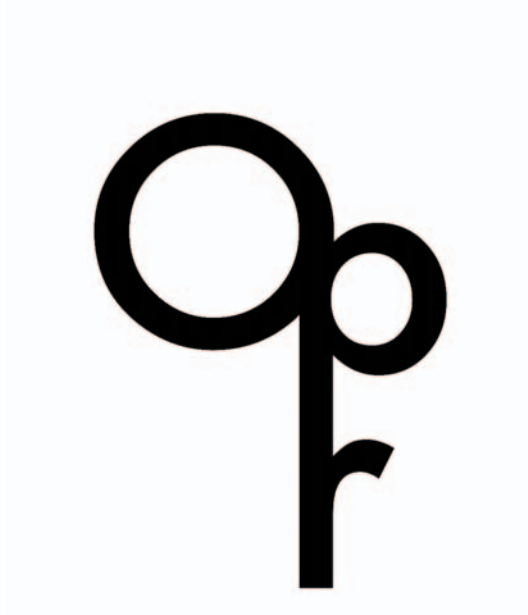


Celebrate Five of the City's Best Small Presses Inside in Their Own Words and Live



d.a. levy lives

celebrating renegade presses

Local Small Presses Night

Tues. Nov. 17, 6:30 p.m., \$5 suggested

Clown War/CLWN WR
—Bob Heman

Live Mag
—Alisha Kaplan and
Paco Marquez

Poets Wear Prada
—Tantra-zawadi

Posit
—Martine Bellen,
Joanna Fuhrman, Joe
Pan, Leah Umansky

The Organism for
Poetic Research
—Timothy Ander-
son, Anna Moser,
Ada Smalbegović,
Rachael M. Wilson

with music from
Jonathan Wood
Vincent

6:00 p.m.

Book

Fair

Readings from Clown War/
CLWN WR, Live Mag, Poets
Wear Prada, Posit, and The
Organism for Poetic Research
authors (see below).

Sidewalk Cafe

94 Avenue A

(@ E. 6th St.)

The East Village

For information call
212-842-BOOG (2664)

editor@boogcity.com

@boogcity

clown war / clwn wr

edited by Bob Heman

Time to put
away childish things

what's for dinner?

Judy Kamilhor
clwn wr 47

among
the many flowers
the one
without
frangrance

Alex Caldiero
clwn wr 47

men come
men leave

Patricia Sonogo
clwn wr 47



Faces

she put her face into
a mirror
to keep in unchanged
and put the mirror
into her backpack
and never looked back.

Allen Brafman
clwn wr 42

A Perfect Romance

Once was a girl without hind-fore-mid-
up-down-side-ways-brain, just crows
inside her head: oy such an ache. Met a
boy with only worms inside his head; oy
such a tickle. So crows flew out of girl's
head into boy's. She so whoopsy giddy
fell off cliff onto a glacial lake, became
duck. Boy followed, also became duck.

Carol Novack
clwn wr 42

clwn wr 41



The Three Stages of Love

Standing
Sitting
Climbing

Christopher Harter
clwn wr 44

42

A Practice

One daya I woke up
From a cicada's courting
Unbearably sexier than a human's
I threw away the blanket of winter
And shed the skin of spring
From legs of symbolic yawning
Caressing the bed's crimped forehead.

Wu-Shan Qian-wen
clwn wr 44

her body
a series of small dishes

Kit Kennedy
clwn wr 41

we still have bees, here
loud, huge, and curious
I will tell you their names
after I look them up
but petals are raining down
I don't want to miss this
plum blossom rain

Phyllis Wat
clwn wr 44

clwnwr@optimum.net



CINCO SONIDOS

A raid
of birds
cannibalizes blue poppies,
dancing on fountain waters,
like a hailstorm on a pond.

Brain roots
diving fierce
overgrow the earth's core —
sparkling cool synapses —
colonies of earth worms.

Laughing winds
flow green
through chatter city-forests
bouncing in bone-brick homes:
pillow memories afloat.

Black cloth
layered fresh
with grey-erasers rain,
drumming a quiet tone —
like an audience of clapping infants.

Crown saints
urinate
diamond prophecies —
dance on wood-decks in flames
of their quiet demise.

— Paco Marquez

Paco Marquez is originally from Mexico and Northern California. He is poetry editor at *Washington Square*. His work has appeared in *Apogee*, the *Squaw Valley Review*, and *OccuPoetry*, among others. He was featured as "Lo-Writer of the Week" in Juan Felipe Herrera's California Poet Laureate website, and more recently, on Columbia University WKCR 89.9 FM's "Studio A." This poem appears in *LIVE MAG! #12*.



Mercury in Retrograde

Are goodbyes necessary really
Do you interrupt or
Wait till conversation lulls
I stand there twisting my hair
Truth is
I don't know how to speak
I am a dowsing rod
I detect gravesites
And shiny things like water
Sometimes I hear ghoststeps
Are goodbyes really necessary
Can you speak for me
Warning: I intend to be apocalyptic
I intend to be your kick-in-the-ass
Joking: I only dream of volatility
I wish I was charismatic enough to start a cult
You are charismatic enough to start a cult
Your voice is sweet and salty
I lick it up
You like my eyebrows wild
I smooth them down
I forget my ferocity
Put my head in a virgin's lap
And go to sleep
And the hunters take me
While I dream of delivering
An elaborate joke

— Alisha Kaplan

LIVE MAG! was born to run at the Bowery Poetry Club in 2007. Originally Bob Holman and Jeffrey Cyphers Wright presented it as a live event. The magazine evolved into print and can now be found online as well, offering an equal mix of art and poetry with some reviews. The magazine just released issue 12. Publisher and editor Wright is joined by Associate Editor Lori Ortiz and Deputy Editor Ilka Scobie. Ortiz is also the web designer. In a unique partnership with La Mama, ETC, the magazine hosts an annual publication party. Please subscribe to this underground treasure. <http://livemag.org>



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Alisha Kaplan writes poetry, short stories and something in-between. She is an MFA candidate in poetry at NYU and an editor of the *Washington Square Review*. Her writing has appeared in *The Chicago Tribune*, *Carousel*, *Lilith*, *The Irish Literary Review*, the *Best American Poetry* blog and elsewhere. Originally from Toronto, Alisha now lives in Brooklyn. Later, she will be a farmer. This poem is slated for *LIVE MAG! #13*.

And poets should be wearing Prada; I mean, they should be wearing Gucci; they should have designers bags; they should live in penthouses; and they should be like worshiped! (laughing) Because, because, most of them are like, I mean, they're struggling to get all these ideas on paper, these images. You know, poets can be very visual, they observe things, and I tend to be long winded in my work -- that's just my style -- but I am amazed how some people can be so brief, and just tell you everything, in just, you know, just like, you know, what seems to be a blink of the eye.

Publisher Roxanne Hoffman
(Interviewer: Anne Salmon, WKCR (89.9 FM - NY), ArtWaves, 2007)



THE DRONE

The moment you tune
your guitar to one chord,

you have to learn where not
to put your fingers, what to

leave alone. Imagine a piano
turned upside down, the white

keys black, an ocean pulsing
in a shell. African tribesmen,

Vivaldi, Mozart knew
you let one note jangle

& throb behind the brain.
The same train takes you

from the Delta to Detroit --
the human heartbeat.

From *Most Likely to Die*
by Hilary Sideris

Noli Me Tangere

I touch unreality
with words.

From *TEN* by
John Jack Jackie (Edward) Cooper

Noilly Me Tanqueray

I touch unreality
with gin— *plus* vermouth.

From *TEN* by
John Jack Jackie (Edward) Cooper

PEASANT WOMAN WITH STRAW HAT SITTING IN THE WHEAT

Also known as Young Peasant Woman with Straw Hat
Sitting in the Wheat.

Long leaves like ribbons of green silk shot with pink,
The grain is gold and the pink flowering
Convolvulus clings tighter to the stem.
A pale straw hat with untied sky-blue knot
Halos her face as realization comes.
Desire fills her ... she is lost to self ...
And in a breath her breast holds all the stars,
The deep blue opening above her head.
At last, she is no longer made to wait,
The maid whose apron is immaculate.
All is concealed in wheat. It is revealed
Something is going on no eye can see.
Hortus conclusus, virgin, unicorn ...
Betrayed by flesh He walks and poppies bloom.

From *The Figure in the Landscape* by Erica Mapp

Help Coming Through

Love me with your words
Sing them with your heart and soul
Breathe me a poem

From *Bubbles*
by Tantra-zawadi

Dancers on a Falling Bridge

Like jugglers in the snow
or dancers on a falling bridge,
we seek to toss and cling
between our bed and clock.
At times your heart seems closed
as the leather eye
of a camel in the sandstorm,
but I watch for the flicker of your eye
— a canary in the mineshaft —
your amber eye,
embedded in your olive skin.

And in the moon of our melancholy
— this pitch and warp of earth —
like truant children trapped on high
by noonday's clanging steeple bells,
we feel a nausea of ear, a nausea of eye.
We listen to each other in the dark,
saliva gathering in the basin of the mouth —
no word spoken.

From *Wordglass* by Robert Kramer





--Curtis LeMieux, Grover Cleveland
(Posit 7)

Stephanie King

Do You Lose Time?

My thirty sins are filed away in thirty sturdy folios.
 1. Truth chafes.
 2. I can't miss work. I've washed my hands twice since noon,
 and the need to return is returning.
 3. etc.
 I am an endothermic animal.
 My ten, strict claws warm up
 before I place a nickel in the slot. I have ten
 ways to suffer. The desk is just a drawer away
 from watering plants until evening,
 trickling my palms under the flashing water.
 Counting them is tedious. Choose a pretty tab to pull apart –
 the pink one is not sipping, the yellow, deflowered.

