

**Stroll of Poets Society**  
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Edmonton, AB T5K 2R8  
<http://www.ccinet.ab.ca/stroll/>



## President's Message December, 2001



Peace and love and harmony and all things warm and fuzzy... these are the things I felt at the end of our Sunday Stroll event this year (October 14<sup>th</sup>). Maybe it's corny but on that day, I felt more intensely what I have always felt about the Stroll of Poets Society and about poetry and *writing*, period. Coming together to share our words displays a great human need we all have... to unite in a true (and deeper) sense of community spirit.

That spirit *continues* to exist and flourish. You'll find it on every page of this year's Stroll of Poets Society Anthology. This beautiful book – edited and published by Rusti Leahy – features oodles of great words by over 150 poets from Edmonton and area, Stroll members who obviously believe in the power of poetry. What you'll read are poems that speak very clearly about the human condition. (Yes, there are many pieces inspired by September 11<sup>th</sup>. However, there's also a lot of good humour to be found within this year's Stroll Anthology.)

**I hope you'll join in the party as we launch this Anthology on December 9<sup>th</sup>, 2 p.m. at City Hall.** There will be food and refreshments, select readings, and a FREE COPY of the Anthology for all Stroll of Poets Society members who read during the Sunday Stroll. (If you wish to purchase a few extra copies as a great Christmas gift idea, the charge is a mere \$10.00 per copy.)

The December 9<sup>th</sup> Anthology launch at City Hall also gives you a "sneak preview" to see what readers were chosen by our excellent jury to read during the 12 Days of Poetry competition in January.

Before I remind you all to support your fellow poets by attending as many of the 12 Nights as you can, let me flash back to October 11<sup>th</sup> through 14<sup>th</sup> for a moment. The Stroll 2001 Weekend Walkabout was, to me, an overwhelming success. In a world where things can get crazy and scary and downright stupid, a bunch of Edmonton poets, artists, musicians and dancers created the ultimate peace and love vibe for four days straight. Media response was positive. There were stories in SEE Magazine, the Edmonton Journal, the Examiner and on CFRN-TV, CBC-TV and the A Channel.

What's more, the Stroll 2001 Weekend Walkabout gave us the chance to lay to rest the age-old battle between Calgary and Edmonton. The poets who travelled from "cow town" to "Edmonchuk" were positively aglow over the chance to join in Stroll events. (And hey, if poets from Calgary and Edmonton can find common ground, maybe there's hope for the human race after all!)

Face it, the world needs more poetry. While words can pack a deadly punch sometimes, they can also heal wounds and lift hearts. So please start this holiday season by attending the Anthology launch and, after that, let's keep that special spirit going well into the New Year with the 12 Days of Poetry.

Cheers (and poetry and prayers for a better world),  
Mark Kozub (The Alberta Beatnik),  
President of the Stroll of Poets Society

## Stroll of Poets Board of Directors

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12 Days Coordinator: David Huggett  
Tuesday Reading Series: TBA  
Anthology Publisher: Rusti Leahy  
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**The Stroll of Poets is Pleased to Announce  
The 11<sup>th</sup> Annual Anthology Launch**

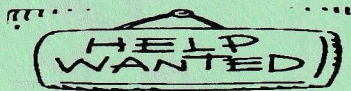
**Where?** City Hall Foyer **When?** 1 p.m. (for Early Bird Socializers) - 4 p.m. December 9<sup>th</sup> Launch time is 2:00 p.m.

**Why?**

- ✓ The schedule for the 12 Days of Poetry and Tickets for the 12 Nights of Poetry will be available.
- ✓ Pick up your complimentary copy of the Anthology if you strolled and have a poem in the Anthology.
- ✓ Meet with Strollers, enjoy refreshments, entertainment, and poetry readings! **(Please bring a small plate of Christmas goodies like veggies, cheese and crackers, baked goods to share.)**
- ✓ You will want to pick up additional copies for \$10.00 as gifts for the holidays. Inside the 2001 Anthology, you'll find 143 reasons to sit still despite the rush of the season. Let each poet speak to you. There are some poets with impish voices. There are love poems and memoir poems. There are many who were torn apart by this year's events and out of their caring for those touched so tragically, poured peace and angst into words. Find a comfortable place to sit, invite as many angels to read with you as will fit on your shoulders, and join with one of this year's poets who in her bio has the "audacity to believe that love will conquer war".

