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Mono No Aware 10th Anniversary Event

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Approaching Poetry with a Visual Mind:
A Few Words with After Hours, Ltd.'s Eric Amling

Mono No Aware Festival Roundup: A Survey of the 10th Anniversary Expanded Cinema Event



BY JOEL SCHLEWOWITZ

The dark and dreary December was once again illuminated in the cavernous Lightspace Studios in Bushwick, Brooklyn as this year marked the 10th annual Mono No Aware Film Event: two days of expanded cinema on December 2-3. The event had spent a few of its early years roving around from one space to another, but now continues steadily in a space well-suited to the combination of film and proto-cinematic installation works as well as performances ranging from multiple projection, live projection manipulation, performance art with film projection, live narration, and film loops.

Entering the space from the dark, industrial side street around the corner from Flushing Avenue, surrounded by the steel-gated facades of single-story warehouses and garbage truck garages, the mechanical purr of 16mm projectors greets the ears. Three installations run film loops, black curtains curtailing light spill. *The Circle, The Triangle, The Rectangle and The Crossing*, a collaborative work by Antonio Castles (Bogota, Colombia) and Lucas Maia (Sao Paolo), made use of a pyramid of six 16mm projectors, colored filters on the lenses, projecting a thicket of layered images upon the same surface. Sets of 3D glasses are laid out to allow the viewer to see further into the shimmering, colored vertical slashes of light on the screen: these are the trunks and branches of trees in a forest, the camera inching haltingly in a horizontal pan, the pastel layers of color disassembling into a scene that bears some resemblance to 3D, but through the ever-changing asynchronicity of the cycling film loops is a view into an alternative dimension of spatial depth than the more customary use of the parallax effect.

Montreal-based artist Olya Zarapina's installation piece, *«SIS7»*, also made use of a slow pan, this time with an urban rather than woodland setting. Scenes of blocky, cement buildings seen as if from a train window slowly creep along in a long, horizontal 35mm filmstrip. Perhaps through curation or accident the two works seem to visually rhyme with each other in their use of layered images propelled through horizontal movement. In the case of Zarapina's work the pan is not a product of the camera but of the projection device: a long loop of 35mm still film advances on a rectangular surface to a modified slide projector facing outward.

In some sense the two works use an intervened process from each other: in Castles and Maia's piece the camerawork creates the pan and the superimposition in the result of the projection. In Zarapina's it is the use of multiple exposures created in the camera that creates the layered images while the movement of these static panoramic images is a result of the projection.

A third installation work, *Them Apples*, by Adam R. Levine (Montague, Mass.) departs from the pattern. A 16mm film loop of images created by the iTunes visualizer is both viewed on the wall and fed into the sound reader of the projector, creating a rumbling, percussive sonic representation of the images on screen. The audio source, as revealed in the description of the work, is The Beatles "Back in the USSR," and it's hard not to see this as an oblique tweak on the collaborative film by Jud Yalkut and Nam June Paik, *Beatles Electronique*, featuring Paik's seminal video manipulations of the image created in the 1960s, which bear droll similarity to the commercially produced iTunes eye candy.

There were six performances on Friday, starting with Thomas Dexter (Chicago) and his projection piece *Badtransfer(ence)*, in which the screen was split into a pair of symmetrical, mirrored halves. Starting out as a blank white screen (save for a faint lollypop-like shadow in the center of each image), and the amplified, rumbling machine-noise of the projectors, ragged streaks of black appeared in Rorschach-like reflection. At first these were simple lines but built over time into a mesh of inky, dark, moving diagonals. The image began to flicker and pulsate as streaks of red were added to the black and white. The sound—a loud, visceral synthetic snarl—kept sync with the rapidly moving slashes of shadow on the screen. The dark streaks faded to a weathered gray, with nervously moving vertical lines of white seemingly in the foreground, ending with an extended coda of the return of the blank screen, now a pulsating wash of light. This was all created as a live event by Dexter, stationed just below the screen with a pair of projectors running clear film loops, painting on these with magic marker as the film passed its way along toward the lens, building up layers of lines as the loops cycled around, eventually using a razor blade and a Dremel to scrape away at the built-up ink. A rotating cardboard shutter in front of the projector lens created the pulsing flicker, and the mirror-image on screen was itself created by a mirror, with the projection coming from these sources by way of a video camera facing a small translucent screen onto which the 16mm projectors aimed their light.

Brooklyn-based Noe Kidder and Mark Gallay followed with *Zone Four*, a film with live music and narration performed by the filmmakers. With images of the Alhambra shot in a rich black-and-white of steely grays and velvety shadows, the narration comprised advice for the traveler to the titular Zone Four as well as such edicts and injunctions: "Music is forbidden. Dancing is obligatory."

Next on the program was *Plane Wave* by Daniel Robert Kelly (Incline Village, Nev.), a double-projection piece with the images one above the other: two circles of gray with a faint rotating pattern contained inside. The premise of the work was intriguing: "The film itself is a series of lenses that attempt to focus the working of the projector on to the exhibition screen" according to the filmmaker's description. The emerging patterns inside the two gray circles apparently revealing the projector bulb and its faceted reflector through the fine lines photographed onto the 16mm film acting as a lenticular lens.

Filmmaker Caitlin Diaz (Los Angeles) followed with a short, but quite memorable and exquisite, double-projection work titled *Frente A Frente*. Emerging from a moody gray fog of hand-processed film were panning shots of distant desert hills alternating with vertical smears of light and shadow (likely produced by optically printing the footage with the printer gate removed).

During the pause between works, filmmaker Annalisa D. Quagliata (Mexico City) carefully set up for her work *Se Busca (Missing)* piling up reams of 8-1/2" x 11" paper into a four-foot tower. Within the white frame of the screen static text asked "Have you seen her?" in a 16mm projection into which she taped sheets of blank paper until the screen was filled. A performance based around the duration of a task, as she concluded filling the screen with sheets of paper the image changed to a rapid series of photographs reproduced from flyers of missing women as Quagliata knocked the stacked reams of paper to the floor and recited, in grim repetition, the possible fates of the disappeared.

The evening concluded with *Thisquietarmy X* presented by the music ensemble thisquietarmy and filmmaker Philippe Leonard (Montreal). Describing themselves as "ambient/noise, electronic/shoegaze, post-punk/krautrock, black/doom metal" a dark-hued sonic score comingled with short loops superimposed on the screen from two projectors, the filmmaker using his hand over the lens to fade from image to image while threading new loops in a quite seamless transition from one to the next. There was a sense of narrative in the progression of cycling loops of high-contrast black-and-white images: a negative image of a horned elk, stark white against a black sky; short agitated shots of smokestacks and high tension wires on the horizon; the bobbing heads of people moving on a trading room floor with the high-contrast film rendering their movements into a flowing mass of human throng resembling the unsteady surface of a roiling sea.

