



FEATURE INTERVIEW WITH FRAN HERNDON BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader:

Welcome to *Fact-Simile* #7. If you are a repeat reader, you may have noticed a few changes greeting you on the cover and the masthead. After three years as a biannual literary magazine and much careful deliberation, we have decided to scale back our little operation to an annual publication schedule. From this moment forward, therefore, *Fact-Simile* magazine will be published every summer as close to the solstice as possible. We haven't come to this decision lightly. It is our hope that, by moving to a single issue per year format, we will be able to refocus our creative efforts on producing more of the limited edition handmade books and book-objects that are our passion.

As part of this transition, we will no longer be accepting submissions year-round, opting instead to hold a 3-month open reading period from January 1 through April 1 of every year. This new reading period will allow us to be more prompt and conscientious with our response times and avoid the long delays for which we have become somewhat infamous. Furthermore, due to the sheer number of amazing submissions we receive from around the world for each issue, our email account's organizational capacity has been increasingly taxed. For this reason, we've also decided to move away from our current email submission format in favor of an online submission manager, the details of which can be found on our website and in the masthead to the left of this letter.

That said, some things never change: we are more committed than ever to offering you, our dedicated readership the same outstanding level of engaging, innovative literature gathered from among our most brilliant contemporaries. Which brings us to the issue at hand...

While we never attach specific themes to our calls for submissions, it inevitably seems as if certain patterns have a way of emerging in the work we select for your reading pleasure. Very often these patterns become apparent only after our selections have been made, permissions given and the act of curatorial arrangement begun.

Coincidentally, given the changes detailed above, the recurrent connection between the individual works in this issue seems to be a shifting idea of transitional movement: death/sleep, fire/smoke, weather/water, city/horizon. Without giving too much away or imposing our own editorial perspective on your experience, we invite you to read the following poems and prose with an eye on these elements and their intricate interactions.

Without further preamble, we thank you for joining us once again in the liminal space we've arranged throughout and between these pages. We hope you enjoy your time here with us.

Happy Reading,

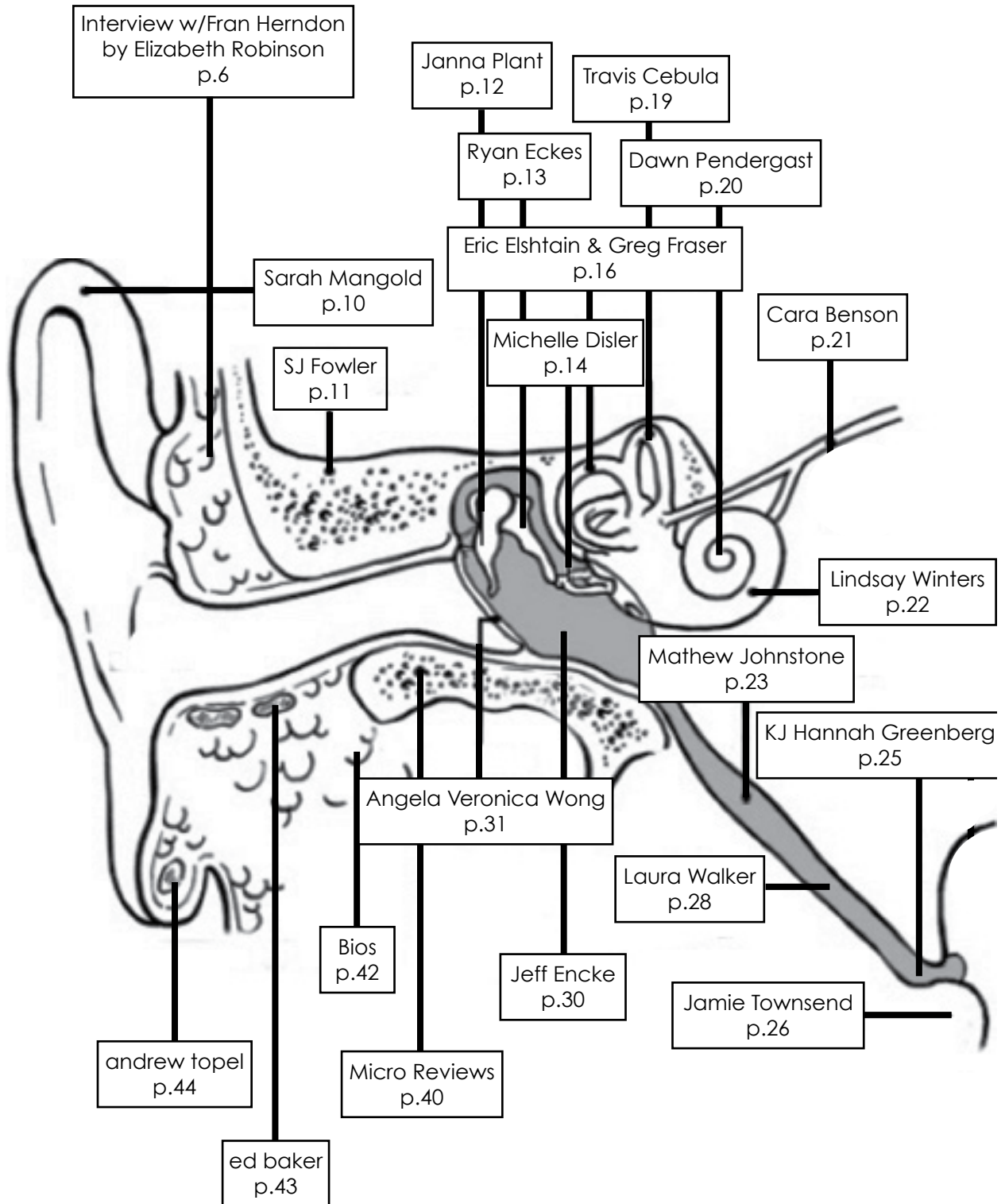
Travis & JenMarie
The Editors

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SAN FRAN RECONAISSANCE: AN INTERVIEW WITH FRAN HERNDON

— by Elizabeth Robinson

This interview took place at the artist Fran Herndon's home in the Richmond neighborhood of San Francisco. It springs from many previous conversations we have had and therefore presupposes some shared knowledge about Herndon's life. My initial interest was in learning more about Fran's relationships with principal actors in the San Francisco Renaissance: Robert Duncan, Jess, Jack Spicer and Robin Blaser. It was largely at Jack Spicer's insistence and instigation that Fran became an artist. However, as Fran disclosed more about her youth in rural North Carolina, what it was like to be a woman of color seeking work in the fifties, and her experiences in post-war Europe, I came to feel that we were opening onto other important elements of mid-century American history.

Elizabeth Robinson: When you came back from France—

Fran Herndon: That would have been after Jim [Herndon] and I were married, and I was expecting little Jay [the Herndons' older son], when we came back 1956-57. The reason we came back is because Jim had been a student at Cal [the University of California at Berkeley] and he was from Southern California, Santa Barbara.

ER: So Jim Herndon went to school with Robert Duncan?

FH: No, he didn't go to school with Duncan. [Jack] Spicer. Spicer went to Cal [University of California at Berkeley] when Jim was there. But, Spicer, I think they were roommates at one time. And Jack got Jim on KPFA [a radio station] in Berkeley and they sang all these folk songs. They sang those ancient folk songs on Berkeley Public Radio. And Spicer was the one that was egging them on, you know. Making it—at one point they were using words that they made up for the songs knowing that they would get cut off.

ER: Words that they made up?

FH: No, like "Skip to my Lou, you son of a bitch." And then Jim went off to Europe. I don't know why. I met him in France, of course. That's when I had accepted a job with the U.S. government and I went to France, and eventually met him.



ER: Do you think it would be useful to say a few words about Jim so people know how he fits in with this group of poets?

FH: I think he went to Europe to improve his German, I don't know. We were like staff, Americans working in Europe after the war. I don't think he ever finished his degree because he left under rather questionable circumstances [laughs] and you know he had gone to Black Mountain, just to see what it was about. Later, when we came back, he finished his B.A. at San Francisco State and got a teaching credential. Jim wrote two books that were really bestsellers, because it was a time when the school system was failing and he and some others writing

about this were really like stars. I really felt out of it because I didn't fit into that star persona. When he was doing publicity for the books, I would just go to museums.

ER: No, I didn't know that.

FH: I don't know if it was before or after Cal. And I had decided that it might be better to go to Europe in relation to racism and stuff. I was in Chicago working at the Institute for Psychoanalysis, and there were all these European doctors [who didn't demonstrate the racism of U.S. doctors] and I thought, "I can work with that." So I applied to the foreign service and I thought I was going to Germany, but they sent us to France. Everything got changed, and I was in

Nancy. I was there about 10 months. I lived with a family in a home—a widower and her two daughters. And then I went to Paris. And that's where I met Jim.

ER: To back up a little further still—do you want to explain why racism would be an issue for you?

FH: It's a complicated situation. I was born into a group [considered to be Native American] in North Carolina. I don't think that there is a clear sense of where they all came from. My conclusion is that it all happened after the Civil War. When I was in high school, people came to study us and try to figure out where we came from. A guy finally wrote a book—he sort of agrees with me that there was this turbulence—and that some of the groups were actually part of the, uh, what would I call it—the ruling class had servants and a lot of those were either Spanish or blacks or a mix. I think that's more logical as to our origins than to say that we were an Indian tribe, and were we like the lost tribe that has often been talked about, and it has never been proven that we are it. But now the government has recognized us as a tribe. And there is still [in the population] this mix of light skin and dark skin. My mother was very light, long hair, and my father was very dark. I can't remember the guy from Cal who is the best source there is, gone to graves, checked names. He's the one that I think is most reliable as who we are.

ER: Do you identify as an [American] Indian or as a person of color?

