Featuring an Interview with Keith & Rosmarie Waldrop

+ New work from: Dale Smith
   George Moore
   Anne Gorrick
   Peter Davis
   Billy Cancel
   & more
MONSOON DESIGN

LET THE IDEAS POUR

Specializing in small-run books, journals and other limited edition publications.

Services Include:
- Printing
- Binding
- Typesetting & Layout
- Cover Design
- Marketing Materials (bookmarks, postcards, signs, posters, banners)

monsoondesign.com
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers:

Welcome to the Autumn/Winter 2009 issue of Fact-Simile. This issue marks our second anniversary of publication and we couldn’t think of a better way to celebrate than a collaborative interview with that dynamic duo of the avant-garde: Keith and Rosmarie Waldrop. Since the conclusion of this interview, Keith’s text Transcendental Studies: A Trilogy has been honored with the National Book Award for Poetry. We, the editors at Fact-Simile, would like to hereby offer our most heartfelt congratulations!

Issue 2.2 marks our first foray into what will, hopefully, be a regular element of Fact-Simile going forward with Dale Smith’s insightful review of Collapsible Poetics Theater by Rodrigo Toscano. In addition to accepting third-party reviews for publication, we’ve also begun accepting titles for review on our blog at www.fact-simile.com. The response to this latest development has been overwhelming and we have lots of wonderful reading material already on hand, so please feel free to query if you have a title you’d like considered.

As you flip through these pages, you’ll see we’ve been hard at work on a number of projects over the past six months. For starters, we recently released the A Sh Anthology with a very successful reading at The Dikeou Collection in Denver. This handmade book-box-object made from recycled Nat Sherman cigarette boxes contains 10 scrolls with work from an exciting array of young writers and is available on our website while supplies last.

In addition, we are delighted to announce the official release of two Fact-Simile chapbooks; from Joseph Cooper and Matt Reeck. Points of Intersection by Joseph Cooper is a leather-bound, reporter-style book and Midwinter is a small, accordion-fold book (with accompanying magnifying glass) written by Brooklyn poet Matt Reeck.

Last but not least, we here at Fact-Simile Editions invite you to help us welcome in the new year with a limited edition 2010 calendar featuring the intricate typographic gestures of Andrew Topel. This series of 12 monthly broadsides is printed in a limited edition of 100 on Arches and is available for just $15 plus shipping.

Of course, with all the new and exciting things happening here at Fact-Simile, we’ve also taken the time to compile a group of amazing writers from around the nation for your enjoyment. So, without further delay...

Happy Reading,

Travis & JenMarie
The Editors
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We, the editors at Fact-Simile, would like to thank the following individuals, entities and institutions for their continued support, without which none of this would be possible:

Our Contributors
Our Readers
Our Advertisers
The Jack Kerouac School
The Dikeou Collection
Renaissance Art

Keith & Rosmarie Waldrop
HK Advertising
Monsoon Design
Selah Saterstrom
Bob Roley
Tino Gomez & Natalie Blider
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Peter Davis</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew McEwan</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray Succre</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Alfaro</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duane Locke</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Terrill</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monica Peck</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Gorrick</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Cancel</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam Strauss</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Decarteret</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Felino Soriano</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Cross</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Moore</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francesco Levato</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Keith Waldrop & Rosmarie Waldrop**  
feature interview and poem  

**Fine Wine**  

**Spirits**  

**Dale Smith**  
reviews *Collapsible Poetics Theater* by Rodrigo Toscano  

**Biographical Information**  

Please find us online at  

www.fact-simile.com  

Autumn / Winter  

2009
CO-LAB: AN INTERVIEW WITH KEITH & ROSMARIE WALDROP
By JenMarie Davis & Travis Macdonald

Fact-Simile: Keith & Rosmarie, thanks so much for agreeing to do this interview and for sending along what sounds like a wonderful package of reading materials. I’m sure I speak for both Travis and myself when I say that we can’t wait to sink our eyes into everything enclosed. In the meantime, we were hoping to start things off with the question below. Please feel free to answer in any manner/format you desire. Also, we would be delighted to include one or two of your collaborations in the upcoming issue as well, if that’s possible. But I’m probably getting ahead of myself...to the interview:

According to the French writer Jacques Roubaud: “When Rosemarie Waldrop writes poetry, when she writes poems, she writes her poems: the poetry of Rosemarie Waldrop. When Keith Waldrop writes poetry, when he writes poems, he writes his poems: the poetry of Keith Waldrop. But when Rosemarie and Keith, when Keith and Rosemarie write poems together, whose are those poems? They are the poems of a third poet, whose name and gender and origin and language we do not know.” Perhaps introductions are in order. Who is this third poet?

Rosmarie: We’re a little in and out these days...Also, you got my name right in your address, but in the Roubaud quote you consistently copied it as Rosemarie. Please note it is Rosmarie, without middle e always! It is true that our collaborations do not quite sound like either Keith’s poems or mine. Which shows once again that the BETWEEN is fertile ground. I’ve often said so because of my personal situation between the cultures of Germany and the USA. But it’s not just my personal situation: our reality is no longer substances, but systems of relations, “no longer things, but what happens BETWEEN things,” as Charles Olson paraphrases Whitehead.

