

Judy Radul, 'Lying', *The Click: Becoming Feminists*, Macfarlane Walter & Ross, Toronto, Canada, 1997

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Judy Radul

is an interdisciplinary artist, essayist, and curator who has worked with a wide range of media including the spoken and written word, performance art, video, audio, installation, photography, and film.

She has published three books:

Rotating Bodies (1988), *Boner 9190*

and *the weak* (1989), and *Character*

Weakness (1993). Her writing has

appeared in several periodicals in-

cluding *WestCoast Line*, *Rampike*,

and *Boo*, and she has read her work

at venues across Canada, in New

York, Seattle, England, and the

Netherlands. She lives in Vancouver,

British Columbia.



1996

lying

was engaged to be social
fly
open

monarch construction

not wanting to
organize a self into a story, not

wanting to
appear
invent

but still
ways to be wrong

stitched instead of nailed
wxperiencing dizzying, wakeness, weakness and empowerment
through dazzling non aggressive gowns

when i am not walking driving or sitting I seem sick its not normal to
lie down for f hours on end its normal to stand or sit or walk around
during the day/work


daylight productive driving force every system is my enemy
or assai'lant

horizontzality whzat others call ;lying down
only reffers to the body

' but that
which

signals a kind of availability slash hleplessness which is dangerous in
public

at least put your purse under



your
head but my female mind is lying t
t'hinking
horixzontal
spreading buubbles fermenting process
not thoughts so much as conglomerates arcs fuzzies and rhythms
asterisk

surprisingly committed to a hallucination

*there are characters large lumps of masses of noticeable behavior I
recognize
up the front steps and into the situation
using
reality to make it all seem real I am not an addict
except in that regard*

A sqUID imagery pulshing through consciousness waters
lying down is balloon head still leading *a54[-string

articulation heavy becomes working with negative space y'using lips
and mouth too massage away the soundless air and reveal gobby sound
fragments together
to exfoliate the air between

for women waiting

air is the heavy film which covers every mouth
i can
(not swing
from trees
well) is the kind of stupid statement that brushes it aside

when I like down I take time to go away behind \ eyes\
embarrassment

what a view
I swallow myself
(like death, I exaggerate the first person)
you hover above

back now

did I mention Yes means yes
meaning
what part of yes didn't you understand
please
I'm on board, lets fly!
different budget but still a travel agency



giving you the sense of my indication of a positive response
yes and no are as good as you and I
nice switches if you can get them

yes to love yes to life yes to liberty yes I want you harder to command
with yes
yes it has that way of seeming like there is a lot more to come no
should be all you have to say but yes waves from a future give me
more wanted wanted and yes
is frighteningly positive like sport slogans "no fear" "the only thing
worth dying for is life—no fear" this no is a closed mouth yes what
can't live inside a t shirt signs the front

a word for women to use was no is yes still no YES and that's not
positive in the negative way means knot goes through turns over itself
and conjoins the ground rushes up to meet delete

6simltaneously9

If I'm lying down
that changes everything
slides

My feminism runs and jumps and skips and dances overitself in the moonlight only to wake up and HATe men.

Comedy cabaret. No.
My feminism can't find a form.

My feminism is shape a heaving shape which seems to be my consciousness. Pear shaped. Which seems to be my attention. Which seems to be my intention. Her Knowing Of She Cutting I or Interrogation of the Pear was a video I made in 1987.