FH: A person of color. I have no idea as to what the best source is. I think the best sense of things is the chaos that happened after the Civil War when different ethnic groups mixed up.

ER: Okay. Here you are, after the 1950's, and whether people could identify ethnicity or not, they simply discriminated.

FH: Yes. It was very hard to get a job in Chicago. After I finished high school and left North Carolina, I went to Chicago. Well, what I thought was that I had to get away. There was nothing there for me. I went two years to college in North Carolina, a two-year college. My father agreed to send me; it was in the mountains. I think he did that because my teachers came and said that I should go on to school. I was the only minority there. There was

one other South American kid and he got caught in bed with the house mother and got sent home. Isn't that a great story? I tried to get a job and they wouldn't hire me because of my dark skin. So I lied to my parents and said that I had a friend in Richmond who said I could stay with her while I looked for a job and I took off for Chicago. I had a friend who lived in Chicago with her sister and they said I could stay with them for two months while I looked for a job, and it was just horrible. I finally got a job, but often I was the first minority they had ever hired. I went to an interview at the Institute of Psychoanalysis, and there was this Swedish girl interviewing too. Can you imagine the contrast? [laughs] And they hired me. She later married a doctor and did much better for herself than I ever did. [laughs]

ER: I doubt that.

FH: But the separation in the fifties was severe. I remember going out to dinner with a psychoanalyst (and he was just trying to sleep with me), and a black man looked into the window of the restaurant and saw me and the owner went up to him and told him the restaurant was closed. I will never forget that. Isn't it

interesting how you remember these things, that some things you will never forget?

ER: Yes.

FH: And I tested them all the time. I stood in line in restaurants. The psychoanalyst I worked for, his son arranged everything, and the analyst took me to lunch at a restaurant and there was no problem. We had our lunch and he took me back to the institute and it was the only time I went out with a white and there was no problem. The only time. I'm sure it was all arranged ahead of time.

ER: I had no idea that you went through all that.

FH: Oh God. Just getting a job was so hard. And of course, I had come from the south and had a slight accent, and that added—just confirmed to all those people [their prejudices]. So anyway, it was a miserable time. And I'm not just talking about the weather either [laughs]. The weather was miserable too.

ER: I'm glad you have a good sense of humor.

FH: You have to, otherwise you go under...Or withdraw.

ER: You were just so brave, really—fearless.

FH: I don't think I had a choice. When I think about it, if I was to do anything, I just had to go ahead. I couldn't let that [discrimination] stop me. I couldn't give in to that. If I did, I would never get anywhere. Also, there was that part of me that knew that it was so unfair, just totally outrageous the way people who didn't know me who make assumptions about me because of the color of my skin. I had a lot of courage to do that. I know that now. As I talk about it, I get sort of emotional. I was just determined that they weren't going to defeat me which is why I kept going and finding a place for myself.

ER: In Europe, was it indeed better?

FH: Oh yeah. They were fascinated by me because I was one of a kind. I was taking French lessons. And a family, through my teacher, had me come once a week because their daughter wanted to go to America. I got to go to my only French picnic, which is a very special thing.

We [the foreign services workers] were like a group of Americans and we traveled together. I didn't have a boyfriend then. I met Jim in Paris.

ER: Do you want to talk about Jim, about why he was interesting to you?

FH: He was very good-looking and interesting—the way he talked, language usage. He was a bit of a mystery to me. We started going out. I had a little Quatre Chevaux and we used to drive around in it. I drove it all the way back to Nancy from Paris after 4-5 driving lessons. It was totally madness, but I made it back without incident. I think I sold it later, before I went back Paris. But

I begged the foreign service people to send me to Paris and they finally gave in, so that's where I met Jim.

ER: How long were you in Paris with him before you came back to the United States?

FH: A little over a year. Altogether I was there a little over 2 years. I think that was my contract.

ER: Did you get married there?

FH: Yes. We got married in Paris. Jim had been married before, which I didn't know at the time, so we had to clear that up, and get the evidence that that had been ended. Jim was a guy who lied a lot. He would never have admitted that that was a flaw in his character. It was like his drinking. That it wasn't as bad as it really was. And would never try to get any help for it. And he never did, as far as I can determine.

ER: Did the European response that you were one-of-a-kind bother you or make you feel that you were strange?

FH: No, I never felt that I was being discriminated against in France. They were interested. Maybe I was discriminated against, but I never felt that. Part of it was that it was not very long after the war and people still felt appreciative of [Americans] and grateful. Instead of tipping people in restaurants, for example, they would give us American cigarettes. That was a big deal.

ER: So you arrived in the U.S., in San Francisco in the late 50s—

FH: Um hm. It was early 1957 because Jay was born in 1957. I can't remember Jim's friend in whose apartment we stayed. He was a fruit tramp—traveling in California to

pick fruit—and he was gone. So we stayed there until we could find a place of our own.

ER: What was your impression of the Bay Area?

FH: I was pregnant and it was one of those railroad flats in the Polk area. And there was a couple we got to know and they were trying to welcome us into the neighborhood. I think they would have considered themselves to be rather sophisticated and they were accepting of us [as a biracial couple]. And later, when [our

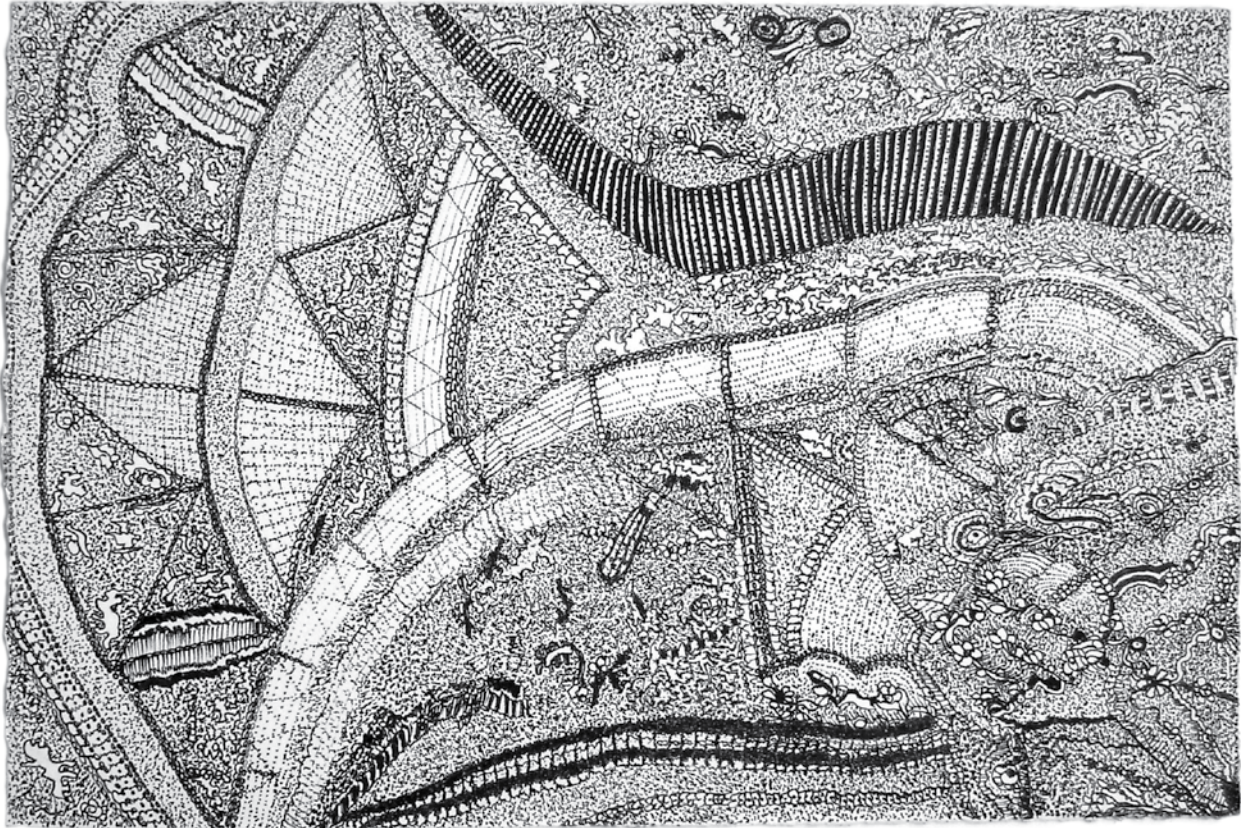
[i]t was not very long after the war and people still felt appreciative of [Americans] and grateful.

first son] Jay got ill [with encephalitis], we would take him out in the alley and they wouldn't make any big issue of it. That's mainly where I would take Jay until he could walk again. [Herndon later had another son named Jack.]

That was a really traumatic experience, because Jay went south with Jim on a camping trip and then went into a coma. And that's what I remember mostly, like a nightmare. It's always there, and when I try to think about it I get overwhelmed. I just remember seeing him in the coma and thinking, "It will be all right." And it's not alright. I haven't cried about it like this in a long time.

ER: Is he still doing art?

FH: Yes, he's not going to Creativity Explored [a Bay Area arts program for people with disabilities] anymore, but he goes to another program on Monday when he gets up in time. There is something there, there's no question. He's very honest with his art. His art is very honest, I would say. I don't think it ever occurs to him that he's going to sit down and



make a certain thing. It just emerges, and I think that's why it's so arresting. But of course, he's seen a lot of paintings in the house, and that does help. And I can remember him on Jim's shoulders when we took him to museums when he was 2, 2-1/2.

ER: By comparison, how do you think you work as an artist?

FH: I think I'm more deliberate about it than Jay is. I am always searching for ideas to take me into a painting, rather than just doing it. I'm always looking for ideas to express. The majority of the time, I think I need to have an idea before I start.

