paul gauguin

Gauguin's Woman

MERCURY PRINTMAKER SERIES

PRINTERS' FLOWERS

PAUL WOODBINE

Circa Fall 1984--Fall 1987

Mercury Printmaker Series

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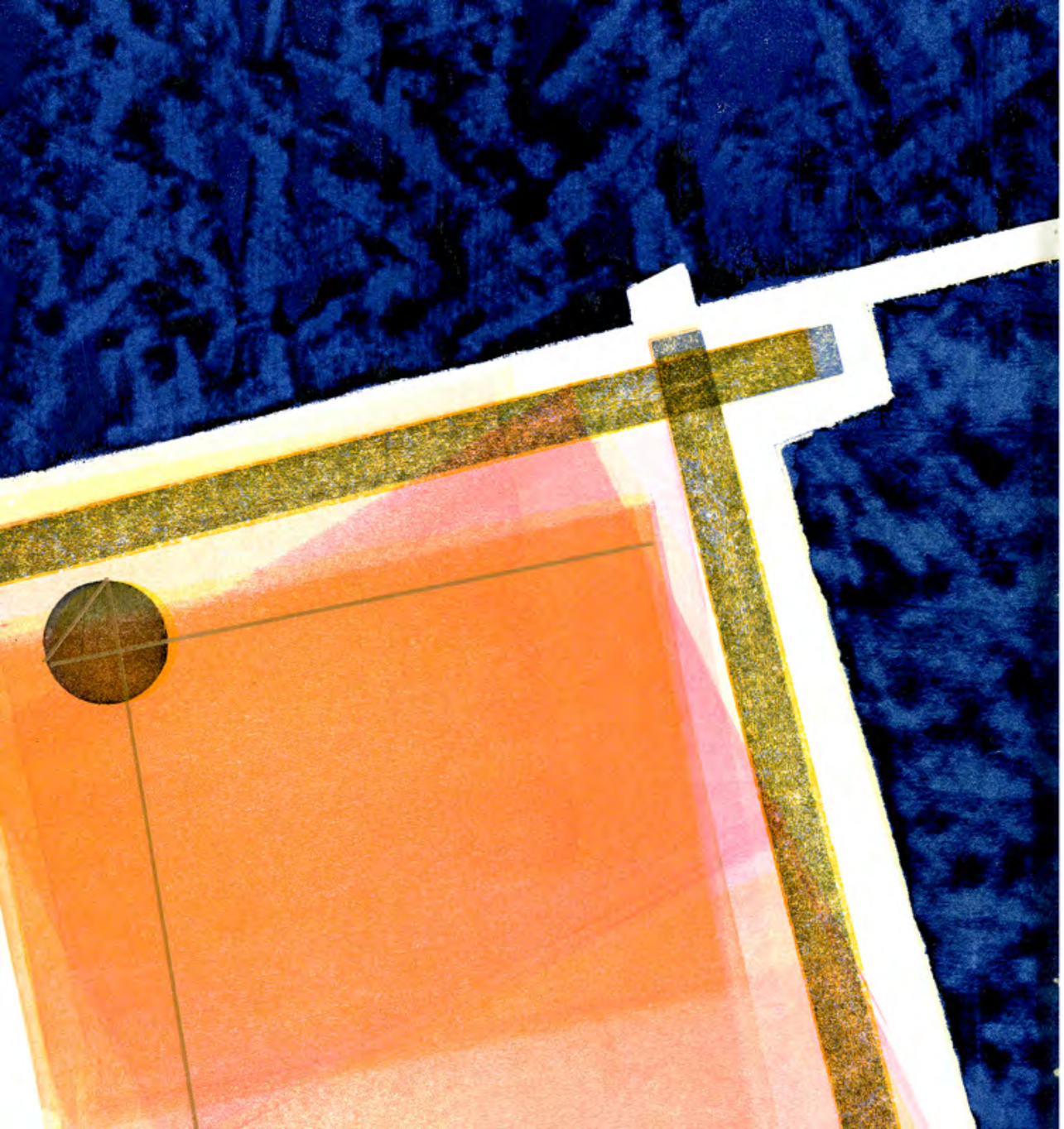