The second night of Mono X began with *Even Silence is Cause of Storm*, a collaboration consisting of visual elements created by Adriana Vila Guevara (Caracas, Venezuela) and Luis Macias (Barcelona) and sound by Alfredo Costa Monteiro (Barcelona). Two pairs of 35mm slide projectors formed the core of the work, the still images gifted with the illusion of movement through the use of an external shutter providing a pulsing alternation between images, although not as intensely stroboscopic the Dexter's use of this type of device the previous night. The images were of wooded scenes with twisting trunks and leafy branches, in some instances the leaves themselves arranged in the manner of a photogram laid out upon a flat surface of the film screen. The images sometimes alternated between positive and negative, with the glowing quality of solarized processing, and chemically toned a chocolate-like brown. Crackles and splotches resulting from hand-processing blended together with the thicket of nature on the screen to where it was difficult to know if the pattern in the photographic emulsion was the textured bark of a tree trunk or the scuffs upon the film's surface.



Even Silence is Cause of Storm's sepia-toned and photochemical texture gave it a feeling of being archaic as well as contemporary, resembling a 19th Century albumen photographic print or a vintage photogram of plant specimens.

A crinkle-edged circle appeared in the middle of the frame into which 16mm film was projected, a long snood on the lens to create a circle of brief shots of jutting branches within the round void composed in the slides. The work's sepia-toned and photochemical texture gave it a feeling of being archaic as well as contemporary, resembling a 19th Century albumen photographic print or a vintage photogram of plant specimens.

Kellie Bronikowski (Milwaukee) was next to present a work combining super-8 film and performance, *Mom's Tiger Lilies*. A steel table was set up in the front of the room and a projector in the aisle aimed to where Bronikowski set up square, hollow glass bricks and slowly filled them with sugar from a pitcher, building a screen onto which footage of the garden and tiger lilies appeared. As with Quagliata's performance-based work the previous night, the work's duration was determined by the fulfillment of a process, in this case a very precise timing of the completion of the small screen of glass blocks with the end of the super-8 film.

Red Wing, Black Bird by Erika Jane Barrett (Rockaway Beach, N.Y.) juxtaposed footage of the birds of the work's title in a green grassy environ with a bluesy, warbling guitar.

A double-projection work by Lily Jue Sheng (Brooklyn), *Change 变*, with sound by Michael Sidnam (Brooklyn) began next. The two images were of Chinese written characters changing steadily against a blinking, flashing colored background, together with a round diagram with clock-like animated cycles taking up one of the two images at times as well as a photograph of hands holding cutout animated spheres. As Sheng's description of the work states: "The film structure surveys Chinese seal script, Traditional Chinese, and Simplified Chinese, repeating 64 variations of 8 cosmic colors—red, green, blue, cyan, magenta, yellow, black, and white." Together with Sidnam's music the filmmaker's voice accompanied the shuttling characters, reading out the words in English as they popped onto the screen.

Another dual projection work followed San Francisco filmmaker Paul Clipson followed Sheng's piece, with live music performed by Joshua Churchill and John Davis (San Francisco). For this work, *Spectrum States*, anamorphic lenses had been added to the projectors to create a wide screen effect, the two side-by-side images stretching the whole length of the broad, white wall. Clipson's films are masterful examples of using the camera as creative tool, filled with superimposition and movement, observing the minute world of flowers and insects in extreme closeup to the expansiveness of sunlight flickering as a sharp-edged, tangled mesh of brilliant white on the dark waters of the San Francisco Bay.

Local Brooklyn filmmaker Simon Liu closed out final the evening of Mono No Aware with *Highview*, a work using four 16mm projectors, with Warren Ng and Ben Hozie (Brooklyn) providing the live score. The arrangement of images from the multiple projectors laid three overlapping images in the standard 16mm ratio of 4x3 on top of a widescreen image produced with an anamorphic lens.

While there is a certain affinity between the work of Clipson and Liu in the use of thick layers of superimposed images produced by an urban explorer with a camera, making use of the sheer awe in the particular beauty of lush analog film projected in epic scale, there are quite different approaches taken by these two filmmakers, each with their own highly personal aesthetic. Clipson's films give a sense of the "cinema-eye" seeing the world in a manner beyond the means of ordinary human sight, while Liu's approach of domestic scenes of a woman preparing food on a stove illuminated by an apartment window, nighttime street wanderings following the movements people heading toward or walking beside the camera, or toward the end of the work, the filmmaker turning the camera around to produce a 16mm selfie in what seems the visual equivalent of the artist's signature, all act to give a sense of the artist's presence behind the camera creating a work of personal cinema. While Clipson's films revel in a precise, albeit somewhat improvised, combination of light, lens, and film Liu builds up the density of images through color hand-processing, creating erratic streaks of magenta, cyan, and emerald green splattered over the image. The vision seems more internal, seen through the fog of memory or tinged through a privately held emotional resonance.

The festival concluded a raffle, followed by dancing and a DJ, with the Director Steve Cossman reminding the audience of the organization's Kickstarter campaign seeking to raise funds to open the nation's first artist-run non-profit film lab with donated processing and printing machines from a motion picture lab in Texas that had just recently closed its doors. With the funds in place Mono No Aware plans to open the doors of their lab in the spring of 2018. No doubt there will be some of the lab's output in that year's Mono No Aware festival. Much to look forward to then.

<http://mononoawarefilm.com/>

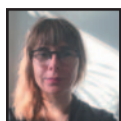
Joel Schlemowitz (<http://www.joelschlemowitz.com>) is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, *78rpm*, is in the final stages of post-production. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 19 years. Robyn Hasty photo.



Badtransfer(ence) was created as a live event by Dexter, stationed just below the screen with a pair of projectors running clear film loops, painting on these with magic marker as the film passed its way along toward the lens, building up layers of lines as the loops cycled around, eventually using a razor blade and a Dremel to scrape away at the built-up ink.

Approaching Poetry with a Visual Mind

A Few Words with After Hours, Ltd.'s Eric Amling



BY JACKIE CLARK

Can you tell me about where the idea for After Hours, Ltd. (<http://afterhours-ltd.tumblr.com/>) came from? Had it been something you were thinking about for a while?

I suppose it's a project that stemmed from my periodic work designing book covers. I wanted to try my hand at putting together a series that had a cohesive look and showcased writing I thought complemented one another. A series that looked good spread out in front of you on a deserted island.

What about After Hours' relationship with The Song Cave? Did you already have a relationship with the press before starting After Hours? Or did you approach them with your idea? Or vice versa?

I approached Ben [Estes] and Alan [Felsenthal] when I decided to start the series. A main concern I had was asking writers to trust me with their work and then failing to get the work into the hands of readers. What I like about The Song Cave is that it incorporates the work (and worlds) of both artists and writers as an attractive and approachable object, particularly with books of poetry. They are one press that, I think, brings poetry to a wider audience. So, having had work published with them in the past, I went to their office and performed a magic show. The terms and conditions were fair and I'm very thankful for their support.