Fact-Simile: My apologies for the misspelling. I wrote my masters thesis on Curves to the Apple, so I assure you it was an auto-correct issue with my computer. Which brings me neatly to our next question. You say that “our reality is no longer substance, but systems of relations.” Language seems the most obvious of these empty systems. How does this new reality affect your collaborative language? How does it affect and/or inform your other collaborative acts, i.e. publishing & translation? “No longer” implies a changed past, when did this shift in our collective reality occur?

RW: I’m delighted that you wrote on Curves!

I had thought Keith would answer this time, but he uses the fact that your question takes off from what I said as an excuse not to!

This “next question” is not one but a whole batch! Starting from the back: I suppose the shift came in science in the early 20th century, with the structure of the atom, quantum and relativity theories, etc. At least that’s when it began to filter down into general consciousness. Whitehead’s Process and Reality was published in 1929, but I assume he was lecturing earlier on “occasions” and “events” replacing the idea of substance. In literature we get Pound editing Ernest Fenollosa’s Notes on the Chinese Written Character in 1918: “A true noun, an isolated thing, does not exist in nature. Things are only terminal points, or rather the meeting points, of actions, cross-sections cut through actions, snap-shots. Neither can a pure verb, an abstract motion, be possible in nature...thing and action cannot be separated."

The most obvious way relation affects our language when we collaborate is
that we allow ourselves to play with the other's manner. With the result that in some of our earlier pieces, e.g. *Until Volume One*, we are now not always certain who wrote which part. Whereas in my own writing, if something “Keithic” occurs to me I normally censor it.

Translation is an even more interesting case, but I think you should maybe specifically ask Keith about this one.

**FS:** Keith, I’m afraid we’re not going to let you off that easy... How does the act of translation function in this post-Pound/Whitehead reality? What do you do when you find something “Rosmarie-ic” in your individual work?

**Keith:** About translation, what puzzles me most at the moment is how it happens to be interesting to so many people. In my earlier years, I was consistently turned down or talked down when I tried to publish translations. I was told often that translation is impossible, so why try? Now everybody wants them. What happened to reverse the current? (I admit this may sound more like a question than an answer, but I mean it merely to express the situation.) Of course, strictly speaking, it is impossible.

**FS:** Okay, so in your own words: “If translation [strictly speaking] is impossible...why try?”

**KW:** For the same reason I write poems, or write anything: it’s good to reach, even if you can’t grasp. That’s why writing, and translating, stays interesting, because it calls for your best.

**FS:** Are you avoiding the question of “Rosmarie-ic” intrusions below?

**KW:** I don’t find any Rosmarie-ic intrusions.

---

**Keith & Rosmarie Waldrop**

Turn Now

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>to one side of the heart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>so obstinate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>between</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a love affair? sits down?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>what ought to be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and fresh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you’ll understand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>how</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>entirely he stopped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>forgetting</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


* although respectful of the world for turning motionless salacious at all times the elephant

* fleas unlike lice

though rarely: hairs and pairs of short, blunt, hooked processes called anal hold on the larva (fig. 55) has no legs unlike
* 

in further
the spherical attraction
of cause could
with ensuing
yet to suppose that square law
be to a water drop
be moving

* 

cannibalism may vary
according to
the blind
more often transcendental
member
and pointed parts

* 

crystal covered
with
across
even worse on foot
my childhood
clear as now
crystal
clear
with disappearance

\(^1\text{This poem first appeared in PHOEBE, the magazine of George Mason University.}\)
Since you’re reading this poem, I’m assuming you’re enjoying yourself. Or you feel obligated to read it. Perhaps, as a friend or student or something, you feel you must really see what this is about. You want to be fair to me as a person and so you keep plowing through it, even through this clause, intent on living up to your end of the friend-or-student-of-the-poet-bargain. It would be cool for me if this poem were assigned to you in one of your college-level English classes—if so, congratulations on taking your studies so seriously. Sometimes it is only through education that we can discover stuff as cool as this poem. I hope you feel good about yourself for learning. Also, I hope you’ll project some of those good feelings on me. It’s possible you might be reading this poem because you’ve been prodded to by your government, mom, or doctor. But I hope you’re reading this mainly because you like it so much. Because you’re, like, “Dude, this poem is fucking terrific!” And, “This quoting of me really rocks!”
Poem Addressing Self-Hatred, Environmental Factors, and the Importance of Your Existence

If you're not enjoying this poem but you're still reading it, I think you should consider a couple of things. For one, you may not be enjoying this poem for external/environmental reasons. For instance, you may be in an airport and outside they are doing construction work and there is a persistent banging that you consciously think isn't very bothersome, but, unconsciously, your body and mind may be absorbing some of the irritation created in the universe by the rather large construction equipment. Or you could have your screaming child or children clinging on your leg, wanting juice, or to eat your cigarettes, or something. It's possible you may need a cigarette, though it's more possible that if you smoke you should quit, because, ultimately, that will make you feel better and then you will be more likely to enjoy this poem. You would even feel indebted to this poem for your health! Maybe you are feeling bitter about a recent divorce or are troubled by something in a personal relationship. You may have other health or interpersonal problems. What I'm trying to say is that you might not like this poem for reasons that have nothing to do with what is written here.
Poem Addressing How I Kneel at Your Feet, Worshipping You Because, Like any Religion, You Deserve Worship

Whether you are happy with this poem or not, I appreciate you staying here with me. The thought of you is creating a kind of warmth in this basement that I’m sitting in now. Thank you for being here with me. Holding me, as it were, within the infinite hope of your plausibility. I will be beholding your beauty and your potential glory forever, which illuminates this tiny insect-like cave.
Ray Succre

The Manner of a Low Sky-Creep

And the manner of the monotone, the undercast white,
and the spitting, gravid, wallowing gourd of mist
that brings grim moods and coats, the stirring cold,
the white or flippant grey, Winter, this non-personified man,
this shrill cult of submission to cold.