- Rusti Leahy





## Anthology Sales Coordinator Required

During the next year, the anthology sales coordinator will distribute the annual Stroll of Poets anthology to book stores, pick up cash from store sales, and promote related publications. It is a responsible position, but not an onerous one. This position provides the opportunity to support the Stroll by promoting and distributing the anthology to a few selected book stores and at Stroll events. Occasional contact with book stores will be required, and promoting the anthology at such events as the Twelve Nights of Poetry will be much appreciated by all members whose work appears in the annual anthology. The record number of readers at Stroll Day on October 14 means this year's anthology will be our best yet. If you are interested in taking on an important job, that makes our anthology part of the local literary scene, please contact John Chalmers at 435-8194 or e-mail him at [jchalmers@powersurfr.com](mailto:jchalmers@powersurfr.com).

## April 2002 Is National Poetry Month

The Stroll of Poets Society Board wants to make it a big splash. If you are interested in sitting on a SUB-COMMITTEE to coordinate a number of exciting, innovative events that will involve a large number of readers from the Stroll membership, contact Mark Kozub [atabeatnik@telusplanet.net](mailto:atabeatnik@telusplanet.net) or call (780) 490-1414.

## Stroll's "Beat" Poets At The Provincial Museum

*Scoopity wow WOW!* As part of their exhibit entitled *Sixties*, the Provincial Museum of Alberta will be featuring local musicians and Stroll of Poets Society readers in their "Coffee House" events at the Museum Café on the main floor.

Here's the list of scheduled readers...

- **Friday, Nov. 17<sup>th</sup>**  
(Volunteer and Staff Appreciation Night):  
Gary Lee & The Alberta Beatnik
- **Friday, Nov. 30<sup>th</sup>:**  
Gordon McRae & Kathy Fisher
- **Friday, Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2002:**  
Alison Nicholls & Dean McKenzie
- **Friday, March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2002:**  
Myrna Garanis & Gail Sobat

For more information about this exciting exhibit at the Provincial Museum, of Alberta, contact Janet Waldon at 453-9135 or email her at [janet.waldon@gov.ab.ca](mailto:janet.waldon@gov.ab.ca)

## The Stroll of Poets 12 Days of Poetry 2002

Turn out to hear some of Edmonton's best, freshest and most provocative literary performers. The jury is still at work but here are the times and places:

### The First 11 Days of Poetry:

Friday, January 4  
Saturday, January 5  
Sunday, January 6

Thursday, January 10  
Friday, January 11  
Saturday, January 12  
Sunday, January 13

Thursday, January 17  
Friday, January 18  
Saturday, January 19  
Sunday, January 20

**Where? Grounds for Coffee & Antiques, 10247 – 97 Street, Edmonton. All start times 7:00 p.m., FREE ADMISSION.**

The 12<sup>th</sup> Day Grande Finale. Performers chosen by audience demand during the preceding 11 Days of Poetry.

**Where? The Stanley A. Milner Library, 7 Sir Winston Churchill Square, Edmonton..**  
When? Doors open 7:00 p.m., January 26, 2001. For cover charge and other information contact 12 Days coordinator David Huggett at (780) 414-1534.

Sponsored in part by Edmonton Public Library.



## PEACE TALKS BEGIN IN EDMONTON

"Peace Talks" is a new poetry Open Stage with the Raving Poets Band, every Tuesday night (until December 4<sup>th</sup>) at 7:30 p.m. at the Backroom Vodka Bar, 10324 – 82<sup>nd</sup> Avenue, upstairs. The birth of this series came from the overwhelming amount of "September 11<sup>th</sup>" poetry written and read during the Stroll of Poets Society's Sunday Stroll down Whvte





**The Stroll of Poets Society  
would like to thank the following  
organizations for their support of  
*Take the Poetry Route.***

**Edmonton Transit  
Pattison Outdoor Advertising  
The Edmonton Public Library  
The Alberta Writers Guild**

Stroll of Poets Society's Sunday Stroll down Whyte Avenue.