DARK WOOD

WOOD

BOARDS

CLEAR & DARK

WHITE

CTTON

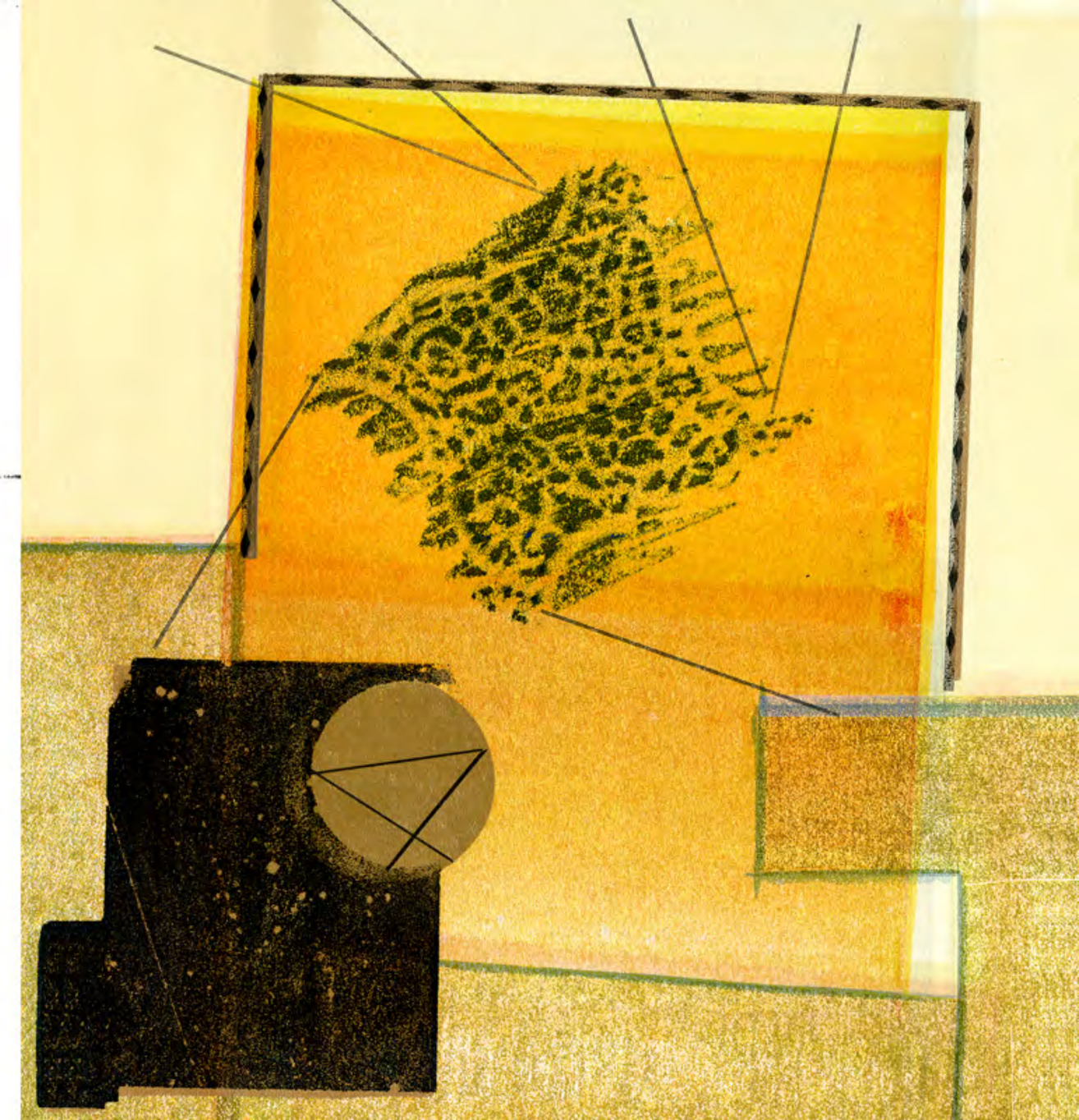
BLUSE

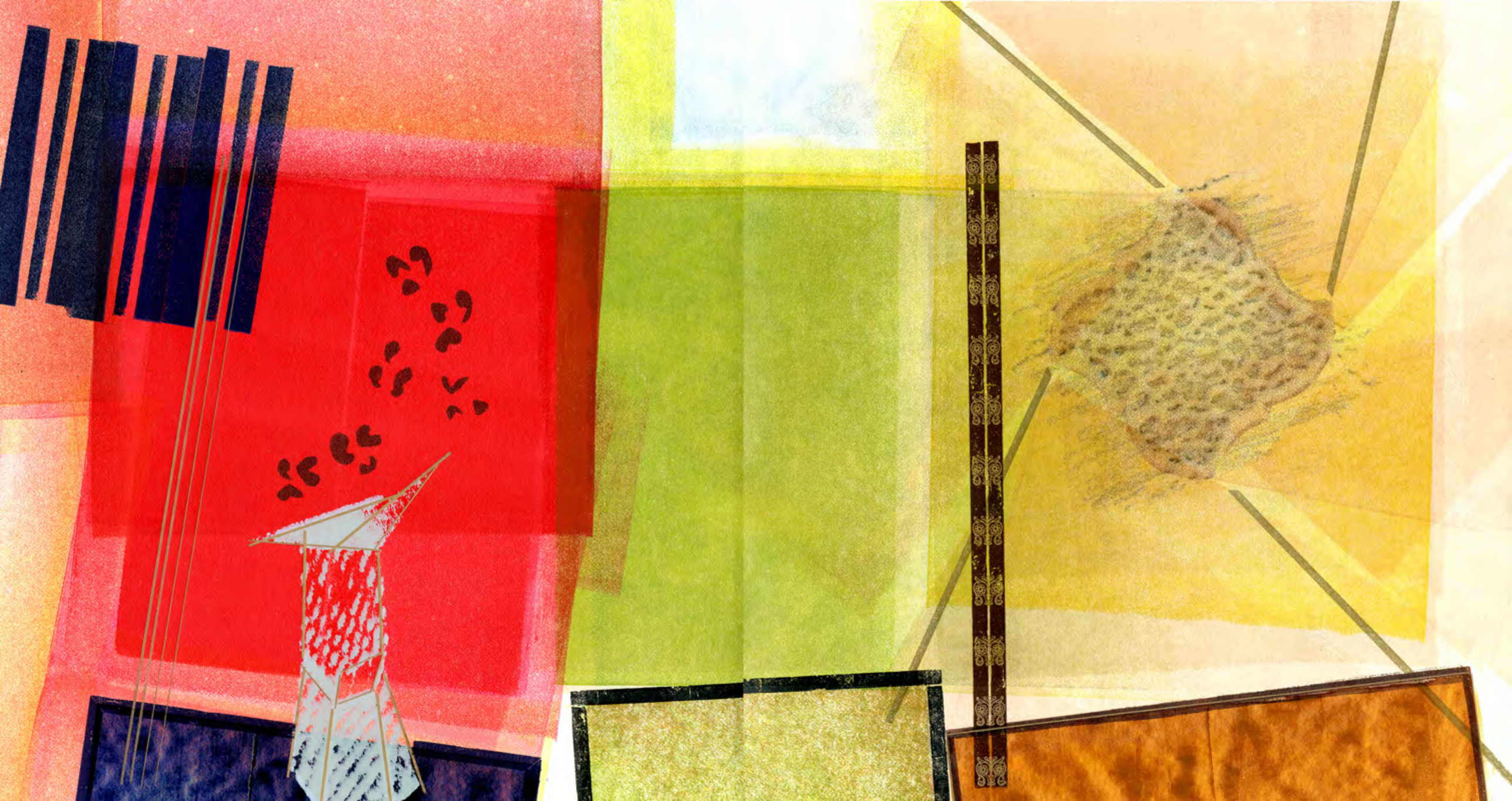
IRONE

I stood looking out a window,
while in my head--
the bird in the linolium is lifted out
battle worn and female

Outside
I imagined an invisible line,
from a truck
straight up
over the water
and down to a place
where teenagers are loading a truck
in a civil war

Connected once more to a woman
standing on a corner





And SHE has
an older aunt
where
feminine takes on a metalic glaze
masculine
to be a heaviness in the chest
that screams the feminine
with boyish charm

She had a plain bedroom
that smelled of wood polish and flowers

I glanced in the room and noticed
some phonograph records lying on a table.
I thought about
what the music might be

the room was mirrored
into the black wax
brown, blue, openings
yellow lines
a quick triangular desire
easily music
glazed with the buoyancy
of a cotton dress