The drawings I have no clue about. I don't know why I started doing that. But it has to come from someplace. My long-lost ancestors maybe. [laughs] But I think it is a gift and I just go ahead. Sometimes I get a little too self-conscious, and that's a barrier. You just have to let it come out.

ER: I think it's the same with poems.

FH: Sometimes I think my art looks too naïve. There's an innocence.

ER: I don't agree. I think your work is very various and sophisticated.

FH: I want it to be various. Very varied. Not repeat myself. Think about the new—what is new in my psyche? I'm surprised by what I do sometimes—where does it come from? Some of the images that I've used? There is a mystery about that, if one is honest and doesn't interfere too much. I think a lot of people want to prove something or paint in a certain way. It's hard to get past that. That's the thing I think is worth working against, and one has to guard against it.

ER: You mean that there starts to be norms, or a maybe a style? And then everyone rushes to do that?

FH: And particularly if it's accepted or praise is given. Yeah. One has to be careful of that. Because that's not really the point.

ER: You talk about mystery, or the mysteriousness of where art comes from? How do Duncan's or Spicer's views influence this idea of the mysteriousness of art?

FH: I was influenced by them for a time, but I don't think that applies anymore. They were like professionals—they had trained—that had been all their lives: (*cont'd on p. 32*)

SARAH MANGOLD

Since the beginning

I've left this standing on the horizon. When they go to town it is unfortunate as meaning gathered by a series of gestures. Until you can go on yourself make a drawing of the shape of the sound.

The difficulties rallying to maintain all of this and not following up. And into your quickness I'm assuming they know some of the work falls apart. He didn't mean some of them enter your blood but I really liked the comb in her hair. Now they've vanished into the early 20th century four pancakes personal anxiety.

It was done quickly a lion of essays to authority. Expected half spinal bruising basically afraid of it always curved-in and the effort did not succeed. The chest over and lure offence left there in exactly the same place as when I first contemplated it.

Tell her I'm giving up thinking in words

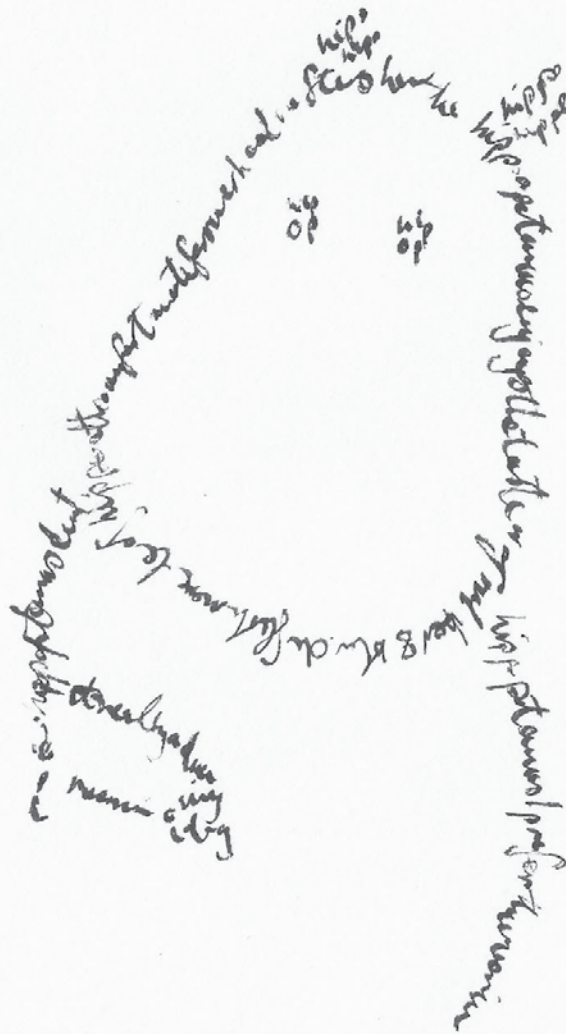
As a witness of enormities the failure that underlines the modernists. Regardless of street a perverse way of making Americans by making him realize something of the enchantment. A long gramophone recording over time that for him was just a way of being charming.

To take someone who doesn't want the pleasure of language and as desirably remote from science. Or when they've found perfection beaten vocabulary I don't have access to anymore.

Everybody is a special category. Without an infant do not feel obligated. Concluding that you don't want to risk electrocution they spoke English to each other. Erasing patterns of assimilation. One must you know keep one's metaphors up-to-date.

SJ FOWLER

River Horse



JANNA PLANT

Dead Horse at the River's Edge

You are not the genus species;
that is a gift box, unopened. Thank you, but no.
Appreciating sentiments as sediment. What line,
the trajectory of the tributary—

Coal eye rolling back white. Inside,
organs giggle.
What minnows say,
linguaging the structures of rib scaffolding.
Fish tales tickle the hem. Dismantle phoneme
and marrow.

Liquid horizon of Man O' War,
the mane thick with blinkless minnow eyes, shimmering tales
drying in the net of fiber.

Release the category of horse body—
The desires of water molecules.

Pebbles bullet the kneecap,

watch

bones hammered, arrange.

Chestnut nostril widens,
minnows exploring new tunnels.

The drumming structure silenced,
broke-free from halter of heart.

Un-lace those bootstraps,
observe the text:
opening.

RYAN ECKES

edgewise

for Brandon Holmquest

so when i'm buddhist
finally and gin pints
at frank's become
trains into trees
in a distance
liberty then water
thru bench slats
all the presidents
wet dogs at gunpoint
in the open-faced
park you once lived
in to tell people
about--hey, i was a kid
once and now last so
in your thought clouds
as stamped pieces of
comic strip dialog
that'll drift around
for a borrow and
yellow--
all you can get
is the drift
a pigeon
this morning flew
into my place
panicked and calmed
into an owl and
perched, so i opened
the window, my mouth
and it flew out, a ghost
and i miss it, i miss it
i miss it

MICHELLE DISLER

Baptism



The year is 1973 and I have just been baptized in the First Congregational Church of Portland, Michigan where my parents were married in October 1969. I was born Michelle Renee on December 15, 1972 to Martha Louise, age 28, and Jerry Lee Disler, age 26, and *Bedtime for Frances* would eventually become my favorite bedtime storybook. Frances of *Bedtime for Frances* fame was a badger who feared bedtime because she feared the dark, and her parents did everything they could to soothe her, but mostly they told her to get back into bed every time she crawled back out insisting it was simply too scary to sleep. I became convinced this book had been written expressly for me because I had the same bedtime fears. My mom read this and other bedtime stories to my younger brother and me, and she was careful to alternate between reading stories in my room and my brother's room every night. My mom says my dad didn't read to us because he said he wasn't good at reading aloud. My mom also says that shouldn't have mattered because we kids probably wouldn't have known the difference anyway, and anyway, Dad loves to read for his own enjoyment, novels by Hemingway and Fitzgerald, so what's a little bedtime story between father and daughter and eventually son?

Christmas Crime Scene



My brother and I have dispensed with Christmas in this picture taken at our home in Zeeland, Michigan some time in the late 1970s. The sea of wrapping paper in the background and the toys in the foreground surely confirm this. I think my brother resembles my mom and I look more like my dad. I *look* like my dad and I find myself looking like my dad. The look on my brother's face could be the look on my mom's face—no smile but mild surprise at being the subject of my father's photographic gaze. My dad was a police detective whose specialty was photography and latent prints so he usually took the pictures—of murders, and of us at Christmas time (and once at Halloween), perhaps even on the same roll of film. According to Roland Barthes, a photograph renders the mortality of its subject and my dad is a detective who uses the same film for his children as for a homicide. Maybe I've got the wrong idea, but the film would have come from the forensic lab where it was stored in coolers to prolong its life, and to preserve it. Just suppose we were captured on the same film as the crime scene as we sat among the remains of Christmas, the toys strewn about and limbs of the Christmas tree in the background, evidence that a Christmas has indeed taken place. Who can tell what lies beneath the torn wrapping paper covering the toys on the living room floor? Judging by the composition and the action in the photograph, my dad sure knew how to take a picture. He photographed us just as he found us. We didn't even have to pose.

ERIC ELSHTAIN AND GREG FRASER

How Could I Have Known That Murder Can Sometimes Smell Like Honeysuckle?¹

I've waited for the atmosphere
of cut lilies to change the air

I've waited for salesmen to quit
spreading the wings of their sample kits.

What kept you when the balustrade broke
and I fell to my death in employment?

Where were you as the birds dipped
into the foreground ruining the trade?

I've waited on sandmen, filling their bags
with flood-tested grit.

As for our child: her shrieks are harmless
cutlery, her hands *vol-au-vents*—literally,

curled around other buttery zoologies
born out from the eggs of her sleep.

You? Let me hazard.
You linger over *The Atlas of the Id*,

don't you? Your head sent straight
to tickled by most innocent shapes:

you fondle peninsulas drooped
between "thighs," whisper into others' atolls.

You get the lay of the land all night,
while Chickpea and I ape inkblots,

polish lodestone, quartz in a tumbler,
feed her pet toad, Simon. Number warts.

Commit acts that astound the Samaritans—
We do what Simon say we do.

He say: don't mind a petite delusion; don't
carry home the dead words washed ashore,

'cause those depositions be sharks'
ivories, you know, dentition be destiny.

¹ The title is a quote from Raymond Chandler's *Double Indemnity*.

I've waited for somnolence, a form
of surrender. Slowly, I master the others.

This morning, I woke to hammered boards
and a band-saw's toothy whine.

Some *De Stijl* project, no doubt—
maybe a dog house without walls.

(Poor Mondriaan. Pity he dropped the second
“a” in 1912. As if a single letter could mean

the move from boondocks to big city,
from tree to rectangle, sun to square.