In the true spirit of Freedom of Speech, "Peace Talks" gives the chance for poets of many different mindsets to express their emotions, to really *listen* to one another, and ultimately to realize that world peace begins in our own backyard.

For more information, contact Mark (The Alberta Beatnik) Kozub at [abeatnik@telusplanet.net](mailto:abeatnik@telusplanet.net)



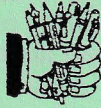


## Weekend Walkabout Wonders

### Poetry and Dance:

#### A Brilliant Marriage!

Review by Thomas Trofimuk



I was a doubter. I admit it. I did not know what was going to happen in the second half of Poetry and Dance on Saturday night (October 13). Truthfully, none of the organizing committee knew what was going to happen. I don't think Phil, who organized this part of the night, knew what was going to happen. I was a bit concerned that dancers interpreting live poetry would be so weird, so off the wall, that any people that were still there would, well, just leave. Perhaps I was concerned with good reason. The line-up of dancers seemed to change on a daily basis as did the poets who were reading. I heard the dancers talk about what they were going to do. But I never saw them actually dance. The idea was brilliant. Whether or not we would actually pull it off was a huge question.

The short answer is: I was blown away!!! This was an incredibly courageous, gutsy and raw collaboration. Poetry and Dance was a weird, abstruse, marriage of word and movement in the beautiful upper loft of the Paris Market. If you missed this event, you missed a pretty amazing show. Of the roughly 40-50 people who attended the Peter McPhee and guests reading, about 30 adventurous souls stayed. They witnessed a wonderful surprise certainly worthy of a bigger audience. Don't get me wrong. The dancing was raw and mostly unrehearsed but it was clear that these dancers truly liked the poetry they were hearing. And there was a real joy in the dancing.

EatLardFudge, a.k.a Steve Gillespie, a Calgary poet who was part of the exchange program the Edmonton-Calgary Strolls took part in this year, started off with dancers spread out in sections along the wall. His reading was impassioned and it rubbed off on the dancers. Each seemed to be contained in their own story, whether a private hell, or a joy.

It was fascinating to watch. Phillip Jagger's reading, with dancers spread around him engaged in various torments was equally riveting. The audience followed the poets (pushed by the dancers in a shopping cart) as they moved across the wooden floors of the warehouse to new locations. So we flowed like water into the empty space in order to watch the dancers and listen to the poets.

The reading of Mark Kozub's poem *Goodbye, Baby* by the group of dancers was chilling. The words spoken, echoed, repeated, spoken, repeated, and echoed, while a lone female dancer moved out front, was something I will never forget. This one made my mouth fall open. I got the shivers up the spine. It was both beautiful and horrible but never less than captivating.

Delvina Greig's sexual rant on going to the women's dance and her quasi-striptease were bizarre, pushed-to-the-limit tributes to lesbians everywhere.

Finally, Kevin Solez's circle poems, with the audience making a clasped circle, were twitchy and sexual and rhythmic. The dancers responded to his beats and his singing with a Bacchanalian dance that was a perfect closing.

This is by no means a complete review. There were other

And I cannot neglect to mention all the volunteers and committee members who made this event happen - Alice Major, Mark Kozub, John Chalmers, Cindy-Lou Prokopy, Phil Jagger, Randy Edwards, Paul McLaughlin (who brought his beautiful framed poems for our walls). In the words of Phil Jagger: "And to the (Stroll) board who helped control the wild horses of idea."

Finally, to Christine from the Paris Market, who suddenly and surprisingly and generously, became a sponsor of the Stroll - thank you.

Namaste.

If I've forgotten anyone in this list: mea culpa; mea culpa.

### Four Guest Poets on Saturday Night

By Thomas Trofimuk

It's hard for me to review an event I organized so I won't. I would like to give impressions though. Because after the grunting and hauling of p.a. systems and chairs and beer and wine, and after all the thousand small details to be scratched off lists, I was, like everyone else there, just a spectator. David Hugget, Richard Davies, Shirley Serviss and our out-of-town guest, Peter McPhee, gave diverse and entertaining performances. I won't go into the specifics of each reading. I wasn't a reporter. I was a listener, soaking it all up. Suffice to say that David Huggett was smooth and witty, Richard Davies the consummate romantic, and Shirley Serviss, ahhh, Shirley always makes me tear-up-she gets in there under the skin.