'I sought out poetry that inspired me, work that gave me good faith in writing, and reads well in all types of lighting.'

Can you talk a little about the aesthetic for the press, for instance there seems to be an overt nod to the art world and some of the poets you've published (like Laura Warman) have a strong art practice, including putting up installations and making video art. I know that you make art yourself (mostly collages, right?) and I wonder if you set out to publish poets who also make visual art or poets who identify as something other/further than just "poet"?

It probably feels that way because After Hours, Ltd. is just an extension of my aesthetic, and I guess that is, someone that approaches writing poetry with a visual mind. I sought out poetry that inspired me, work that gave me good faith in writing, and reads well in all types of lighting.

Can you talk about how your own practice of making visual art influences the way you read poetry? I wonder if you are you looking for poems to do different things?

I remember checking out the photography collection *The Democratic Forest* from the library and wanting to write the poem versions of a William Eggleston.

Do you make the covers for all the chapbooks? If so, how? They all have this marbling quality to them, variations on a similar theme, which is sort of the same style as the covers for The Song Cave books, which are all washed with a similar muted color screen. Do you collaborate with your writers on the covers?

I wanted the chapbooks to be distinctly from the same press. Each with their own marble platform—an abstract collage of marble ingredients on the cover, name and title on the back. I'm a self-taught hustler of the arts so designing these covers has taught me something new each time. Mostly the collaboration is me responding to the poet's work with melting and twisted marble. They get to approve the monstrosities.

Can you tell me about how you came in contact with Galina Rymbu's writing? Her chapbook *White Bread* felt like such a surprise to me. I've never read poetry about Russian politics from a millennial's perspective before. Her writing feels so powerful and so timely to me (having it read it post-Trump as president-elect)?

Galina Rymbu is an extremely important poet writing today. I first read her work online in the U.K. publication *The White Review*. I knew right away I wanted to include her in the series. Working with her translator, Jonathan Brooks Platt, they put together a manuscript that, I believe, is the first American, if not first English collection of her work. I've been contacted by academics and other publications from around the world concerning her work. She has yet to even see the chapbook because the package can't get past customs. I can only hope to see a full-length collection of her writing in the near future. We need it.

Also, I can't help but notice that out of After Hours albeit small catalog you've only published one man. Was this a conscious decision? I really want the answer to be yes!

When the series is all said and done two of the eight titles will be by men. So, yes, it was a conscious decision. But while it was a concerted effort it was the work that brought me to the writers.

How have you gone about getting manuscripts? Have you solicited writers that you admire? Or were they friends or friends of friends?

I solicited a few writers I knew I wanted to work with right off the bat. Something I aimed to do with After Hours, Ltd. was not be another series locked in an exhausting back rub chain. Most curated series are too predictable. Same voices, same faces, no surprises. I'm proud of the catalog—writers from different countries, different scenes, if any. I'm more familiar with some than others, some I was meeting for the first time, and some I may never meet.



Eric Amling

AFTER
HOURS
LTD

What does After Hours have planned next? Any new chapbooks/projects in the works?

I think as a chapbook series it will be finished after the eighth title. I'm walking away with a lot more insight with what goes into editing a small press. I really admire those that can keep doing it—I hope the writers that took part in the series are just as happy as I am with it.

I'll keep the After Hours, Ltd. umbrella open for future projects. At the moment I'm going to get back to focusing on my own writing.

Eric Amling (<http://ericamling.net/>) is the author of *From the Author's Private Collection* (Birds, LLC) and editor of the small press, *After Hours, Ltd.*

Jackie Clark is the author of *Aphoria* (Brooklyn Arts Press), and most recently *Sympathetic Nervous System* (Bloof Books). She is the editor of *Song of the Week* for *Coldfront Magazine* and can be found online at <https://nohelpforthat.com/>.

NEW FROM LITMUS PRESS

A TRANSPACIFIC POETICS

EDITED BY LISA SAMUELS & SAWAKO NAKAYASU

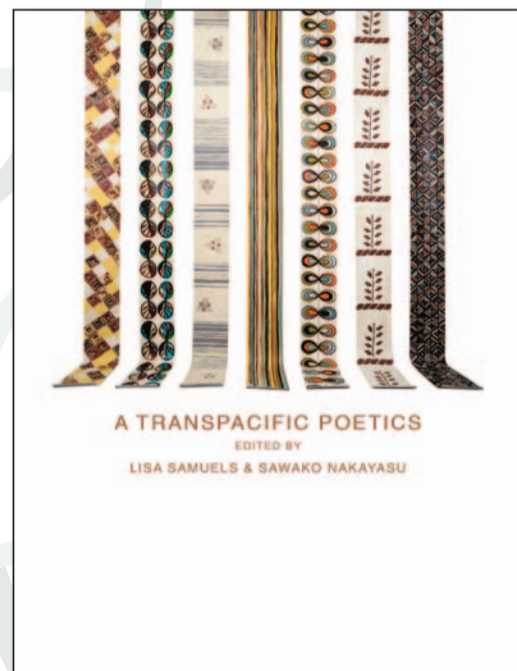
A TransPacific Poetics beautifully inscribes what the Barbadian poet Kamau Brathwaite would call "tidalectics" by following multiple voice waves across the region and by capturing their registers in an astounding range of genres. A collection of poetry and prose that includes entries such as memory cards, lists and palimpsests, counting journals, scripts, the necropastoral, and critical essays, readers will follow the rhythms of translation and the transcultural, where wavescrashwavescrashwavescrash.

—Elizabeth DeLoughrey

Like the ancient Carolinian (Micronesian) seafaring technique of etak, of "moving islands," which permits emplotment, of finding one's place, by dint of three moving reference islands (or reefs), *A TransPacific Poetics* triangulates the tensions between the routes of itinerant identities and their deep cultural rootedness to specific archipelagic homelands with what is referred to as the "tactiles" of "distributed centers." The result or outcome is a collection of substantive and therefore compelling testimonies to how cultural depth is accomplished through purposive and considered geographic reach and vice versa, how cultural reach across one's horizon can indicate the geographic depth of one's ancestral homelands and traditions.

—Vicente M. Diaz

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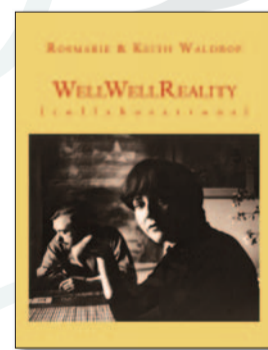


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Tender Omnibus: Rebalancing the Cannon



BY ALEX BENNETT

Tender Omnibus
Edited by Lee Ann Brown
Tender Buttons Press
When Anne Waldman requests the omnibus, the omnibus must come.

Earlier this year Tender Buttons Press released *Tender Omnibus*, the house's complete works since its beginning in 1989. The collection features 12 female poets, each contributing to a singular and massive labor of love. As Bernadette Mayer gave the charge to Lee Ann Brown, "Write in as many ways as you can imagine," each of the writers has taken on this shared calling to define and redefine, claim and reclaim the possibilities of language for women and poetic construction.

