

ROSE WAY IN THE EAST



statement/

/ROSE FAR IN THE EAST

i grew in WOOD MOUNTAIN/ saskatchewan. men living around WOOD MTN named the land ten miles SOUTH of town. they named it THE BENCH because streams flowing SOUTH become the EAST POPLAR RIVER serpentine into MONTANA. streams moving NORTH-EAST end in TWELVE MILE LAKE-- the lake between WOOD MTN and STONEHENGE. th SUN always ROSE for me slightly to the right of STONEHENGE.

the first things connected with the far EAST are my UKRAINIAN father (once a european wanderer/labourer-- a man who still has difficulty with twelve languages) and JIMMY HOY who came from HONG KONG to build a small cafe in the first hamlet of WOOD MTN near the old NWMP POST OF WOOD MOUNTAIN. when the hamlet was moved five miles NORTH next to the CPR line, HOY built the big cafe/HOTEL where he began to hang his calendars from HONG KONG. my word/picture vision began there. HOY'S calendars gave me faith in each new year-- there was a beautiful girl for each moth (a brownskin VIRGIN OF THE EASTERN SUN dressed in embroidered silks). i was immersed in a certain magic waiting for HOY to unveil the beauty of each month. at that time the ideo-grams were only decoration on the edges of the picture of the EASTERN LADY. then, the ideoogram merely reminded me of the barbs on the wire fences-- it held the same sharp interwoven beauty of forms i came to know with my skin as i clumsily crossed fences to fish in streams flowing EAST to TWELVE MILE LAKE.

i remember how a lonely JIMMY HOY read his HONG KONG newspapers on lazy winter afternoons in the empty cafe while the calendar lady smiled wistfully behind his back (the WHITE OWL cigars were stacked directly below her). a few years before i left WOOD MTN, HOY went to HONG KONG (JIMMY was 80 then) and brought home a beautiful young bride. for me she compared to the picture of the VIRGIN i saw on my mother's POLISH calendars (the red fish beneath FRIDAYS and feast days). THE VIRGIN also smiled each S^{UN}-DAY in the white church i left behind forever-- hoping to run a w a y from all those things (or possibly renew them in some WAY).

at sixteen, i moved WEST to THE ROCKY MTNS (saw mtns for the first time). working at a place called DEER LODGE, i spent days off learning the art and ways of mtns-- began to climb and photograph the alpine glow of mtns and rising suns. with others, walked thru deadfalls and often stopped descending mtn forests to gaze at beauty of LIGHT broken by pines (caught brief glimpses of

bRIGHT SUN TANGLED IN TREE BRANCHES).

later found myself in KOOTENAY SCHOOL OF ART in NELSON/ BC as a first year art student, i met SARAH EICHORN from NORTHERN REDWOODS of california. SARAH, sixty grey & beautiful & 6'2, moved her voluminous BUDDHA-esque body with grace & care everywhere. ever since she graduated from HARVARD with honours, she'd read hundreds of books on oriental ways of life. she talked about ZEN and the WAY. i never said a word the whole year i listened to her-- was only a smile, an eye, and an ear during her many hours of words on how to live (she always sculpted or did ceramics as she spoke-- her breathing, words and motions were ONE, even when she walked). she no doubt taught more about ZEN, BRAHMANISM, BUDDHISM, & the WAY than i'll ever learn from books-- mainly because we worked (sculpting & ceramics) and walked around as she talked. the things she spoke about often became interwoven in memory with slavic childrens' stories & biblical stories my mother tol & retold in POLISH & UKRANIAN (my first languages until i was 6) back in WOOD MTN. another student was ANTONE SCRABINK (once a yugoslavian monk who later turned to ZEN, KRISHNAMURI, TAGORE, and NEW MEXICAN INDIANS-- their mythology & weaving) became a source of energy & magic. ANTONE & SARAH often had gentle arguments-- i listened silently (doing ceramics or drawing) HO-PI-ing to learn more.

during the last few years of five in NELSON, the only CANADIAN POETS i heard about were EARLE BIRNEY, LIONEL KEARNS, & FRED WAH who moved to the WEST COAST. it seemed a necessary move because JIM BROWN & others followed them.

after my last year at ART SCHOOL, i too decided i had to go that way for further growth. in my last year in NELSON, i began to write haiku and press them into ceramic sculptures & pots.

moving to VANCOUVER, i discovered BILL BISSETT'S work in his BLEW OINTMENT. i found my way to CHINATOWN emblazoned with ideograms written/ drawn in BRIGHT colours. i bought THE CHINESE CHARACTER AS A MEDIUM FOR POETRY by POUND/FENELOSA. the imagination spun-out as soon as i found that ideograms were in fact pictures & not just decorations adorning the photos of calendars back in WOOD MTN.