Peter McPhee's set was engaging and thoroughly entertaining. He slipped in beside the Raving Poets band like an old lover. McPhee, past head honcho of Toronto's Scream in High Park Poetry Festival, read from his latest book Running Unconscious (Coach House, 2000) and also brought new works into the air. Poems like *Leaning against a lamppost on the corner of King and Diversity* brought forth images of Tom Waits, perhaps a smoother Tom Waits who was bred with Kerouac. *Do not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate*, in which the title of his collection is embedded, was a trip into a very strange childhood. And his poem about standing still on a moving sidewalk somewhere in Toronto (I apologize for forgetting the title) was my favorite of the evening... "Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean I shouldn't be watched." It was a treat to hear this new voice from the Centre of the Universe.

Thanks to Richard, David, Shirley, and Peter McPhee for fine readings. A great evening of poetry!!!

### Kathy Fisher's think of me naked CD

Released in Style

Think of me naked. Think of Kathy Fisher Naked. Think of her naked. think of me naked is the title of Kathy Fisher's new Spoken word CD, which was celebrated in grand style at the Backroom Vodka Bar on October 23. A capacity crowd of supporters was entertained by Kathy and her back-up band, Three Naked Guys and Rebecca (aka the Raving Poets Band with Rebecca Schellenberg). Ms. Schellenberg's violin smoothed all the rough edges off the Raving Poets Band and the alchemy of band and violin and Kathy's sultry voice was lovely.



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Finally, Kevin Solez's circle poems, with the audience making a clasped circle, were twitchy and sexual and rhythmic. The dancers responded to his beats and his singing with a Bacchanalian dance that was a perfect closing.

This is by no means a complete review. There were other poets and musicians who performed-Melissa Brown and Lana, and the Stroll Vice-president. The Dancers included: Tony Olivares, Claire Strauss, Julie Becquart, Angel Hamilton, and Philip Jagger.

Credit is due to Phil Jagger, who was the coordinator of this segment. Given the fact that poets kept backing out, a dancer broke her wrist on the day before the event and other unforeseen problems, this show was a small, ephemeral miracle.

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Kathy took us on a ride through deserts, across thin ice, and through the skies as baby Jesus makes his way home for the holidays on an airplane. The CD's namesake poem, a favorite performance piece, hit a new high, with sparse piano accompanying Kathy's ripping words. Other highlights of the evening for me were *how bones grow light, when you are travelling* (the desert poem), and of course, *bleedin' jesus*. Walking through the audience long after the *bleedin' jesus* finale, you could hear people humming, or singing a few lines from this piece.



There is a rumour that the band and Kathy will be going on a cross-city tour in the next few months. So watch for upcoming details on the think of me naked tour.

We are all thinking of you naked, Kathy. Congratulations on your CD. We're waiting or number two!

## **Women Saints Take the Stage- Some Bones and a Story Launched**

The Yardbird Suite proved to be an extraordinary venue for Alice Major's book launch Some Bones and a Story. This event, which was held Thursday, October 11, was the first event for the mini-festival of poetry called Stroll 2001: Weekend Walkabout.

The lighting of two candelabras on stage announced the beginning of the reading as three women stepped up to microphones. Alice Major was flanked by Jan Streader and Clarice Eckford for a 40 minute reading that was to say the least, sublime. They performed poetry from Alice's new book in the dim, cathedral-like light-three voices speaking the words of women saints. About 60 people witnessed this blessed event.

It was timing, serendipity, or fate that allowed the Stroll to piggyback on Alice's book launch, or perhaps it was the other way around. Regardless, it was an ideal match - a match made in Heaven.

This was captivating poetry, performed beautifully. And what a book to take home.

Congratulations Alice!



