



Rychard's
Café Poems &
Linoleum Nudes

*Selected & with
an introduction by
Bouvard Pécuchet*

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D PRESS 2003 SEBASTOPOL

CAFÉ POEMS & LINOLEUM NUDES

The *Café Poems* are poems that Rychard wrote on the street or in the cafés along Telegraph Avenue. He would inscribe them on someone's arm or leg with four color markers, held between his fingers, creating a rainbow of letters. Sometimes he would write on paper and sell a poem for a few pennies, which he would put toward another cup of espresso.

The poems printed in the large type format were the original books printed at D Press and are now out of print. Rychard writes in his history of D Press,

Let Me Show You, I began being D Pressd in an attic apartment in 1967 after finding a old Kelsey handpress and several fonts of worn type and hauling the lot away for \$50. Days I worked in the backshop of the Ketchikan Daily News doing layout, burning plates, and assisting run a 3-unit Goss webpress. At night, I set type and hung my prints to dry on lines nailed to the angle of the attic roof. Grant Risdon showed me how to cut linolium blocks, which enabled me to disguise some of the irregularities in my printing and add a dash of color to compliment all the big, bold words now showing through. Given a 4X6 inch type case, how much poem can be printed with 60 point Bodoni Bold!?

The y in Rychard's name has raised questions. He says it is an Old French spelling of his name. It is to be noted that his sister, Lynda, spells her name with a y, and at the time of the name change, his father had been appointed a “Y-man” in the reformation of State

Farm Insurance, where he was an executive, the “y” meaning there were three branches of leadership. It might, also, have symbolized a fork in the life path Rychard was following, moving away from the study of medicine towards becoming a student of the world.

B.P.

being
knowing
rapture

me
myself
& I



yes means

no

no means

maybe

in every molecu-le

in every second

big &

small



sent
i men
tall
y yours

truly,

I am trapped
in my thought

half cloud

half wave

half sand

half moon

if I don't

suffocate

I'll drown

a risk

a miracle

a hope

magic of

a glance

becomes

a gaze

does love hurt?

—yes, it hurts

enough or

too much?

enough

& more than
enough



even we
even so

the candle burns
the candle burns



all

over

all

over

all

Place

another

word
for God

here
there
where
on
at
in

no now
there
no now
here

nowhere