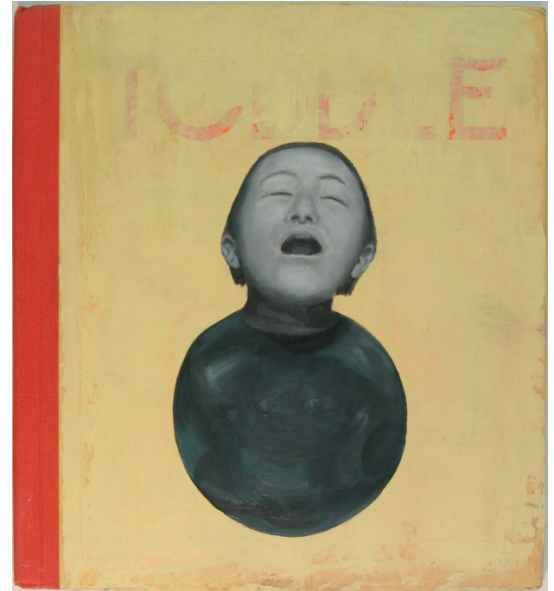
(Posit 7)

Derek Graf

In the Rendaku Forest

I have listened to the night's empty corner and I admit, I bleed everything: the open
 seams in your woolen throat, the black threads of rivers, the bracken, the burning
 curtains. I have fastened my fists with wasps and buried the moon in carrion—I have
 dragged locusts from the trees and in these unfledged nests I will sketch your corpse
 in ink: my hands will carry dirt from the churchyard and stack our coffins in the town
 green. Let us clean the blood from the harbor; let us frame the nebulas in their static
 and stitch this sackcloth with our ashes. Let the clouds whisper through our bones,
 let winter fill our mouths with voices that lift like crows: when the stars lie still on our
 fingertips, let us pin together our scars.

(Posit 4)



--Gina Pearlin, Toddle (2012) (Posit 4)

POSIT. a journal of literature and art

Posit publishes finely crafted innovative literature and visual art. Our editorial tastes are broad, but lean towards the experimental. Contributors include Anne Waldman, Elaine Equi, Amy King, Seth Abramson, B.K. Fischer, Sheila Murphy, Joanna Fuhrmann, Simeon Berry, Zach Savich, Joe Pan, Norma Cole, Joanna Penn Cooper, Martine Bellen, and many more.

Posit is published online, four times per year. Submissions are considered between September 1st and May 31st.

www.positjournal.com



--John Yoyogi Fortes
Navigating the Slippery Slope (Posit 6)

Travis and JenMarie Macdonald

Say Your Silent Goodbyes

The most impossible white
 point star left

 a conventional impact crater.
 And yet you are found:
 a skinny little idiot
 in a blizzard of bullets.

Unfrazzle your asteroid
 laser, cue montage music
 like a missile through a plate glass window.
 Hide your weeping angel eyebrows;

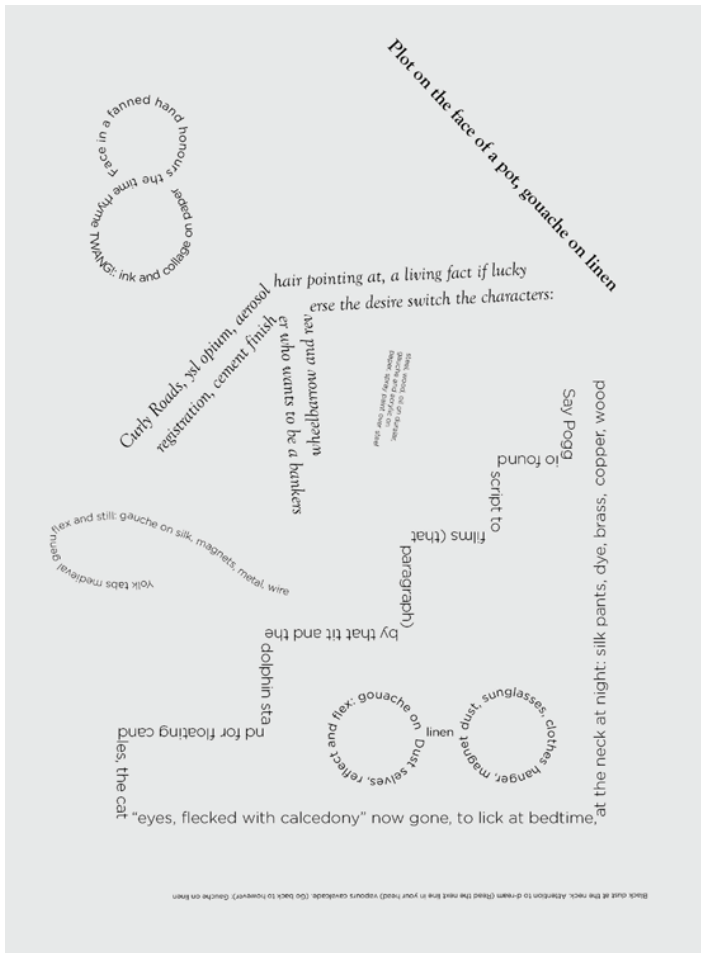
the approach begins.
 The horde of travesty's
 nightmare child. Choose your enemy
 from memory's 4-beat cycle.

(Posit 1)

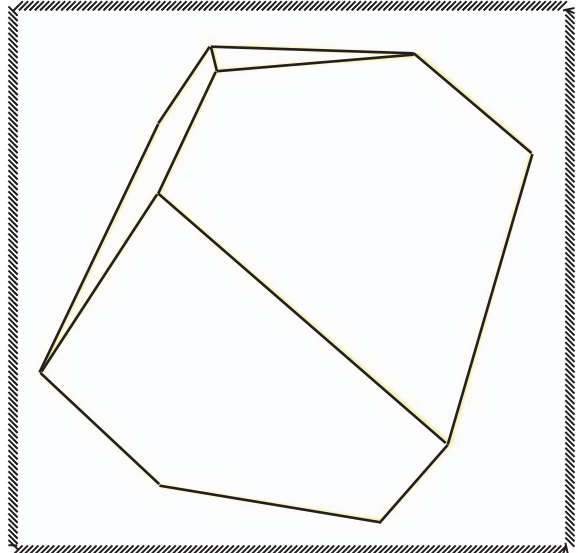


Organism for Poetic Research

TUESDAY 20 OCTOBER 2015



I know what this table looks like. I mean, I know what this table looks like when there is no difference in its relative speed and mine. The things in this room—books, coffee mugs, empty plates, wrappers, pens, photos of people I love—occupy most of the space. I'm here too, mainly sitting but standing up from time to time to move around, while *Theory, A Sunday* is still on the table, and I know what it looks like. Right now, it is after sunset. France Théoret writes, "I am time." The shadow of the book on the wall is a thin rectangle. I have been thinking about something my son shouted while riding a bicycle down a wooded path as he looked back and forth between the road ahead and his shadow moving alongside him: "Mom, I'm not really cutting down the trees!" I feel uneasy telling you this, but I need a place to start.



CIRCUS OF RESISTANCE

The tradition of the carnival allowed the toddler to drunk-walk toward the bedroom mirror. And the tradition of the carnival allowed history to be—at least for this day—rewritten. Madeline was a straight-forward poppet, from one angle. "I'd like to put my hand to this hand," she thought—just like a marionette. In that actioning, however, there was a resistance from the backdrop objects: the brainless bed, for instance, mocked her desire to test out sameness: *just let it go and continue to go... there's your immortality.*

The tradition of the carnival allowed the toddler to drunk-walk toward the bedroom mirror. And the tradition of the carnival allowed history to be—at least for this day—rewritten. Madeline was a straight-forward poppet, from one angle. "I'd like to put my hand to this hand," she thought—just like a marionette. In that actioning, however, there was a resistance from the backdrop objects: the brainless bed, for instance, mocked her desire to test out sameness: *just let it go and continue to go... there's your immortality.*

WE BUY ELVER



*** ** ***

1-800-GLAS-EEL

27 FUNGUS PORRIDGE
RITUAL OF MORNING SECRETION. SLOW BUILDUP

RI	RIC	ITUA	WRIT	TCHU	WRITE
VICT	STEM	ICTUAL	ETU	ALL	
UH	UH	OO	EF	FF	OV
OUF					
MM	MO	OUR	OR	UR	URN
URNING	EARN	RUN	NI	ING	
SEE	SA	SAC	CRINE	ACRID	SACRI
RIND	CREE	CRETE	SECRET	ECRIT	
SLL	LO	AUWW	ALLOW	LOW	
SALLOW	AOW	SLOE	OW		
BI	BILL	ILL	ILD	DILLUP	PP
ILP	UP	BILD	BILGE		



The scene can be understood as a game – an adventure that some people wanted to have in time while waiting.

[...]

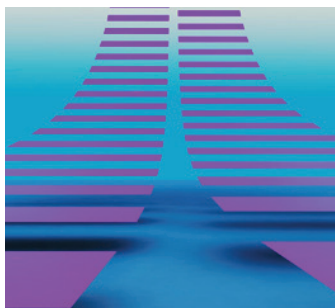
In this work, the internal protrusion of metal nails evokes the bristling quills of a porcupine, complicating the crisp, minimalistic exterior; but the question of what is protecting what does not follow; there is no thing inside; the animalistic instinct to protect against intrusion is too late.

[...]

In this scene a woman is rendered available because she is at the edge of the world.

That edge is a reoccurrence – it moves without hesitation from a rim to the interior.

–Ada Smailbegović + Anna Moser



A stone is a mountain range that sticks out of the sea.

D.R.