The sputum beetles down, not all at first, then all.
The Fall is gone, having stood before horns blowing misery,
left us in a suspension, after and under its tepid warmth,
as Winter bitches his fingers in the earth,
and turns us over to the long and hard way.
DUANE LOCKE

Things Happen Without any Conscious Design

A choreographer of signifieds, the ballet took place
On a rice-paper, gilt-edged scroll, unrolled,
Finite, infinite,
    Smooth, stippled,
Telluric, tel quel, tenebrous, a twilight tulip,

All the dancers wore azure shoes, the stockings,
Waterfalls

Of

Snowflakes, disconnected atmospheres of faraways,
The earth rendered a radical, radial forever,

But when spotlight seen
    The pink powder on faces
Prowled

On gray gravel, blued, paths purled through
Dark bamboo,
    The tissue-paper, backlit moon
Burned catechisms
Of a cautious chorus of chained clarinets attired
In chartreuse dresses.

If were as if the agora were an aporia. None
Could speak the familiar language of commerce
And coercion. Communication was glossolalia,
Grandiloquent as
The grand daughters of conjunctions, colons,
Semicolons, or commas.

Glossed by swamp savants,
    Cypress
Tree frogs,
    So that every sound that arose
From a graphic inscription
    Had
A pale green tint.
three of us happened into a clearing the other morning and there it was: the slaughtered carcass of a saber-toothed gorilla—

from whose long knuckles grow distinctive saber-like teeth.\(^2\)

although these calcium deposits are on the hands and feet of the saber-toothed gorilla— for some reason they are classified not as claws, but teeth, fangs or tusks—

perhaps it is the funnel shape of the deposits— and the nervous branching within their roots

when fully-functioning these gorilla’s fingers make for a formidable foe

we had obviously interrupted poachers— who had fled the scene before being able to finish— so we set about removing the teeth ourselves— to deprive the criminals of any chance for financial gain after their murderous deed—

a horrible bloody task— night fell— and there we were— when the lights from a helicopter flooded our scene— we couldn’t expect anything but an immediate arrest—

luckily— we were on a cruise ship and had been role-playing in a virtual reality machine— that’s why everything seemed so real—

that’s this ship’s gimmick— everyone pretends to be a poacher—

in the end, I still feel rotten for having cut up the corpse— and for the inadvertent rise of greed in my belly when I’d calculated our potential fortune once we’d sold the teeth

\(^2\) Much like the duck-billed platypus’ venomous claw in shape— though the gorilla is not venomous— nor are any primates to my knowledge.
BILLY CANCEL

Uneasy Slice of Fantasy Mechanism

after recent indulgence our usage was shackled
family fun sky peeping in hindsight
the anti had landed &
it all looked so impoverished

OVERWHELMED DOMINANCE summoned
me to SOMBRE PALACE…
no more Generous Exhibition!
farewell Glittering Unusual!
By First Light Hyrcania’s Strange Coast

& GENERATION WITLESS began to chant
“We Shall All Lose Count!” & “Meet Us At
The Ambush!” i wished for nothing more
than to disembarass myself from this mob.
MARK DECARTERET

from Feasts/Week 6

st jerome emiliani

orphans will often

inherit these phonecalls where

there’s little but breath

st caedmon

the bell of the cow

sounds celestial next to

this cell’s hellish choir
JOHN CROSS

Mathias sets out to study song

Mathias went down to the sea pierced his eyes all in black
upon his head tears at his hair must go begging begun to flicker must go begging
it rained tears at his hair must go begging begun to flicker must go begging
regions of moon upon his head in place of the sun in place of the sun all in black
all in black must go begging Mathias goes down to the sea upon his head tears at his hair

all in black must go begging regions of moon in place of the sun folding and unfolding
Mathias went down to the sea upon his head must go begging
begun to flicker must go begging a photograph number of release in place of the sun
pierced his eyes regions of moon
in place of the sun the maker releases
risen earth in place of the sun in place of the sun pierced his eyes

number of release pierced his eyes regions of moon number of release all in black
must go begging
upon his head tears at his hair must go begging
regions of moon number of release years had dawned a light must go out before
risen earth Mathias went down to the sea pierced his eyes
Mathias sets out to study birth

a hole off center blazing from body to soft ear
dragged on as Mathias could carry gender shriek at first he stood still
   a hole off center he thought dark birds
dark birds blazing from body very bareness stripped trees
   a hole off center braves the debris
at first he stands still blazing from body gathered up gender shriek
   blazing from body as he could carry
   like skin sky stands very bareness
like skin stripped trees dark birds
bolts gears twisted wire dark birds dark birds dragged on
black crayon to cover black birds gathered up as Mathias could carry
Mathias rose from the couch particularly tired