As if yellow, blue, and red had deeper wells
than our daughter's ears, tinted cantharus shells.

She rubs their nacreous tips as pinnae
gather sound to spell the world away.)

II.

I broke your dark blue vase today.
Then I broke the dark blue vase of the day

and left the safety of the Dardanelles.
Of a sudden, you pointed out the ship

angling sharp to starboard, axing the wind.
In my cabin now I sit and read. And dread.

Dread the sound of horrible boats;
dread the sound of Gatling music.

And Saul became Paul. And *sower* turned
to *power*, *silo* to *pylon*, *sun* to *pun-*

ishment, the shit men writing out taxes
on the sand as you get your skins

inked in. In dusk like broken skin,
a buddy bubbles crab-like at the mouth

our girl frozen at the edge of him
our voices waiting for the right balm.

Once, before I'd heard of dying
and of ways to conquer death,

the bones of trouble danced & sang
to nations: *Your Flag Is Furious!*

*In Memory, Faces Will Turn—
Porous & Smooth as Driftwood!*

We utter a piercing glance along
the edges we madden and plunge.

We wander in gauzes of fog, then
halt, wide-eyed as chain-link fencing

the boy just east punches with his heels
his swinging a human tick-tock.

Dear, I swing, too, between wanting
to say and wanting to sound.

(The saying a something akin to a hum
and the sounding a someone more human.)

TRAVIS CEBULA

Untitled

the mechanism as described will function
imperfectly. upon waking we must count to ten,
one with each breath of the one we love. if we are
alone we must count two for each breath of our
own—this is the price to pay for the privilege of
dying slowly. at exactly ten we will remember the
next night's dream, and write it as a single word.
hand. shadow. flight. our words shall be the arches
suspending our story. arches climb upon arches.
and in spanning our nights our words will carry
us into our next wish. this is the mechanism, this
is how we remember our dreams—as passengers.
one morning you will forget to breathe. one
morning my word will be no.

Untitled

the trick is to sleep athletically. to dream
early. to dream fast and see more tomorrows.
by the time my eyes close I am already going
down every gravel road I have ever known.
all the lines between windblown sage. bend.
in the uncertain geometry of a graveyard
my father searches for the hole dug for a
brother he never knew. it is never found.
roads. wind and wind in my grandmother's
yard. someday I will be new under the grey
atlantic. there will be wind there, too. one
road into a small park at sunset. empty.
swings squeak in a sandy sea. one cousin in
the bed of a pickup on the way to a fireworks
stand. one field of sunflowers. every road
has a version of myself. I ask us all what
we will be when we wake up. smoke rises
from cheat grass. the verge where one of my
bottle rockets fell.

DAWN PENDERGAST

fie you sleepers

fie in the morning of the middle ages heavy is the head I hold up and drive with outgoing
bedraggled a hatchet thru the sinews of the day fie fie the sleeping ones the ones curly
cue asleep in a field of not-knowing happenstance feathers a field of chickens sitting
tucked in chinny chinness and shut-ness and down

Butterfly = Bag

A butterfly is a bag, see? It's the same thing. Similitude. Trotsky is butterflies. Mother
Russia, bag. HD is butter and DH is fly. Disinterested similitude, see. That's what I'm
saying now. That POOF, who we belong to, is in / the bag. That baggedly we / we butter
up in front of the sky. Glistening, DH. Penitently, HD. Butter / nut the butter / fly
headlong catastrophically into whispers, trying colors, killer butterflies. Sun drenches the
whole spot. But the bag isn't a net. It's an operation. A permanent operation. No matter
who butterfly talks to / what u want man. That bag of chips is as is / empty / flies

CARA BENSON

[bzzzz]

from parts and also into aggregations larger scale themselves reproduce
 and can be useful organizing occupied believe learn break down analogy tools
 concepts can be through assemblies reformed knowledge recomposition
 optimistic trait can find ways within method algorithmic for play intuition
 emphasis by using collaboration material useful germane time
 couched civilization broad iron silk nano and why modern we were asked
 let's discrete
 ones and zeros move physical idea of computation undermine how we understand our cities
 expression to decompose in order to build them up again a very simple number
 six its own to grow so software first of material in a lab explore
 into an environment not anything specific declarative function maybe intuit
 say
 a table handling matter quasi-destruction story ever possible to exist a great lesson
 only later can be substantiated assemblies rules stand up find inherent expression
 fascinating certain expression you can see yeah figures even though beautiful thing
 about fascinating achieved like that not about a thing in the city felt

LINDSAY WINTERS

City Archaeology

The like emerges
on architecture though by dusk there's
a consolidation between gestures.
This monument, with
its center removed
is
progress,
or that myth-maker, work;
its voice circling a house so many
times before entering.

MATTHEW JOHNSTONE

"Stray, covered by / eyelashes the kind walking frees us"

Stray, covered by
eyelashes, the kind walking frees us

Even dark / inside the circle,

flower buckle the highway /
as for near, as dancing in the wall

This is the part you remember,

If there is rain / if the circle inside one diving

away, lull take / some terror from the interval,

Bell-weather dyad, the great insulation /

forest,

pulled apart

and rebuilt into stations / of rest.

I have always been here / circling

among it / a childish equation.

There is sometimes / cherishing the beam,

a spider with / the axe,

anchors,

stackings,
bright enormity /

dotted by clear / exits

back into wild / came all
the terror from the trees

as for near, as

my region without dark /
lashes the shadowing in,

Its lean / in its lean cue the sleep

a man / I've never seen
before is shining in distance.

Ground disappear the earth / a

quality the earth says
missed / devil sighting
 brushed past my
 cheek,

catching the sugars /
sprayed, motion / in that
 exchange.

The pair of collapsed triangle / nearest
ocean,

smoke leaps onto / rain
over the smoking blubber.

Scuttled factories

extend into / the good night

KJ HANNAH GREENBERG

Useless Head Games

Here, on the horst, common wives slide quickly from jovial, even ambulatory, to dour.
This upfaulting comes from repeatedly wounding highway robbers, also juvenile delinquents.

Consider, warming one's daily trays of bread raises misery among companions.
Desperate, sleep-deprived matrons become wont to add fricatives to their marital tracks.

Feminine kinetic energy, whether intended or actualized, shamelessly allows such chemical fires,
Encourages camera crews to promote gang warfare, forwards the cause of prestidigitation.

Quick fingers, by dint of altering the flow of lubricants, never truly aid chauffeurs;
Rather, those utensils enable petulant fools to receive mere gobs of money, fame, attention.

Womenfolk thereafter, alongside of classes of allegedly dangerous people, scream warnings,
Concurrent with their stylish doorbells jingling to customers' quick, dirty searches for fool's gold.

Note: such amusements vary demographically; one staid lady's fun is another's revulsion.
Star cruisers, also small, open passenger vehicles, can't always purchase needed velocity.

JAMIE TOWNSEND

[Steam Ship]

for James Eustace Beaupierre

an egg & fish breakfast
homily taught brother
a redaction that is

not that is
categorical

found carps skull left on stone
edging Black Hawk shoreline / maybe
some animals
found postcard

charting points on separate
graphs inter-
sections hauntological happen-

stance word ladders arc &
spiral toward the lunchcarts gods
of the people

hold city streets close along
seaboard hold bridges tension
cables pylons make-

shift gravesites sunk in concrete
islands taught sight lessons
cognitive science of meat

& bone markers flicker
astrolabe maps rhumblin un-
perturbed by drafts & steady

leakage up expressway millions
bursting into pseudonyms against
acetylene light metal rib-

cage platform
discuss poly-glot
thick scrim notes left

clear cream rich trace
synesthetic not / X or Y / beyond
galvanic
arm extension

ejection with bursts
jarring with string noise

be a lector
little need left

there
brother to be prow-head
pointing no
'oasis of the seas'
dumb

tons displaced unreach-
able self sinks 90

percent below surface

chthonic bake sale badge
corp. wrestle with knot-

work joyful tell-tale
medium send notation

a gift heroes handmade
of mythology

LAURA WALKER

fraught

Christ

to be cedar she was

in any storm or weather
any strangers ship

weary

she long'd to see
in any storm or weather
sleep

any strangers ship
Utensils of War

intricate

tossed bark over the water

gorge

throttle you
to his knees

doubtful
throat

what has been swallowed

intended to be swallowed

the human face [is]
whirlpool
sulphur smoke

broken
from the drawing broken

and
necessary to carry

we came to where it lay

JEFF ENCKE

how you can tell about the weather

precious burden of shovels with their
the way

the fire could feed

would have swept over the place
he made dirt fly through the mouth

of a funnel
mushroomed It was rough work

tending this furthest from
a branch covered at one end

skilled in the ways
of the little fire

beat out every spark

how it licks around those stumps

a wet wind

all weather signs fail

ANGELA VERONICA WONG**HOW TO SURVIVE A HOTEL FIRE**

in ways our lives are collections of pleasures: the first grocery trip on return from vacation to stock an empty fridge, the smell of a new bar of soap, the bright pattern on the cover of a notebook, flipping thin pages of a hotel Bible, peeling the thin rind of a clementine.

like a dancer being unwound by her partner we center and collect, each line rejoining at the horizon.

HOW TO SURVIVE A HOTEL FIRE

From far away, everything looks like everything else so there is no reason not to remove your shoes on the airplane. You might just have to trust me when it comes to things like this, because I've spent ten years of my life above ground and only three years below. At some point what we are doing will be interrupted by a siren. This is when we should retranslate our books from English to English.

(*cont'd from p. 9*) focused on education, in a sense, as poets, especially Duncan. They had gone to university and they were so well read in the arts. They were just miles ahead of me when I met them.