working another summer at DEER LODGE/ lake louise, i made friends with a cook (KEN LEONG) who drew ideograms for me in a notebook as i asked him about certain words & phrases. the following summer, LEONG gave me a frayed book with faded pages. the covers had fallen off years ago-- the title as best he could remember was A DIRECTORY/GUIDE? & DICTIONARY FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING TRAVELLERS TO RED CHINA. this book is now full of notes & marginal drawings-- ROSE FAR IN THE EAST grows out of my first attempt to see things historically & mythologically in an attempt to bridge WESTERN hangups (mainly a christian background) & EASTERN WAYS as SARAH EICHORN & ANTONE SCRABINK explained them to me. integrating ENGLISH, UKRAINIAN, FRENCH, & CHINESE in what i call POEM/DRAWINGS has enabled me to come to terms with personal religious & other hangups. this small book has been part of an attempt to possibly free myself from a neurosis generated by a CHRISTIAN BACKGROUND-- some things still cling in the memory like burrs or barbs from fences i wish to break forever.

andrew suknaski
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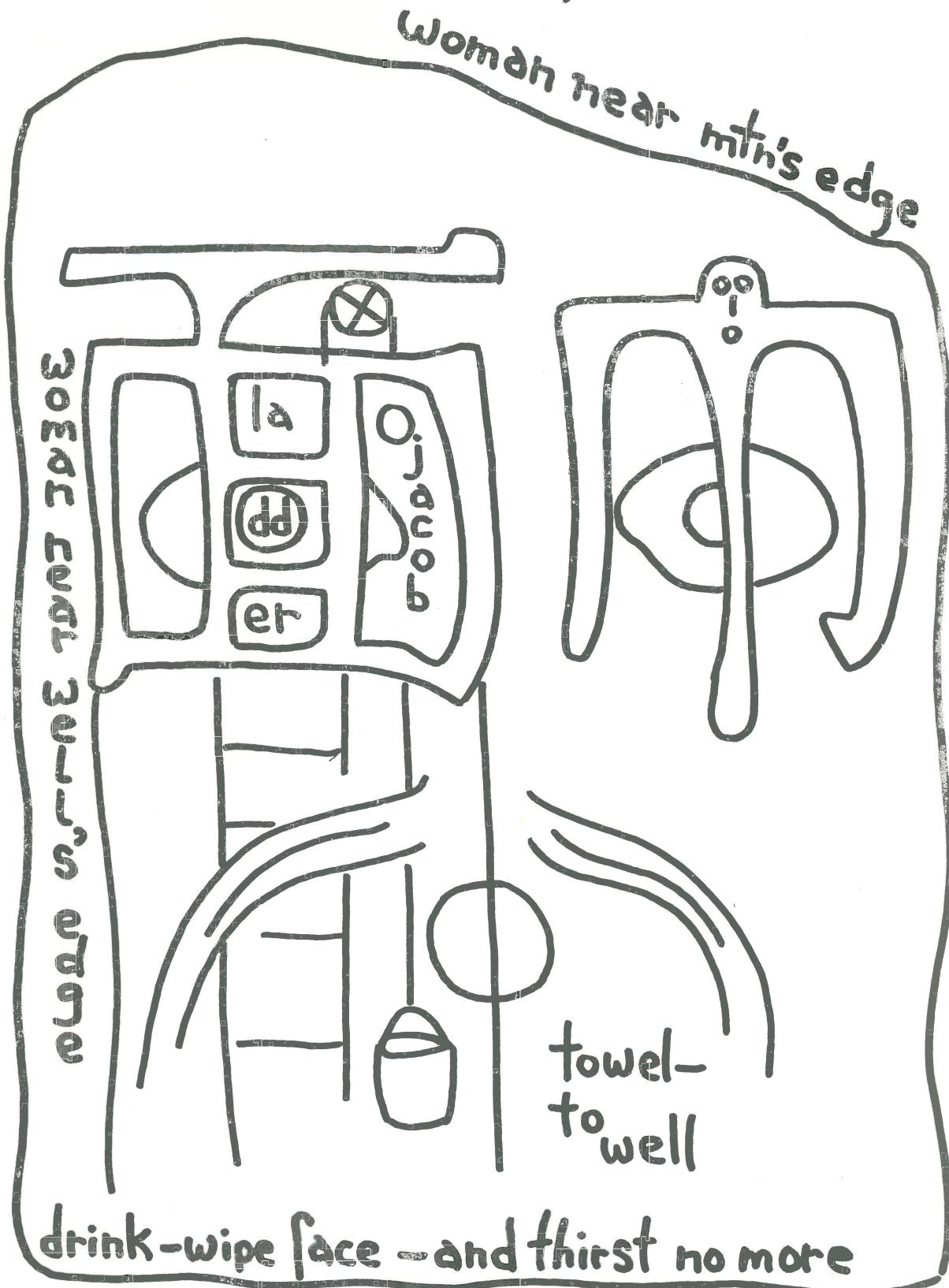
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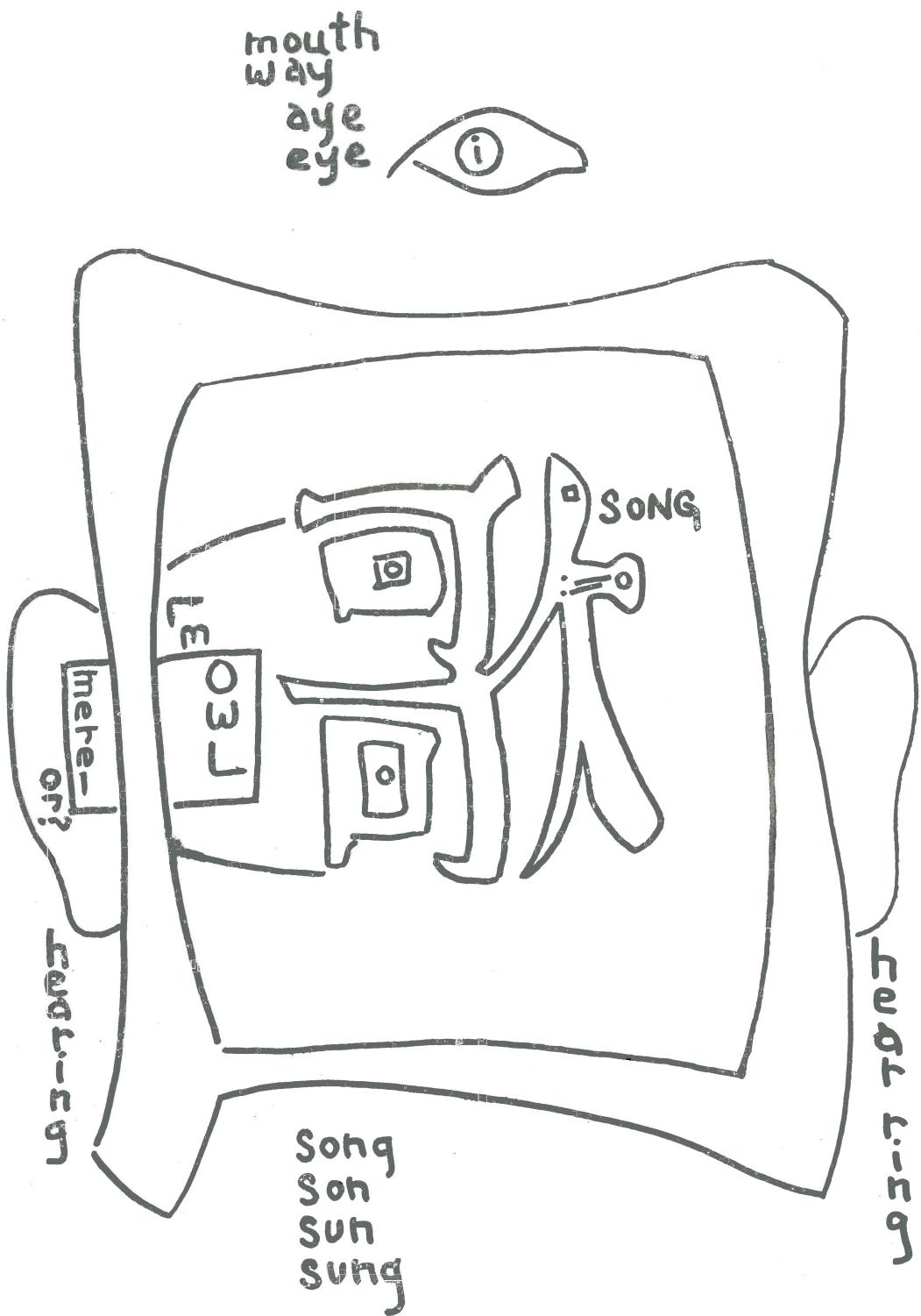