Jennifer Moxley explains the stakes of this literary project. "[The poem] is a small but necessary intervention, a crucial and critical disjuncture," says Moxley. Within each section of the volume, a woman rewrites history, that of herself and those she can imagine and create. She offers her own response on what gender, race, and sex mean in the world and beyond what can be seen. These women contribute the work of their lives to a new canon, necessitating language of emotion and violence.

Omnibus opens with Bernadette Mayer's iterations on the sonnet form. These poems interrogate love, asking questions of "why" and "if," beckoning readers to enter a previously known form in novel ways. "I'm not a male or female either but that," the speaker says. Mayer's collection leads into archer-poetess Anne Waldman's *Not a Male Pseudonym*, which was recently revealed as a love poem to Mayer. In Waldman's list poem of "Items for my woman," she lovingly includes "A country of her own/ 1 sunset/ 1 sunrise." The speaker of Waldman's collection breaks open "my mouth to you," letting in the light, for the reader must see the source, what's true within. "Women are like water says my tongue."

Omnibus gifts readers with Agnes Lee Dunlop Wiley's personal histories from the early 1900s, a cistern of the writer's most cherished memories. Lee, the maternal grandmother of Tender Buttons Press editrix Lee Ann Brown, encourages readers with a word on writing and sharing stories to open the possible: "I asked my mother to tell and retell about her longest ride."

Guiding readers into her *Imagined Verses*, Jennifer Moxley writes, "When we hope for a future different from the present we uncover the injustice of our imagination." This statement carries poignant truth in light of recent political events. Moxley's verses travel into places of pain and beauty, as the speaker resists what has been and claims a new path: "A girl,/ I have seen tragedy/ consider being/ such as we are," and "I know there was a time/ when you alone/ controlled my faculties,/ but today that hour of abasement/ is finally come / to an end."



Tender Buttons Press Editrix Lee Ann Brown

she is always writing. "Today, women it is only women/ Today it is only women."

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

Alex Bennett received her M.F.A. from The New School, where she won the Paul Violi Poetry Prize. Her writing has appeared in *The Sosland Journal*, *The Best American Poetry Blog*, *The New School Writing Program Blog*, *Insights Magazine*, and elsewhere. She teaches at Parsons School of Design.

Within each section of the Omnibus, a woman rewrites history, that of herself and those she can imagine and create.

There are delightful, playful, and strange scenes in *The Book of Practical Pussies*, a collection of writing sprinkled with Michelle Rollman's burlesque-feline illustrations, sexy enough to make T.S. Eliot blush. The subject pairs with Dodie Bellamy's *Cunt-Ups*. Merging porn and romance, Bellamy's speaker(s) re-appropriates scenes of violence and love-making, assigning different parts to different players and changing these within the same poem.

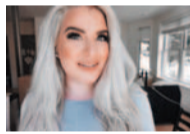
The *Omnibus* closes with the most recent Tender Buttons daughter, Katy Bohinc. Bohinc's *Dear Alain* presents a series of love letters to contemporary French Platonist Alain Badiou. The one-sided interlocution enraptures as the poetess expresses sincere love for the philosopher and true infuriation with his inability to think or feel beyond the faculties of reason.

Writing into Bohinc's author's note, women and poetry are "quite good at naming and defining" themselves. "As it has been for thousands of years, regardless of what the philosophers" or any others "have been saying." The women of *Tender Omnibus* take up the call to test poetry's possible, the theories of what language can do. Each voice breaks the canon, adding weight to a new balance.

These women offer the thinking, writing, dreaming, and publishing history of a small press' first 25 years, altering the tradition of what can be said, written, and published in the world. Lee Ann Brown has created and nurtured a nest for these interventionist voices, and we now look expectantly to the next Tender Buttons generation, including the forthcoming collections of Julie Ezelle Patton and Truck Darling.

As the omnibus unfolds accordion-like, readers have access to new territories, languages, and understandings, the female mind and her way of purposing words for truth and love. We see each woman through the eyes of her book, for

Gurarie Challenges Truth With Poetry for Aliens



BY HOLLY RICE

Everybody's Automat
Mark Gurarie
The Operating System

There are two things I've never felt smart enough to write about: aliens and postmodernism. The former comes from my fear of science fiction and my inability to suspend my belief. As for the later, my fear is more complicated, and comes directly from the feeling I had in many of my undergraduate classrooms where, when post-modernism was brought up, I really had no understanding of what was being said.

When I picked up *Everybody's Automat*, I didn't know Mark Gurarie would be a master of both and then some. I didn't know, that alongside an exploration of language as a social construct that determines our truths, aliens and postmodernism would become, dare I say, enjoyable.

All design elements of *Everybody's Automat* align perfectly with its aesthetic. The fonts in the titles and in the bodies of text that separate parts of this collection have an otherworldly quality. The cover picture is grainy, dark, and depicts the perfect environment for an alien invasion. Given how visual poetry is as a medium, all physical qualities of *Everybody's Automat* act as a backdrop that reinforces Gurarie's exploration of our world from an outsider's perspective.

Gurarie explores language as though he himself is alien and learning how to communicate with mankind. The poems with "Resistance is Futile" in their titles are filled with phrases that would be familiar to a human, but he has changed them to reflect the breakdown in communication that happens when trying to learn language (especially as an extraterrestrial, who would only be exposed to our culture through eavesdropping): "Take us to your super matriarchy./ We demand in several languages./ You have 1.5 Euros to decide./ We are happy to be of service./ We are happy to make your antiquated." At first when reading Gurarie's poetry, I was intrigued. Then I began to laugh. If only we had a super matriarchy. I'm sure, to an alien species, humanity would seem antiquated, even if this is not what they intended to say. A lot of these "mistakes" and "miscommunications" and "wrong contexts" comment on our current realities. Gurarie forces us to see what languages is: a social construct, a social construct that can be updated when its patterns and habits no longer serve us.

My favorite poem of the "Resistance is Futile" lot is "Fourteen Preparations of Resistance is Futile." If an alien was learning how to communicate with mankind while watching *The Food Network*, this spin on the language would be the result:



Mark Gurarie

Gurarie explores language as though he himself is alien and learning how to communicate with mankind.

Set the mercury on a platter. Remember to keep it covered.

Until the thermometer is 150 °F inside the temperature.

Pancakes do not resemble our vehicles.

Maple syrup maple syrup maple syrup.

Treason sparingly when you are masturbating the tenderloin.

Who are you calling blender?

Now it would usually stay in the oven for longer, but we've prepared some beforehand.

The line "Treason sparingly when you are masturbating the tenderloin" is genius; I'd take an educated guess that the original phrase was something like "season sparingly when you are marinating the tenderloin." The changes Gurarie makes to this phrase are, in short, nothing less than hilarious. His altering of language is absurdly funny, and a door to which I could understand the more difficult themes of postmodernism.