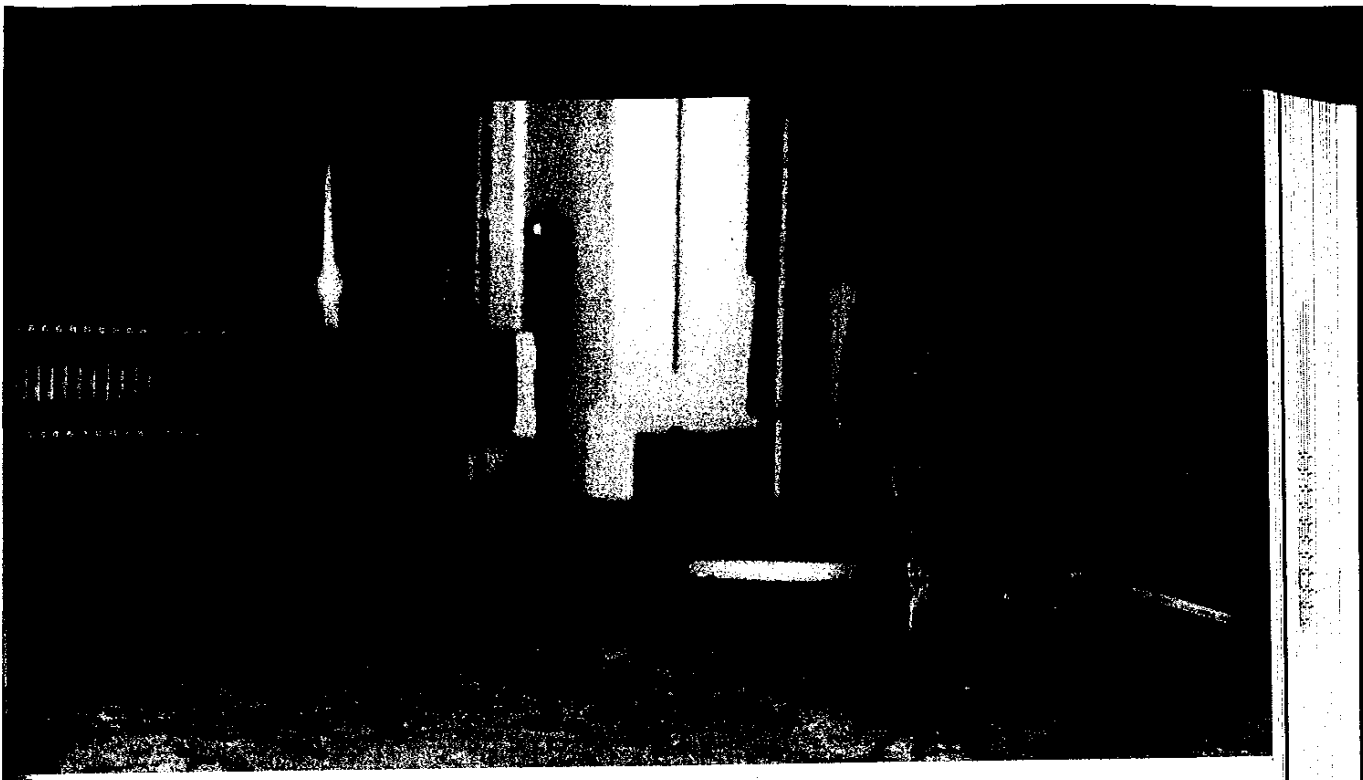
More like a stomAch than an intestine, not really for travelling through. Actually a bladder, inflated and played with by children. So my feminism must have started with Laura Ingalls Wilder. Which is where I first read about children playing with inflated bladders (of pigs I think). About a girl.

Good girl friends and we paralleled. That too. good adolescent

which started in adolescence as a diary

dirty

University. That's where my feminism began its hair like strands of



articulation. It's almost as if You want me to mention my mother.

My big baby head with that blown up balloon bladder of empty attention. And tiny little feet skittering across the gravel, barely enough contact to keep me upright. Adolescence, development, dimensions, breasts now called my feminism. Float out and hover above things. They work like an American epic and feel like a little less.

If my breasts hadn't been so big I would never have realized the difference so soon, in that sense it *is* biological.

A hovering presence, vibrating motion. A hangover. Identity swallow.

I'm maturing beyond the word plays and faltering speech which I have used to express my inexpressivity due to the calcification of patriarchal language, to you. I can tell you. Because I let the words run over my giant body like ants. So I am always the background. Certainly not the page. Only the good parts of the air. But behind me still there is something limitless.

I;m looking for evidence that everything changes when you lie down. That being erect is a hierarchical order disturbed by lying down.

Discharging my attention through a hole I couldn't figure for the ground. Is there still fresh air left behind the technological molecules behind the ideological molecules? Have a neutrino. Or is that an essentialist yearning? Holes seen against a backdrop of a bigger hole now the front hole is an entity. My utopia is constructed out of eye movements.