## **Raving Poets Open It Up At The Yardbird! An Honestly Biased Review by The Alberta Beatnik**

The idea was to present some of the crowd favourites from the Backroom Vodka Bar Raving Poets summer open stage series. The plan was simple: get poets like Kathy Fisher, John Chalmers and some of the younger newer voices onstage at the Yardbird Suite with musical accompaniment by the Raving Poets Band, including guitarists Randy Edwards and Mysterio. And have a professional soundman, too. And invite all poets in the crowd to join in an open stage. What transpired was good goofy fun inspired by frequent visits to the bar. Yes, most of the Raving Poets Band (me & Thomas, at least) imbibed more than usual. I even removed my trousers. (Only after Phil Jagger accidentally took to the stage with his zipper undone, I should clarify.) Anyway, the night began with one dark September 11th poem after one another and ended up utterly hilarious and filled with out-splitting zipper-popping

In early June of this year, through the ubiquitous Philip Jagger, Shelley contacted the Stroll and with the unbridled, unsaddled and unshod enthusiasm of Thomas Trofimuk the project jumped ahead. Of the twenty-two poets interested in the project, six names were picked from a hat. I was fortunate enough to be one of them.

During the initial meeting in mid-August, Steve impressed on us the importance of our timeline: we had to be done at least one copy of the book by Stroll weekend, seven weeks away. Seven weeks! And he was talking about a project where we were to hand-set poems with lead type, tear the pages of the book to size by hand, create images and poems from scratch and crank them out, one at a time, on a printing press that looked like something Gutenberg would have felt at home with. A limited edition of twenty-five books were to be produced. Each of the poets and artists would get a copy, two would go into the archives of our respective organizations and the rest could be used as fund-raisers.

During the next several weeks of meetings, Steve's tutorials became much more than mere how-to sessions. We were given an abbreviated history of print-making, taught how type was made and set and we were made to appreciate the subtle beauties of quality workmanship. Not all of us took advantage of opportunity to set our work with lead type. Most of us went the modern route of laying out our verse on the computer. Steve then made a high-resolution printout and created photo-lithographic plates for us. My partner, Greg Rasmussen and I went one step further and combined image and word on a single page and Steve made us a single monstrous, two-page' zinc plate to print from.

Everyone was a little apprehensive at first over choosing a collaborator. But the artists all brought samples of their images and the poets read from their work. By each of us answering the simple question, "Who would you like to work with most?" choosing a partner was as easy as falling off a log. It was incredible how like gravitated to like, regardless of our disparate media.

A theme ("Consciousness of Time") was decided on. Then we set to work. The partners met in their homes or in coffee shops and determined how they would like to approach the project. Would the poem inspire image? Would the image come first and inspire the poem? Would the two evolve together and meet at some unknown point?

Personally, I felt an incredible pressure to create something of high quality that was both unique (after all, five other poets were writing on the same theme!) and that looked the idea of Consciousness of Time square in the face. I'm sure the other poets felt they had to rise to the occasion and live up to the professionalism of the printmakers. And everyone wanted to write something that would stand up to the laborious process of setting individual letters, printing individual pages, and something that would bear the scrutiny of fellow poets at the gallery opening.



hilarious and filled with gut-splitting, zipper-popping laughter. It was a triumph of the human spirit. Or as Gary Lee put it, "Wow, thanks! I haven't laughed since September 11th."

## **Imaging Time : The Stroll/SNAP Book Project**

**By Gordon McCrae**

It began with a simple idea. Six poets, six print artists. Hand-make a book of poems and images. Little did the artists and poets know what a profound shared journey was ahead of them.

The idea for the collaborative work was the brainchild of Shelley Wasyk, manager of the gallery and studio for S.N.A.P., the Society of Northern Alberta Print-Artists. With Steve Dixon, artist, historian and print-making guru at the University of Alberta, they hatched a plan to create a hand-bound work of literary and visual art and applied for a grant from the City of Edmonton to fund it.

of fellow poets at the gallery opening.

