

Renee Rodin / SOME TIMES

I can't remember if we met in the 60s so my first strong memory of bill came from the late 70s when I was at a rally at UBC organized by Warren Tallman because bill's poem "a warm place to shit," in his *pass th food release th spirit book* published by Talon, had offended some powers who were trying to censor him and a lot of people were there to protest against censorship and PX Belinsky then the *enfant terrible* of the literary scene was kicking up his raucous which caused some brawnish beings to seize him in order to throw him out which was a supreme irony because this was all about free speech but I guess free speech for some people meant tolerating it only when it got expressed in certain decibels and I think it was in the student union building and bill was standing on stage because he was about to read or maybe he just had read and he beamed "hi PX" and PX beamed back before he started yelling again and then the eviction party went into high gear and ejected him and this event stood out in my mind partly because it marked my reunion with Belinsky who I knew from Montreal but mainly because of bill's sweet gentleness as he said "hi" in the midst of such reactionary anger and later in the 80s and the 90s bill and I had good talks about many things and got a couple of pool games in and he did some very inspired readings at R2B2 and once there at the bookstore, though there were others around who may or may not have turned out to be customers, a song came on maybe it was "You and the Night and the Music" and it seemed just the thing to do which was to have a waltz with bill in the middle of a sunny afternoon