...a mildewed red cloth Sartor Resartus open to the description of Teufelsdröckh's learning, Warburg's weighty *Renewal of Pagan Antiquity* open to a photograph of the façade of his library at 116 Hellwigstrasse, Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* with cracked spine, Descartes' *Discourse on Method* held together with cellophane tape. Two empty mugs, two burnt matches, two hairpins, a tangle of electrical cables, a tube of hand cream, a small brass dish of paperclips mixed with screws that have fallen out of the Thonet chair, two empty ink cartridges, a pile of bills and unanswered administrative tasks, the glowing screen.

From top left to bottom right: Tiziana La Melia, from *The riddle of the faux fabricated found object...* in *Pelt*, vol. 2; Kristen Tapson, from "Lake Swamp Fields" in *Re: Theory, a Sunday*; Dürer's Solid design by Rachael Wilson; Jake Kennedy, from *Made Line Sing*; Peter McDonald, from *Cream* in OPR web residencies; Ada Smailbegović + Anna Moser, from *Pelt* v. 4 Call for work; Zachary Margolis, film still from *Origin of the True Cinema* in *Light-Soluble Mediums*; Dieter Roth, from "Der Tränensee," trans. R. Wilson; "Coal" from OPR Index; Vito Acconci, from "Removal, Move (Line of Evidence)"; Jeff T. Johnson, from *Letters from the Archiverse* in *Pelt*, vol.1; and Lisa Robertson, from *Thinking Space*.

Visit our website at: www.organismforpoeticresearch.org for upcoming events, new editions, and calls for work.

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F14 D13 C6 C14 F2 A9 A9 B10
A9 C14 J9 B12 B12 C12 C12
C12 C12 C12 C12 D13 D13 D13
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C14 C14 H13 G2 B6 F14 G4 J9
F3 F6 F6 J7 H14 D14 K12 G4
B10 C12 K11 A9 D5 F14 E6 L7





Washington Square Park, Don Yorty photo

Bill Kushner Remembered by Lewis Warsh

ART

CRASH

FILM

Secret Film Unreeled: Matthew Kohn,
the Man Behind Speakeasy Cinema

MUSIC

Dream Punk Trio Yeti Emerges from Hibernation with *Pill*

POETRY

Jacob A. Bennett, Mark Blickley and Amy Bassin, Jennifer Firestone,
Ethel Rackin and Elizabeth Savage, Yolanda Wisher

PRINTED MATTER

Jay Deshpande's Love and Loss

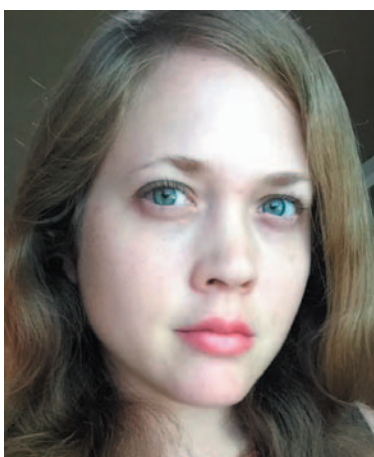
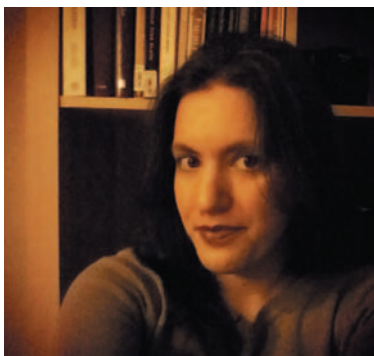
Meltzer, Meltzer On the Wall

SMALL PRESS

Evoking Books from the Shadows with Coven Press

BOOG CITY presents

d.a. levy lives:
celebrating renegade presses



(From top)
Gillian Devereux
Michalle Gould
K. Lorraine Graham
Jessica Smith



<http://covenpress.com/>

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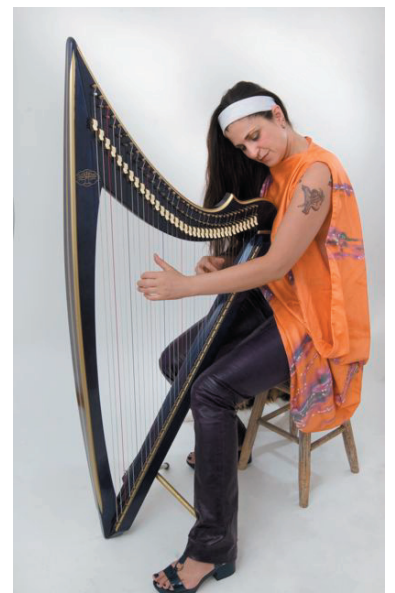
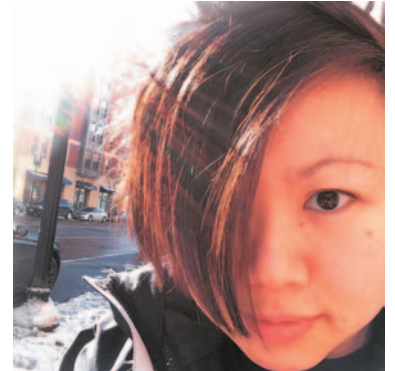
Event will be hosted by
Coven Press founding editor
Jessica Smith

Featuring readings from

**Gillian Devereux
Michalle Gould
K. Lorraine Graham
Jessica Smith
Jasmine Dreame Wagner
Annie Won**

and music from

Mia Theodoratus



(From top)
Jasmine Dreame Wagner
Annie Won
Mia Theodoratus

Curated and with an introduction by Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum

--

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**"To have great poets, there must be great audiences."
—Walt Whitman**

Stranger in a Heart-Shaped Box Jay Deshpande's Love and Loss



BY CHARLIE GETTER

Love the Stranger

Jay Deshpande
YesYes Books

This collection, *Love the Stranger*, does indeed “love,” but kinda in a contemporary way, which is kinda more loving some parts of the stranger and ignoring others and settling with the others enough that you’ll kinda say yes but not call your parents or remove your Tinder™ app.

First off, there’s “love” you see. When I said “yes” to do this review, the idea was that they would send me a proof copy and I could sit under a tree in the unseasonably warm California fall of this, the last dry month of our four-year drought. There’s an El Niño coming, so every opportunity to be out in the hot warms my east coast heart because it’s not going to last. “Love” is in the title of the book and whilst love is generally consummated indoors, it blossoms and flourishes in the gentle and genial sunshine which, unfortunately, is to soon evaporate like all that water is evaporating into the atmosphere over the central Pacific Ocean.

That said, the publishers or whomever determines this, decided that my love was worth nothing but an email with an attached .pdf file, so to accomplish this task I had to be indoors, in a non-air conditioned room in the sweltering late summer heat. I guess the publisher thinks nothing says “love,” like an email, so my notion was to write this review in emoji. That was until I realized the author was a cannibal—more on that later.

Usually you lead from strength, but, with “Apologia Pro Vita Sua” Deshpande chooses not to—maybe he thinks that we would read on after the first poem if the first poem leaves something to be desired. In it, he talks about the “air winnowing through his arm,” which immediately threw me. You don’t “winnow” air. Winnowing is “separating the wheat from the chaff,” an old and powerful metaphor, one that’s almost as old as “big fish eating little fish.” Is there a different definition for winnowing that I don’t know? Maybe? Is this the question I should ask myself when reading a poem? Obviously not!

So I almost gave up; it was hot. I paged ahead, or scrolled ahead in this instance, and thought about how most people have varying opinions about the best way to be ekphrastic. Most believe generally that you should find your grecian urn and run with it, but there is always a fear that it sounds like: “Wow, I once took an art history class.” There’s one of those in the first section “Down,” which is a chronicle of a break up. Perilously uneven, it’s also probably the one part of the book that is the most important to the author, which is such a shame because there are some turned lines that are cool, but not enough to warrant any more space here.

I jump ahead a section to “Chet Baker,” after which I said, “Ho hum, he likes jazz” and went out for a sandwich. I just about gave up, was ready to call my editor with apologies or some lame excuse like “a raccoon ate my computer” and then I read “Elegy for a Year.” It was so inscrutable in the best way. Here’s a sample:

... and I can’t ignore the clacking in my shirt pocket
any longer. I reach up with a hand of milk: inside I find in threes

the small cool stones I meant to leave on the shelf of a memory
of the persons I lost. It’s what you do when someone’s family tree

falls in the forest and no one is around...

Genius. It folds the maudlin of the first section in with abandon, leaving the feeling that all that I had read before was missing. He keeps it up, too; the poems are still about loss. Even when Deshpande reprises the mood of the introduction in “On Speaking Quietly with my Brother,” there is a crazy weight in it, and it’s just wonderful. Specifically, you should notice a poem entitled “Cruelty.” It’s not a banal reflection of anything, it’s like a ball of fire.

So empowered, I then read the second section. I’ve heard numerous “Kardashian” referenced poems, but this one, “Keeping Up,” actually works, genuinely skating through what the Kardashians mean to us and mean to themselves: a thoughtful spin on what is a trivial topic, but the right kind of spin and simply well done. The follow on to that is “Distraction,” which grabs another part of the “living in these times” experience and winnows it down to its true essence. Then I read “The Meaning of Love,” which, as a love poem I do believe could be probable enough cause for a restraining order, at least in California.

That said, I think Deshpande is a cannibal, but I’m not going to tell you why because you should read it for yourself, and if you made it to the end of this, you’re at least thinking about why that might be. Get the book, but do not read it in the order I did or in the order that the editor chose; find your own way.

Jay Deshpande is the winner of the Scotti Merrill Memorial Award, selected by Billy Collins in 2015. Deshpande has previously worked for WatchTime Magazine and The Academy of American Poets, and served as poetry editor for AGNI. He lives in Brooklyn.