But also Spicer—Spicer had this wild quality about him. He was such a bad guy in many ways, always getting into trouble. [laughs] I'm not sure it wasn't a cover, but he definitely seemed to be willing to try anything. Whereas I didn't get that impression from Duncan. I think Duncan had a different approach to art. And Jack was more interesting to me in the end. Well, because he paid a lot of attention to my art. He was influential in that way, the friendship.

Oh yes. There was never any doubt of [Duncan's] greatness. I don't ever remember him expressing any doubt, though there must have been times.

ER: But that idea of wildness could intersect in interesting ways with your own intention of being really various and adventurous in your own right—Was Spicer an exemplar or was he just a kindred spirit?

FH: Well, he was so much fun. He was such a scamp. He would write letters to people who wanted to ask him about his work and they were really nasty letters. We would send them off and I used to think it was so funny. We were like kids. It was like a child side of me. And George Stanley came in there, briefly, later.

ER: He was part of that mischief-making, art-making?

FH: Yeah. He didn't play a big role, but he was there. I don't know who else. A young poet who went off to New York—I can't remember his name. He was very handsome.

ER: Larry Fagin?

FH: Yes, I think it was him. Very good poet.

ER: I saw him last week.

FH: Larry Fagin?

ER: Yes.

FH: I think he had something in *J Magazine* one time. It [the title of the magazine] was for Jay Herndon, I think that's what Jack had in mind. We had about five or six editions, I think, because I had to go to this place I worked part time and they had a mimeograph machine and they let me type it up and run it off there. And then Spicer got bored with it is I think what happened.

ER: Probably. Duncan seemed to me, though worthy, very sure of his greatness, and very sure of his place in the world.

FH: Oh yes. There was never any doubt of his greatness. I don't ever remember him expressing any doubt, though there must have been times. He had been to New York after all, and then he came back to this lowly town. [laughs] And they had a very stable household. That's a very important part of Duncan and Jess, I think, and they made clear that they wanted to keep it that way.

ER: Yes, Duncan and Jess had a very significant relationship, but I imagine Duncan could be pretty challenging. I had him as a teacher and he was sometimes stern and intimidating.

FH: Oh, Duncan could be severe in terms of students, was he? I remember certain people were banished from the house. They

couldn't come anymore. One guy, it was black magic. They sprayed the steps after he left. They thought he had invaded the house. They were convinced, and probably were right. They didn't want him in the house, but he came anyway, so they sprayed the steps. I think I would probably have been threatened by something like that also.

[conversation briefly interrupted by gossip about infidelities]

Duncan and Jess: They actually created a really stable and creative household, and I felt lucky that I was a part of it. And they were very nice to me. They wanted me to come. I mean, that one Christmas I made shirts for everyone—Jim and Jack and Duncan and Jess. They were just so touched by that. They were just so pleased. I had never known anyone like them. That was another part of it. I was constantly learning from them. And the fact that they looked at my work and bought some of it was so significant to me.

ER: So on one side: Spicer and a sense of great play. And on the other: Duncan and Jess and a sense of gravitas and erudition?

FH: Yes. They were serious. They really gave me good time. When I went over it was productive. With Jack, it was more playful. Not that he wasn't going home and writing all those poems very seriously, but that was probably one a.m. after going to the bars. He came to MANY meals at our house.

ER: How do those poles of artistic practice come together in your work?

FH: I feel very gratified that I have options, that I can do that. Making art is not agony or anything like that. I look at it a lot when I am making work. I go back and try to improve

it. I like to see other people's art, because I think you can always learn from what others are doing. It's about growth, and about searching. You never know where a new idea is going to come from.

It's important to be open to that. You have to see a lot of art. You have to keep looking.

[P]oets are interested in other kinds of art. But they can be a little clannish.

ER: When you were coming into being an artist, you were surrounded by people who were making their art with words. How did that impact you? I mean, you are still friends with a lot of poets.

FH: Well, poets are interested in other kinds of art. But they can be a little clannish.

ER: Oh, you think? [laughter] So there's a model of just overall curiosity.

FH: Yes.

ER: But then the clannishness. How do you see that as working?

FH: You mean the way people navigate toward other people who are like themselves, or who navigate toward others who do work like themselves? I think it's very isolating, making art. Very isolating. Because you have to spend all this time alone in a room, doing it. In order to get a break from this, or get refreshed, you have to find other people who are doing things—that's in order to get fresh ideas or you are going to get dull yourself.

It's very exciting to see someone's work that you could never imagine that you could do, and to wonder how it could all come about. Who are these people and where did they get their ideas to do it this way?

Now I was just thinking about when I said a little while ago that I wasn't interested in going to the open studio, and I don't know why that is the case, but it really is not very interesting.

ER: I wonder if that's because it's kind of "hobby" art?

FH: Yes, I don't think it's full-time. Maybe some people are full time. It's rare to find someone you zero in on. Because it's often: been there, done that, seen that.

ER: Then what distinguishes hobby art from "real" art?

FH: The commitment. One of the things is the commitment. Willingness to put in the time to really

work on your own art. And at the same time, to find out where other inspiration might come from. So you look at a lot of art. Not just paintings, but you read poetry or books or you take long walks.

You see things that are interesting in different settings. For example, there's just having George [Albon, the poet who lives on the third floor of Herndon's house] in the house—someone who is really

bright and looks at things and really reads and struggles with his work to get it to be what he wants. I don't like the consumerist thing. It's a lonely business to do your work, but you also have to go out there and get experiences from other art, etc. Looking at beautiful things.

ER: How do you feel about this emergent marketing of art and self?

FH: People who take that approach—they think it's easy [making the art itself]. Somehow they are convinced that it can be done by anybody. That there is nothing special about it. There's this commonality about it. When I think being an artist is this terribly difficult thing to do.

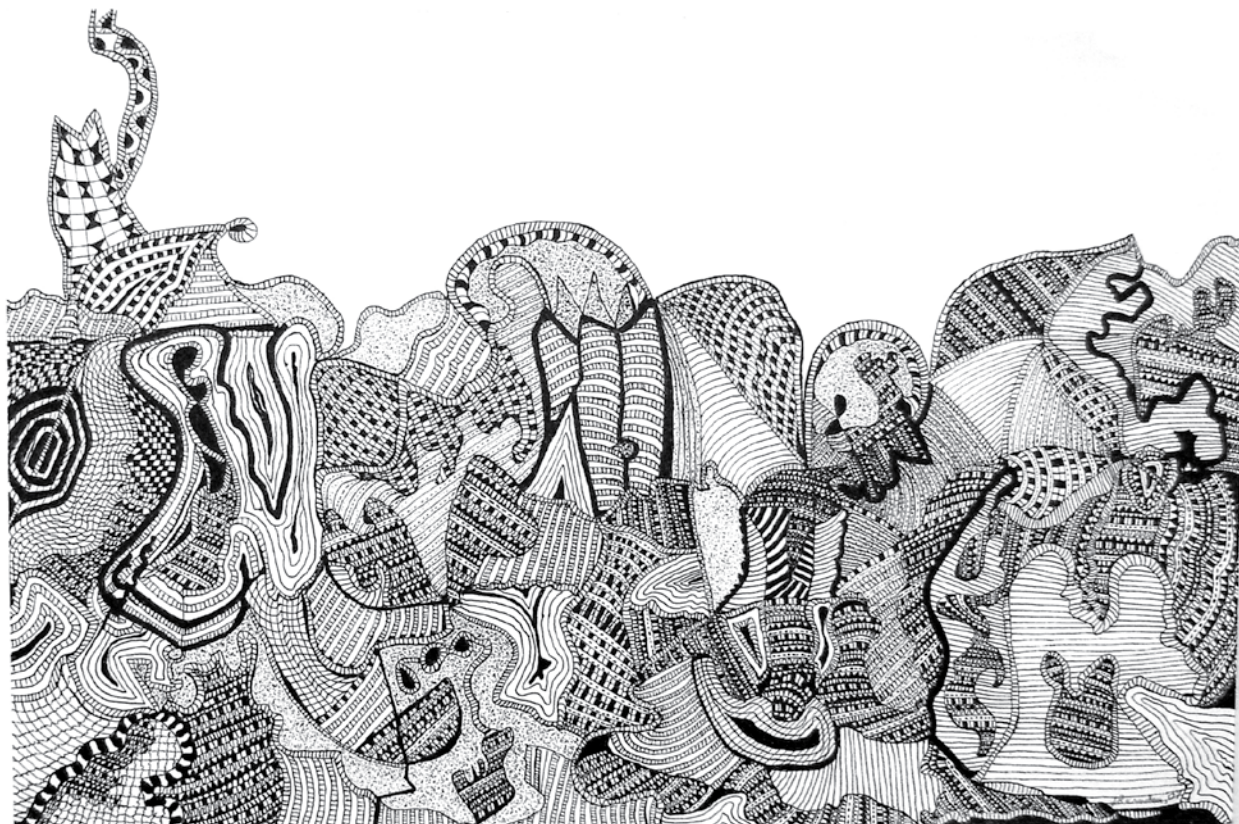
ER: This interests me in relation to Jack Spicer's growing fame. He was such an obscure poet, and now there's what I would almost call a Spicer boom. How do you feel about that?

FH: I think more to the point is: How would he feel about that? He didn't really want to be published, in some sense, or he was afraid that he would screw it up. Maybe there was a fear that he would be famous. I think he's—I think he would have been appalled, probably, at what has happened to his work. But I don't know. He did go up to Vancouver and read his work there. He needed that at that time. He needed somebody to almost take care of him. That may be too strong a way of describing him then, but I don't think so. He died shortly afterward.

But writing poetry was not that public for Jack. All these big events—I don't think that's how he actually envisioned the outcome. But I think everybody else thinks they are doing the right thing.

