

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Pleasure Trout
Gloria Mindock
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Muddy River Books
Brookline MA
Softbound, 42 pages, \$7.00

Review by Irene Koronas

*"I'm a strange woman-
You can see this from my scratched heart"*

Pleasure Trout presents the fanciful seriousness poetry often offers in an age of crisis. Mindock knows how to place words in verse. Each poem adds humor and seriousness just as surrealism and the Dadaist did:

*"Chances are I'm slender and
love great atoms and marble
men anointed with
a diaphragm that mixes
itself with bronze..."*

Her verse is fanciful and dramatic. After several readings we come to understand the author's approach to poetry. How ridiculous some experiences are. How splendor is an artificial sweetener as well as a poetic word. I'm reminded of the Dadaist writers, especially Hans Arp, who was both a painter and a poet, often the two were done simultaneously. Deconstructing experiences and constructing from the threat of war. The constant threat of war led the Dada writers and actors to proclaim and appear to be foolish 'banterers', dancing to their stress related environment, stepping into the sublime instead of relating to the actual threats and actual strife of living during war times:

*"Every hour a new one elected
Still no word
A look, a suffering, a love
to keep outsiders out
as light bulbs trace
this guard of personal
handling-
this possessiveness..."*

*Sometimes we all sit in a
circle
hovering in a cave
This trespasser must be
sought!
Every second the crying of
a wolf emerges inside one of us"*

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I'm inspired and I'm blown away by the profound agony in the poems. How miss-translations can lend credence to our time and to the times past. Gloria's sentences do not end with a period. Each sentence starts with capitalization. Some of her verse uses ! exclamation to end the sentence and an occasional question mark emphasizes the importance the verse exclaims, how important word juxtaposition implies meaning or the lack of meaning which also insinuates through the lack of meaning the deconstruction of meaning. An endless repetition of meanings:

*"Unless you know me, you don't"
Pleasure Trout is the best experimental writing done in this
century, (in my humble opinion.) If that doesn't get you to
run to read, then, "It is pointless/So gruesome/ Is this
urban life?"*