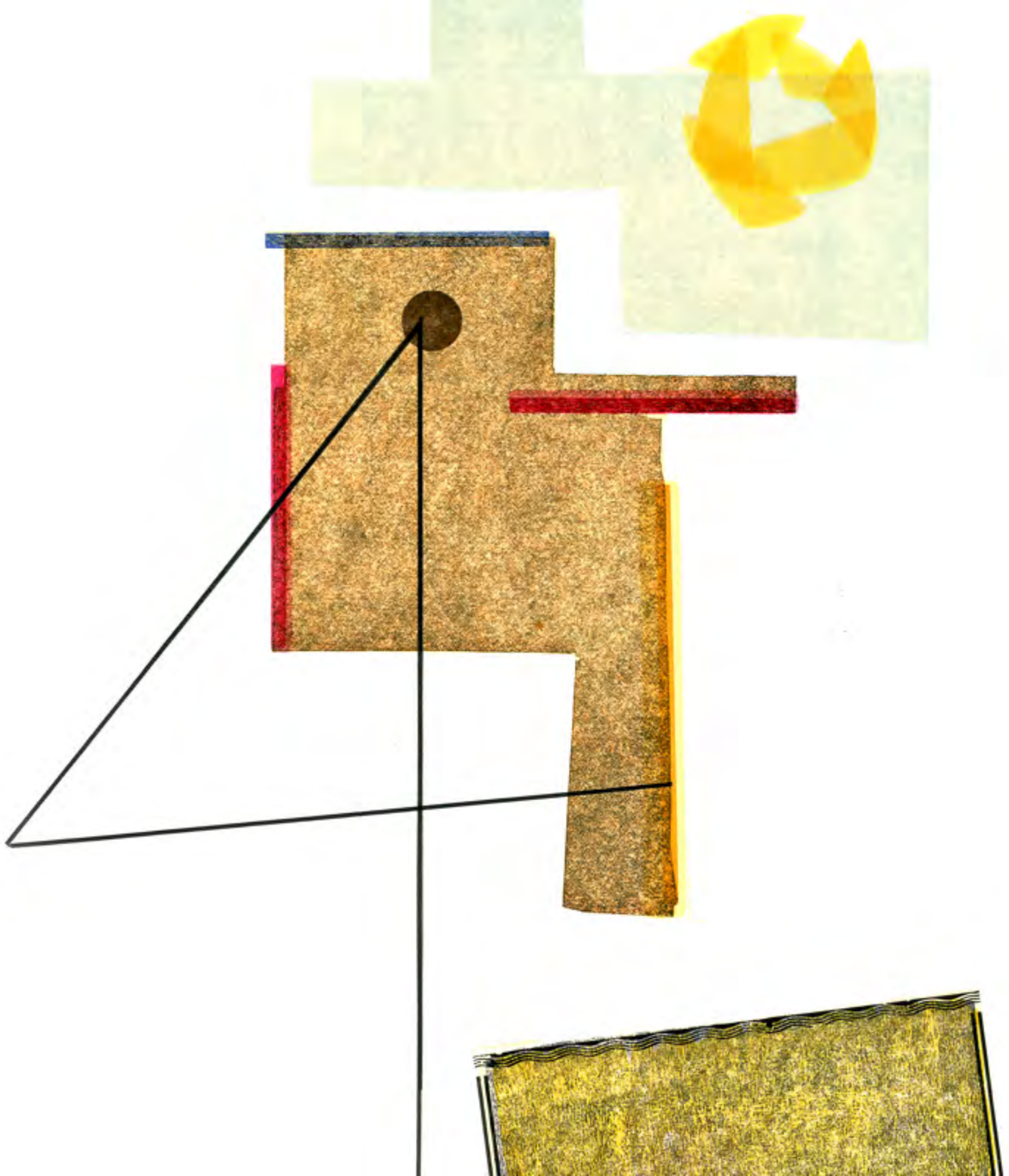
In old age to un-fold
barned up artifacts
artifacts to hold
the first organic order
coffee cans of nails and sweet gasoline
to leave no doubt
in memory

The sensation is strong
anything grain in the wood
on the Union Station floor
Everything a prop connected

From a bus
to a house
            what colors it is
            what colors it was
            how cars were parked, and why
to remember *like this*
is power
my memory is everyone
the memory is time
constructed like a fence so large
you can only see it
if you begin to think absurdly

Thickly painted wood
thickly painted bed boards through time
connected to dots
connected with paint
lifts her in a direction
with private music notation

Thickly painted bed boards
lifted up anchored down
lifted onto and anchored
angular notation
understood and final
a thousand miles away
in a hidden cottage