Charlie Getter has an M.F.A. from the New College of San Francisco, he has performed poetry on the same street corner in San Francisco for the last 12 years. His next collection, How to Arrange Physics and Geography to Your Advantage, is forthcoming from Seventh Tangent Press. Bob Fischer photo.

Even when Deshpande reprises the mood of the introduction in ‘On Speaking Quietly with my Brother,’ there is a crazy weight in it, and it’s just wonderful.



Meltzer, Meltzer On the Wall



BY DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM

Two-Way Mirror: A Poetry Notebook

David Meltzer
City Lights Books

If you’re looking for a philosophy to a poem guide, you can’t do much better than David Meltzer’s *Two-Way Mirror: A Poetry Notebook*.

Originally self-published in 1977, the new edition features some updates to cover advancements in technology and a foreword on the volume itself and its advantages, but continues to bring you the how of the poem, the why of the poem.

‘[Poems] can be about anything. Everything has value if the poet wishes to give it value. Clipping your toenails can be a poem. Making a pot of coffee. Every inch we live in can be a poem.’

The guide’s title comes from a passage where Meltzer describes what a poem is.

A poem is a two-way mirror.

You must look into it in order to see, to recognize your own face.

No one ever knows in a one-way mirror what they really look like.

The book contains some exercises, including this simple, not-so-simple one.

Write a love poem that doesn’t mention the word “love” or any of its synonyms.

Make love an actual presence in the poem, a fact.

As well as instruction that is an exercise, if just through parameters.

[Poems] can be about anything. Everything has value if the poet wishes to give it value. Clipping your toenails can be a poem. Making a pot of coffee. Every inch we live in can be a poem.

Meltzer may have put it best when he again attempts to define what a poem is.

Poetry is speech that attempts to be song.

It’s a way of rising above speech to create an alternative language whose parts are closer to music. Whose parts are closer to the heart. Whose parts close in on the mind. Whose parts converge and become one.

Poetry is musical speech.

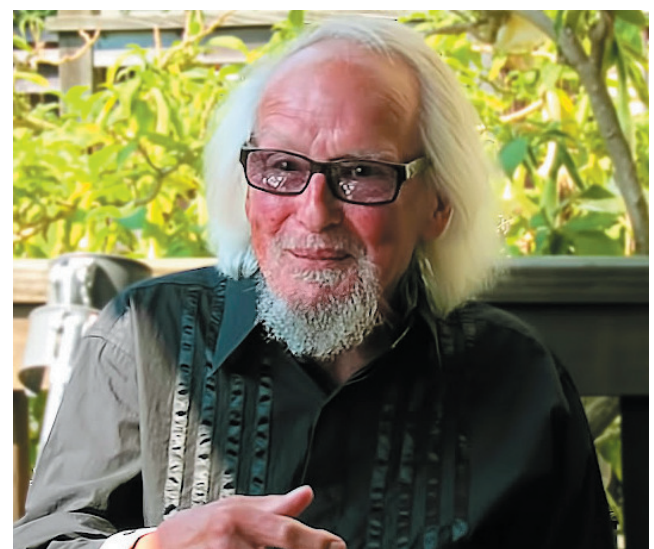
- Poetry’s a magic act.

If you’re trying to put your head in the place it needs to be to write a poem, David Meltzer will get you right there.

David A. Kirschenbaum (<http://boogcity.blogspot.com/>) is the author of The July Project 2007 (Open 24 Hours), a series of songs about Star Wars set to rock and pop classics. His work has appeared in The Brooklyn Review Online, Chain, and The Village Voice, among others. He is the editor and publisher of Boog City, a New York City-based small press and community newspaper now in its 25th year. His Gilmore girls tinged poems form the lyrics of Preston Spurlock and Casey Holford’s band Gilmore boys.

You don’t need to start at the beginning when you pick up *Two Way Mirror*. You can flip anywhere in the book to find advice, be it from Meltzer himself or one of the many folks whose words he includes.

Meltzer uses passages from William Blake, John Brandi, Clark Coolidge, Aaron Copland, Frances Densmore, Robert Duncan, Eleazar of Worms, Mircea Eliade, Marcel Griaule, Bobby Hackett, Corpus Hermeticum, Edmond Jabes (reverse accent on the e in jabes), Janheinz Jahn, Charles Godfrey Leland, Orpingalik, Plato, Jack Spicer, Igor Stravinsky, The Mighty Sparrow, Torlino an old Navajo priest, Walt Whitman, Benjamin Lee Whorf, and Leonard Williams, among others, as well as the Talmud and books on Angels, Antiquities, and extinct languages to assist in fleshing out his reading/writing guide.



Evoking Books from the Shadows with Coven Press

Boog City small press editor Joe Pan is excited to bring our readers a series of interviews between small press publishers and their authors. This month we have Coven Press publisher Jessica Smith in conversation with author Amish Trivedi.

Amish Trivedi: What on earth possessed you to start a press in this day and age? Aren't we inundated by presses? Didn't you have to leave breadcrumbs for yourself walking around at AWP?

Jessica Smith: Ha! You know how there's an article at least once a year where some old guy is like, "there are too many poets!" Just like there are too many poets, there are too many presses. Which is to say, there will not be enough poets until everyone is a poet, and there won't be enough presses until everyone who seeks an audience has found one. Poetry shouldn't be about gatekeeping, but about sharing and finding empathy.

I attended the Poetics Program at Buffalo, which was a very empowering place. I studied under Robert Creeley, Charles Bernstein, and Susan Howe, who encouraged us to publish our own work and start our own presses, reading series, and periodicals, and eschew the established, "official" poetry world of competitions, prizes, and "big names." They focused on building communities. I think we've built a great community with the Coven. We're a loose association of writers who talk to each other and enjoy each other's work. I've been saying we should start our own press for years, but it seemed to organically sprout, like a mushroom after rain, when your manuscript, *Sound/Chest*, had been a finalist in so many contests and couldn't find the right publisher. The right publisher for *Sound/Chest* just hadn't been born yet. It was Coven Press.

Through Coven Press, I hope to publish more books like *Sound/Chest*—manuscripts that everyone clearly likes that haven't found their homes yet. I'm keeping an eye on finalist lists and on the work that the other writers in the coven are producing.

I think that's what's really lovely about Buffalo, as opposed to so many other places that do seem interested in homogenization and trying to do some sort of gatekeeping. What has your experience been like in post-Buffalo pobiz, as far as gatekeeping? I wonder because I feel like in the last decade I have known you (crazy, right?) that you've always been trying to find new ways of doing things. I'm reminded of the anthology you worked on initially. Would you say that, beyond the encouragement of your program, that some experiences in the post-school world shaped what would eventually become Coven?

The gatekeeping of PoetryLand doesn't really affect me. I don't pay a lot of attention to the submission process. I self-published my first book, which did well in terms of finding sensitive readers and selling well. I send people work for magazines when they solicit it. There are some things I've missed out on because I wasn't trained to think about the finances of PoetryLand, like there are prizes and residencies that I'm not tuned into because of the way I was raised to think about poetry in terms of DIY, write some poems and Xerox them and pass them out to your friends and talk about them—like get-your-hands-dirty poetry (rob mclennan's *above/ground* press and Susana Gardner's *Dusie* are two of many others I can think of that adhere to this ethic/aesthetic).

I met many of the witches in the coven through blogging, which was once a great equalizer in PoetryLand, although there were plenty of troll gatekeepers running around. I think all of us (in the coven) blogged and all of us have tried our hands at editing and physically engaging with the process of publishing. You and François Luong run *N/A*, Michelle Detorie had *Hex Presse* and now edits at *Entropy*, Maureen Thorson had *Big Game Books* and now edits at *Open Letters Monthly*, etc. We're the kind of people who have our own ideas and act on them.

So, speaking of having your own ideas and acting on them, you've started a few presses, journals, etc. over the last few years. What's different about Coven? What's the same about it? What kinds of other projects do you feel could be included under the Coven umbrella?

Well, when I ran *Outside Voices Press* and *Foursquare* magazine, they were individual projects. I got a lot of help editing the *Outside Voices* anthology (which never made it to print) and I sometimes had guest editors for *Foursquare*, but both were largely Jessica-driven. In contrast, Coven grew organically out of a group of people and their interests rather than out of my individual needs and desires. I hope to publish one book a year through Coven Press, but there are other projects that will be edited by others and be housed under the Coven Press umbrella. I'm not really sure what they are yet because I'm not in charge of them. I feel like Coven is more like *Dusie* in that there is room for individuals to pursue their publishing goals under the auspices of a press.



'I'm glad you said 'meditation.' I think that's very much my way of going about poems and especially manuscripts, and I think writing in general.'

—Amish Trivedi

I have felt like Coven was something you were working towards as a concept. I wonder how you came to the point of starting with a book like *Sound/Chest*. You mention the sort of frustration, I guess, of seeing something go unpublished, but what drew you into the book as a reader (and an experienced one at that)? I'm interested as well in what draws you in as a writer of your own books. Is there an overlap between your own work as a writer and that as an editor?

Well, obviously, we've been friends for a long time and I've watched *Sound/Chest* be excerpted for publication in periodicals like *Cannibal* (edited by our friends and aesthetic counterparts the Henriksens and publisher of your *Museum of Vandals* chapbook) and be a finalist at *Canarium* (a press I greatly respect), so before reading the manuscript I knew it was a "winner," like all contest finalists are. If your manuscript is in the top five, or even 30, of a submission group of 500-plus, it's a publishable manuscript that just didn't hit the jackpot that one time. I felt that *Sound/Chest* was a good investment from a publisher standpoint because it had been "vetted" by these other publications.