[he] had a genius for brushing up against a woman, a child, a bird and passing it by, then filling the void with a woman, a child, a bird. [he] knew nothing about a woman, a child, a bird for that matter:

“he don’t plant a woman, a child, a bird
don’t plant a woman, a child, a bird
them that plants them is soon forgotten
but old Mathias be just keeps rollin’ along”

a woman, a child, a bird is the correlate of a woman, a child, a bird. a woman, a child, a bird exists only as a function of a woman, a child, a bird, and of circuits; it is a woman, a child, a bird on the circuits that create a woman, a child, a bird, and which a woman, a child, a bird creates. a woman, a child, a bird is defined by entries and exits; something must enter a woman, a child, a bird and exit from a woman, a child, a bird. a woman, a child, a bird imposes a frequency.
Mathias sets out to study the narrator

pulling shut to be held dreams of animals suddenly woke
Mathias through Mathias makes it louder
hissing through its thin blue shell

Mathias hissing through jarring back suddenly woke
baring his teeth dreams of animals

against his mouth suddenly woke
dreams of animals makes it louder
FRANCESCO LEVATO

It has become ritual to the rooftop in search of smoke, divination in how its column contorts writhes up from a point a little too close.

What does it say that from its charcoal stained black I can tell a neighbor gestured wrongly, asked too many questions, may have spoke out of turn;

that I am thankful the flames haven't touched my house, welded fingers together as I covered my face

that I won't be one to pick meat from bones, sift fragments from cinders to assemble a whole, that all I need to know of fire is unrelated to warmth.

***

[ IMAGE: A civilian tries to extinguish a flaming van with a bucket of sand. ]

***
ANDREW McEWAN

from repeater

ASCII is not art. It’s a code, a way of hiding things within smaller things... The codes covered here are the beginning of a crude alphabet for our new machines’ pidgin, a baby language, for better and worse, mindlessly mumbled sub-atomic particles of thought.
– Tom Jennings

| i | 0 | a figure at the far end of headlights’ trace |
| 1 | bulimic transmitter sends into expanse |
| 1 | latches onto preordained schemata |
| 0 | a figure of headlights’ trace |
| 1 | arrangement of connections that either sever or don’t |
| 0 | a figure as the far end of light’s constant movement |
| 0 | a figure and a vehicle connected |
| 1 | proof of existence that propels any machine |

| j | 0 | two hands clasp |
| 1 | a coordinate system constantly repositions |
| 1 | maintains severed constellation distance |
| 0 | one hand limits another |
| 1 | reports an isolated cohesion |
| 0 | two bodies push together at the hand |
| 1 | physicality supplants physicality as the severed wires of space |
| 0 | autonomous bodies’ futile conjoin |
when children create is it through removal or affixation

poem begets machinery begets

code begets sender begets

do children remove to purge

receiver begets code begets

do children affix to compensate

numbers begets letters begets

words begets poem's machinery

in and out of the computer people walk

code is not more circular than zero

code is more circular than a string of zeros

mimic, receive, the people continue toward horizon of bits

code is conceit

code is how it is used

peopled swerve encodes meaning in the walls

people stand – continue, the hum of iterate movement
MICHAEL ALFARO

Keyboard

1 Found poem.
Mark Terrill

Self Portrait in Aisle Seven

Not a single day
without its arduous impiety

just something else
you have to work your way through

like a sudden loss of personality
or a ribald extension of character

or like anything else that smacks you
upside your febrile cognizance

while cruising down aisle seven
of the supermarket on a Friday afternoon.
Anne Gorrick

Graham Cracker Ragas
for Martha Gorrick

Agar corked to karma

      Her cargo’s tragic mark

      armor and okra
      groat and argot

    Let’s chart her vigorous charm

But, the math harms her

    Roughly Torah girthed

      March caromed against her tricks

ghat grim, roach marred

    Let’s add two gar to her ark
    Tar against a torched art

      Both rag-hearted and rag-armed
      heart mocked, the “ah” in “hark”

Her charred trigonometries tacked as stars

    The difference between art and harm
He Left a Codicil in the Kiln
for Lou Dimock

Slink in moonlit
slunk in misconduct

What is the difference in conduction between milk and oil?

Pieces of silk buried in soil…

The limits of a cuckold’s minions

He hid in oilskin
He clicks the moon’s dilution

When the lotus outsold the kilt

Comic or colic?

When I tell and what is untold

Under a mink moon
nouns stunned in night-soot
ink skims across the starloom
knitted in milt and mint

He is trapped in a tin sulk
a kimono knotted around his kilos
the mark of the clinic

Lotus-slim, oilskin, slumped
Thrush
for the Smith kids

Triple elision

Teething stars
hint eden

She's full of scrolls

The tile yell
all is on it

tease out a hint of mane

myths of shale
and lilies

anneal, limn

name everything

Noh soire over Seine

on Lent

sine figures lean

caught in the hymn seine
unseem and seem, tin
Adam Strauss

Aporias 1

Traced on vellum in the flashiest spine possible

Plumbs: depth becomes crushing breath:
A redaction a reaction of the body as we know it.

Roses close up for the night narrates.

Glorious aporias go spelunking—one spelling

Chun King through their gait chucking a cap floats downstream

Banking at an isle whose every extremity is a dive: swan song

The muck a trumpeter steps up thus let’s dip thus let’s slip and slide a

Straight shot to lively.