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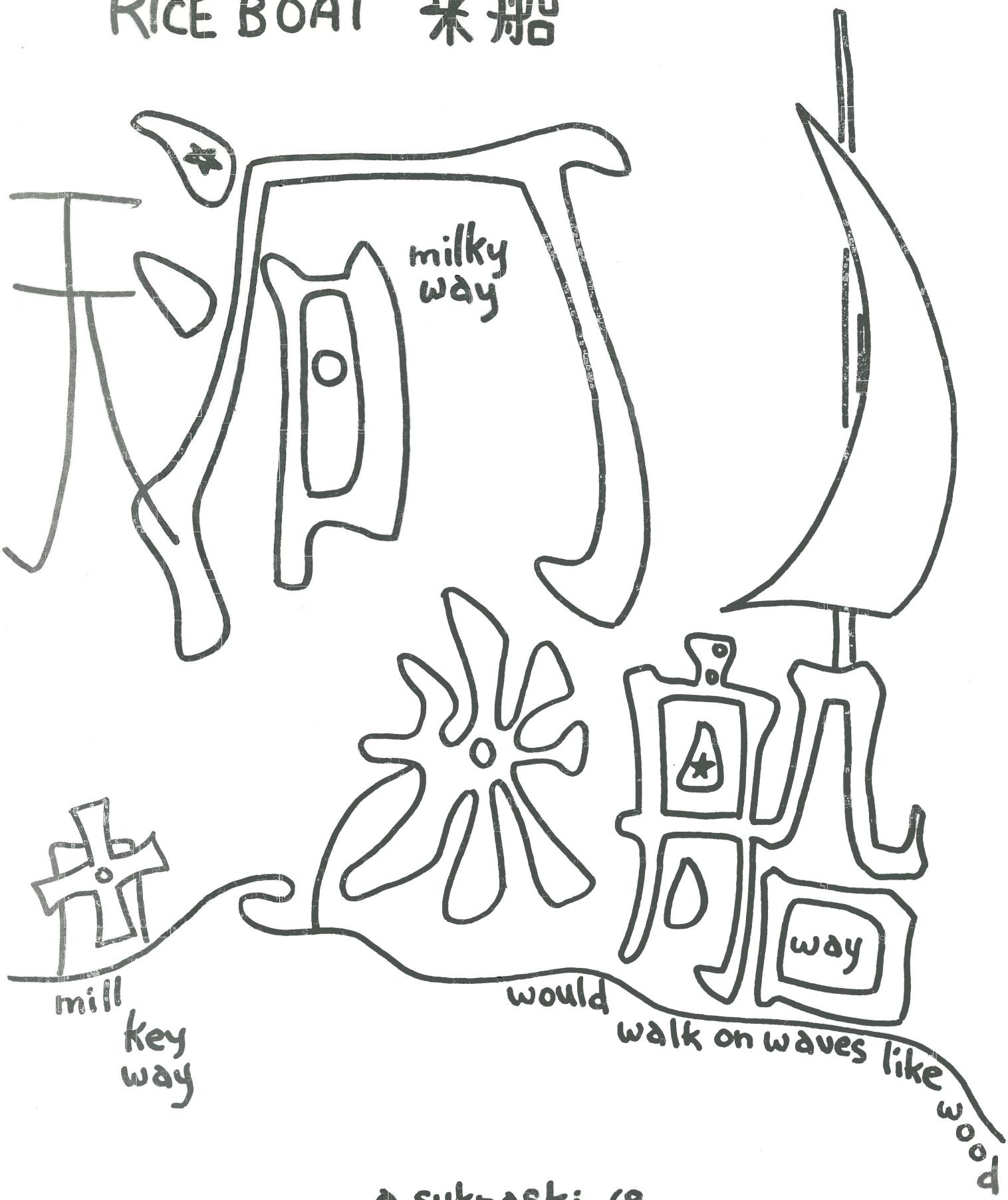