From a personal standpoint, *Sound/Chest* is a personal/imaginary meditation derived from old card catalog cabinet labels, and I'm a librarian. I liked the idea of you sitting in a library, staring at these labels, musing about his life and the labels' former lives. Sometimes these databases of other things become personal databases of our memories. This resonated not only with my own work as a librarian but with my own work as a poet, so it just seemed natural that your book would be the first Coven Press book.

Amish, tell me about the creation of *Sound/Chest*. What interests you about the relationship of defunct databases to memory? How is *Sound/Chest* like or unlike the manuscript you're currently shopping, "Your Relationship to Motion Has Changed"?

I'm glad you said "meditation." I think that's very much my way of going about poems and especially manuscripts, and I think writing in general. I'm always trying to think through things as I write, using that space, in whatever form, to figure out whatever it is I'm trying to figure out. Meditation ... maybe dwelling too? And I think *Sound/Chest* kind of became the culmination of a lot of thinking about where I was at that point in 2008, working at a library job I didn't particularly enjoy but one which allowed for lots of writing time and reading time. Thinking back on it now, it was kind of a nice way to spend our last year in Iowa City working on that manuscript because it became just as much about that place and everything that was going on in it as it did about whatever shit was going on in my head.

I think "Your Relationship to Motion Has Changed," which indeed is out and about at the moment, probably has a lot of similarities to *Sound/Chest*, at least in terms of meditation and language, but I think the best word to describe it is "more." It's MORE meditative and I think more into its usage of language while at the same time being more isolated, less located in a specific place or time, even though I'm sure that's impossible because I was at a place and time writing that manuscript. That said, I think it's much more expansive than *Sound/Chest*, which up until it was published, I saw as a kind of place that I'd already been. It was really interesting to come back to *Sound/Chest* as it was about to be published while being in the process of sending our "Relationship." It was fun to see how far I

had come, how much I had "matured" (I don't want anyone getting the sense that I have matured or, worse, AGED). I think it's a much more in-depth exploration, a bit more refined than *Sound/Chest*, which strangely hinges on an event, a thing which has to happen in order for the poems to happen. There's nothing like that in "Your Relationship to Motion Has Changed." There's no place, no space, and no time in which it must exist, so I think it takes a lot more of what I thought were my favorite aspects of *Sound/Chest* and turns them up to 11.

I also like your use of "musing." I think *Sound/Chest* as a whole "muses," or considers thoughtfully. I think that's what I'm getting deeper into as a writer, and I think that's where "Your Relationship to Motion" necessarily had to go as a manuscript and, one day, I hope, as a book.

Jessica Smith, founding editor of Coven Press and *Foursquare* and name magazines, serves as the librarian for Indian Springs School, where she curates the Indian Springs School Visiting Writers Series. A native of Birmingham, Ala., she received her B.A. in English and comparative literature: language theory, M.A. in comparative literature, and M.L.S. from SUNY Buffalo, where she participated in the Poetics Program. She is the author of numerous chapbooks including *Trauma Mouth* (*Dusie Press*) and two full-length books of poetry, *Organic Furniture Cellar* (*Outside Voices*) and *Life-List* (*Chax Press*).

Amish Trivedi is the author of *Sound/Chest* (Coven Press) and some chapbooks including *The Destructions* (*above/ground press*) and *Everyone's But Mine* (*Paradigm Press*). Poems of his have been in *Kenyon Online*, *New American Writing*, *The Laurel Review*, and other places. Reviews have been published in *Jacket2*, *Pleiades*, and *Sink Magazine*. He is the managing editor of *N/A* (<https://naltijournal.wordpress.com/>). He has an M.F.A. from Brown University and is pursuing a Ph.D. in English and creative writing from Illinois State University in Normal, Ill., where he lives with his wife Jenn.



'[I] was raised to think about poetry in terms of DIY, write some poems and Xerox them and pass them out to your friends and talk about them—like get-your-hands-dirty poetry ...'

—Jessica Smith



After Midnight: Bill Kushner Remembered



BY LEWIS WARSH

I met Bill Kushner in fall 1973. I was teaching a workshop at The Poetry Project, and there he was—shy, restless, insecure, reserved, talkative at times, more often reticent and content to sit back and observe. He was 42, I was 27. We were both from the Bronx. We had both gone to the movies at the Loews Paradise on the Grand Concourse when we were kids. It was my first teaching experience. The workshop continued on for two years, all of us coming together once a week.

At the end of the two years we produced a magazine, 8:30, which is the hour we met, every Friday night, and there we are on the cover: Patricia Spears Jones, Robin Messing, Diane Raintree, Maggie Dubris, Richard Edson, Guy Gautier, Yuki Hartman, Mark Palozzi, Rebel Owen, Bill, and I. The photo was taken in the cemetery adjoining St. Mark's Church. During those two years, we began to see one another outside class, for coffee at the L&M, a diner that no longer exists on the southwest corner of 10th Street and 2nd Avenue. It didn't take long before he began opening up and talking about his life, mostly the intimate details of his high-risk sexual experiences with men in public baths, on the docks, in the bathrooms of movie theaters. He didn't look the part of the person he was describing but he had spent most of his life hiding his true identity to his family and his colleagues at the office where he worked, so looking anonymous was part of his disguise.



At the end of the two years of our Poetry Project workshop, we produced a magazine, 8:30, which is the hour we met, every Friday night.

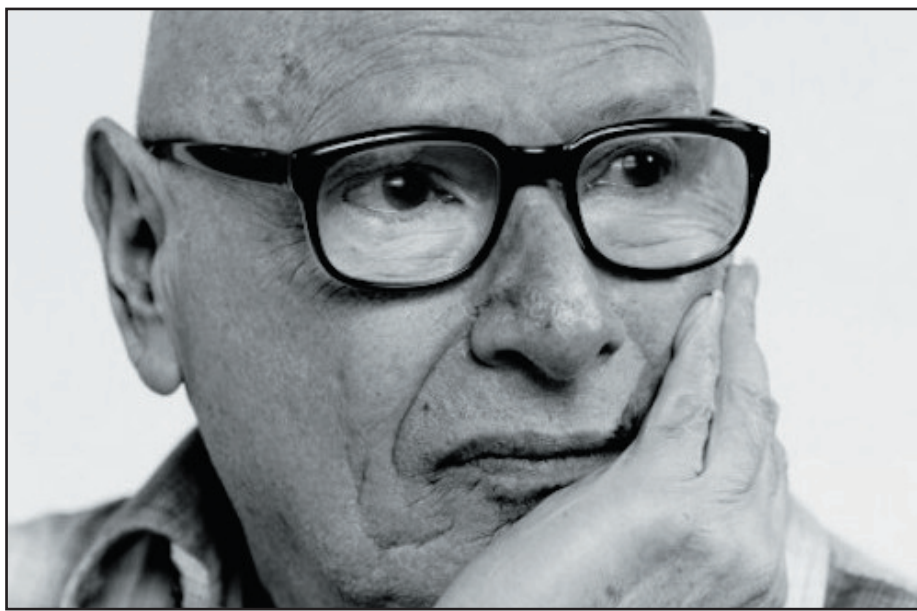
June 1975. Front row (from l.) Rebel Owen, Guy Gautier, Richard Edson, Maggie Dubris. Back row (from l.) Patricia Spears Jones, Bill Kushner, Mark Palozzi, Robin Messing, Yuki Hartman, Diane Raintree, Lewis Warsh.

He worked for a company on Hudson Street that distributed lightbulbs. If Macy's wanted a thousand lightbulbs, Bill made it happen. The job was also part of his disguise. He had to protect himself—from what, I'm not sure. "You can't imagine what it was like to be gay in the 1950s," he said recently. He was frightened of being fired if "they" found out he was gay. And when they did find out, Bill once told me, his co-workers refused to talk to him, and he could feel the hostility and derision in the air when he walked by. It was his nightmare come true, but he needed money, and continued working there into his late 60s. Many of his friends, myself included, began encouraging him to quit, and eventually he did, though at first it was a struggle for him to make the adjustment. The security of a job provided just that—and added some peculiar scaffolding to his day to day life, countering the impulse to simply wander around the city. More and more, as he grew older, and the fear of getting AIDS inhibited his previous activities, he gave up the role of active participant and exchanged it for the role of the person who looked on (the stranger in the night).

He was hiding his gayness all the time. Even in those first poems, back in 1973, which he gave to me, and read to the workshop. You could tell how good they were, even if they were mostly on the surface. In an interview with Don Yorty, he described a moment in the workshop when he read a poem called "Kiss" and everyone praised him—for what? Suddenly he was talking about his life in his poems, the real life that began after dark, the fantasy world, it was sometimes hard to tell one from the other, and ultimately it didn't matter. It was real for awhile, and then, mostly, toward the last decades of his life, it was fantasy. And it was almost always memory, all the pieces of his childhood, the death of his father, especially, which he writes about in *This April*. He liked to talk about his many lovers in the days before AIDS and how he liked to wander the streets of strange neighborhoods, especially the Upper East Side. Part of it was assuaging loneliness, but a big part of it was playing the role of flaneur, since it was the late night milieu which intrigued him, and fueled many of his poems, what he saw, what it felt like, who were these unobtainable men also wandering the streets? He took on gay pornography (movies and magazines) as a kind of secondary source to amplify the repertoire of hardboiled images that were bubbling just below the surface like an eternal flame. At any moment this could happen:

The Guy Who Mugged Me

The guy who mugged me he put
The guy put his arms around me he
The guy came up behind me & he put he
The guy put his arms from behind me
The guy's arms around me as if he
The guy who was strangely my mugger he
The guy whispered in my ear give me
The guy he sd give me all your money
The guy in my ear pressed in bent me
The guy moved his head just as if he
The guy who would kiss me so gently
The guy whispered look at that moon man
The guy's hand down deep of my pants
The guy's hand in my pocket touching
The guy's hand to the tip of my thing
The guy's voice going yeah that is some
The guy & the moon & my money &
The guy when I looked around gone &
The guy was gone & that moon



Suddenly he was talking about his life in his poems, the real life that began after dark, the fantasy world.