Alembic fosse fossilizes a limbic fissure occurs

Freshening what looked like the final day of a freshet:

Love is a freshet. Limpidities rehearse. Truth limns lies. Limbs lie.

Love endlessly defines indefinite.

What is a period? A period punctuates establishing perplexity. What is perplexity?

Perplexity is an instance. What is an? An is that which comes with an after. What is after?

After is noon and before math. What is and? And is part of some rhetorical structures?

What is rhetoric? I love you. What is you? You is a bloodstream.

What is is? Is is itself. What is itself? Itself is impossible. What is impossible?

Impossible is more than one and less than nothing. What is nothing? Nothing is what nobody’s noticed yet. What is noticed? Noticed is eyes opened or closed depending.

What is eyes? Eyes is the round things ophthalmologists bring to procedure classes.
Felino Soriano

Painters’ Exhalations 432
after Philip Guston’s Zone

Mourning, an all day exhibit. All day
anchored down
    emotional
contracts with existential ramifications.
        Neither hand nor
faith
can
climb
into the skeletal marrow;
potion redo example of ersatz
re
incarn
ation.

Human touch eventually evaporated.

Words of such drastic movement
escape the tongues humidity, rarely.

The poor woman unaware of this massive clogged artery died, alone
alone
    alone
and the watchers mourn with brushes
of depicting surrealist
accuracy.
Painters' Exhalations 434
after Hans Hoffman's Nocturnal Splendor

The eye in constant mourning
cannot imagine
answers atop the unfolded page of night's
dramatic questions. The philosopher
has not slept, not yet acquainted self
with time's many changing silhouettes,
delineating
moon's hiding and
glass's rise into fully sharpened
blades.
His mind, mechanical, and
the logic churning his isolation
has caused many doors to stay
ajar, though his body cannot
explain its reputation for
lying still.
Painters’ Exhalations 435
after Winslow Homer’s High Cliff, Coast of Maine

The martial artist’s gnarled knuckles, his hand of symbolized granite, toughened from constant consistency training to obscure pain, slamming velocity into immovable brick and the antiquated skin of an oak’s massive back. Time has shaped a normalized deformity. The hand, acclimated to idealized tool, discreet weapon. Akin to the ebony rock, planted whole near a sea of continuous borage, crashing with criticizing gall, a parent’s tongue forcing dissipation of idealized identity. The rock, disposition of existence gathered around memorial force, a body of kingdom built upon laughter towards an inferior legacy.
Is this a shared email address?

Yes.

What about in your lives as editors/publishers. How does the collaborative act function within this framework?

I want to come back to translation, which is a very interesting collaboration even if it is in one direction rather than back and forth. Keith has often said it very well: translation allows you to write something you would not be able to write on your own. This is probably the real reason for translating: you find a text you admire—you wish you had written it, but know you couldn’t possibly have—so you “write” it by translating it.

As for editing/publishing. Our tastes are rather similar, so there is a fair amount of agreement. But we don’t have to agree on a ms. If one of us is totally enthusiastic we do it (assuming we have the time and money)—even if the other does not see it. While we were still printing the Burning Deck books letterpress in our basement it was very simple: whoever really wanted the ms. had to do the work typesetting and printing. Now that we typeset on the computer like everybody else and have the printing done outside, the work divides more on the lines that I do the inside (mostly because I’m more comfortable with the computer), whereas Keith does the covers, mostly as collage.

Keith, is collage, like translation, a one-way collaborative act? An editorial one? How do the two differ beyond the obvious matter of medium?

I use collage elements as a painter uses paints or inks (which I use also). Used in collage, elements lose (at least to a large extent) the character they have in their original setting. If they do not lose enough of that character, they remain quotations, not collage elements.

Rosmarie, I can’t help but notice that your work with Keith, Flat with NO Key in particular, tends to structure itself in a layered manner in which the edges of individual thought are visible, but consistently blurred by repetition and variation. Is collaboration, then, necessarily an act of collage?
RW: In our case it certainly is. But I am amused at “the edges of individual thought are visible” because when we collaborate we also occasionally allow ourselves to imitate the other’s manner. Not so much in *Flat with NO Key* as in earlier sequences. With the result that when we collected our collaborations for *Well Well Reality* (Post-Apollo Press) we couldn’t always remember who had written which parts.

FS: In light travels and *Flat with NO Key* the collaborative patterns seem light-hearted. The repetitions jump like a private joke between two writers. This patterning seems to hinge primarily on the sound of language at work rather than its image. In *Curves To the Apple*, on the other hand, there seems to be more at stake in the narrative and the patterning of language is both sonic and image-based. How does the act of collaboration affect one’s attention to language? Does play necessarily replace the pursuit of image-based structures?

RW: I don’t think the act of collaboration necessarily affects one in any particular way. It just happens that Keith and I have gotten more playful in these particular collaborations. In my own “singular” work I mostly write sequences.

The rules are important, they help make it all happen.
This requires a certain continuity, hence narrative or mock-narrative elements, repeating images, etc. In the collaborations I tend to think more in terms of the single poem.

**FS:** Structure seems to play a key part in your collaborations, particularly in the alphabetic arrangement of *Flat with NO Key*. How do you arrive at a given structure? Is it a goal from the beginning or something that arises over the course of the collaboration?