ER: I think so too. And I've certainly—I've really valued that work.

FH: What I value from Jack is that he supported my painting up to a point, but then he wasn't going to support it anymore after I did a portrait of him. It got too realistic for him. He was interested in what I was pouring out as I learned. He would really just laugh



when I would bring things to show him; it was just pleasure. But when I brought the portrait of him, he was appalled. It was heroic. It was just huge and he was walking on feathers. I don't know why I put the feathers on there, but there they are forever.

I don't think he would have liked being read and published and reviewed in the *New York Times*.

God, he would never have thought that would happen to him and his work. And Kevin [Killian] went to New York and read from the book on Spicer and the collected poems and it was announced in the *New York Times*. I did find that rather remarkable that it was in the *Times*. I think it tells you that Kevin has good connections and also that it was time, that Spicer was a brilliant person.

ER: I felt that there was this kind of magic in the San Francisco Renaissance, and that it occurred

because of the engrossedness in the conversation and who was here.

FH: Yes. It happened because of who was here, and it just happened spontaneously. It couldn't have occurred that way with other people.

ER: When you were in the thick of it, you felt the excitement, and you were thinking, "Oh something's happening here."

FH: Oh yeah. I felt that something powerful was happening. I thought these people were really intelligent. Especially Jack and Duncan. Jess was more inward, and I never felt as close to him. They were really attentive to my work. Duncan would look at it and express how he felt about it, and Jack would say he liked it or didn't like it. "It appalls me." That was something that he said. You had to take it very seriously and not to let it pass: you paid attention, of course,

but he wasn't meaning it to be harsh. That's a good way of putting it, actually: Pay Attention. You're on the wrong track.

Somebody asked him for a copy of something, and he wrote back and said, "You can find a copy of that and stuff it up your ass. It's stapled." We would just write that down. I think I wrote that down! Now why would I remember that?

ER: How could you not remember that?

FH: That's true!

ER: He did have this reputation of being brutal, but you felt that was always in the service of the art?

FH: Yes, he couldn't stand it if people didn't get it. He might be having a little fun, and I'm sure he hurt people's feelings. But he was just appalled if people made bad art.

with the kids and a lot of the time I was home. While they napped, I could prepare dinner. Definitely it was a female role, and at that time my work was second. I only did it while the kids were napping or Jim took them out.

ER: Did you know Ebbe Borregaard? He was supposed to be rather intimidating, but very active in the scene for awhile. I love his work.

FH: I remember him. He was very good at building things. Last time I saw him he was this imposing figure, standing in the middle of the room. I remember seeing him in a room—the last image I have of him is of this big guy, going up to the ceiling in my memory, and “Hello Fran,” in this

Jack [Spicer] is the one who said, “Fran, make art.”

deep voice, but I don’t remember anything else about where we were and what the occasion was. I think it was San Francisco someplace, at a show. For something he would come in for—had to be something very special.

ER: We haven’t talked about Robin Blaser, but I love the story of your friendship.

FH: He was really immediately close to me. I can’t explain it. He wanted to be, he wanted to be my friend right away. It was immediate that he was someone special in my life, and I wanted it that way. There was never a time when I felt differently. The only time I wished that he hadn’t lived here for two weeks was when I wasn’t sure I had the energy to do all the hosting and cooking.

ER: Can you pinpoint why he was so special?

FH: He was very close to his mother. I am convinced that was why he was close to me. He talked about her. She was the one who wanted him to be educated, learn a lot of languages. His father was a tough person who wanted him to be in business. But he was close to his mother and she was the one who wanted him to be refined, to study French and Latin. So I think it was just easy, then, for him to be friends with me. And we remained close. There was never any question about it.

ER: Certainly, whenever I saw him and wanted to get into his good

graces, I had only to say your name.

FH: We were close. When I heard that he had that brain tumor, it was devastating. I had to call him almost every day, and then I had to stop doing it.

ER: But what a great thing to do.

FH: But he needed to be bathed and cared for. It was very hard. So it’s really still a loss. There’s no question about it. A great loss. The last time he was here, he bought one last in a series of paintings. It was the last one, and then they [Blaser and his partner] sent back a photo of it in their house. It looked great. It was the last painting they bought of mine, and the last time I saw them. And the painting fit perfectly in their suitcase. It was magical. I didn’t even have to wrap it.

ER: Robin could be really sensitive to who you were.

FH: Yes, from the very beginning. He could really see that. Jack is the one who said, “Fran, make art.” Yes, he said, “You don’t want to be a full-time mother.” He had taught at the Art Institute, so he suggested that I go there and take some classes.

ER: Had you done art before that?

FH: No, I was terrible in school. I never had my work up on the board, that kind of classroom stuff you do. The reason he suggested that was because he had taught there, but he thought I might find something of interest. That’s when I did the Mythos series, and he was very excited about that. I was just turning them out.



ER: That, in a way, is an outrageous thing to proclaim: “You should be an artist.” Were you kind of terrified or nervous at the prospect?

FH: Yes, when I got there I was really nervous because I had never done anything like that. And then the first work that I did, a woman bought a painting and I thought, “Would she really want this?” And I was so nervous that I couldn’t even deliver it. Jim had to take it over to her. Now why would I remember that? That was after my first class at the Art Institute.

ER: Did they have a show at the end of the term?

FH: I think we just put our work on the floor at the end of the class. Everyone put their work out. It was just lined up on the floor. That was my first class, you know, and we were sort of talking about it, and, you know, how you critique. She was this woman in a wheelchair in the class, and she asked if she could buy the painting. She lived somewhere in San Francisco, in the hills, and Jim delivered it.

ER: That must have been confidence-building!

FH: I felt uneasy about it, like, “Now I have to do something.”

I had just started. I felt, “How could she do that? Could she really be serious?”

It was doubt that I felt. Doubt. But I’ve done that, just seen work and it was so meaningful.

ER: It’s like a form of recognition: POW.

FH: Yeah. Then we had shows in people’s houses. I can’t remember his name—he later moved to Mill Valley. He had a big flat with walls and he would have shows and I showed there. And I remember one person who went

to Japan, Gary Snyder, and he brought two people and I still remember still hearing their feet on the floor as they came. And some movie star, he was gay, and he became very famous and he was brought to the show—who was it?

ER: James Dean?

I think it must be about imagery. That I would have seen that, or realized that it’s there in the work, in the poetry as well as me, creating art.

FH: Maybe. I can’t remember. But he came to one of those shows. I don’t think he bought anything. Why was he here?

ER: Did you go to the famous reading at the Six Gallery?

FH: I did go to the second one, a second reading. I remember it being an upstairs place.

ER: Did Ginsberg read then?

FH: Yeah, he would have read, but I don’t remember the details. It was a big place. There were a lot of people.

ER: Were they in your consciousness, the Beats?

FH: They weren’t people who came to our house. They were there. Jim and I went to events, but they weren’t in our inner circle. We weren’t close to them.

ER: Michael McClure?

FH: Oh my god, we went to his house, I think. And he had a garden. But that was in the early days. He had several wives. And I seem to remember looking down on the yard from a balcony. I would have gone there for a reading. That’s why I would have been there. I don’t remember Jim being there.

ER: That’s a lot of poetry that

you’ve heard.

FH: A lot. And I wanted to go to hear it. I must have seen early that it had a connection to my work.

ER: Can you articulate that?

FH: I think it must be about imagery.

That I would have seen that, or realized that it’s there in the work, in the poetry as well as me, creating art. Not even aware at the time that it was of value to me, a value in my work. I wouldn’t have thought that at the time, but I knew it had an importance in my work. And it all started with Jack. Jack Spicer was the one who started it. After all, my work is on the cover of his first book.

ER: That’s interesting about imagery because some of your work is abstract.

FH: Not the early work, but later.

ER: It’s a matter of pattern then.

FH: Yes.

ER: What should I have asked you that I didn’t?

FH: I don’t know. Where I am now maybe. And I feel really a little lost at this point as to where I’m going now.

ER: Why do you think that is?

FH: I don’t feel—I feel there is a concern for fresh ideas. Of where to take the painting. Where the painting is apt to go. And I didn’t have these kind of questions before, so worrisome as I feel them to be now. Because I just did the work. Now I’m sort of winding

down in a way, about where to go. I've done a lot of work. There's a kind of insecurity now about what I can do, that it can be interesting to me as well as other people. There's a certain kind of fear that I don't have any fresh ideas.

ER: I think that happens to a lot of people.

FH: Yes. George's answer to that is to look at some pictures. So, oh yeah, like here are some photos, and I'll take a look at those. It's just how to tap into what's available and where the inspiration is. But it isn't just going to come and tap me on the shoulder.

ER: Well, it might, and isn't that the greatest pleasure?

FH: Yes. But it's not always going to happen that way. Well, there's a lot happening too. Robin died. That's a big thing in my life.

ER: You think you need time to process that?

FH: I'm feeling better. His death was—I think, sensitively dealt with. I couldn't stop crying while it was going on. I think I've really said good-bye to him.

ER: Do you have any contact with David?

FH: He's sent me some notes. We exchanged notes. He's feeling better and working. I think I'll call him. I think Robin was just a really decent person.

[Since our interview in October, the writer Kevin Killian suggested to Claudia Altman-Siegel of San Francisco's Altman Siegel Art Gallery that she should look at Fran Herndon's artwork. Altman-Siegel subsequently signed Herndon on as one of the gallery's artists and the gallery is preparing a show of her work.]