Nathaniel A. Siegel photo

He participated in many other workshops at The Poetry Project—with Ted Berrigan, Alice Notley, Maureen Owen, and Bernadette Mayer, and before I knew him he took a workshop with Kenneth Koch at The New School. Ed Friedman, the director of The Poetry Project at the time, asked me to teach a 10-week workshop in 1998 and Bill was an occasional visitor. Once the workshop ended, everyone wanted to continue, and we went on for six years, meeting almost weekly at either Be LaRoe's loft on 23rd Street, or Phyllis Wat and Dennis Moritz' apartment in Chinatown. Bill was always welcome, and developed a close relationship with Ruth Altmann. They went on dates, mostly to the theater, Bill's second love after poetry. The last time I saw Ruth, Bill and I visited her in a nursing home uptown; she later moved to another home outside Washington D.C. where she died in 2014.

I published three of Bill's books, *Head, Love Uncut*, and *This April*, for United Artists Books, and then worked with him on his last book, *Walking After Midnight*, with Tod Thilleman's press, Spuyten Duyvil. This last book has cover and artwork by Pamela Lawton and there was a great book party at Be's loft. That was 2011. Bill was in and out of the hospital for various heart-related ailments, but always seemed to revive, not quite good as new, but never less than himself, though his hours of wandering the late night streets of Manhattan were over.

One of my most enduring memories is a New Year's Day benefit at The Poetry Project in the early 1980s. Bill came out in his underpants (now that he could be naked, in his writing, he took it to the obvious extreme) while I stood in the wings showering him with confetti while he read. When I was feeling unhappy in the early 1990s, he was always present to listen to my often repetitive litany of complaints. He liked taking on the role of therapist, and his advice ("Call me any time") always made some kind of sense. The last years, after he quit his job, were among his most prolific, as he soon adjusted to being a poet 24 hours a day. The struggle, though, to come into his own being, was monumental, and produced some of the most remarkable poems of his time. He saw a lot, and conveyed a kind of ongoing history of what it felt like to be queer and nervous and disconcerted in the second half of the 20th century, recognizing the unobtainable and the transience of love and finding comfort, and another form of love, in his many long-term friendships. But it was the epic process and evolution from self-doubt to self-acceptance that makes his poems so inspiring and great.

Lewis Warsh (<http://www.lewiswarsh.com/>) is the author of over 30 volumes of poetry, fiction, and autobiography, including *Alien Abduction* (Ugly Duckling Presse), *One Foot Out the Door: Collected Stories* (Spuyten Duyvil Publishing), *A Place in the Sun* (Spuyten Duyvil Publishing), and *Inseparable: Poems 1995-2005* (Granary Books). He was co-founder, with Bernadette Mayer, of United Artists Magazine and Books. *Mimeo Mimeo #7* was devoted to his poetry, fiction, and collages, and to a bibliography of his work as a writer and publisher. He was founding director of the M.F.A. program in creative writing (2007-2013) at Long Island University (Brooklyn), where he currently teaches. Dan Wonderly photo.

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Know your place those that dare to dream as the fall is heavy with wonder over your sense of entitlement that asks what makes you so special pummeling against a suffocating rim in ecstatic abandon jubilating in the peculiar sense that surrounds you inside a suffocating plastic womb as you listen to the fluctuating wails from the tendrils of the wind slithering along ancient pitted walls to the mating ritual melody of romantic waltzes and pelvic thrusts that vibrate and stretch in angelic writhing unleashing a gale of erotic energy as percussions of sound carry you through different symphonies of movement that creates a longing for touch until such a need builds to echo your name inside the dark synthetic tunnel slick with sweat fighting to grasp the luminous bursts of light just beyond my reach as I fill my lungs again and again gasping for air while I dream of your hands and my memory of you in the ripple of a dance and the smell of sunshine that sends a thread of pleasure aching for contact until I can only pant in short gasps that threatens to smother me before I can implore you to come back to me and save me by taking what is already yours given freely under a liberating light of hope and passion you refuse to extend.



Yolanda Wisher
Philadelphia

Anonymous Dread

Basquiatbobbobbylove

I love you
the brothas with nubby locks
cuz you look
out of place
look absurd delicious
like you should
be in paradise
beyond blues

but here we go underground
so don't take nuffin serious, man

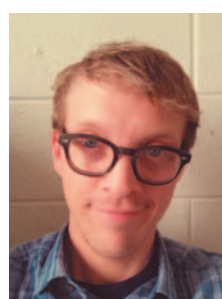
we step
on the platform
life is carnival
& war
rolled in one

I lap up
homesickness
coming from
yo locks

sugar
you could be Jesus
you could be somebody's religion
let me see what else
I can rap to you bout . . .

wooly earth
upon yo head
coconut upon yo backside
tongue probably taste like
spliffs & split pea
rum & all men in one

this lock goes this way
every whicha way
this that dread go
every whicha way



Jacob A. Bennett
Philadelphia

"the Beaster"

remind yourself that maleness is not a measure that most-if-not-all universal absolute monotonies are soulless arbitrarities and you may as well say yes to something like Pyongyang's pre-fab public mourning a monument to greatly-exaggerated leader and that's either compulsory volunteerism or voluntary compulsion but not to weep is to risk a sentence a gruesome Utah death so what if wild tiger numbers are lower than ever who cares if the wrestling is fake as long as there's blood of a kind with the lamb and the bright tiger moon in motion in its revolutions possesses many beastly phases we call the faces of revelation

Poetry Bios

Jacob A. Bennett (<http://www.spr.org/blog/glasswater-sic-an-interview-with-jacob-bennett/>) is an NTT English Instructor at La Salle University in Philadelphia. **Mark Blickley** and **Amy Bassin** (http://contemporaryperformance.org/photo/blickley-bassinlanguagelove?xg_source=activity) presented the collaborative installation Dream Streams at the 5th Annual NYC Poetry Festival on Governors Island in 2015. **Jennifer Firestone** (<http://www.moriapoetry.com/firestone.html>) is an assistant professor of literary studies at Eugene Lang College (The New School), and a member of the Belladonna* Collaborative. **Amanda Killian's** (<http://yespoetry.com/post/104245962443/december-poet-of-the-month-amanda-killian>) poetry can be found at *Everyday Genius*, *Yes, Poetry*, and elsewhere in print and on the web. She is also the founder of THE MAIDENHEAD salon series. **Ethel Rackin's** (<http://www.barnowlreview.com/reviews/rackin.html>) most recent book is *The Forever Notes* (Parlor Press). **Elizabeth Savage** (<https://chapbookinterviews.wordpress.com/2014/11/18/elizabeth-savage/>) is the author of *Grammar* and *Idylliad*, both from Furniture Press. **Yolanda Wisher** (<http://www.yolandawisher.com/>) is a former Cave Canem fellow and the author of the poetry collection *Monk Eats an Afro*.

Memorial Reading for Bill Kushner

Monday, November 16, 2015 at 8:00 pm

Join us to celebrate the life and work of dear poet Bill Kushner (1931-2015)

With Don Yorty, Lewis Warsh, Anselm Berrigan, Eddie Berrigan, Stacy Szymaszek, Lee Ann Brown, John Godfrey, Maggie Dubris, Patricia Spears Jones, Peter Bushyeager, Phyllis Wat, Dennis Moritz, Lydia Cortes, Cliff Fyman, KB Nemcosky, Betty LaRoe, Barbara Henning, Charlotte Carter, Steve Spicehandler, Elinor Nauen, Tom Savage, Merry Fortune, Noam Scheindlin, and Ken "Angel" Davis



The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
131 E. 10th Street
<http://www.poetryproject.org/>



Ethel Rackin

Newtown Penn.

Elizabeth Savage

Fairmont, W.V.

Silent e

If once I had seen
a picture of you
little vowel, baby
bougainvillea—
more petals
than can be swept
print & all the known
stars

*

Those are stars for looking
she once said
and stars for looking out to
too—or as a wave starts
slowly at first, then
faster, first

*

A wave, a looming
ever after
And some,
even
with a look out
miss the start

*

As ships at sea
on a cold night
become the twist
in a wave
the wringing out
ever after,
the look—

*

Even after
the return—a twist—
look—keeps
wringing darkness
a ship, once
a wave

*

Once seen, a ship's star's
lonely, lost
as if the longer
one looks, the brighter
the stare
baby bougainvillea
how I've missed the chance
to see
you star

*

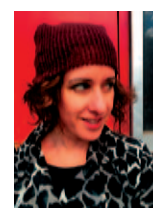
So long
I have looked through
the falling
into brightness
I knew all along
this brilliant mess
our wash of petals
so I roam
the shore deep
with watching

*

And now a watcher
starstruck stood
perched over the shore
in perpetual
brightness—
in the legend of
the look
once seen
if among loomings—
never could I
have pictured
such a twist
starkest print
struck, startled
Starts



Rackin (top), Savage (bottom)



Jennifer Firestone

Boerum Hill, Brooklyn

From My Hate for Squirrels

"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."
—George Orwell

I hate you fuckin' squirrel.
I wait with hate and think it's clean
Whistled out with virus
Ridden on with words that shoot
O fool squirrel move!

The hate a yellow caterpillar, watercress,
Things that exist.
Knowing I ate my hate lovingly.

We can collaborate on hate.
I am doing this already
you are doing this always.
A hierarchy of hate.
Wait what do you hate?
Do you think of squirrels fondly?

I'm hating hate today and resisting disdain which is painful when held like a baby.

A relative of disgust if you must you must and so it does with gusto.

The squirrels scatter to the sounds of my steps lurching.