**RW:** We always set one or more formal parameters at the beginning. In *Flat with NO Key*, there were 3 rules.

1. Each person would either repeat or modify the lines of the preceding stanza plus add 1 line.

2. Each line had to have at least 1 word beginning with the letter that is the title of the poem.

3. The word beginning with the title letter had to be kept whereas the rest of the line could be changed. E.g. “B”:

“The ferry boat comes out of the mist.” “Boat” has to be kept, but stanza 2 has it “emerging from a realm of shells” and, in the second line, “into a region of bone.” Now “boat” and “bone” have to be kept, so the 3rd stanza becomes:

*The boat emerges from shells and mist into a region of bone ferrying the definition of between*

In *Until Volume One*, each poem had to have the word “until” in the middle, and the author changed on this word. If you initiated the poem you could either write the first half leading up to “until” or begin with “until” and write the second half. Then your partner had to complete the poem.

The rules are important, they help make it all happen. Most of our attempts that fizzled out had rules that were either too lax to be generative or too complicated and therefore stifling.

**FS:** Keith, with Baudelaire’s *The Flowers of Evil*, you chose the verset as a vehicle for your translations... How does this device interact with Baudelaire’s original rhythm and tone?

**KW:** The Flowers of Evil of Baudelaire are in various French meters and rhymed. An English translation cannot use the same meters, since they do not exist in English. English meters can be used, of course, and often have been. There are also versions in free verse and others in prose. A translator must choose whatever he or she finds possible to use. I felt I could get closer to Baudelaire’s tone by using versets, a sort of measured prose. And I consider his tone to be the most important thing—though I might add that prose also makes possible versions closer to the meaning of the poems. That something is lost in crossing from French to English is hardly surprising, but I kept what I could. I hope it is not taken (at a glance) to be a “literal” prose trot. It has its own rhythm answering, I hope, to his.

**FS:** I’m afraid that’s about all the time we have. This issue needs to get to press in the next couple of weeks. Keith, we’d like to offer our heartfelt congratulations for the recent National Book Award nomination! It is an an inspiring list this year to be sure...

We’d like to close with the question of literary lineage. Who are the writers you look to, past and present?

**RW:** This is hard to answer because there are so many! But the writers who have “fed” my writing most would be Rilke, Emily Dickinson, Pound, Creeley, Oppen, Gertrude Stein, Kafka, Musil, Valéry, Wittgenstein, Agamben, William & Henry James, Edmond Jabès, Claude Royet-Journoud, Anne-Marie Albiach, Emmanuel Hocquard, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Lyn Hejinian, bp nichols, Cole Swensen, Norma Cole, Yoel Hoffmann...

**KW:** Earlier English writers I look to most often include Pope and Marvell. Modernist authors who have meant...
much to me include Pound, Stevens, Queneau; in the next generation Oppen, Bronk. The work of Claude Royet-Journoud has meant much to me.

FS: And, finally: what projects, collaborative or otherwise, are on the horizon?

KW: I’m translating several French poets, including Bénédicte Vilgraine, and working towards a large gathering of poems and a prose work.

RW: I suspect our next collaborative project will have to be editorial: putting together an anthology for Burning Deck’s 50th anniversary in 2011. On my own, I’ve started a series of poems that derive their vocabulary from dictionary definitions, there is the “Hidden Haiku” project that will abridge classics to 17 syllables, and there are several translation projects (a couple more Jabès books, an Austrian writer, Brigt Kempker).

FS: Thank you both so much for your time!
Elocution is a word we no longer often hear in relation to poetry, or in association with much of anything else for that matter. The knowledge of physical presentation, vocal emphasis, and bodily performance was banished mostly to speech departments and acting studios with the arrival of radio, film, and television. But poets once performed their work with attention to physical presentation. Wordsworth, for instance, recited his poetry in grand style while Coleridge opted for a more subdued approach. The Beats stood on tables, set things on fire, inviting an element of dangerous play into their readings. We are more accustomed now to the lone speaker before a podium who banters a little between poems, although Slam Poets and other performance-based authors improvise for an audience with an eye to elocutionary style. Rodrigo Toscano's Collapsible Poetics Theater does something quite different. His words, like scripts to a play, create a raw outline that forms the basis for more kinetic and multi-vocal performances, (some of which are available for online viewing). His book, then, should be read with an eye to the physical gestures, facial expressions, and bodily synchronizations that motivate his placement of words on the page. Using print, performance space, and digital media, Toscano’s interactive project strategically perverts the private reading of a text with the public carnival of performance.

Significantly, these masques, dialogues, “anti-masques,” plays and radio plays, “body movement poem[s],” and “modular poetic activities” are written for quick production, using actors and non-actors who coordinate their readings to give physical presence to the work. To accomplish this, Toscano invests in public and private language, the transgression of social boundaries, and the coordination of communities to rehearse and resist cultural and ethnic tropes. “Pig Angels of the Americlypse,” for instance, an absurdist and incongruent “anti-masque,” hinges on the recurring Spanish word buscar—to seek. Combining Spanish and English, it presents a parody of corporate culture in the form of four players who busy themselves with a fax (pronounced “fahks”) machine while discussing issues of trans-national immigration and enculturation. While such broad topics easily could distract an audience, Toscano’s satiric, but probing, vocal and visual performances are based on bilingual dialogue that re-contextualizes and subverts a reading:

