they see their homes and gardens  
Mrs. U., who came from Europe sixty years ago refers

to Mrs. S., who came from Europe forty years ago  
as "the foreigner"

Mrs. S., who goes to church every Sunday  
has often been heard "goddamning" my grass

last summer to hopefully waylay their harangue  
to the city

I put up a sign that said

WE ARE CULTIVATING TOLERANCE

it got torn down

next I made a PLEASE KEEP UP THE GRASS sign

that also got wrecked

then someone I knew wrote something about censorship

even I didn't understand it, but it too was destroyed

so I gave up on the declarations

a while later Mr. A. arrived

he listened very patiently  
and with what seemed a sympathetic twinkle in his eye  
as I explained we need more green  
I was saving water because cut grass  
has to be watered regularly  
or else it burns and looks awful  
the whine of electric lawnmowers  
going incessantly for months at a time  
(Mrs. U. and S. start cutting  
as soon as the grass starts growing)  
was unbearable noise pollution  
that we, as well as several of the neighbours  
liked the look of the lawn and appreciated  
the different things growing in it  
when I finished he barked "get a scythe  
you have a week"

I found out that legally all I really had to do  
 was make sure  
 no growth overlapped onto the sidewalk  
 (which is city property)  
 I got an edger labelled "True Temper"  
 and set to separating the grass from the cement  
 with such a clanging vengeance  
 it awoke the people who'd been sleeping in their  
 gigantic r.v. named "American Star"  
 (a gas guzzler if there ever was one)  
 which had been parked outside my house  
 totally obliterating the front light for days  
 the campers tumbled out and into the homes  
 of one of the neighbours who hounds me

when Mr. A. called back a week later  
 I told him about the neatly edged lawn  
 and asked him if  
 the "in keeping with the neighbourhood look" by-law  
 meant that if I lived on a block  
 where everyone had long grass  
 would I have to grow my grass long too?  
 he said that was an interesting question  
 and he'd get back to me on it  
 but he didn't and when fall came I thought I was free

then this winter Mr. A. returned  
 "what now?" I wondered  
 since there was no grass growing  
 "it's about the bushes and brambles in the backyard"  
 he informed me  
 the backyard is similar to the front, only wilder  
 laced with lots of blackberry bushes  
 I told Mr. A. that I was tired of crackpot neighbours  
 infringing on my aesthetic freedom  
 "aesthetic" he shrieked  
 "you call the safeway cart "aesthetic"?"  
 (there's also an old grocery cart covered in  
 morning glories, sort of a large, lovely planter)  
 "yes" I shouted back  
 "I like the cart so much I took pictures of it"  
 "well so have I", he snarled, "for your court case"

since then nothing has happened  
 but I'm trying to remember some of the many people  
 who've given me support  
 for the little patches of urban wilderness  
 one neighbour told me my place reminded him of  
 how Vancouver was when he was a kid  
 and that the sterility of the street depresses him  
 another (with outstretched arms) said  
 "these are the lungs of the neighbourhood"  
 the man a few doors down  
 visits each week with his children  
 to point out the various wildflowers  
 he urges me to keep a photographic record  
 of what he's sure are rare species  
 the woman across the road has thanked me  
 for the quiet and energy-efficient way  
 in which I deal with the grass

my son suggests the reason the city hassles me so much  
 may be because of what he saw on a program  
 "Northwest Crackdown"  
 they said a good indication a house may be inhabited  
 by drug dealers is if the lawn isn't taken care of  
 that there's such a positive co-relation between  
 unkempt grass and dealing  
 they've seized billions of dollars worth of drugs  
 and related paraphernalia  
 from the addresses people have phoned in  
 but when the SWAT team cordoned off our block  
 a couple of months ago and made a mammoth drug bust  
 it was at the home of one of  
 the "nicest" lawns in the area

this summer Mrs. U. asked me, for the first time  
 if I'd consider cutting the grass  
 she would arrange to have it done  
 I said I'd think about it ☐