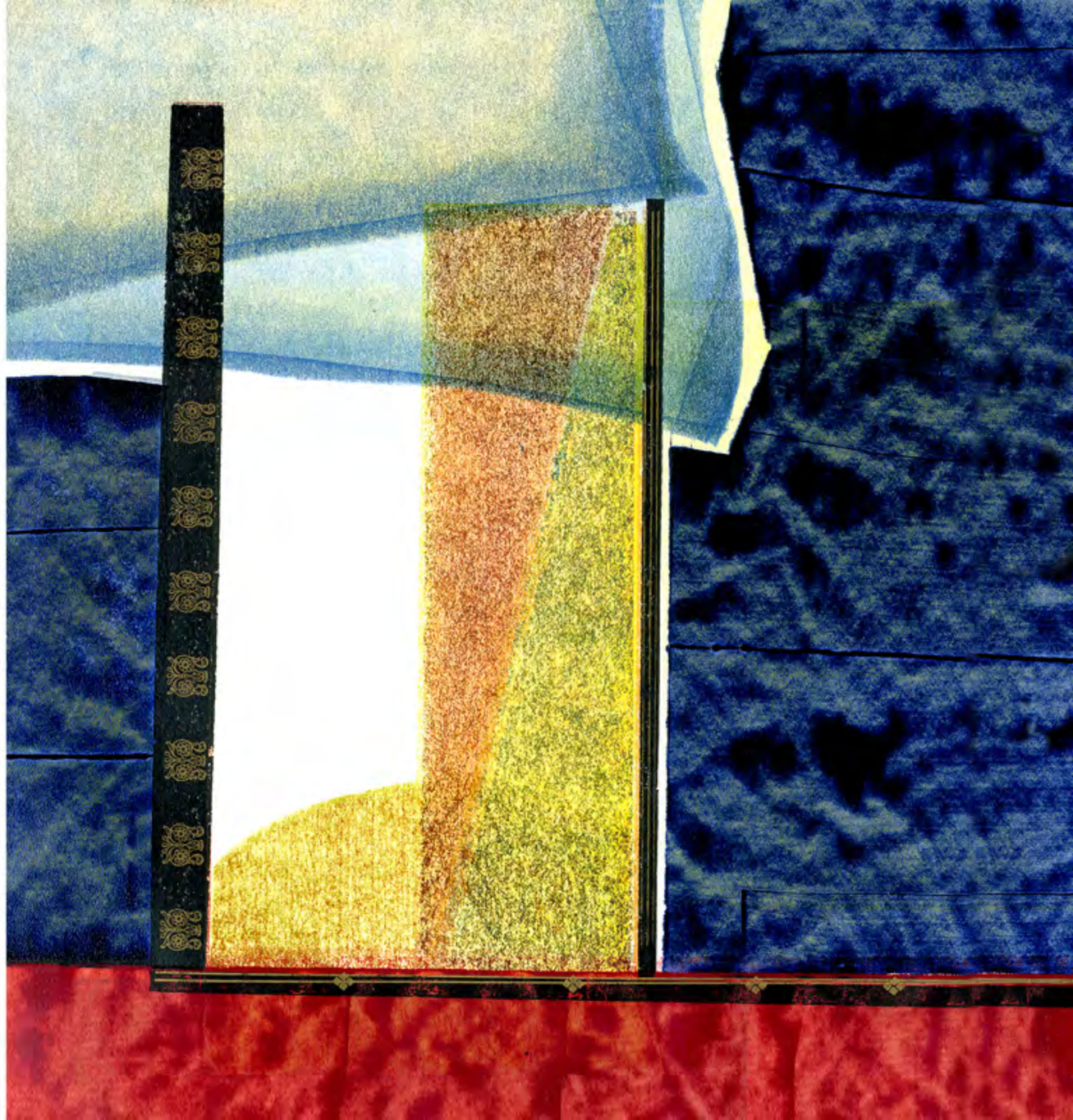
My 1964
was white cotton
and four million surf records
hiding in a cedar closet
listening to the rain