{P1} The sun the sun…{P1 jolts back by glare;}{P2 & P3 straining to see it (directly below)}
{P2} And these puercos {snorts like a pig}{sneering} sin destino.
{P1} “Se busca?”
{P2} “ Wanted”—“is sought”—“we seek”
{P3 takes out a pencil; makes a gesture for each word (clearly visible to the spectators)}
Se busca—
lapiz {“pencil”}
filoso {“sharp”}
ambriento {“starving”} (36)

The quick, bilingual pace defamiliarizes the guarded perceptions of ethnicity and power relations, reorienting problems of cultural identity from more common media discussions. The “puercos…sin destino” (37) (pigs… without destiny) return throughout as players riff on common cultural tropes of office and national politics. “Oof,” shouts player 3, “Dual citizenship, that’s / tight underwear” (37). Here a dramatic critique of national sovereignty complicates the relations of self to citizenship. This downplay of “dual citizenship” suggests an impasse...
where notions of allegiance to nation-states are complicated by other identifying codes. Player 1 announces, “Nationstate up—personal dreams down—got it?” (40), signaling a disaffection with such global identifications. As Player 3 asks, “Who are the real Americans of today?” (40).

This questioning of what constitutes “real” Americans associates with a number of cultural obsessions with identity. The meaning of the question relies on how it is spun. Although he plays on a patriotic trope routinely announced by conservatives (think Rush Limbaugh), the notion of a “real American” in this situation retains deeper associations to self-identity and ethnicity. Toscano examines this in relation to the ironic speed of contemporary global travel by which a peregrination of ideas, words, goods, and identities motivates American “citizens” to perform their cultural allegiance with increasing desperation. One suggested improvisation, for instance, implies a rapid collapse of cultural identity:

“Hey-a Dan, my man, how was your trip to Canada?” “Cool cool, except, well, my Walmart card, you know, didn’t uh, but the Target card, plus my visa to Serbia—‘Serbo-Italians!? coming out of Kentucky, now, don’t they have—’ “yeah, a Starbucks card, in this instance, is uh, hellab...hellah better than a chain cutter on load...” (41).

These neo-Liberal voices reveal a consciousness organized by corporate brands and ethnic identities: place is absent as these constructed selves find their orientation through products. “[Y]ou know what I want, Dan, like, right now;” the voices continue, “‘Pyramidal Orientation’ ‘a bucket of duty-free fried chicken’ ‘for the road’ ‘no, for here’ ‘where’s here?’” The obvious turn—“where’s here”—figures prominently: how does the subject find cultural meaning in an endlessly proliferating global marketplace given the absence of a strongly constituted sense of place?

The insistence on poetry as a collective, public, and political activity shapes this work, too. Toscano’s preference for the rhetorical over the formal, for communal action over representation, leads him at times to invite some badly needed critical reflection from his peers. (From the looks of the images online, the audiences are composed of people generally sympathetic to Toscano’s project and who are familiar with contemporary avant-garde poetry.) “Aren’t you just an aging adjunct?” Toscano writes. “In the style of a
Grungerian chant / we should chant...now...together...in concert... / Aren’t you just an aging / McHomo / Cogitans / pan-fried / monkey” (84)? Such acting out shows off Toscano’s self-critical commitments, allowing him to transcend, through the many voices of his theater, his own identifications as a poet, actor, and labor activist, among others. “This / ever-shrinking / ancient-future / ritual of ‘indie’ / sexpression // mc’fumbles / and mc’quips / of economic / confidence” (85) might address with stark impact some of the political assumptions consciously or unconsciously maintained by an audience of contemporary poets.

While these performances reinforce certain socio-political desires for an audience already mostly in agreement with Toscano’s project, it would be interesting to see some of these played before auditors of more diverse socio-economic and educational backgrounds. Moreover, readers without access to the plays are at a disadvantage, for the flatness of the page only distantly correlates with the kinetic movement of the stage. Despite this, his theatrical performances invest in a public act to search (buscar again) for relations between seemingly disconnected phenomena. He asks his audience to reflect on how we speak to one another and how we see others for whom representation is more problematically coded. Opening or expanding those codes in order to adapt to new situations can reorient perspectives to complex and contested social environments.

FACT-SIMILE is now accepting book reviews for our biannual print and online publication. If you have a review you’d like considered, please send a brief query including name, title, author and short excerpt along to the address below:

submissions@fact-simile.com

Please include “Review” in the subject line.
Michael J. Alfaro is publisher and editor of Silenced Press (www.silencedpress.com). He lives in Columbus, Ohio but he has been thinking about Portland.

Billy Cancel is a Brooklyn based English poet, he has been published in numerous presses in the UK & US as well as having his sound poetry featured on-line. Billy Cancel has performed at The Poetry Project amongst other NYC venues & also publishes & distributes his own chapbooks. He is also in the noise poetry band Farms.

John Cross earned an undergraduate degree at the University of CA, Los Angeles, and an M.F.A. from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop. His work has appeared in New American Writing, Volt, Forklift Ohio, and other journals and was awarded the 2001 Mary Roberts Rinehart Award. His chapbook, staring at the animal (Tupelo) is forthcoming. He lives in Los Angeles, with his wife and four cats, and teaches at Westridge School in Pasadena.