Judy Copithorne

## Sleight of Mind

Dear Insubordinate Friends,

Thinking inchoate thoughts. It was not just another female road movie.  
Merchandising genius. A need to destroy or escape—see scape a gape a narrow  
scrape Even ing. Think tough thoughts. A sharp retort: repository of frustration.  
For she was imbued with a diverse extrude. Freely faked. The purple dye of Tyre. In  
the sub sub text. Here is the night of unsubstantiated. The ever hopeful cat in search  
of foolish birds. With dithering we can get the appearance of grey scale at the cost  
of resolution, chased, aliasing rules slide pre tension interstanding The self  
consists of thought and extension Snow wet brakes trouble and muddle tired  
again an obeyed aubede short hand/fat of the land the melodrama of synesthesia.  
No one understood as they were being polite It was all quite clear it just didn't  
make sense

The soft membranes are susceptible to shock

I am by myself I am beside myself

indulge in deluge desolve, revolve nodding sagely I want  
strength Is allusion all a lure?

In conclusion, confusion

but let it definitely be said

I appreciate your attention and continued invention.

Remember the gold moon, warm and round

and remember the new moon last night, facing upward like a little boat.

Oh take me to the land of endless space and work  
You she said and meaningless diatribes!!  
I've got to break that man my boss—it will be his fault I'll never know  
as it says in the bible... Ch. 10 v. 10 low and I've got to go  
Proloromena—J. Harrison... the bottom of the river... covered with... when day...  
I have sunk beneath the bottom of the river... at that time when day...  
he lay from down outgate hee by the me a by night... the place or a bright time when day...  
the underworld

### Hexegram 73

She does not permit herself  
to be honored with revenue  
She does not consort with  
the broken wheel  
Her carriage will take her  
to the wild duck's nest  
She goes to the west  
and the east and  
forgets to sit down

Her lines are all open  
her names are forgotten  
her days are outspoken  
her nights are besoughten

### Islands (For Fats Domino)

Too much blue  
so the pink rag  
picks up  
the back of the house

So blue  
we forget  
years  
yet it's  
the same

On Blueberry Hill  
it's still dawn  
we've waited so long

July 29/85

Cat's paw blood stop ~~back~~ back Fair → Wednesday

our day.

all day.

ingenious. somehow materials and somehow.

Betrayal of the Body Alexander Lowen

E.R. Dodds. The Greeks and the Irrational  
what Plato meant by telosia or ritual madness. Cathartes  
dancing

1. Prophectic madness whose patron god is Apollo.
2. Telosia or ritual madness whose patron is Dionysus.
3. Poetic madness, inspired by the Muses.
4. Erotic madness, inspired by Aphrodite and Eros.

The pythia and her Trance utterances

and finally she seated herself on the tripod, thus creating  
a further contact with the god by occupying his ritual seat.

H. D.'s ~~scribble~~

oneiros - dream figure

Epidaurian Record

the traditional culture pattern



the paradigm

Greek dreambooks

It is in sleep says Xanthophon, that the soul (psyche) best shows its divine nature: it is in sleep that it enjoys a certain insight into the future: and this is apparently because it is freest in sleep. Then he goes on to argue that in death we may expect the psyche to be even freer.

The shaman from Siberia southward to Greece.

Aug. 21/85

John Donne & His World

Donk Parker

Contemporary poets had been among the relatively small number of readers who had sought out Donne's poems in manuscript long before the first collection was printed in 1633. They were influenced by the poems' intensely speculative nature, which led Dr. Johnson to coin the phrase metaphysical poets to describe those who take roughly the same path.

If their conceits were far-fetched they were often worth the carriage', he points out.

John Donne's Poetry Selected and Edited by A. L. Clements

Samuel Taylor Coleridge Notes of on Donne.

To read Dryden, Pope etc. you need only count syllables but to read Donne you must measure time, and discover time of each word by the sense of passion.

Now Donne's rhythm was as inexplicable to the ear as blank verse.