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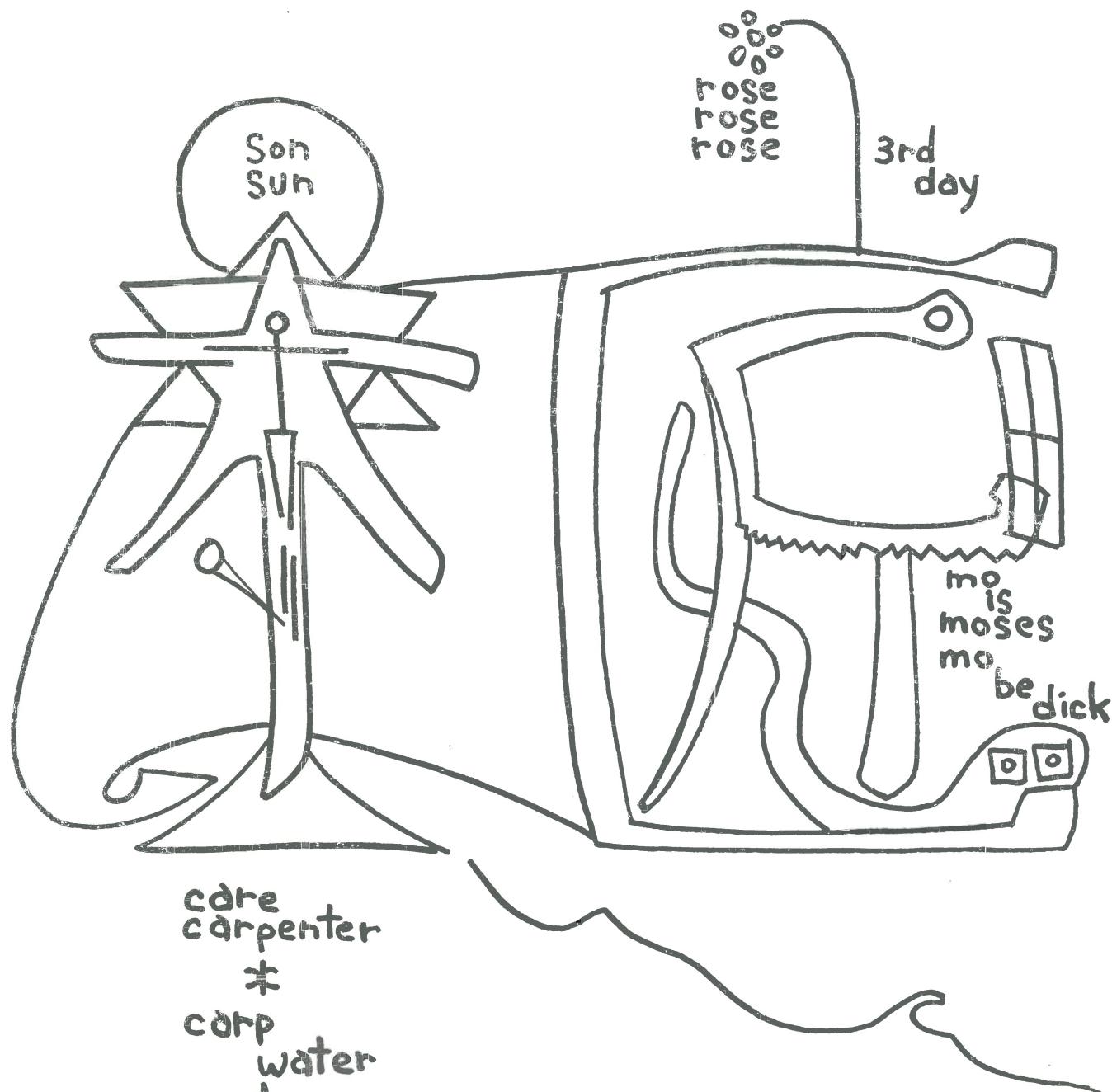
-Andrew Suknaski '69