I still bother to exist

moving from side to side, reading is concerned with lying down, a horizontal connected
ness a nervousness on the edge of penetration
All the stuLS, working on their backs or just giving it away, hoping for affection's coupon, dizzy in the morning, hung over or plain confused, tell their story as *8butterfiels
%#jklskjci
that's what I love
I'm so excited I smack my fist into my cupped palm
what I love, what excites me abso.lutely is
has always been
smaller than my pulse,
just a tiny rhythm
of brain fuzzy
struggling to get there

that explains the appeal of stuffed animals
win one for me !

return to earth you holy your body down the path way from the tip of
the hair to the skin smooth it back on and up over your mind down to
the fingertips put the nails on for extra security and BAM out the eyes
you go again

(funny that long nails *appeal* to men when they are good for scratching
out eyes and blood doesn't show on
blood red!?)

fun world
fun world !

The human automotive's rise from a previous, possibly four
footed stage of development centered around the hip. Menu is the only
animal with a center of gravity above the hips and only Gary has hip
extensor musculature powerful enough to be called a bottom. A great
ass and rubber tires separates us from our subjects.

Standing lecturer, endless authority thermometer. Separate from
animals. Please stand up. I am UP. I stand I walk, I have evolved, into
the complicated machinery of a traffic report. Below me coffee
grounds magnetic charges and sperm language move across a reading
head which is a point of destination. Filling, full, too full, the switch
trips, emptying, empty, by then they've switched to camera two, until
the action sloshes back this way.

Most things do not end while you are watching them so a popular
culture which flirts with serial catastrophes has evolved. Women and
men end differently. At times one will be more aligned with temporal-
ity than the other so different media; billboards, radio, television day
or night time, literature, painting, photography, video art,
performance, money lots or little, the telephone, the theater, the
"net", or ultra sound, will be a more accurate tool of representation.
The play between the singular and the multiple, is edges,
endings, and stronger opticals. We begin and end by lying down, with
gravity dispersed across the body like a blanket's surface. As the
highlighter pen

fades into the old texts, feminism is one of my favorite conflicts.

To run out, stop, turn, corner, cornice or crown there has to be a background, a backdrop that evidences endlessness. I know that behind me there is a nothing that is really some~~t~~ nothing. LonGing to run out, to end but not be over. Somewhere Over The. Backdrop. Once shaded in the ruddy hues of masculinity is currently being restored in the colours of a Real question. You continue to run out against something that is not me. Surprised. Relieved.

There is no way to mention my feminism high up in the mountains against this sky. It is never in silhouette. I use it to mean that I understand things most deeply by connecting to them through my experience as a button. I have a fabulous nervous system. To construct a separate world out of something you do every day. We respond changing the idea of what is active.

. . . but perhaps you have never eaten an Aero or seen the commercials, then use the dandelion, piece of organic fluff produced as proof o

f
freedom in maxi-pad commercials which has also become a powerful image for my visualization

not all need desires to know

That greasy film which builds up on the gas of experience
Embarrassing perfect moments when you break your heart over
the straightness but not the straightness, the solitary reaching but not reaching, the aghast advancement but not advancement of the branches into the next

apple
air
alphabet

END

C
L
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C
K
1
8
6

I say this to you as if we were very close black mounds rising out of each other in the dark. So close yours is palpable just in front of my face. Any word that comes into your mind. Heart. a pendulous vegetable. drowsy organ. old tensor bandage. given shape by cracked light on a wet ground.
The choice runs to here.

Her face asleep in her cupped hands, black air hangs, parted in the middle, the hand soap smells of an absolute, artificial rose. Resist purpose, listen . . . the back of her scalp is becoming uncomfortable, tight around the ears. incremental. an argument for action

Across my back down my arms and out my fingers.