Jam. Ismail

cathexis

from *diction air*

suffix, e.g., -sibling (A.S.), gene'sis (Gk.). 19 sensibling o, a sis. 18 responsibl  
tran'sis'tor. 9 invisibling the sibling who isn't seen; also, solip'sis. 16 possibling  
takes courage, or heartage, sometimes by way of neme'sis.

reproof we delivered the poem typescript.  
they wanted it in writing.  
we signed.....  
felt like a check.

look bone-&-bamboo bug  
dug stiletto in my thigh raising welt

a berber to suitor said,  
do you offer better  
than what freedom i had

from *scared texts*

b.4. hah? bosan crossing georgia street said, to the driver who'd muttered something.  
the light turned amber.  
he stuck his head out the window, yelled: hey ricie! grinned, & zoomed off.  
bosan cracked up: ricie! it's pretty-funny!  
sum wan said: hey, you just got insulted.  
ginger similed: we've always had to tell bosan how oppressed she is.

c.1. 

ratio quality
---------------

 young ban yen had been thought italian in kathmandu,  
filipina in hong kong, eurasian in kyoto, japanese in  
anchorage, dismal in london england, hindu in edmonton, generic oriental in  
calgary, western canadian in ottawa, anglophone in montreal, métis in jasper,  
eskimo at hudson's bay department store, vietnamese in chinatown, tibetan in  
vancouver, commie at the u.s. border.

on the whole very asian.

f.4. they'd been talking about feroze, whose heart had failed just when the emphysema  
seemed to ease up.  
there's no learning how to die, bee mused. people don't come back & pass  
along the knowhow.  
pollen laughed: then there's no envy either.

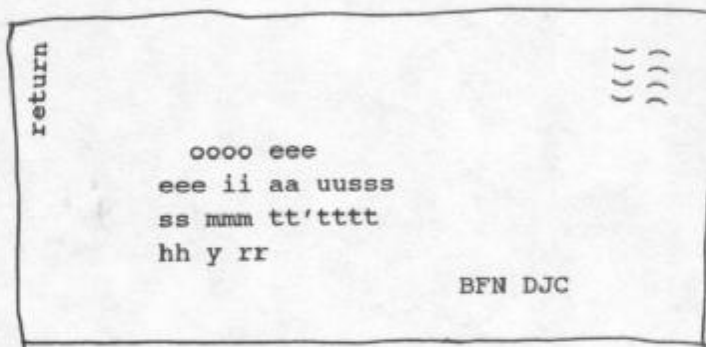
from *greeting cards*

Endless deflect how are you  
Content mapping losses  
Bow is bent  
Do arrow leave eye  
Doubles crossing

Solution to Yesterday's

CRYPTIC

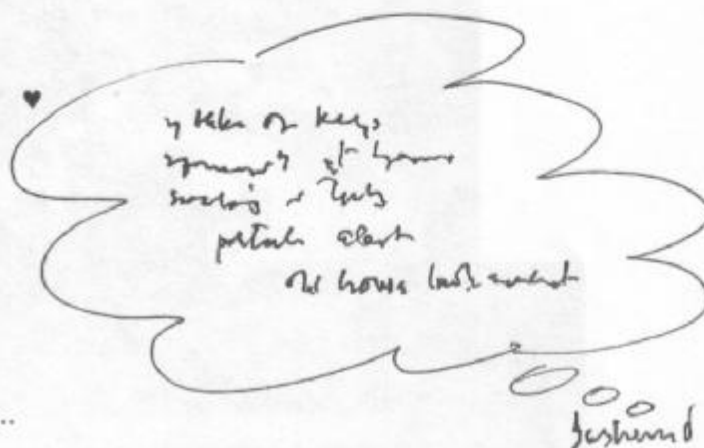
Envelop sentence of missing words



h'i.q.  
said of sap,  
'she is not here ,  
'she is risen '

why take the keys ...  
someone's at home  
... soaking in tub...  
petal alert ...  
old house looks smart ...