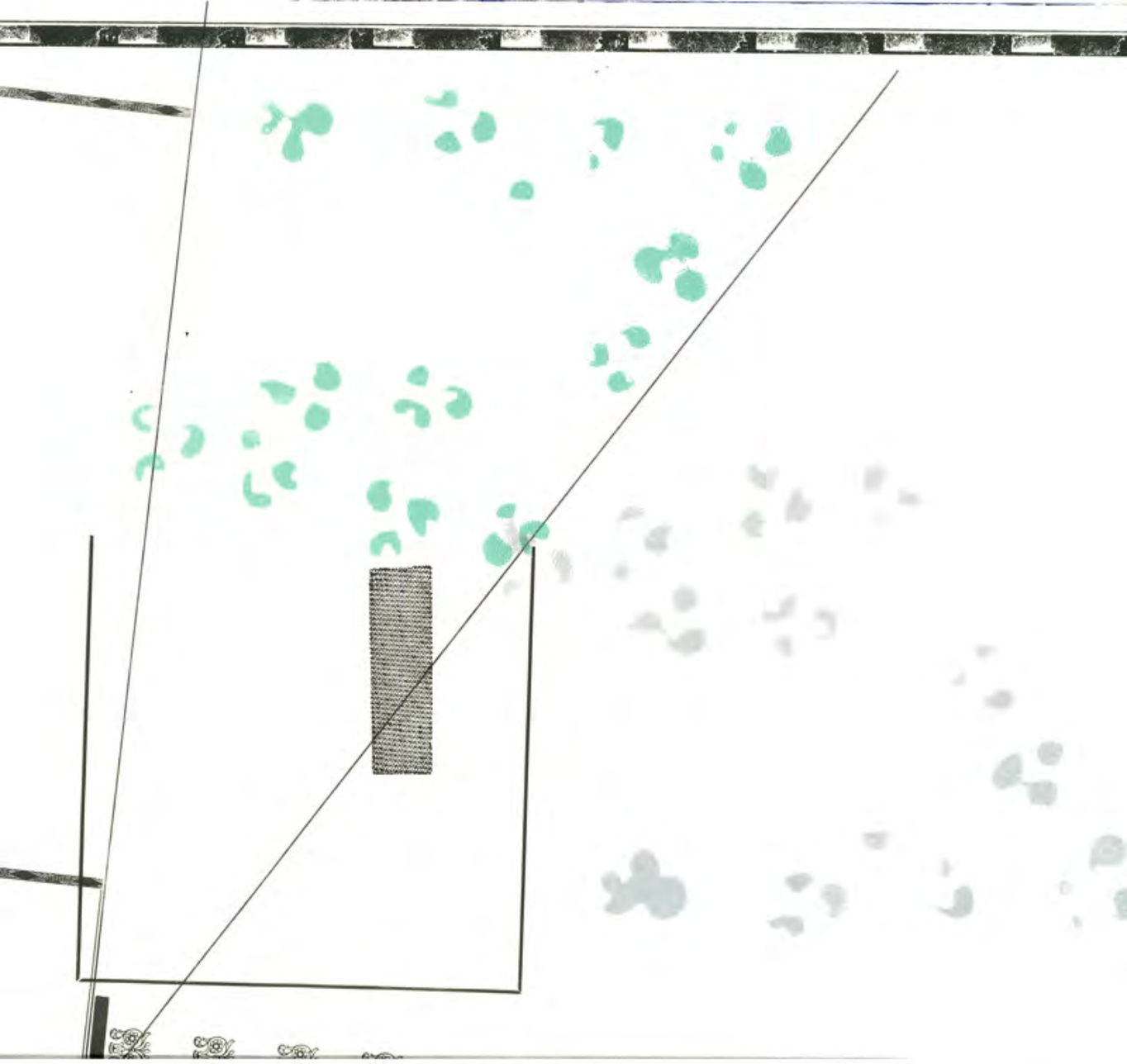
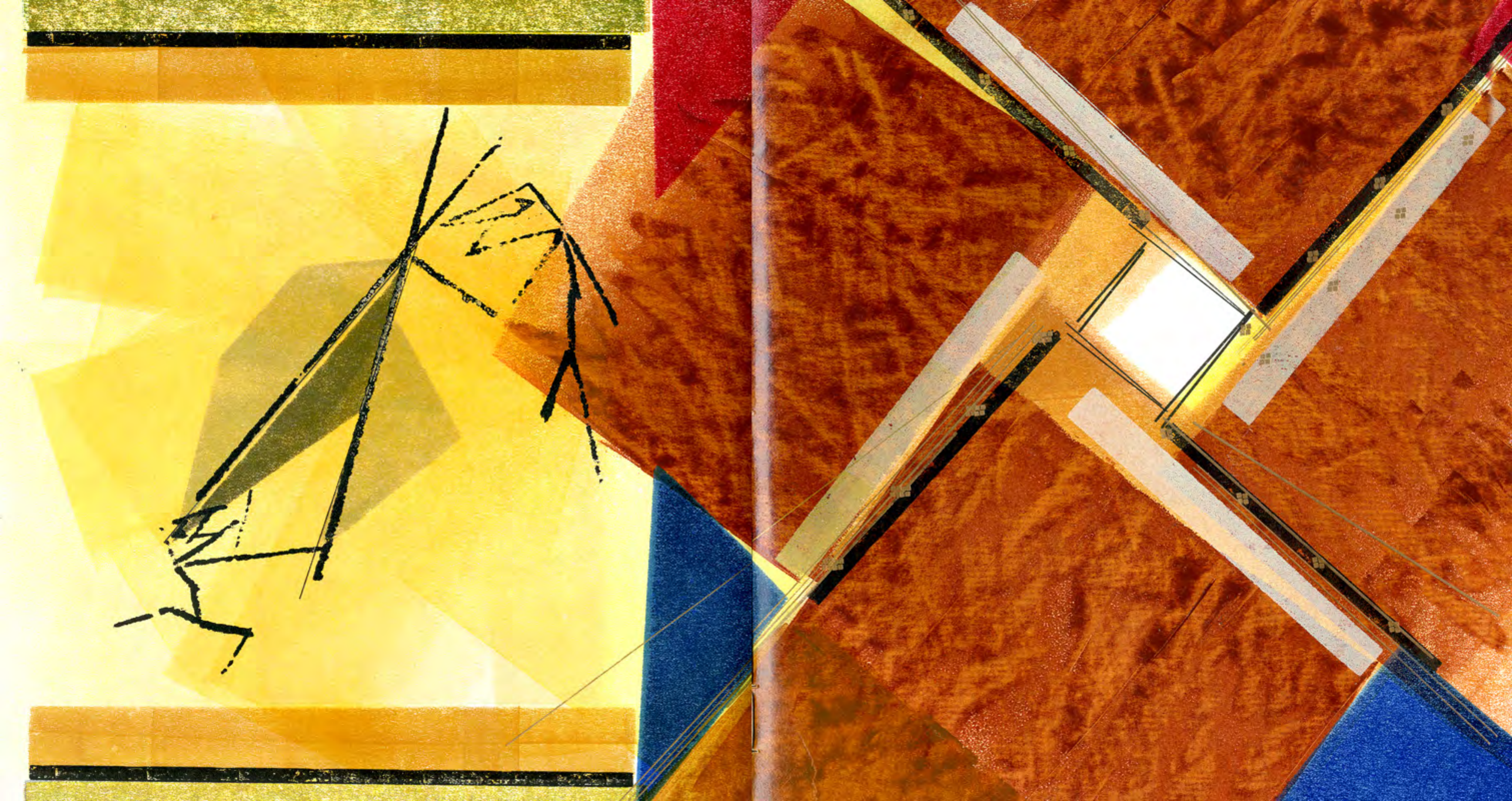
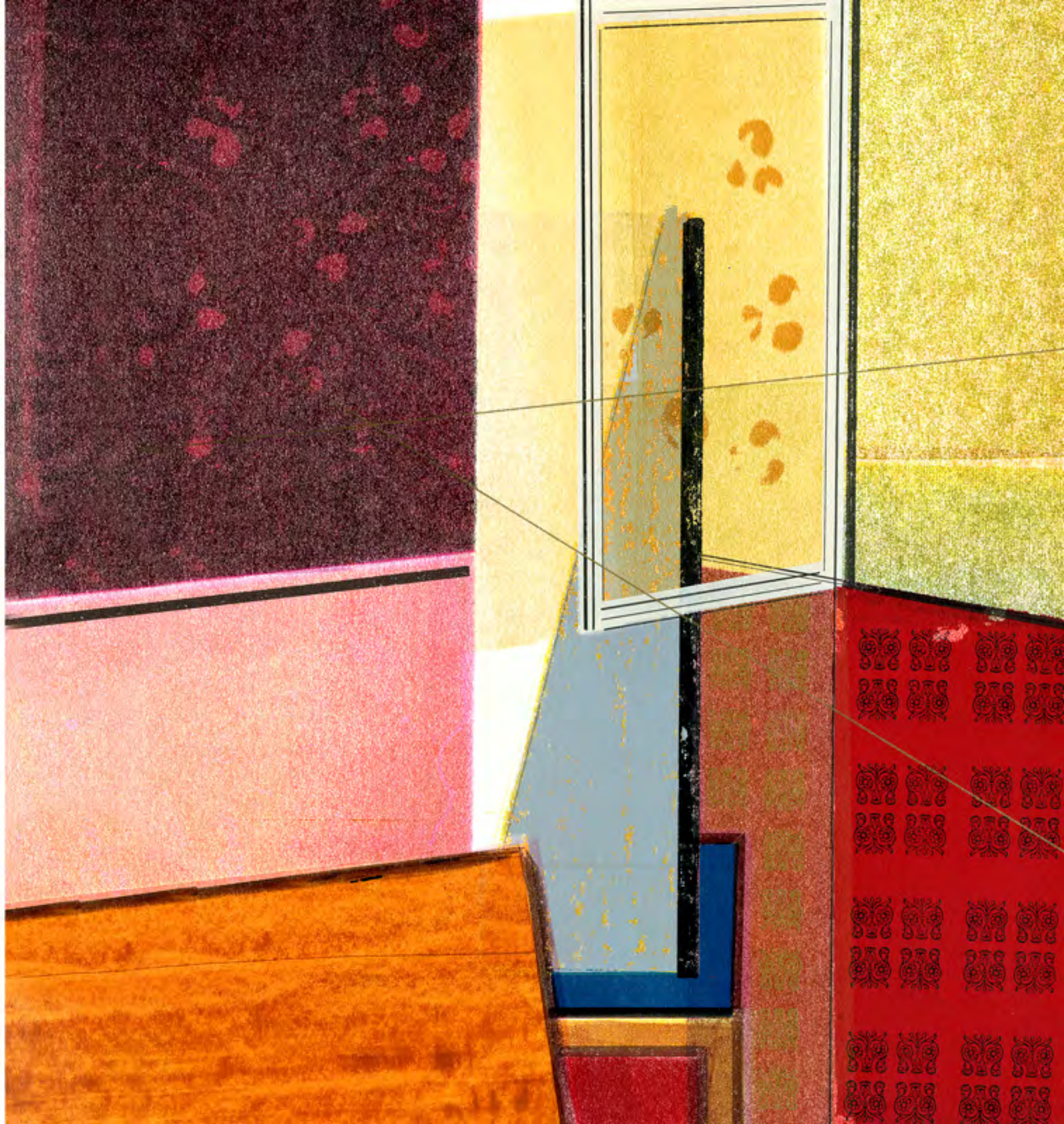
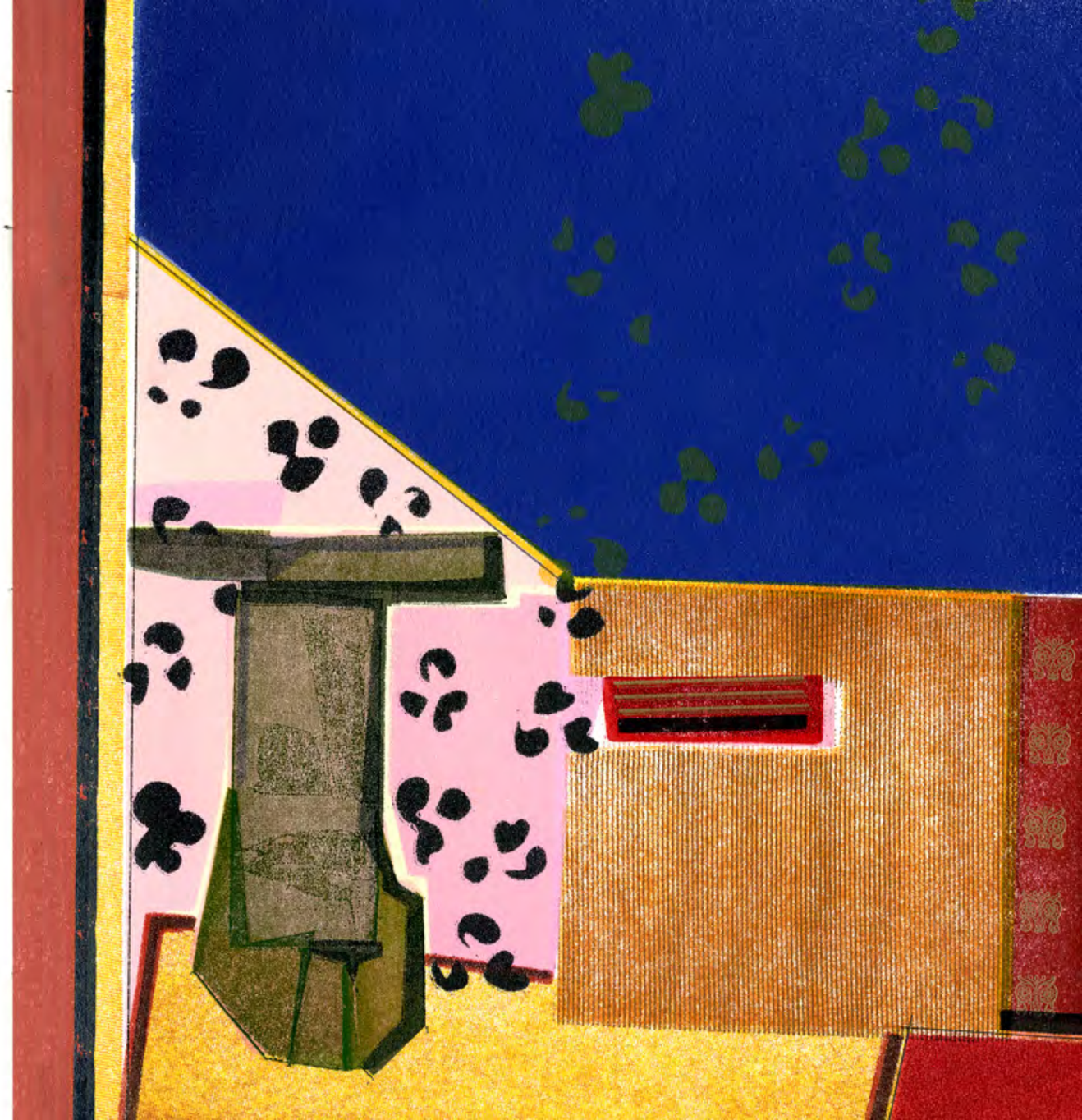
Rectangular blocks
covered with linen underneath
time free and moving
in a small kitchen with fresh coffee

Instead of words
linear folds of the cotton dress
reveal a manic horse
looking for the sex of an open field

It lies deeply buried

I run from an idiot war
into a garage to hide my loneliness
in the linolium and nails





Underneath
white cotton
on wooden boards
I looked through *a window*
a woman dancing
underneath
white cotton
through a window
in a room
through an opening
a woman moving
in white cotton
Even though
it was raining