Lipstick, crushed red fat, the smell I can no longer bear is the lanolin or the scent used to cover it. Women are afraid of losing their children, incriminate

your self
throw stones

but I left the car window rolled down for air
and the tv on for company
retreat: a delicacy

you called yourself by my name again

the head is a jeweled knob a power for wielding
no other animal really has such a gobby round head as ours
an arrogant bladder that wants to feel the world blowing about its
edges
to move through the world tightly inflated
bobbing and bumping h air flow ring eyes st reaming
on patrol on inspection sent up sent below sent
in
protected like a shark in a shark cage from the sharks

fems struggle against binary head body and struggle still to retain them
privileging one part rises up from the pillow almost unavoidable

and is absolutely and forever not unconnected to everything I won't
give you lists

about having a head and a body boobs and no choice
about the face is a platter carrying the beloved's expressions
about

when you lie down faces hover just in front of yours for kisses
faces exchange without light monsters with just a little light caught in
the complex of dents, indents, outdents, smoothslopes, sockets and
labial turf lashes and whiskers

turned away, the shocking insulting empty back of the head,
head back
crown
for cupping and scruffing but
turn

home of the eyes and mouth organs
of truth
away

dental indentations in the dildo

I'm an ass s pill, clean me up, sucker-baby, YA TA AA YA YA

lying sown as opposed to sanding up

fuckundity

so my feminism was bread lying down with capitals

LYING down as opposed to standing up. So my feminism is bred
lying down. Lying down and taking it as opposed to stand and fight. I
like to lie down and take it. I am the victor in all my scenarios.
Entered but never left.

And I think best lying down, that is when, like the rest of you, I com-
fort the dying. Like most people I am a different person when I lie

881
C
L
I
C
K

down. That is a
sexual difference. I am a female when I lie down and a male when I
stand. Don't doubt my delineations. I rise And fall. Swell and smooth.
And it's the same with you. I like to lie with all my organs on the
same plane. Without the head leading. The race footage. We're just
troops. ha ha balloon papillion. Smooth. Iformation flowing laterally
not just top to bottom, bottom to top. With things awash, like milk in
a bottle laid down, a small air filled gap the length of botty, like a mild
body on its side. In its tide contends get mixed.

All the sentences lie down rows upon rows to fill a stadium
frightening but not tragic not loss only life is lost and meaning is made
and made and made and sense is very thin latex

Details become home.

proximity takes me there
your camera

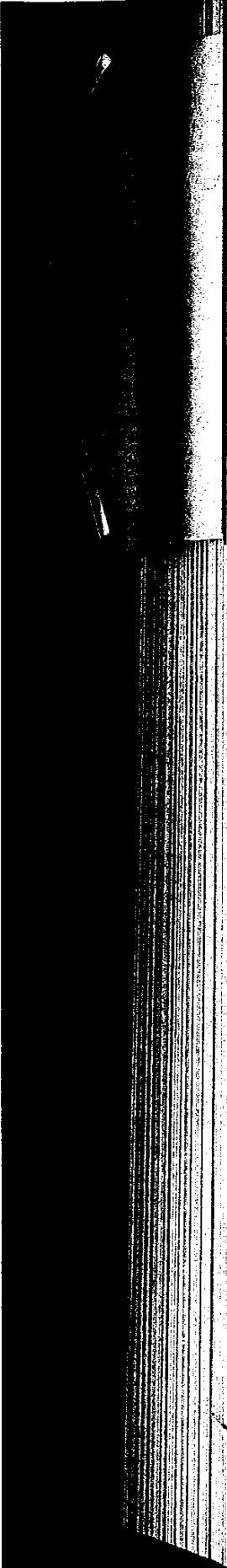
\ new title ~ Is Surrender

Defeat ?

nb) in this piece when I refer to lying down I mean in the supine
position

can 't it include

Her position vis a biz of crease crisis carnal limits. Relegated and then
villified for selling areas of tradition. Women won't have much equal-
ity. Or life. While the moral standards concerning sex = skilled and
murdered &



constructed as a civic, moral problem = excuse = explanation. This shadowed shape of deserving sacrifice is symptom to maintain the original plot. No one gets it because of asking. As in the preceding asking brings random response; yes is more ineffectual than no; and the proposition, *getting what you ask for*, willfully denigrates the agency deployed within the response. What you ask for Gary gives. On a good day, same or similar. While I'd advise girls against selling their face. There is no fallen woman.

C L I C K 1 9 0