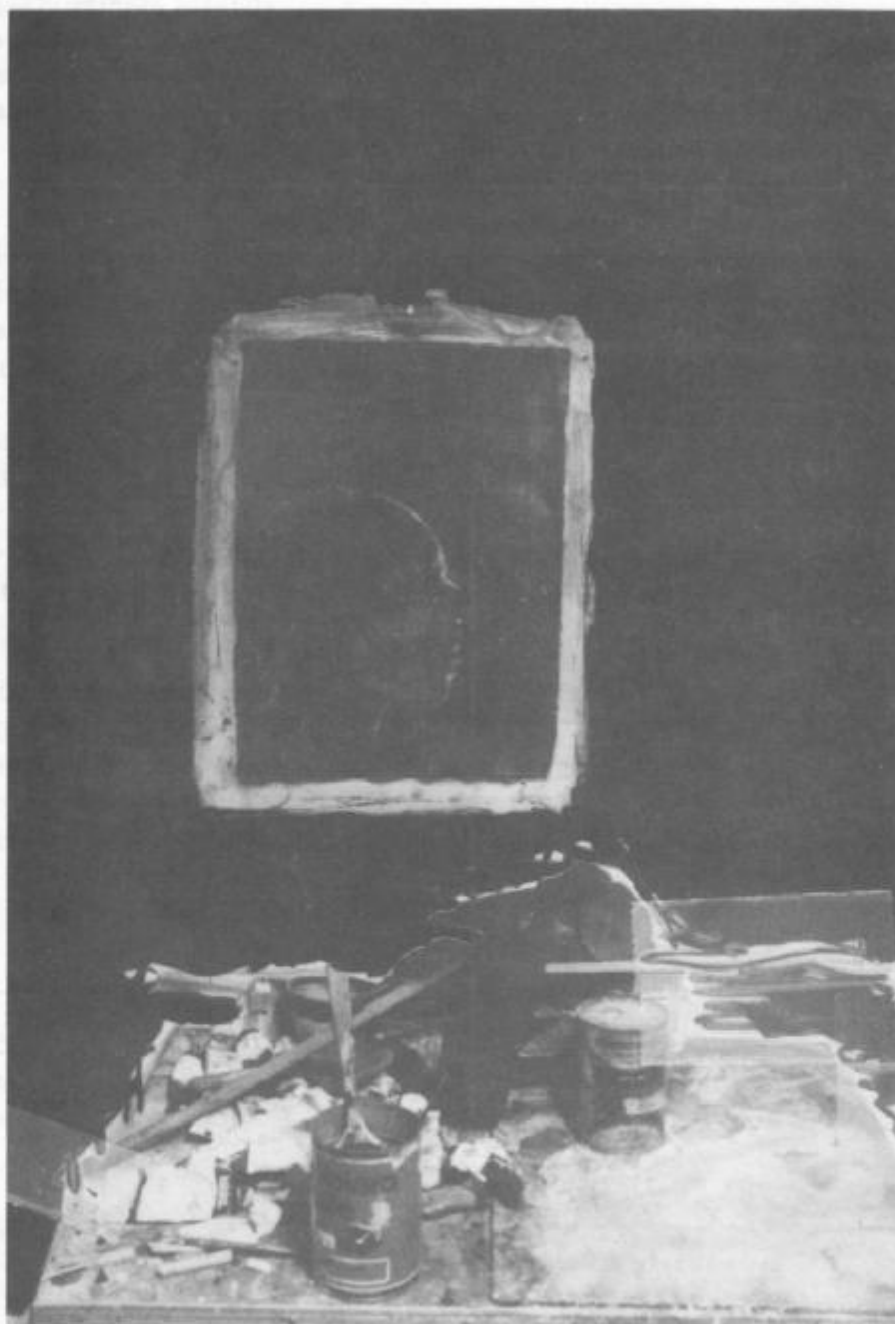
bus hand





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Trudi Rubenfeld



Still Painting (for my friends who have wanted me to write) Mirada Fuerte

The first thing I did was to  
 go to the hospital and see the doctor.  
 He said I had a bad cold and I  
 should stay in bed for a few days.  
 I did as he said and stayed in bed  
 for a week. I felt much better  
 when I went back to work.  
 I was a little out of sorts for a  
 few days, but I got on my feet  
 and started working again.  
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# Maxine Gadd