The humor in *Everybody's Automat* shows that Gurarie is not only incredibly intelligent, but also a master of poetry and language. His inventiveness and imagination created an avenue that allows readers to not only suspend the belief of their own realities, but also encourages them to question and manipulate what truth is in his postmodernist view. Even its publisher, *The Operating System*, as Lynne DeSilva-Johnson writes at the back of the book, is "meant to speak to an understanding of the self as a constantly evolving organism, which, just like any other system needs to learn to adapt if it is to survive. Just like your computer, you need to be 'updating your software' frequently, as your patterns and habits no longer serve you." *The Operating System*, from name to mission statement, is just as futuristic as this collection of poetry. I have never seen a piece of literature so well matched to the people that make it possible for distribution; *The Operating System's* mandate speaks specifically to the poetry Gurarie has created. In the vein of postmodernism, both *The Operating System* and *Everybody's Automat* urge us to challenge and develop for ourselves what is really true.

Holly Rice is a creative writing M.F.A. candidate at The New School and the deputy editor of *The Inquisitive Eater*. She is the 2015 recipient of the Nova Scotia Talent Trust's RBC Emerging Artist Award and currently lives in Williamsburg.

the operating system

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TO HAVE BEEN THERE THEN

with Gregory Randall and Margaret Randall
in conversation with OS Founder
Lynne DeSilva-Johnson

Sunday, January 8th, at 6pm, FREE
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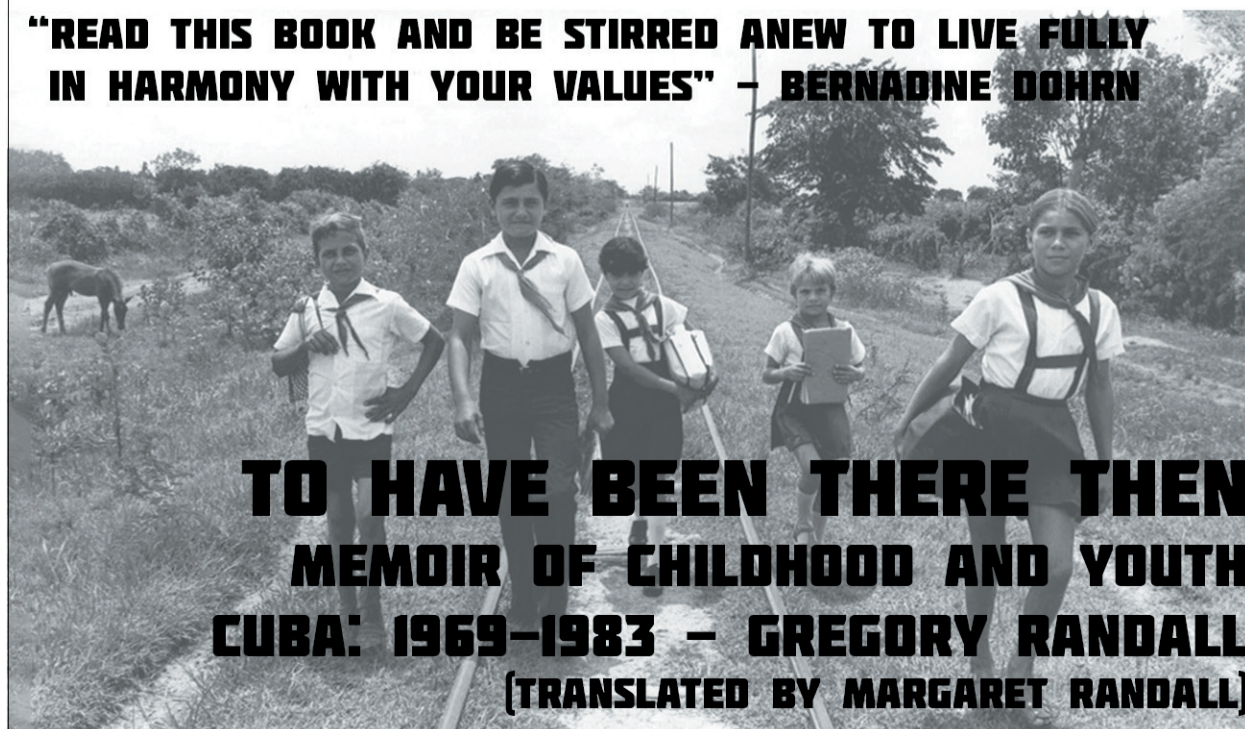
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Rebecca Gaydos

Berkeley, Calif.

2 for S, 1 for My Father, 1 for The World

1.
From the outset
or at least from the time I found out about the lifespan,
I got it spelled out for me.

The idea had been to fool as many lovers as possible into impregnating me.
Then I'd break up with them,
each one in his own time, in his own clothes, in his own manner.

I'd give them all to my father.

Why'd we have fathers?

We got a father so we'd have something to think about.
All of us. All together, all forever,

The plan had been to wage a war based off of fancy methods.

Without any agreement
Without even the slightest heart-to-heart,

I'd simply get the sperm inside, even if I put it there with my own extremities,

And then I'd wait, cold,

Clear-headed, in the dead of night

2.
biologisms and fragments of throw-up:

Men are always chopping off this ball or that ball. They tie up their tubes. If they're not careful enough, they slice their dick pieces.

~

Every plane that flies overhead
turns my face, but also more than my face,

I'm a land-animal. I can't do what they do. They're smarter than me.

My anatomy
all but lights up,

I would say I can love these pilots,

not their dicks, nor the women that I fear will crash
the planes on account of their periods

~

3.
The irreparable destruction of my sexuality began in the early 90s.
It was called Take-Your-Daughter-To-Work-Day. I think it was suppose to expose me
to something. But, really, it gave me a bunch of erotic attachments to the service industry.

You really want me to do it though?
With my own father? You want him to take me to work?

4.
Often it's said that one's feelings about masculinity reflect one's relationship to one's father.
But this is incorrect. It's better to say, the reason we have fathers in the first place is so we can
reflect our feelings about masculinity. My interest in masculinity causes me to have a father—and
not the other way around.

An erotic article goes away

To be here, thinking, when everything stops

To have no biological quandaries

To finish being up against the track

Poetry Bios

Rebecca Gaydos ([http://www.omnidawn.com/products-page/new-upcoming-releases/](http://www.omnidawn.com/products-page/new-upcoming-releases/guera-rebecca-gaydos/)guera-rebecca-gaydos/) was born in Santa Barbara, Calif., where her mother and father worked as professional ballet dancers. She has taught literature and writing at Diablo Valley College, San Quentin State Prison, and UC Berkeley. **Davy Knittle** (<https://euphonyjournal.org/2009/10/16/poetry-things-coyote-would-like-by-davy-knittle/>) is the author of the chapbooks *empathy for cars / force of july* (horse less press) and *cyclorama* (the operating system). He curates the City Planning Poetics series at the Kelly Writers House. **Bruce Weber's** (<http://www.woodstockpoetry.com/member-poems/BWeber.html>) most recent book is *The Breakup of My First Marriage* (Rogue Scholars Press). He is the founder and organizer of the 23-years running Alternative New Year's Day Spoken Word/Performance Extravaganza, now held at The Nuyorican Poets Cafe in The East Village.