From their scattering I scutter with the mail and wrangling keys.

The squirrels' grey tails fanning fans.

The squirreling we do. The squirreling they do.

My plants shrieking and the remnants of brought-up seeds.

The garbage can squirrel and the flower squirrel and the neighbor's squirrels.

My squirrels are the worst.

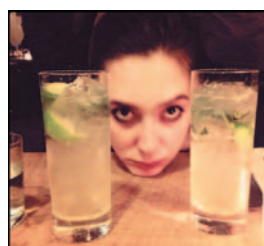
My squirrels are heinous.

My squirrels because they visit me.

Sidestepping squirrel
Gray fins
A dart and

The squirrel in me won't handshake the squirrel in you
The shine of fur
The top belly of quarter.
What say squirrel,
A nervous gnaw
Pokerfaced and dreaming.

The response altered depending creature.
Methodically offering philosophical positions:
If a squirrel is near my house I yell
"Damn squirrel near my house."
If I see a rat
Among the trains
Well.
Oh.



Amanda Killian
Harlem

Body Wells

When you forget what's in your hand
is what you're looking for
your own cunt You know the cut
you serrated into your middle
finger is healed You never know when
until you can't open yourself up as much
If only we could pay less attention
to our faces' volatile throb of break out
the wounds we are born inside of then
through then with always holding
our outsides with our insides' seams
the opposite of what really should be
or is or so his claim on your hand
What's in your hand is not
the way they will have you
from behind your face being too much
an accusation of *what do you want to say*
anything that makes you afraid Your face
will make me remember my own
moan cry the way you do every day
with no effort The way you do every day
with no effort The way you leak
from inside to outside because you are
and can make more and desire a beast
but write shapes in
predatory gather of my heart
wound to my sighing
oh well, oh well, oh well

BOOG CITY

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CRASH

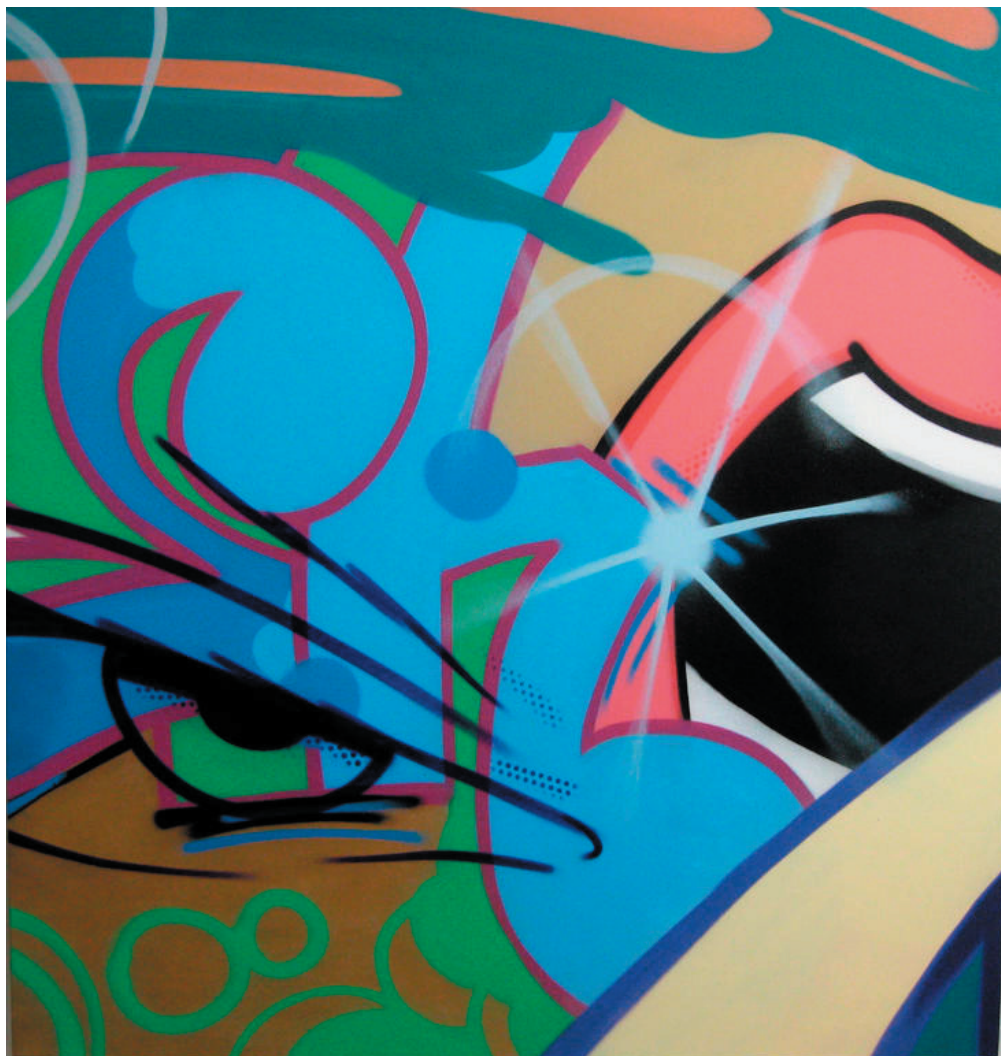
The Bronx

<http://www.crashone.com/>

"I always felt what we were doing was so much more than it was in that specific moment ... graffiti could be legitimate."
—Crash

Born John Matos in 1961, CRASH was raised in the Bronx. At the age of 12 he began following the older teens from his neighborhood to the train yards and began bombing. Taking the name "CRASH" after he accidentally crashed the computer in his school, his name began appearing on trains through New York City.

By 1980, he began transitioning from train yards to galleries. His career took off and he saw instant popularity throughout Europe and America, and, eventually, Asia. He has been part of numerous museum and gallery shows around the world, and his work is included in many permanent museum collections.



Swingers 2011



No Time for War 2012



Crown of Heroes

The audience awaits the surprise of what will screen at that night's Speakeasy Cinema.

Courtesy of Speakeasy Cinema.



Secret Film Unreeled

Matthew Kohn, the Man Behind Speakeasy Cinema

INTERVIEW BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

Boog City Film Editor Joel Schlemowitz chatted with Speakeasy Cinema's (<https://www.facebook.com/SpeakeasyCinemaUSA>) Matthew Kohn about how his innovative film series came to be and where it's headed.

Boog City: Why don't you give a little snapshot of what the series is like.

Matthew Kohn: Speakeasy Cinema is an opportunity for a filmmaker, producer, or screenwriter to present a work not their own to an audience of unsuspecting cinema-lovers. They can take advantage of that situation in any way they wish, whether it be an experimental film, like when Lynne Sachs presented Ernie Gehr's 16mm work, or when Jonathan Gray presented *The Sting* because it had some narrative dimensions that were close to him and he loved the movie. And although it was a huge Hollywood blockbuster and stars Robert Redford it turned out that two-thirds of our audience had never seen it before. So over the seven or eight years I've been doing this the flexibility of the concept allows even people who might be uncomfortable presenting their ideas in public in place of their films, it gives them an opportunity to be in a room with a bunch of people and talk and argue about film. One of the stipulations that we keep to is not to talk about the business of the film so we can treat the indie film produced for \$30,000 in the 1970s on the same level as the big movie you think you might only see in a chain cinema.

Can you talk about the impetus for the series getting started?

My friend Bob Berger, who is part of the group Collective:Unconscious, knew that the collective had an available time in their schedule and he suggested I should do a movie series. I thought it would be a great idea ... but I wanted to do the least amount of work possible because I was still making my own films and I just thought it's hard to get people to come to anything every month.

So I conceived a way of programming that meant that I didn't have to plan too far ahead: I've also kept the content secret so that only the guest presenter and I know what film the filmmaker is going to present, and that's been the case from the inception. So I ask the guest presenter to not even tell their best friends what they're screening, but to tell them to come just because it's a project that's close to them. We started out with Tom Gilroy and he showed *American Job*, which is a film that's a fiction film that's shot almost like a Frederick Wiseman documentary of people working in a factory. That selection really set us off on the right foot.

So how has it been going with that? Do most of the people you invite to show a film embrace the concept or have some of them been stumped and had a hard time with it?

Most people embrace the challenge. Some people embrace it with a little bit of fear because they don't want to present something to an audience that the audience is going to hate. But actually I've encouraged people to present things that the audience might hate, so that usually hasn't happened. One of the interesting things that happened early on was when Jem Cohen presented two 40-minute films and one was *Blood of the Beasts*, a very beautiful documentary shot in France in the 1950s which features horses being slaughtered. My audience, of course, did not expect that. It was the first time where I felt I needed to create a new rule, and that was because I was a documentary filmmaker we would never show documentaries. About two years ago I invited a very well known documentary filmmaker to be my guest and I think she was almost ready to do it, but then she read my little rules—which we always were breaking anyway—and she said, "Why don't you allow documentaries? I don't want to be your guest!" But then later I decided to change the rule, so now we show documentaries again.

So was the documentary rule just about the Jem Cohen selection?

The documentary rule was just about the fact that I'd just completed my own film about the Presidential election system and the Electoral College, *Call It Democracy*, and I'd been to France to cover the Nicolas Sarkozy election in 2007, and I was a little tired of talking only about politics. I didn't want my guests thinking that they had to bring political films just because I was a political filmmaker. So it was just kind of like a personal rule, but now I think everyone knows that I'm interested in every kind of film.

Can you tell me about what's coming up?

So our November guest is a filmmaker named Andrea Bombach who made a documentary called *Frame by Frame*. Around the time that we have the Speakeasy Cinema screening, her film will be opening in New York. I thought making her being my Speakeasy guest would be a good way to welcome a filmmaker who is not from New York, who spent years in Afghanistan making a highly regarded documentary, but not be forced to just constantly talk about her own film.