## Boatload to Atlantis

mon.feb/91

the language of the old storm, the buys in buoys, carve  
yrsel a canoe  
alexander's rag time street drillers  
screwing a hole in my heart  
that only lasts

pelican's oversize whatever, a natural capitalist  
will not change by being wiped out

pear in a sea-tree, two of'm  
reading boats  
receding

receding some now. pepperfection. pace.

callisthenics in the oldworld row. exit in red. thanks to the  
artist

how city hall makes war on peasants. working on the infra  
structure

his waterworks not working so well now yu know she sez  
peckin the hell out of he she waz  
and i sez

nei<sup>5</sup> ying<sup>1</sup> goi<sup>1</sup> da<sup>2</sup> din<sup>6</sup> wa<sup>6</sup> bei<sup>2</sup> nei<sup>5</sup> ga pang<sup>4</sup> yau<sup>5</sup>  
(yu should phone yr friend)

bo<sup>1</sup> din<sup>6</sup> wa<sup>6</sup> juk<sup>1</sup>  
(boiling telephone soup)

gossip yr old sausage chewed by all the neighbours, the deepest  
ultramarine yu can come up with. the forms of the snail and  
the cove, a glassy past, a future in stock and bondage, fortune  
favors the brave. the brave die young. do we all die shaking?  
echo of hell in Kore land. will i parrot this assault forever?  
(cast out the carrot and the parachute) so nice they packed yu  
a lunch.

it's only saddam is mad. oh, max, they say, thinking yu know what they mean  
this time. go meek as a lamb bred to roast on a sunday. the next thing yu know  
they've got yr liver on a hook  
flying it in the breeze to snag

steel blue pterodactyls

(ngo<sup>5</sup> pa<sup>3</sup> chut<sup>1</sup> hui<sup>3</sup> maan<sup>5</sup> hak<sup>1</sup>)

quark

nov./91

black bear on mcgonical, buzzy turn into sloe eyed harpies with or against me, i'm  
not grieving get the best of the telephone dregs can't live without puncutation

imagistic satisfaction a track in; the ancestors' hovel/crass, bad  
life-affirming personables, the plot drops off a rotting tree highway crash, no i  
don't want to know, let's choose the valley full of cherry pits, organize chap.  
cackle yu drab

a limit to the terrible rush of two thousand pound herds/comets concupiscent of  
becoming planets, quarks/the occurrence of laughter  
a shy up or down cormless takes

some character on the desert

it could not be Lisa or any of her playmates because they incorporated last week  
and now are called Shannon\even the boys like to be a river/cash on hand clear  
eyesight

captive in a newly emerged central eur-open nation, all deep friends of brian  
mulroney\it looks like piano bar with a drainage problem  
o, what a bed

cartwheels by st. peter, fire eating by st. claire/say something funny\i think i  
just had an earthquake

button up, clara. have yu some sort of presentation for Eternity

not even a wolf song

clerical curiosity



## Paean

in perfect medication pour pain delicately a partial need in the dark hole / screw  
neatly lousy hellcat / patent the friends of terpsichore when a new country  
considers its lakeside gestation

hi dud! is what's what what? transition the navel of magic.  
the table dreaming of troublly borealis, planets honking in drifts  
caked frenzy the singer's last suggestion, titillating stalemates

no sex magic in the next hexagon \ the deviation an out of outages  
carrying the lone ranger back to trigger / oops \ wrong song \ there's a way out, way  
out without massacre

what! not looking at water? whenever he's involved with ticks and tacks the damn  
rats come tripping back, paddle you with their kindly four foot ears, sure, that's  
the way it drips as it's ending

but racing towards Neptune, the horse we are the mane of, sputter  
pop flash drag hassle's middle name cracking magenta to gasfire blue / meadow  
mode now, stone throat lowing

## End

the merciful end of it all; hags that we are screaming away to the moon

no one knows quite how to float happily; sweet little bottles of germs

what if yu land on a rattled planet? mongols remembering

cn I just go now?

I can't remember

what happened

in the snow

jan25/92