Davy Knittle

Philadelphia

swinging

whole crush of listening fits into
which bird pushing its wings

two against the sky strange as
whispers over trees they switch

ask wind's monument it shifts
which to us comes like a cloud

this morning is seven sounds
loud to push dark blue in us

ours is a near music not song but
use sky a sea the land designed

built under it to counter the day
descant where union is twisting

day made by birds if they move
wings coordinate to heavy me

move into union push off we
mean to be traffic to propel

us split behavior roars around
probes us hurled to our point



Bruce Weber

Sunnyside, Queens and Saugerties, N.Y.

The Bubble

the bubble broke
startling the federal bureau of investigation
quieting the loud rock band at izzy's emporium
spiriting off the drifters dreaming of shangri-la
in the distance the moon blushed
the crowd dispersed like sand falling from loose fingers
school children jumped through fiery hoops
the poor whimpering horde of hungry people
shuffled off like malfunctioning vacuum cleaners
after the day sunk into the sea
after the pizza man jumped on the subway track
after the stars in the sky fizzled into a cup as large as the milky way
i opened my repair kit
i nailed the bubble back together
i fixed the seams of the bubble like a masterful tailor
restoring the bubble to its rightful place in the universe
stories appeared in the press lauding my capable fingers
and my astonishing ability to heal the bubbles ailments
the bubble good as new
the bubble restored to all its glory
the bubble bouncing around like a happy infant



The 43rd Annual New Year's Day Marathon Benefit Reading Sunday, January 1, 2017 3pm to ?

\$25 GENERAL ADMISSION, \$20 STUDENTS/SENIORS/MEMBERS

The New Year's Day Marathon is the Project's largest fundraiser and provides support for what we do best — serve as a public venue for the substantial presentation of innovative writing!

This year's Marathon, during the 50th Anniversary of the Project, will feature guest hosting by Eileen Myles, CAConrad, and Anselm Berrigan in addition to Project staff, and series coordinators!

Featuring: 75 Dollar Bill, Adjua Gargi Nzinga Greaves, Aelian/a Nicole Anderson, Aldrin Valdez, Alex Cuff, Ali Power, Andrei Codrescu, Andrew Durbin, Anna Gurton Wachter, Anne Tardos, Anne Waldman and Fast Speaking Music, Anselm Berrigan, Ariel Goldberg, Ariel Resnikoff, Arlo Quint, Asiya Wadud, Baz King, Ben Krusling, Betsy Andrews, Betsy Fagin, Bob Rosenthal, Brenda Coultas, Brendan Lorber, Bruce Andrews and Sally Silvers, CAConrad, Camille Rankine, Carley Moore, Chanice Hughes Greenberg, Chavisa Woods, Che Gossett, Cheryl Clarke, Chia-Lun Chang, Christine Elmo, Church of Betty, Dan Owen, Dave Morse, David Henderson, David Vogen, Desiree Bailey, Dia Felix, Diana Hamilton, Don Yorty, Douglas Dunn, Douglas Rothschild, Ed Askew Band, Ed Friedman, Edgar Oliver, Edmund Berrigan, Edwin Torres, Eileen Myles, Eleni Silkelianos, Elliott Sharp, Emily Brandt, Erica Hunt and Marty Ehrlich, erica kaufman, Ernie Brooks with Peter Zummo and Jeannine Otis, Farnoosh Fathi, Filip Marinovich, Foamola, Francesca DeMusz, Grace Dunham, Hafizah Geter, Hanif Willis-Abdurraqib, Holly Melgard, Jaye Bartell, Jennifer Bartlett, Jenny Zhang, Jess Fiorini, Jim Behrle, Joey de Jesus, John Coletti, John Giorno, John Godfrey, John Yau, Jonas Mekas, Joseph Keckler, Judah Rubin, Justin Vivian Bond, Kimberly Clark, Laura Henriksen, Lee Ranaldo, Lewis Warsh, Lonely Christopher, Lydia Cortes, Lynne Tillman, M Lamar, Marcella Durand, Marie Buck, Martha King, Martha Wilson, Matt Longabucco, Mel Elberg, Nicole Peyrafitte, Nicole Wallace, Nina Puro, Nurit Tilles, Pamela Sneed, Patricia Spears Jones, Penny Arcade, Phoebe Lifton, Pierre Joris, Purvi Shah, Rachel Levitsky, Rachel Trachtenburg, Reno, Rijard Bergeron, Samita Sinha, Sara Jane Stoner, Sarah Anne Wallen, Sarah Schulman, Saretta Morgan, Sasha Smith, Sharon Mesmer, Shelley Marlow, Shiv Kotecha, Simon Pettet, Simone White, Steve Cannon, Steve Earle, Steven Taylor & Douglas Dunn, Tammy Faye Starlight, Ted Dodson, The Double Yews, Thurston Moore, Todd Colby, Tom Savage, and more Tommy Pico, Tony Iantosca, Tony Towle, Tonya Foster, Trace Peterson, Tracey McTague, Tracie Morris, Unusual Squirrel, Wendy Xu, Whit Griffin, Will Edmiston, Will Rawls, Wo Chan, Yoshiko Chuma, Yvonne Meier, Yvonne Rainer, and more TBA.

BOOG CITY

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editor/publisher
David A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com
art editor
Jeffrey Cyphers Wright
art@boogcity.com

film editor Joel Schlemowitz
film@boogcity.com

libraries editor
Lynne DeSilva-Johnson
libraries@boogcity.com

music editor
R. Brookes McKenzie
music@boogcity.com
poetry editor Buck Downs
poetry@boogcity.com
printed matter editor
Jaclyn Lovell
printedmatter@boogcity.com

small press editor
Jackie Clark
smallpress@boogcity.com
counsel Ian S. Wilder
counsel@boogcity.com

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BOOG CITY
3062 Brower Ave.
Oceanside, N.Y. 11572
212-842-B00G (2664) • @boogcity
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Northern Exposure

Jeff Kirby's a Builder of Homes for Books (and Readers) in Toronto



INTERVIEW BY LYNNE DESILVA-JOHNSON

Boog City: So today we have Jeff Kirby, joining us from Toronto. Welcome! Kirby is involved in many things community book-lit related, and I'm so excited to chat with him today. He's the (loving) curator of Knife Fork Book, (the recently opened poetry and small press bookstore nestled inside of Rick's Cafe in Kensington Market) the manager and curator of the City Park Library, and a poet. I feel like there's more. Does that even begin to introduce you? What did I miss.