Some memorable moments: Watching Shirley Serviss painstakingly hand set her poem over a three hour period because, she "dropped a stanza and had to start over!" Going on a fieldtrip to the U of A's print-art collection and seeing a mind-blowing array of work of Russian and Canadian artists. Some works were as simple as cartoons, others plainly took thousands of man-hours to create. While Shelley soaked the paper for Ryan Baier, seeing him cranking out his hand-written poems on the old press, holding each one up to make sure there was enough ink and each letter came through properly. Hugging my kid sister at the opening, with her in tears over one of my poems, the images striking a little too close to home. Witnessing print-artist Tomoyo Ihaya, after spending weeks and weeks on a single image, suddenly slap her hands up to her cheeks on realizing she had to produce two images. Hearing the back story to one of Ellen Wells' poems: about a young girl who attended one of our meetings; only a few weeks before the girl had seen her mother struck and killed by a car.



By the time we were hanging our work in the gallery for the next day's opening, the feeling of pride amongst the poets and artists was palpable. Though we only had time for state proofs' or one completed copy of each page, the four walls came alive with finished product - works that I had seen in a dozen preliminary stages over the previous weeks. And that was one more memorable moment: going around the room at the opening, from work to work, poet reading to poet reading, watching the crowd shift in a big circle like sand in the bottom of a turning tire.

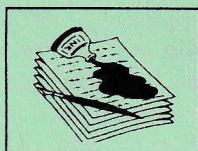
In all, twenty-five copies of the book will be produced, each hand sewn, each page hand torn from a sheet that is perhaps a metre on a side. The 11" X 14" book will find a home in a classy black slipcover. This was one of the most intense, most weighty poetic experiences of my life. The day in early December when I can lay my hands on the finished book, I know I will be barely able to comprehend the richness of the experience that went into its production.

**Big thanks to the Stroll and S.N.A.P for making this extraordinary project possible.**

### **Stroll Day Brunch A Great Success** **By John Chalmers**

If you missed the October 14 Stroll Day at the Strathcona Legion, you missed more than just a great meal! A hundred Stroll members and friends turned out to enjoy food for the body and mind as Stroll 2001 began its final day in a five-day schedule that saw innovative new programs. Following the brunch, U of A professor, poet and original Stroll member Bert Almon set an example for all aspiring poets. As one who has had several of his volumes of poetry published, Bert brought his best work to the podium. With a range of insights from poems shorter than the title to meaningful observations of daily life in human behavior, to poems based on childhood recollections, Bert both entertained and inspired the Stroll Day audience by providing an example of what a gifted wordsmith can produce.

### **A letter about Stroll Day** **From a member...**



Prior to last winter I was only vaguely aware of this event called the Stroll of Poets. I had no idea that it was also an organization of wordsmiths. My attention was drawn to a poster in the public library downtown of the 12 Days of Poetry competition. My friend Chris and I arrived late to one of the evenings. I must confess, I didn't think there would be a problem getting a decent seat. I mean it's poetry, it's Edmonton and it's winter. Well, all that was left were stools at the end of the cappuccino bar and we were glad to get those! What followed was my first taste of an actual

grateful to the Stroll of Poets for helping me validate myself and this new facet of my crystal.

- Much peace, John Leppard

### **Poetry Survivors Endure The Competition**

The "Poetry Survivors" sweatshop at the No Bards Barred Bar at the Strathcona Legion was a highlight of Stroll 2001, wrapping up a full day of poetry with a record number of poets reading at ten venues in the area. Hosted by Jocko and an able assistant, the sweatshop recruited 18 willing participants in verbal battles to write original works in a limited time. With each poet assigned a single word in the "Survivor" theme to incorporate into their work, competitors were given only 10 minutes to write a poem. The results were amazing and a credit to the talents of our writers. Following the reading of the poem, nine poets were selected by audience vote to continue to the next level. The rest were "kicked off the island" and the competition intensified. Following a five-minute challenge to write a second poem, and competition in a tough poetry quiz (those questions were murderously difficult JOCKO!!!!) which was enthusiastically supported by audience "lifelines" the nine survivors were narrowed down to only six.

The Poetry Survivor was Anna-Marie Sewell, who collected a fine prize package. The top six all received prizes in a day that saw generous contributors provide an abundance of awards plus door prizes awarded to many people at the brunch earlier in the day.

A special thanks to our Calgary friends, our new friends in Poetry, who were in attendance at the Brunch, who strolled their asses off all day, who were in full force at the No Bards Barred Bar, and who then drove home! The Calgary contingent included: Pat Dungan, Calgary's Stroll President, Scott Alderson, EatLardFudge (Steve Gillespie), Gordon MacLennan, Tanya Dion, and Regan Clark. Bravo! Brava! Bravo!