ER: Since I talked to you in October,

things have been happening in your life as an artist—

FH: Kevin Killian showed Claudia Altman-Siegel some of the sports collages I made, I understand, and he suggested that she come and see me. And she came. It's been sort of a mixed feeling for me. I don't think they know I'm 82, and it's sort of off-putting to me because there's a limit to how much longer I can be making art, and there's a limit to what I can produce. Because she's interested in my earlier work and I've moved on. I'm finding it hard to work. But I've signed off on it now and it's a given that I'm going to be with her gallery. And she'll have an opening soon and send out invitations. I don't think my work is going to sell at the prices they are asking. I think that's a little negative and I should be thinking a little more positively. But now that she's been putting the work in the gallery, I am feeling like I'm ready to get back to work. **FS**



July Oration
by Dale Smith

\$10 plus s/h

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REVIEWS

Entrance to a colonial pageant in which we all begin to intricate

Johannes Göransson

Tarpaulin Sky Press (2011)

“Welcome to the pleasure dome!” Imagine STC’s *Kubla Kahn* as a Fellini film. Now imagine, instead of standing on the banks of the river Alph 1,000 years ago, you’re sitting in a gymnasium full of folding chairs 1,000 years into the still slightly radioactive future. Imagine a stage inside the film made of milk crates and ribcages upon which everyone’s mutant stepchildren are re-enacting the fall of democro-capitalist society in honor of this, it’s anniversary. Imagine that. I mean, really imagine that and maybe, just maybe, you’ve prepared yourself for your role as reader in Johannes Göransson’s *Entrance to a colonial pageant in which we all begin to intricate*.

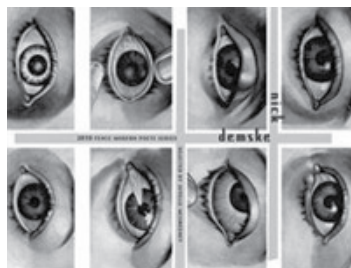


Nick Demske

Nick Demske

Fence Books (2010)

In high school I can remember thinking that those bands with self-titled debut albums either a) used up all their creative energy thinking of a cool band name that they never got over, b) had been so busy getting high and jamming in their parents’ basement that when the record company called they misunderstood the question or c) never really expected to release another album, so...fuckit. I mean, really: Black Sabbath? Grateful Dead? Journey? Bob Dylan? Who would ever have expected those hippie-headed no talent goons to go anywhere. Then I met *Nick Demske* (the book) by Nick Demske (the poet) and suddenly I understood. Sometimes it’s impossible to separate the artist from his overture. Not only does this book rock on a level equal to, if not in excess of the



amateurish eponymousizers listed above, if their success is any indication, we haven’t heard the last of Nick Demske.

Neveragainland

MC Hyland

Lowbrow Press (2010)

“Leave a map in every room / exactly the size & shape of that room...” This is how you will find your way through MC Hyland’s *Neveragainland*. Like any good map this book is both a record of semi-ethereal place and a means of navigating that space. The poems contained herein are themselves containers, contracting and expanding according to their author’s magical architecture, designed to cradle the reader’s ear and sway that cargo carefully through each dream-shifting stanza. They are matryoshka, Russian nesting dolls that hold the whole of the world in scale and examine its handmade minutiae in infinitely precise and diminishing focus. Here, the lines between exterior and interior are blurred if not altogether obliterated so that, when Hyland asserts, “the life outside the body is the only life”, we are comforted by the fact that, wherever we find ourselves, we have carried it with us in its entirety to this new familiar foreign land.

A New Book from Rome

John Wieners

James Dunn, Editor

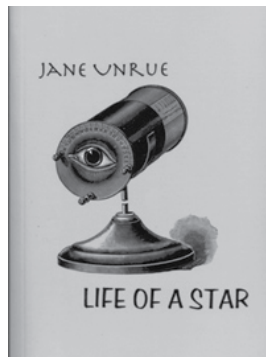
Bootstrap Press (2010)

In service to this important 20th century poet, the good people at Bootstrap Productions have continued their mission of bringing the work of John Wieners back into the public light it so richly deserves. Similar to their 2007 release (*A Book of Prophecies*), *A New Book from Rome* utilizes a mix of scanned pages and typed transcriptions to recreate the lost notebooks and provide a detailed poetic illustration of Wieners’ life between July 1969 and January of 1970—a period in which Wieners was a resident of Central Islip State Mental Hospital and fellow-writer and longtime friend Charles Olson passed away. The writing here deals heavily and deftly with themes of loss and capture, as in the poem “A World of Mementoes” in which the poet concludes: “But deep within us is still the world of mementoes. // And one’s desire to keep them.”

With that desire in mind, Bootstrap Press has bound this stunning book in a high quality, sewn scarlet, gilt-stamped cloth hardcover to recreate the look and feel of the original notebook. More importantly, tucked within its archival pages are three previously unpublished photographs of Wieners as well as a series of surprising poetic ephemera or “mementoes.”

Life of a Star**Jane Unrue****Burning Deck (2010)**

Emotions like disappointment and anger arise when one's ideal world does not align with one's reality. How does one reconcile these two worlds? Jane Unrue's *Life of a Star* details one woman's process. One page at a time, as though embroidering with language, the narration "plays" life, curating, arranging and directing her experiences: "The one who stimulates attraction to herself by molding her complexities to meet a given situation and by demonstrating, at the same time, the effect her having on the situation has upon her own self, wins." Real and imaginary, her experiences fall somewhere between humor and horror, gorgeous and grotesque and always haunting.

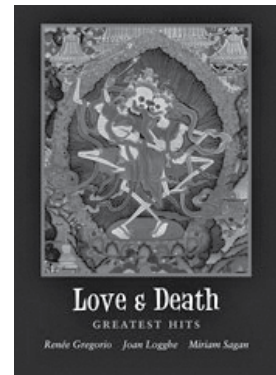
***Things Come On {an amneoir}*****Joseph Harrington****Wesleyan University Press (2011)**

If "a memoir is a mirror with a memory," what does one write when "memory becomes corrupted and crashes, then order fails to reflect things just as they were"? Joseph Harrington answers this with his amneoir *Things Come On*, in which he creates "a story out of the fragments... Repair[s] the disruption...through the function of ordering and categorizing inherent in language." This hybrid work uses poetry, prose, dramatic writing, documents, visual images and silence to investigate the Watergate scandal and Harrington's mother's illness and death as well as the mechanisms of concealment and revelation. How does one choose what to reveal and conceal? "It depends on who is telling the story and under what circumstances."

Love & Death: Greatest Hits**Renee Gregorio, Joan Logghe, & Miriam Sagan**
Tres Chicas Books (2011)

There is a way in which the effects of both love and death "hit" a body. The hit can be pleasurable, painful, or some combination thereof. In either case, the body seems to desire the company of others in order to come to terms with these hits, even if in company one is still isolated. It is through this alliance that community coalesces and individual experience becomes interwoven. Perhaps it is

this interweaving that makes the book collaboration *Love & Death: Greatest Hits* so poignant. Longtime friends and co-editors Renee Gregorio, Joan Logghe and Miriam Sagan share space within the book while isolating their poems within sections, respectively.

***True News*****Craig Watson****Instance Press 2002**

The poems in Craig Watson's *True News* hover somewhere between sutra and detonation as the weighty and telling lyric lingers between "the source of light/Behind those pinholes" and "home is everywhere we are not." Bringing us with him, Watson navigates the harsh beauty of the world and its geography and spectacle. With precise lucidity, he clues us in to such uncomfortable truths as "in the republic of replica/what repeats becomes real" and "natural time socializes historical time." His journeys beg the question: "how can the past be improved upon?" By raising such pointed inquiry, *True News* is on the right path.



BIOS

ed baker born April 19, 1941 washington D.C.
here April 19, 2011 washington, D.C.

Cara Benson is author of the books (*made*) and the forthcoming *Protean Parade*. "Quantum Chaos and Poems: A Manifest(o)ation" won the bpNichol Award. "The Secret of Milk," her treatise on the possibilities of lyric advocacy within the tainted world of agribusiness, is out with cohippus labs. Benson is a 2011 NYFA Fellow in Poetry and teaches same in a NY State Prison.

Travis Cebula resides in Colorado with his lovely and ever-patient wife, Shannon. He graduated from the MFA program at Naropa University in 2009—the same year he became the founding editor and publisher of Shadow Mountain Press. He is the author of five chapbooks of poetry (the most recent of which, *but for a brief interlude at Versailles*, is forthcoming in 2011 from Highway 101 Press) and one full-length collection of poetry, *Under the Sky They Lit Cities*, which was released in 2010 by BlazeVOX Books. This summer Western Michigan University awarded him the Pavel Slut Fellowship in Poetry for the Prague Summer Program, which he was overjoyed to participate in.