Jeff Kirby: Thanks Lynne. My favorite self-descriptor is still "reader." And don't you find "curator" is so overused these days that it almost demands air quotation marks. I see myself more as the old Kool-Aid pitcher who busts through the walls championing poets and poetry. ("O YEAH!!!").

I think what you've done with Knife Fork Book, though technically a retail space, is totally in sync with many of the conversations I'm having about "libraries," understood generously: about how and where we are accessing and interfacing with the materials that were traditionally confined to bookstores and institutional spaces. In its nascent beginnings, I've (jealously) watched from afar as you (and KFB) have consistently hosted a stellar line up of events. Tell us a little more about what you hope to achieve there, and where the inspiration came from?

Thank you again, and, being a "fan" of libraries/bookshops as well, I'm tickled to be in good company!

I find curious your use of the word "institutional" here, because my aim here (both at KFB and CPL) is ground up community/public engagement, not the top down, often exclusionary, mechanics that so often plague/homogenize bigger systems, leaving significant segments of the population falling through the cracks.

There isn't a day at Knife Fork Book where a poet hasn't come in to introduce themselves, (sometimes it takes more than one trip for poets) often bringing their work to sell on consignment at the shop (and always finding a treasure or two to purchase). In two short months, we've become a destination, as one local poet describes, "a home" for poetry. We have poets internationally booked to appear weekly well into 2017.

Tell us a little bit about City Park Library and what you do there. I imagine that your work curating books and events at a library housed in a previously underused community hall could have had some impact on your thinking about where and how books could disrupt and become native to other types of spaces? (Or perhaps it was you that brought this thinking with you to these spaces in the first place!) How did you get involved?

Again, institutionalized spaces have gone from engaging readers, to targeting customers. That's how many public libraries now view their "users," in most cultural institutions it's become pretty much a complete numbers game, and the thinking literally is "how do we keep up?" losing for many a significant point of connection. Sure, there will always be those times to prefer an ATM, or disposable docs on screens. But for those of us who take real pleasure in the tangible, spaces as respite, and the handheld, handed-down, much-savored texture of the printed page still lingers, and is preferred/sought. Held dear.

When I first was learning about the organization, I was immediately taken (and copied into my notebook) this quote on the history page, from Matt Finch: "Libraries are innately subversive institutions, born of the radical notion that every single member of society deserves free, high quality access to knowledge and culture." YES! Hell yes. Did you put that quote there? Kudos if so. But even if not, I'm 100% in agreement. Can you say a few words about your relationship to/feelings about the role of libraries or archival spaces both traditionally and perhaps in terms of how they are (or need to be) evolving?

Yes, I had the exact same response coming across Matt's quote, and it's a manifesto in a nutshell. So elegant, so vital.

Being surrounded by artifacts, books, ephemera, and the people who read and handle them, brings me such immediate comfort. I continue to have the grand good fortune, and creating and inhabiting these intensely intimate, physical spaces, with fellow readers, for much of my life.

Here's my challenge, walk into an overcrowded computer lab, a campus library with no books, fully automated, and then walk into a room filled with the above paragraph. A space that literally welcomes you, draws to in. A space you wish to discover and reside, find yourself in.

Silly me, I still crave the tangible.

I was also impressed to learn that City Park is celebrating its 25th anniversary. You're a beacon! A hero! A model to ordinary citizens! So many of these smaller community projects either lose steam, lose support, lose their spaces, or fail from lack of adequate resources and/or man hours. What's the secret? Can you talk a little bit about what makes it thrive and stick around?

Wow. First I'll sit with your accolades. Then I'll speak truth to power. City Park Cooperative is indeed over 25, and continues to exist as one of the largest nonprofit housing establishments in North America. City Park Library was my dream of taking an ill-used, undervalued community hall, mostly in the dark, and using the principles/values of cooperative living to bring life back into the space by creating a library that I've only ever seen as the hub of any vital community. So, the library celebrates 25 years of a community, is entirely grassroots/donation based, entirely without an "operating budget" and thrives on the combined generosity of those who share the dream. Give people something to love and they will give back to what they themselves cherish and want to be a part of. I call it "home."

I guess I can't help but wondering if Canada is in any way a more fertile place for an organization like this to stick around on the long term, but I would be lying if I said I could give any really grounded analysis for why. Perhaps you could illuminate any civic or other avenues of community support that might have helped the library succeed?



Knife Fork Book

Don't be mistaken. Yes, coming originally from the States, a big part of my decision to immigrate 35 years ago was that I found this country's world/social-mindedness much more kin to my skin, not to mention for the first time in my life I wasn't a "criminal" for loving other men.

That being said, anyone who reads knows just how precarious the things we hold dear, liberty, freedom, life itself, is o, so tenuous. These spaces aren't "forever," we must continuously create, recreate, and tend to them. And, make no mistake, the forces of "takedown," the undertow, can be, and often is, monstrous, must be recognized, and kept at bay. A new board can take over and be the end of a project. Involvement is required. My great gift, from my mom, is tenacity, and an eye for beauty.

Were you a librarian or a poet first? Talk to me about how the interrelationship between these two impulses works for you. I have hoarding/saving/archiving/documentation instincts in my blood first and foremost, and, for me, I think poetry is very related to this desire. What role do you feel poets/writers/artists play in the correcting of the canon/ensuring future awareness of creative and activist activities, literary and artistic output, etc.? Do you think it's a natural (or even necessary) act for poets and other creative folk to actively pursue and be involved in archival projects and efforts?

Creating and holding [living/reading] spaces is why I'm a librarian, and what directs/moves me. I'm a voracious organizer, and I love to make things pretty. And poetry is often creating space with language on the page. How words come together, fit, discoveries that blow me away. I love the fleshiness of it all.

This has been so great. Is there anything I should have asked? A pearl of wisdom I missed? And what's on your horizon, now?

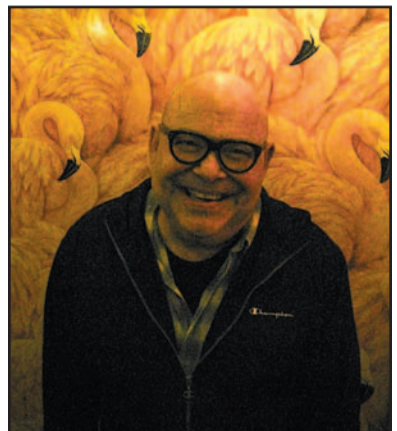
I'm reading (and loving) Erin Wunker's *Notes from a Feminist Killjoy* (Bookthug). And, I get to go and tend to the shop today.

Thank you for taking the time to talk to me today Kirby! I look forward to visiting both KFB and City Park on my next trip up to Toronto. Be well!

Darling, you are always welcome.