### **Poetry by New Canadians Expands Borders** **By Alice Major**

Sometimes poetry - that art based on words - seems to transcend language altogether and reach for a deeper human truth. That's what happened one Saturday afternoon in a coffee shop on 97th Street, when four men sat by the front windows to read their words.

"Poetry by New Canadians" became a dialogue among the four writers and the audience. Readings by Henry Victor from Sri Lanka, Jalal Barzanji from Kurdistan, and Kenya Kondo of Kenya were interspersed with songs sung by Leo Campos. Leo is himself an émigré from Chile and one of the main organizers of this particular segment of the Stroll's Weekend Walkabout.



those! What followed was my first taste of an actual "reading" and it was very cool. These people were reading aloud stuff that they'd written and, damn, it was good. It tossed a spark in the dry tinder of my imagination and I think I decided at that point that I wanted to play. I grabbed some info, asked some questions and got some contact names. I wound up talking to Mark and he invited me to the late winter readings at the Vodka Bar. It was there that I met you and Mark and Cindy-Lou and Adrianna and some other wonderful, friendly, supportive folks who told me that my stuff was good. Something was missing, though, and it wasn't until I stood soul-naked in front of twenty or so strangers on a Sunday afternoon in October that I found it, my poetic voice. I was so in the moment with my stuff and the zap that the audience was giving me that I experienced a rush that I have only rarely felt before. It was positively euphoric. I was a poet! I am grateful to Cindy-Lou for kindly dragging me out of the 'fraidycat hole that I was hiding in. I'm grateful to the folks who told me with their eyes and their words that my poems have shared value and I'm

The audience that crowded into Grounds for Coffee was attentive and moved. The dialogue, conducted in sometimes-halting English, concerned war and love, spirit and longing. Although words can separate human beings, they can also bring them together, and the poems revealed the shared humanity underlying all languages. After the readings came a question period, and the discussion circled around what it is like to be a 'new Canadian.' Not always easy. Canada's peace and prosperity is a blessed change to the wars and persecution that Jalal left behind, but Victor pointed out that intolerance and prejudice are part of the Canadian experience too.

However, for that two hours, the possibility of a tolerant and welcoming nation seemed very real. It was a welcome respite from the world situation since September 11, and another way that the Stroll of Poets Society reached out to expand the borders of poetry.



What is objectionable, what is dangerous, about extremists is not that they are extreme, but that they are intolerant. The evil is not what they say about their cause, but what they say about their opponents."

---Robert Kennedy---

## Notes from Down Under

Hi. All of us from Calgary - Scott Alderson, Tanya Dion, Pat Dungan, Eatlardfudge, Gordon MacLennon - were very impressed by the large show and deep variety of performances you all presented. You have a great group of people, and we all had a very inspired visit. Pat yourselves on the back.

### Community of Alberta

We traveled the road to your Poetry Stroll  
You received us as guests by good friends  
Five Calgary Strollers met Edmonton soul  
What an honour to read and attend

Rewarding, respectful, refreshing, delightful  
In all, you did not leave us out  
We humbly commend you and graciously thank you  
Community this is about

We came north to meet many minds, not compete  
To participate, savour and share  
In audience, members and Stroll organizers  
We found a warm city who cares

Rusti came through, as did you, Cindy Lou  
Mark, Thomas, Philip and Gordon, all hosts  
Many supporters, inspired performers  
To your Stroll, to our meeting, the future we toast

Be well; do well.  
On behalf of the Calgary Stroll of Poets,  
- Gordon E. MacLennon

**"Any resemblance to the rambling found in on  
the road is purely non intentional" poetic news  
from the pen of Phil the Cowboy Poet**



Poets Opposed to Poverty wants you. We are setting up a wall of poetry (a literal poet tree) at the "art from the unknown" show From Dec 5 - 8. If you make a donation to the Edmonton Food Bank or Our Voice, you get to add your poem to the poet tree. For info contact Philip Jagger [avanteagarden@rocketmail.com](mailto:avanteagarden@rocketmail.com) or 437-5014. Also there will be readings on social justice issues throughout the show. So if you wish to read or help out with making the poetry call the info number.