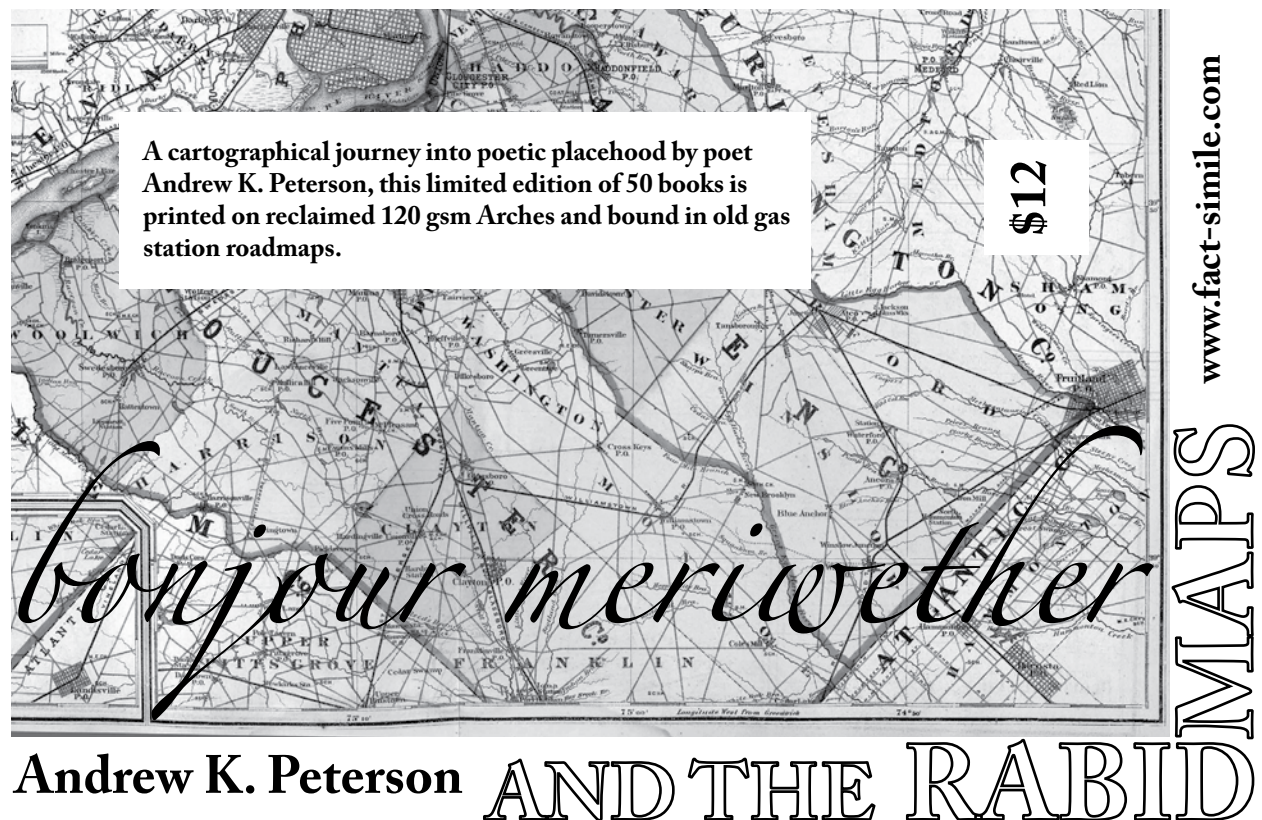
Michelle Disler has a Ph.D. in Creative Nonfiction from Ohio University, and teaches literature courses and nonfiction workshops at Ohio Wesleyan University. Her work has appeared in *The Laurel*

Review, *Seneca Review*, *Lake Effect*, *Gulf Coast*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Rubbertop Review*, *Witness*, *The Southern Humanities Review*, *North Dakota Review*, *Fugue*, *Hotel Amerika*, and *Columbia*, where her essay received the Essay Prize. She is also an AWP Intro Award and Pushcart Prize nominee, the latter for her multigenre work on Ian Fleming's James Bond. Her first book, *[BOND, JAMES] alphabet, anatomy, [auto] biography*, will be released by Counterpath Press November 2011.

Ryan Eckes was born in 1979 in Philadelphia. He's the author of *Old News* (Furniture Press 2011) and *when i come here* (Plan B Press 2007). More of his poetry can be found on his blog, ryaneckes.blogspot.com, and in various magazines. Along with Stan Mir, he organizes the Chapter & Verse Reading Series. He works as an adjunct English professor at Temple University and other places.

Eric Eishtain is a homemaker whose poetry and other writings have appeared in such journals as *American Letters and Commentary*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Skanky Possum*, *McSweeney's*, *Ploughshares*, and others. The author of several chapbooks, including *Here in Premonition* (RubbaDucky Press) and *The Cheaper the Crook, the Gaudier the Patter* (Transparent Tiger Press), he is the poet-in-residence at John H. Stroger, Jr. Hospital in Chicago where he runs poetry workshop in the pediatrics ward; this through the non-profit Snow City Arts Foundation. He also edits Beard of Bees Press, a free on-line chapbook press and recently finished his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago.

Jeff Encke taught writing and criticism at Columbia University for



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MAPS

several years, serving as writer-in-residence for the Program in Narrative Medicine while completing his Ph.D. in English in 2002. He now teaches at Richard Hugo House. His poems have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Boston Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Fence*, *Kenyon Review Online*, *Salt Hill* and *Tarpaulin Sky*, among others. In 2004, he published *Most Wanted: A Gamble in Verse*, a series of love poems addressed to Saddam Hussein and other Iraqi war criminals printed on a deck of playing cards.

SJ Fowler is the author of four collections: *Red Museum* (Knives forks & spoons press), *Fights* (Veer books), *Minimum Security Prison Dentistry* (AAA press) and *the Lamb pit* (Eggbox publishing). He is an employee of the British Museum. Discover more at www.sjfowlerpoetry.com.

Gregory Fraser is the author of two poetry collections, *Strange Pietà* (Texas Tech, 2003) and *Answering the Ruins* (Northwestern, 2009). He is also the co-author, with Chad Davidson, of the workshop textbook *Writing Poetry: Creative and Critical Approaches* (Palgrave-Macmillan, 2008) and the composition textbook *Analyze Anything: A Guide to Critical Reading and Writing* (Continuum, forthcoming in 2011). His poetry has appeared in literary journals including the *Paris Review*, the *Southern Review*, and *Ploughshares*. The recipient of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Fraser serves as associate professor of English and creative writing at the University of West Georgia.

An assortment of KJ Hannah Greenberg's essays, *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting* was published by French Creek Press in 2010. In December of this year, Unbound CONTENT will be offering *A Bank Robber's Bad Luck with His Ex-Girlfriend*, a full-length collection of Hannah's poetry. In early 2012, Bards and Sages Publishing will be issuing a compilation of seventy of Hannah's brief fictions, *Don't Pet the Sweaty Things*.

Fran Herndon is a painter and collage artist, who collaborated with poets of the

San Francisco Renaissance. Herndon's artwork, generated in collaboration with Jack Spicer, have been published in *Everything as Expected* (written and self-published by Jim Herndon), *The Golem* (Granary Books), and *Heads of the Town Up to the Aether* (Auerhahn). Her work has been shown at the Canessa Park Gallery and, this fall, at the Altman-Siegel Gallery, both in San Francisco.

Matthew Johnstone is the author of *Let's be close Rope to mast, you Old light* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press 2010). More writing can be found in *GlitterPony*, *Robot Melon*, *Animal Farm*, and *elima*. He is one half of 'Pider, a web journal of creative arts in Tennessee, Nashville.

Sarah Mangold lives in Edmonds, Washington. These poems are from a new chapbook *I Meant To Be Transparent*, forthcoming from Little Red Leaves e/Editions. She is the author of *Household Mechanics* (New Issues), *Giraffes of Devotion* (forthcoming, i.e. Press) and most recently, the chapbook *An Antenna Called the Body* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series). From 2000-2009, she edited *Bird Dog*, a print journal of innovative writing and art. With Maryrose Larkin she co-edits, FLASH + CARD, a chapbook and ephemera press.

Dawn Pendergast lives in Houston, Texas. She's written three micro-chapbooks: *leaves fall leaves* (Dusie Kollektiv), *Off Flaw* (Dusie Kollektiv) and *Mexico City* (Macaw Macaw Press). She is currently an editor for Little Red Leaves (littleredleaves.com) and produces handmade chapbooks for the textile series (www.textileseries.com). More of her writing can be found on her website (whatbirdsgiveup.com).

Janna Plant is a poet, essayist, photographer, animal. Born in Santa Monica, raised in El Segundo, educated on Oahu, she is an MFA graduate from the Kerouac School. She edits submissions for Tarpaulin Sky, and her recent book is *The Refinery* (Blazevox).

Elizabeth Robinson is the author, most recently, of *Also Known As* (Apogee Press) and a chapbook, *Reply* (Pavement Saw).

Her new collection of poetry, *Three Novels*, is coming out this fall from Omnidawn. For a brief and very happy period, she lived on the third floor of Fran Herndon's house in the Richmond neighborhood of San Francisco.

andrew topel is the editor & publisher of avantacular press, specializing in books of visual poetry & other-stream writing, visit the on-line catalog at <http://avantacularpress.blogspot.com/>

Jamie Townsend lives in East Kensington, Philadelphia where he is organizer of the c/c reading series, and a co-founder of con/crescent, a chapbook publisher & magazine focused on discursive essay / creative non-fiction. He is author of the chapbooks *STRAP/HALO* (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs; 2011) and *Matryosbka* (LRL Textile Editions; 2011). His poetry and critical work has appeared in various publications, including *The Cultural Society*, *Gam*, *Wheelhouse*, *Volt*, *Elective Affinities*, *Jacket2*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, & TRY.

Laura Walker is the author of *bird book* (Shearsman Books), *rimertown/ an atlas* (UC Press), and *swarm lure* (Battery Press), and the chapbook *bird book* (Albion Books). She lives in Berkeley, CA and teaches at University of San Francisco and UC Berkeley Extension. The poems in *Follow-Haswed* are composed of phrases taken from the title words' entries in the sixth volume of the Oxford English Dictionary.

Lindsay Winters works in Henan, China. She aspires to simplicity.

Angela Veronica Wong's *Dear Johnny, In Your Last Letter* was selected by Bob Hicok as a winner of the 2011 Poetry Society of America New York Chapbook Fellowship. She is also the author of a forthcoming chapbook from dancing girl press and two previously published chapbooks from Flying Guillotine Press and Cy Gist Press. Her first full-length collection of poems is entitled **how to survive a hotel fire** and is forthcoming from Coconut Books in Spring 2012. Visit www.angelaveronicawong.com.

ED BAKER

from Ashera



"thank you very much."

"Don't mention it."

ANDREW TOPEL

Soundless 6