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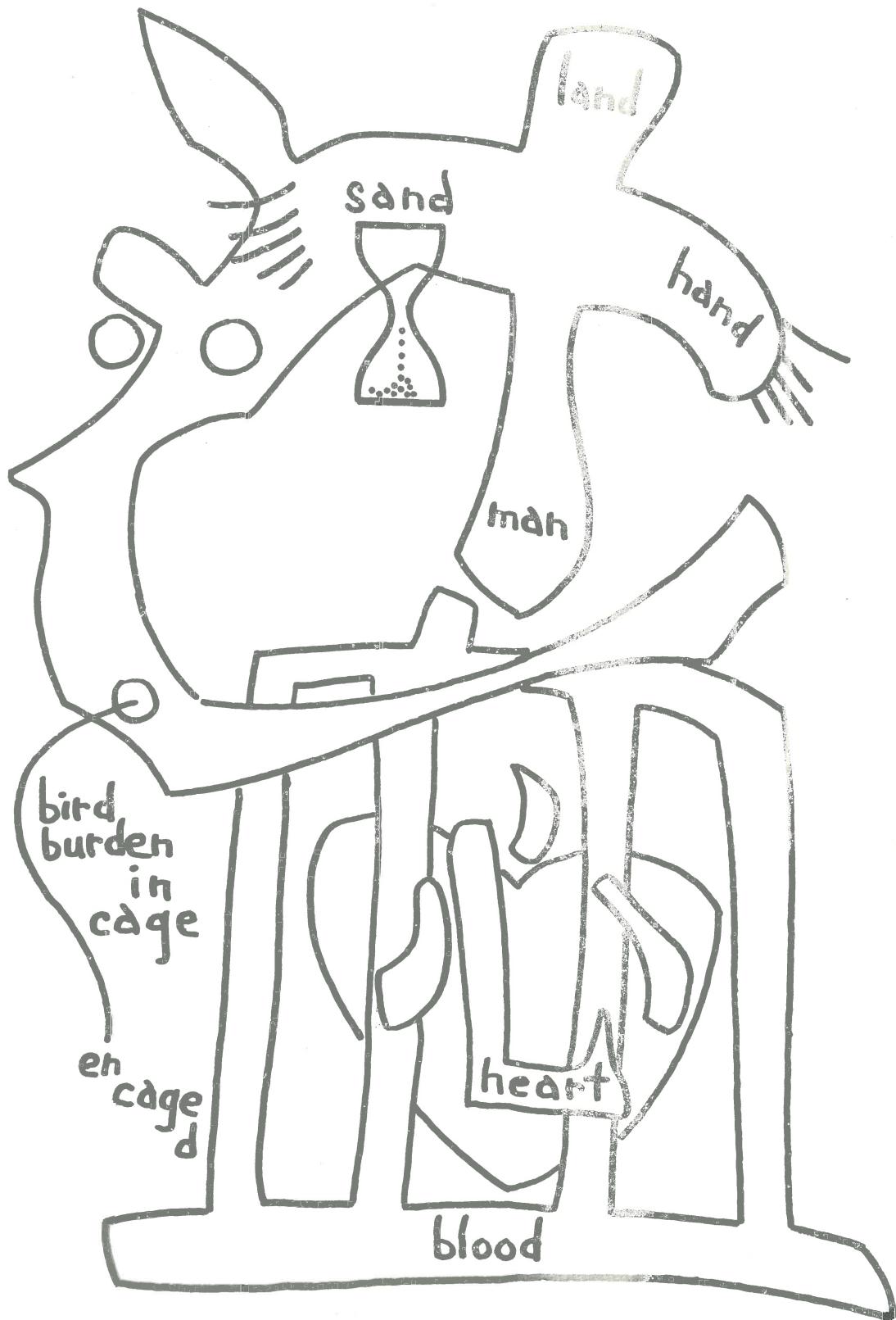
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