Lynne DeSilva-Johnson (<http://www.theoperatingsystem.org/people/>) is a slinger of image, text, sound, and code, a frequent collaborator across a wide range of disciplines, a community activist, and a regular curator of events in NYC and beyond. She has served as an adjunct in the CUNY system for a decade, and as a K-12 teaching artist since 2001. Also a social practice artist and poet, she has appeared at The Dumbo Arts Festival, Naropa University, Bowery Arts and Science, The NYC Poetry Festival, Eyebeam, Undercurrent Projects, Mellow Pages, The New York Public Library, The Poetry Project, Industry City Distillery, Independent Curators International, and the Cooper Union, among others. She is the founder and managing editor of The Operating System, which is based in Brooklyn, where her family has lived since the 1890s. Follow her birdsong at @onlywhatican.

Reader, poet, library whiz, Jeff Kirby is the founder of City Park Library and owner/bookseller of the poetry bookshop, Knife Fork Book in Toronto, where he also hosts the LGBTQ reading series, What Queer Reading.



'I see myself as the old Kool-Aid pitcher who busts through the walls championing poets and poetry. ("O YEAH!!!").'

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Welcome to Boog City 10.5

Poetry, Music, Theater,
and Film Festival

Fri. Feb. 17-Sun. Feb. 19, 2017

Hi all,

Just under two months to go, from Fri. Feb. 17-Sun. Feb. 19, here it is, the complete sked for our annual Presidents' Day Weekend festival, Welcome to Boog City 10.5 Poetry, Music, Theater, and Film Festival (and performer bios, too).

And here's who put together Welcome to Boog City 10.5: I'm the festival curator; logo Dara Cerv; music Brookes McKenzie; poetry Jackie Clark, Steve Dalachinsky, Lynne DeSilva-Johnson, Jaclyn Lovell, and me; film Joel Schlemowitz; and levy lives Clark.

It will feature 51 poets, 17 musical acts, 3 poets theater plays, 2 poets in conversation with one another, and 1 d.a. levy lives press.

Among the festival highlights are:

—Boog's d.a. levy lives series continues its 14th season devoting an afternoon to Argos Books;

—Our Classic Albums Live series presents, for its 25th anniversary, Pavement's *Slanted and Enchanted*.

—Our 8th Poets' Theater night, featuring 3 short plays.

—Our Poetry Talk Talk will feature poets Laynie Browne and Patricio Ferrari reading and in conversation.

If you need any additional information you can reach me at 212-842-BOOG (2664) or editor@boogcity.com.

as ever,
David

Welcome to Boog City 10.5 Poetry, Music, Theater, and Film Festival

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Unnameable Books, Free
600 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn

6:00 p.m. Sylvia Gorelick
6:10 p.m. Bruce Weber
6:20 p.m. Vyt Bakatis
6:30 p.m. Joanne Pagano Weber
6:40 p.m. Poetry Talk Talk, Laynie Browne and Patricio Ferrari reading and in conversation, Pt. 1
7:10 p.m. Riley Pinkerton & Henry Black (music)

7:40 p.m. break

7:50 p.m. Poetry Talk Talk, Browne and Ferrari, Pt. 2
8:20 p.m. Ron Kolm
8:30 p.m. Claire Donato
8:40 p.m. Timothy Donnelly
8:50 p.m. Alan Semerdjian
9:00 p.m. Katie Skare (music)

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 18

Unnameable Books, Free

11:30 a.m. Jackson Sturkey (music)
12:00 p.m. Laura Cronk
12:15 p.m. Chris Salerno
12:30 p.m. Megan DiBello
12:40 p.m. Sam Jablon
12:50 p.m. Davy Knittle
1:05 p.m. Thomas Devaney

1:20 p.m. break

1:30 p.m. Sarah Bartlett
1:45 p.m. Alyson Pomerantz
2:00 p.m. Gracie Leavitt
2:15 p.m. Katy Lederer
2:25 p.m. erica kaufman
2:40 p.m. Dan Wilcox
2:55 p.m. Sparrow
3:05 p.m. Emmerson Pierson (music)

3:35 p.m. break

3:45 p.m. d.a. levy lives:
celebrating renegade presses series:
Argos Books
co-editors Iris Cushing and
Elizabeth Clark Wessel

Readings from
Amber Atiya
Marina Blitshteyn
Jennifer Hayashida
Bianca Lynne Spriggs
Samantha Zigelboim

Music from
Isaac Fornarola

5:15 p.m. break

5:45 p.m. Nomi Stone
5:55 p.m. Brent Terry
6:05 p.m. Ali Power
6:15 p.m. Eli Nadeau
6:25 p.m. JP Howard
6:35 p.m. Joel Allegretti
6:45 p.m. Bipolar Bradley Off Meds-1st set
7:05 p.m. Wendy Walters
7:15 p.m. Andrew James Weatherhead
7:25 p.m. Rachel Valinsky
7:35 p.m. Brooke Ellsworth
7:45 p.m. Amber Atiya
7:55 p.m. Aubrie Marrin
8:05 p.m. Bipolar Bradley Off Meds-2nd set

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 19

Unnameable Books, Free

11:00 a.m. Brian Bonelli (music)
11:30 a.m. Robert Lopez
11:40 p.m. Maryam Parhizkar
11:55 p.m. Anton Yakovlev
12:10 p.m. Lynn Melnick
12:20 p.m. Jeff T. Johnson
12:30 p.m. David Segovia (music)

1:00 p.m. break

1:10 p.m. Buck Downs
1:25 p.m. Sarah Bernstein
1:35 p.m. Jessica Baran
1:45 p.m. Emily Toder
1:55 p.m. Justin Sherwood
2:05 p.m. Mariana Ruiz Firmat
2:15 p.m. Larissa Shmailo

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 19, 5:30 P.M.

Sidewalk Cafe, \$5 suggested
94 Avenue A, The East Village

5:30 p.m. TOSka (music)
5:45 p.m. Jay Besemer
6:00 p.m. Denize Lauture
6:15 p.m. Cara Benson
6:30 p.m. Jeffrey Cyphers Wright
6:40 p.m. Diana Smith (music)
7:10 p.m. Nathaniel Siegel, *The Request* (play)
7:25 p.m. Pierre Joris and Nicole Peyrafitte,
The Agony of Ingeborg Bachmann (play)
7:45 p.m. Buck Downs, *Filthy Lucre* (play)
8:00 p.m. Jenny Perlin (film)
8:15 p.m. Pavement,
Slanted and Enchanted at 25

—Dots Will Echo—
Summer Babe (Winter Version)
Trigger Cut/Wounded-Kite At :17

—Robot Princess—
No Life Singed Her
In The Mouth A Desert

—Ben Pagano & Friend—
Conduit For Sale!
Zurich Is Stained
Chelsey's Little Wrists

—Robot Princess—
Loretta's Scars

—Giovanni Colantonio—
Here

—Point/Forty-Five—
Two States
Perfume-V
Fame Throwa

—Freeze Frame—
Jackals, False Grails: The Lonesome Era

—Peter Ingles—
Our Singer