How long have you been doing screenings in the current space?

Tony Torn had been asking me for years to restart Speakeasy Cinema, because after Collective:Unconscious closed as a physical entity we spent about six or eight months doing Speakeasy at Soho House. And then I decided that because I was getting deeply into my Sudan film, *Our Tall Man*, I could not commit to a monthly schedule. But then about three years ago Tony and I revived Speakeasy Cinema. The reception of it has been good so far, with about 30 to 50 people coming for each event, which is pretty good for a screening series that takes place basically in the living room of a brownstone. The space where we're doing the screening is run by the actors Clark Middleton and Tony Torn. That space, Page Torn, celebrates the life of Geraldine Page and Rip Torn, who were married for a very long time.

Pretty good for something where people don't even know what they're about to see.

Exactly. To me the most important thing about Speakeasy Cinema is that you get provoked. By coming to something where you do not know what you're going to see you don't have any preconceived notions about how you're going to feel by the end of the night. And even if you've seen the film before the action of coming out physically but not knowing the film you're about to see makes it a new experience. Afterward I do a short interview with my guest, then go around the room and encourage the audience to debate about how the film made them feel and made them think, and all these kinds of questions that come up with all these films.

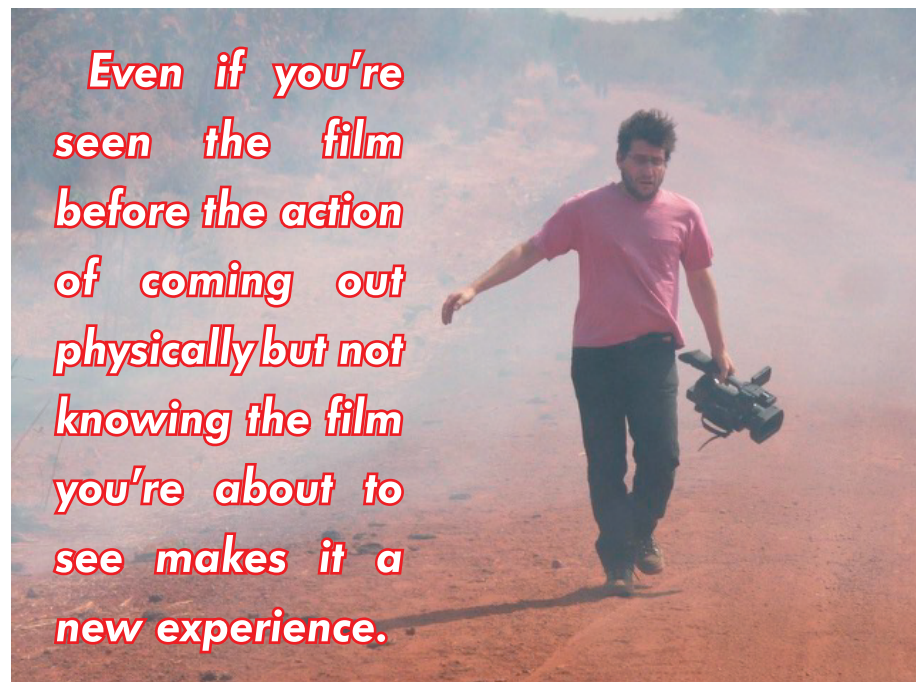
Jose Rivera, the screenwriter for *The Motorcycle Diaries*, brought a film from India called *Bandit Queen*, and it was this amazing film about this woman who goes through a horrible rape and her village is burned down but she becomes a rebel leader against the government. She's still very famous as a historic character, but this was a fictional film that was made about her. Our conversation was intense and there was a consensus that she was heroic. But then one woman brought up the question about how her character was handled by a male director, and, in a way, whether showing the rape brought up questions about her character. And there was a very large audience of women who were very vocal about it, either for or against the film's depiction of this. So every kind of subject you can imagine gets brought up. One of the rules of Speakeasy Cinema is that we don't record the conversations, so anyone can say anything they want.

I had an event where the producer Brian Devine brought Steven Soderbergh's film *King of the Hill* and the audience thought it was pretty lighthearted fare, but one of my guests was a Sudanese model who had been a refugee and she really identified with the character of a boy in the *Great Depression* in a way that no one else in the room did, and it changed the nature of the conversation.

That's what's important to me about Speakeasy Cinema. Because if you're only going to films with your friends or your relatives around Christmastime, then you're never going to have a debate about what is the value of cinema in this sort of way. There really are not many opportunities to engage with a film where there isn't that sort of market-driven selection process of what you're going to see—it's anti-capitalist! (laughs).

Matthew Kohn (<https://vimeo.com/matthewkohn>) is the director of *Our Tall Man*, a feature documentary about the heroic life of NBA star Manute Bol as he fought for peace during wars in both Sudan and South Sudan. Kohn's previous feature documentary, *Call It Democracy*, exposed the history of the electoral college through the lens of the Bush-Gore election. It was also, partially, the first film to source man-on-the-street interviews through the Internet. His other work includes short fiction, blogs, and films. He was the author of the poetry book *Lake Success*, on Soft Skull Press, in 1995.

Joel Schlemowitz (<http://www.joelschlemowitz.com>) is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, "78rpm," is in the final stages of post-production. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 15 years. Schlemowitz photo by Robyn Hasty.



Visiting Uncharted Himalayan Dreamscapes with Yeti's Pill



BY JESSE STATMAN

On first listen to *Pill*, the latest release from Staten Island-based female-fronted dream punk trio Yeti, it's really strange to think guitarist/vocalist Julia Simoniello and bassist/vocalist Jenna Snyder aren't Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel's respective long-lost sisters, who decided to form a band after meeting at a Fugazi show, still unaware they're related to Simon and Garfunkel. Apparently, though Simoniello and Snyder's vocal harmonies have always struck the ears of fans as haunting and otherworldly, and the interplay between electric guitar and bass has always been a sweet blend of post-punk excitement and downtempo smooth, the aforementioned scenario is complete fiction. It's also strange to think drummer Tom Bones isn't a machine crafted by the CIA to spark a sonic war between Liverpool and New York by mimicking Ringo Starr, but certainly not as strange, since Bones' drumming is slightly less sloppy than Starr's, and far more soulful than that of a machine. He's a mysterious man, and Yeti is a mysterious band; though they inhabit New York's forgotten fifth borough, and have been casting their inventive sonic spells on music lovers all over the city for several years, Yeti's BandCamp page claims the trio can also be found playing "in cold, dark, remote caverns from which few have ever returned." Given how tight and powerful their sound's become in a relatively short amount of time, it's safe to say Yeti spends a lot of time practicing in those caverns.



Pill was recorded live at Red Room Studio by Steve Money money earlier this year, and released in September. The album cover dons a wild, elaborate illustration by artist and SVU alumnus Mu Pan, where a baby sits inside the mouth of a live crocodile, surrounded by seemingly infinite chaotic happenings. Seeing that croc conjures up visions of all those other bizarre, endangered beasts that must traverse the depths of Yeti's caverns during the average practice. Yeti has nothing to fear, of course; true to their name, they're at the top of the food chain. Yeti's signature combination of fierce and emotive on *Pill* reminds us that while some fresh musical experimentation expands their kingdom out into brave new landscapes, like the searing emotional roars of "Am I Awake?" and "The War Against Terror," and the precision prog/math rock time signature juggling on "White Noise" and "Physics."

The record also sports a new take of Yeti's classic "Cicada" and a doomy instrumental called "Slow Rojo" with a fuzzed-out bass and horn player. As always, Yeti's flowy, philosophical lyrics add to the surreal experience of their songs. "Sea Us" is one of the dreamier tracks on this album, with an enchanting piano refrain reminiscent of early Placebo records, and vocals drenched in oceanic, shoegaze-style reverb. *Pill* closes out with the melancholy acoustic

track "Metal Box." The album's striking emotional power and unique, dense sound are contrasted by the band's organic, non-narcissistic attitude, which leaves plenty of space for the imaginations of listeners to run wild into the limitless visions and tales the songs might inspire. *Pill* is now available on Yeti's BandCamp page, in addition to the band's 2014 releases *Shadowhead* and *Fur You*.

Jesse Statman (<http://cannonballstatman.bandcamp.com>) can be found making loud, high-energy acoustic music on stages around the world, and making louder, higher-energy acoustic music on stages around New York City. Statman also writes about his favorite local and extraterrestrial musicians in Boog City, and plays drums in a psychedelic glam punk supertrio The Dick Jokes. Mallory Feuer photo.

Yeti (<http://shaolinyeti.bandcamp.com>) is philosophical dream-punk with cute killer harmonies, reeking of feral femininity, fermenting in the forgotten woods of Staten Island. Yeti's music fuses Sleater-Kinney sensibilities with The Cranberries' emotional power, not to mention elements of acid jazz, avant garde, and shoegaze. They can be found playing in various venues throughout New York City, or in very cold, dark, remote caverns from which few have ever returned. Laura Hetzel photo.

True to their name, they're at the top of the food chain. Yeti's signature combination of fierce and emotive on Pill reminds us of that, while some fresh musical experimentation expands their kingdom out into brave new landscapes.

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Friday | October 30 | 7pm Bluestockings Fundraiser Celebration!

We are thrilled to have secured our space on the LES for another five years by signing on to a new (albeit pricier) lease! As we plan ahead for the future, Bluestockings believes that physical renovations to our storefront are vital to expanding our customer base and to meeting the demands of an ever-changing publishing industry. We have launched a crowdfunding campaign to support the renovations and upgrades we need to survive and thrive the next five years!

Join us to celebrate our progress on our crowdfunding campaign and discuss next steps to reaching our fundraising goal. To another five years of Bluestockings!

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