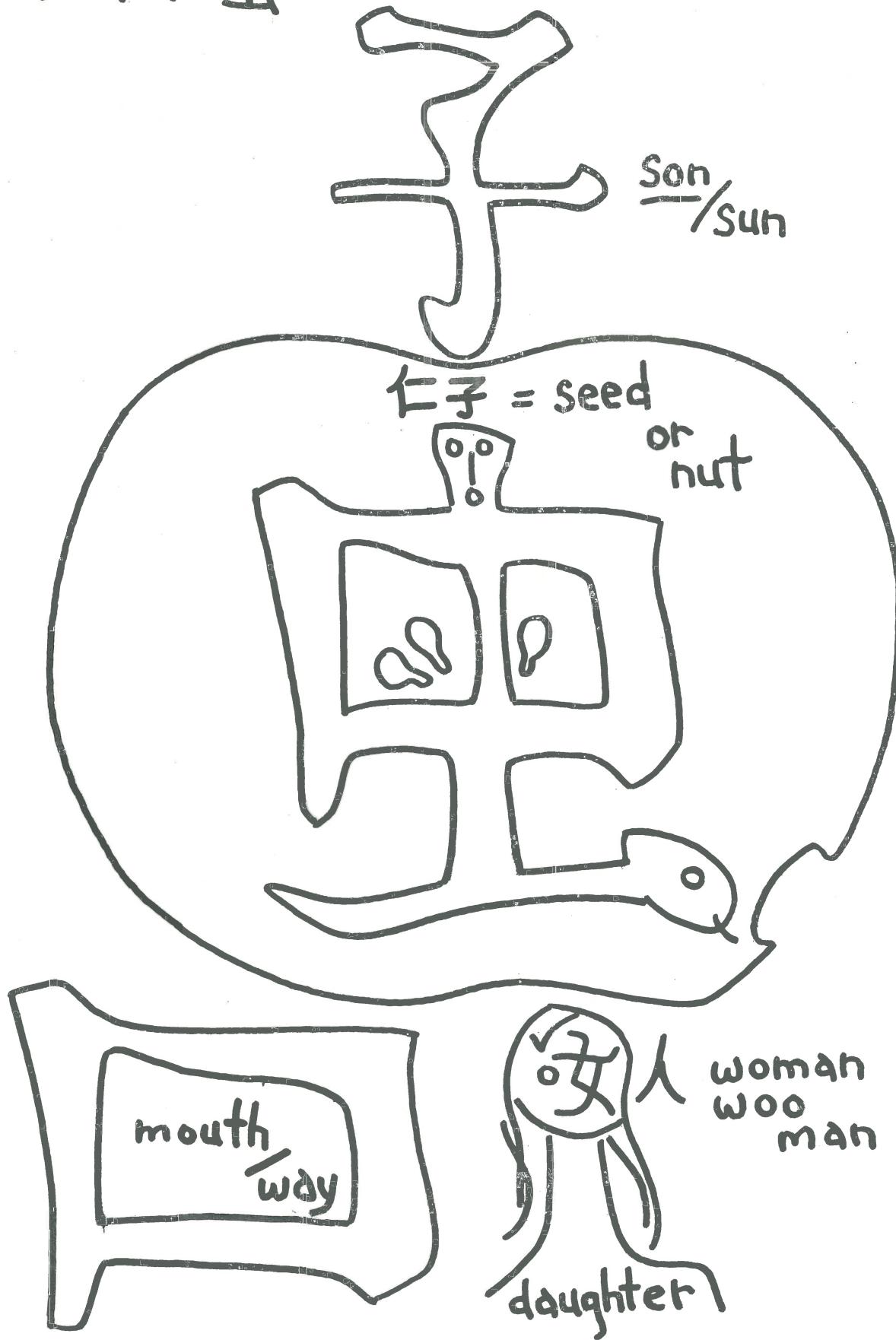
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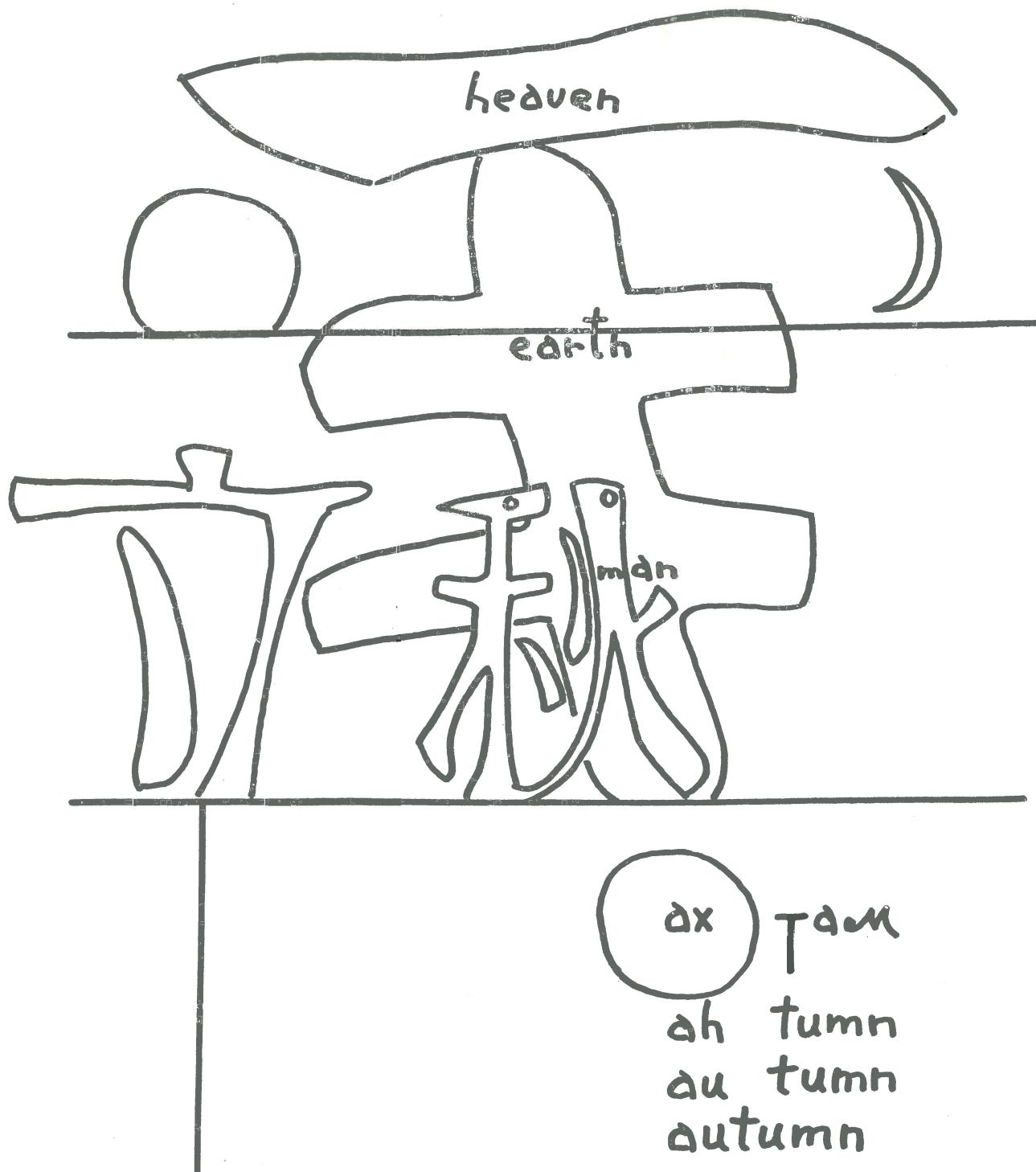