Mark DeCarteret’s saints have appeared in Alba, beard of bees, bore less, can’t exist, Omphalos, and (soon) elmae. Other poetry in AGNI, Caliban, Chicago Review, Conduit, Cream City Review, gutcult, h_ngm_n, Hotel Amerika, Killing the Buddha, Mudfish, New Orleans Review, and Third Coast as well as the anthologies American Poetry: The Next Generation (Carnegie Mellon Press, 2000), Thus Spake the Corpse: An Exquisite Corpse Reader (Black Sparrow Press, 1999) and Under the Legislature of Stars: 62 New Hampshire Poets (Oyster River Press) which he also co-edited. Work is also forthcoming in Boston Review, Coconut, failbetter, Salamander, and Superstition Review. He was recently selected as the seventh Poet Laureate of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.


Poet, translator, and new media artist Francesco Levato is the executive director of The Poetry Center of Chicago. He is the author of Marginal State and War Rug, a book length documentary poem. His work has been published internationally in journals and anthologies, both in print and online, including Drunken Boat, The Progressive, XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics, Versal, and many others. His poetry-based
video artwork has been exhibited in galleries and featured at film festivals in Berlin, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. For more information please visit www.francescolevato.com.

Duane Locke lives hermetically by ancient oak, an underground stream, and an osprey’s nest in rural Lakeland, Florida. He has 6,418 different poems published in print magazines, American Poetry Review, Nation, etc. and e zines, CounterExample Poetics, Pen Himalaya (Nepal) And 21 books of poems. His three latest books, 2009, are Yang Chiu’s Poems (376 pp.) Crossing Chaos, Canada (order from publisher or Amazon); Voices from a Grave (40 pp.) erbacce, England (order from erbacce), and Soliloquies from a High Wall Hidden Cemetery (37 pp.) Differentia Press, California (Free download, www.differentiapress.com).

Andrew McEwan is from Bright’s Grove, Ontario, and currently attends the University of Toronto. He has work published in Dandelion, and forthcoming in Misunderstandings Magazine and an anthology, Galch, published by Tightrope Books. He is also the 2009-2010 editor of the Acta Victoriana literary journal at the University of Toronto.

George Moore has collaborated with painters, sculptors and conceptual artists in Spain, Portugal, Iceland and Canada, and his poetry has also appeared recently in England, Ireland, and France. He was a Neodata Fellowship recipient in 2009, a finalist for the Richard Snyder Memorial Prize in 2007, and earlier for The National Poetry Series, The Brittingham Award and The Anhinga Prize. He has new work with Temenos, Bathhouse, Zone, Diode, International Zeitschrift, Diagram, Stickman Review, and poetry previously in The Atlantic, Poetry, Northwest Review, Colorado Review, and elsewhere. Moore’s eBook, All Night Card Game in the Back Room of Time, is available from Poetschappbooks.com (2008), and his collection, Headhunting, was published by Edwin Mellen in 2002. He teaches literature and writing with the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Monica Peck is a writer and teacher in the Bay Area.

Felino A. Soriano (b. 1974, California) is a case manager and advocate for developmentally and physically disabled adults. He edits/publishes CounterExample Poetics, www.countereexamplepoetics.com, an online journal of experimental artistry, and Differentia Press, differentiapress.blogspot.com, dedicated to publishing e-chapbooks of experimental poetry. As a poet, he has authored ten collections of poetry, including Among the Interrogated (BlazeVOX [books], 2008), Search among the Absent Found (Recycled Karma Press, 2009), and r (please press, 2009). The internal collocation of philosophical studies and love of classic and avant-garde jazz is the explanation for his poetic stimulation. Details are at his website, www.felinosoriano.com.

Adam Strauss has poems out in BlazeVOX and Otoliths, as well as work forthcoming in Drunken Boat and The Colorado Review as well. A chapbook, Address, is available from Scantily Clad Press.

Ray Succre currently lives on the southern Oregon coast with his wife and son. He has been published in Aesthetica, BlazeVOX, and Punk, as well as in numerous others across as many countries. His novels Titterdomacion (2008) and Amphibisana (2009), both through Caullay, are widely available in print. A third novel, A Fine Young Day, is forthcoming in Summer 2010. He tries hard.

Mark Terrill shipped out of San Francisco as a merchant seaman to the Far East and beyond, studied and spent time with Paul Bowles in Tangier, Morocco, and has lived in Germany since 1984, where he’s worked as a shipyard welder, road manager for rock bands (American Music Club, Mekons, etc), cook, postal worker and translator. The author of 15 volumes of poetry, memoir and translations, he recently guest-edited a special German poetry issue of the Atlantis Review, which includes his translations of Günter Grass, Peter Handke, Rolf Dieter Brinkmann and others. A three-time nominee for the Pushcart Prize, his own work has been translated into German, French and Portuguese, and he’s given readings in various venues in Amsterdam, Berlin, Paris and Prague. His latest chapbook is The Salvador-Dalai-Lama Express from Main Street Rag. Other recent work published or forthcoming in Columbia Poetry Review, Hanging Loose, Sentence, Noon, Washington Square, The Prague Revue, New Madrid, Hitotoki, Zen Monster and elsewhere. He currently lives on the grounds of a former shipyard near Hamburg, Germany with his wife and a large brood of cats.
GEORGE MOORE

Café Solo