Every session of peace ends in a revolution. A revolution of

It was a long day. A beautiful day as we the poets set off on a journey of word the poetry exchange. This is exchange of emotion over prairie landscape the vision blurring like the scenery. In what is known as the poetry exchange. Saint germaine the patron saint of free form acid jazz drove us not into the ditch as you expect from driving on the beat but straight to a heart of poetry. The city known as cowtown the mouths of the lions, our rivals calgary. But everyone welcomed us warmly there are no rivals in the poetry exchange.

After having a fine meal in the heartland café. We went into the dark. The long languorous dark of Ireland and not been greeted by the regulars. The good old boys sitting back on sunday having a pint watching the telly and word slowly ebb in guinness the drink of gods and saint patrick the patron saint of drinking. We were greeted by poets and the readings took me back to the first days of stroll when as a child of poetry we were so optimistic and young and hopeful and trying so hard in our first walking of poetry. Not that we are so jaded now so. More reserved or maybe not.

Poetry was put firmly back onto the street were it belonged with thomas papa poet readings in the market. Fire sparked word that set calgary ablaze with the fire of his words. And then he cooled then down with the icy black dog filled landscapes of his vision. How do you photograph the word. The idea the moment it just gets over or under exposed.

My reading was on the streets as well. Full of dusts and angry wasps my dad was there, and he heard me read for the first time and though i was strange. He wore my cowboy hat and this day is fill of firsts and new beginnings and ideas in poems.

Mark the alberta beatnik hail presidente pinated the day in an ending full of sweets and spiders as a treat smashed open on the day of the dead. The people we amazed and awed and as we were by our amazing hots of poetry our brothers and sisters in the poetry exchange the calgary poets. Thank you so much we are so honoured by you and hope this sharing of word this thanks giving every year our own independent festival of word.

We headed home with stories of the calgary stroll and our souls filled with the given word. Long live poetry long the live the exchange the free exchange of poetry and word and vision closing into the dark dark night. Our journey held in the end the map compartment the lights of the not so far off edmonton stroll guiding us home.

2001 Canadian Poetry Association





Every session of peace ends in a revolution. A revolution of words. Ink-de pen-dance ??? day cd featuring phil the cowboy poet. the alberta beatnik. kevin the sun boy solez. lana and mellisa sweet muse sisters of poetry, Allen Demule rock king of poetry. Trace Willen dr strange glove and Gary Lee the wild wixxed shaman of the west will be launched on Dec 4 at the peace talks at the Backroom Vodka Bar 8:00 on tuesday. The cd a documentary of the revolution will be available for ten bones (\$10.00) all proceeds of the sale of the cd for that evening will be going directly to the anthology.

Next up is this documentary poem piece on the poetry exchange. It involves Spidey Poet Gordon Macrae spinner of grants and webs. Papa Beat Thomas Trofimuk the down tempo player of piano keys and fine scotch. The Alberta Beatnik Hail Presidente who met up with us. And Philipe the cowboy poet.

## 2001 Canadian Poetry Association Contest Winners !!!!



Ben Murray's poem *Breaking The Surface* placed 1<sup>st</sup> in this competition. Ben plans to share the winnings with his cat Sammy and whoever else is sharing his barstool at the time. More congratulations are due to Joyce Harries for her poem *one more word* which placed 5<sup>th</sup>. And Kath Mclean, a former Stroller, placed 3<sup>rd</sup>. Hearty congratulations for a job well done!!

### Are you on e-mail yet?

About 75% of Stroll membership now has e-mail. But if you don't have e-mail, you're missing out on much of our communication to members. E-mail notices are frequently sent to members about late-breaking, time-dated, short-notice, special announcement stuff that you don't want to miss. If you have a computer and a modem, but not e-mail, then it's time to get signed on, and let us know your new e-mail address. Likewise, if you change your address, let us know so we can keep our records up to date. Send your address to Cindy-Lou Prokopy at [cinlu@shaw.ca](mailto:cinlu@shaw.ca) and stay connected! We'll let the membership know.