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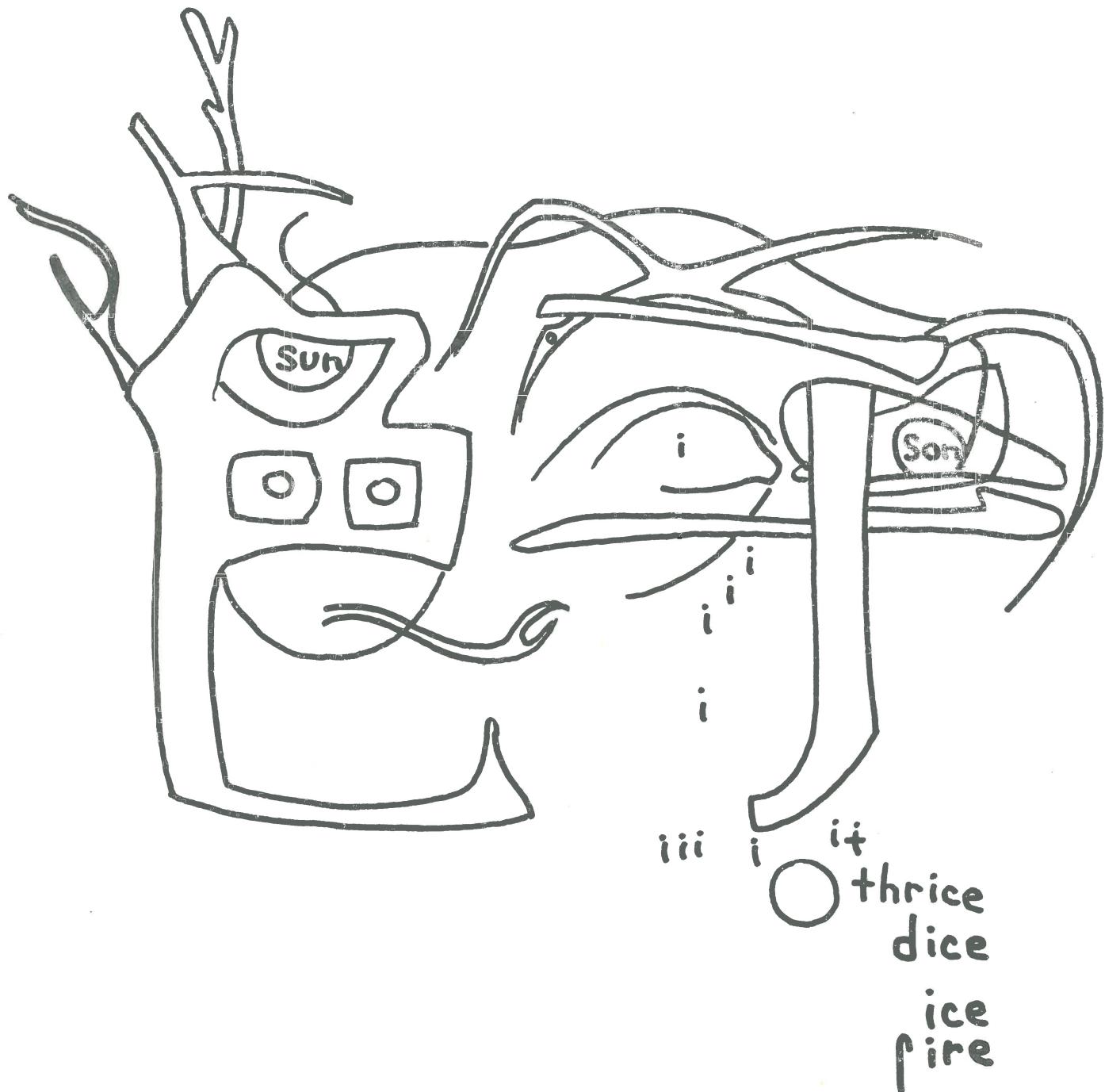


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