

## The Poet Who Once Ran for President A Conversation with Eileen Myles

**INTERVIEW BY  
 JEN BENKA AND  
 CAROL MIRAKOVE**

We caught up with the only poet we know who has run for president—Eileen Myles—to discuss electoral matters. Eileen is the author of more than 20 volumes of poetry as well as fiction, articles, plays, and libretti. Her most recent book, *Sorry, Tree*, was published last year by Wave Books.

**Boog City:** You ran for President in 1992 as an “openly female” write-in candidate. What did you think the value would be at that time, and looking back, what was the value?

Eileen Myles: I was actually shocked that this massive American ritual, the presidential campaign, was about to begin and that there was no female candidate and no acknowledgement in any way that other kinds of Americans’ needs should be represented. In fact George [H.W.] Bush was making it clear that women and “minorities” and queers and activists should limit their expression. I was making it loud and clear from my corner, and everywhere I could spread the idea, that that was not okay and that there were many of us and we were American and valuable. I gained an immediate access to the political by getting this thing going. I gained my right to speak political. I think my campaign shed some light for a lot of people on how alienated they were from the process.

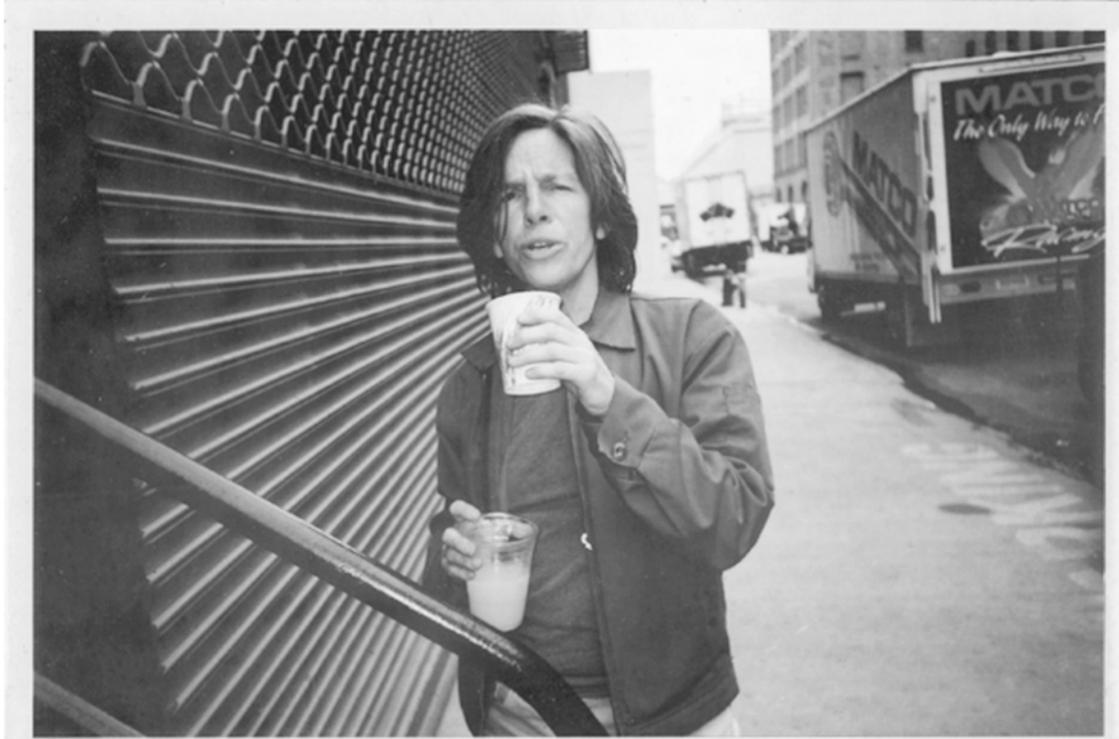
**BC:** In a campaign letter you distributed in 1992 you wrote: “When you step in the booth on election day, do write in a vote ... You’ll be alone in that booth and it’s so dirty like a peephole or a dressing room or a confession. But you’re really not so free—until pen in hand, you pull the lever, you push the button, I believe it’s a red and then on the upper left face of the voting booth you spread the metal wings above the title, ‘President,’ and an empty white space appears, empty as poetry, and this is your freedom of speech.” What are the connections between the poem and the vote? How are creative expression and political expression similar?

EM: The vote is similar to the impulse to write. Not what you write but the desire to write at all. I wouldn’t isolate the impulse to write a poem from any other impulse to write—to write in a notebook, to write a novel, to write to the city complaining about a ticket. The will to write, to act seems very similar to me to voting. Just from teaching, or from being in the poetry community I’m always affected by how many people write, how much there is. It seems to make so little difference in the body politic but I think that’s a top down analysis by journalists, who are often just bitter poets. They prefer the idea that writing, that poetry doesn’t happen at all. It’s happening all the time and it matters a great deal. Kids should be taught about voting, and running for president. And poetry.

**BC:** Muriel Rukeyser described poetry as “one of the most underutilized resources” in the U.S. Do you think it could be said that the vote falls in the same category?

EM: I think I have said that. I wouldn’t put it in the negative. I think it is a burgeoning force to be reckoned with.

**BC:** Is there a connection between the resistance to



*I’m sorry, I think the Obama campaign is a lot of spin. He’s a charming, good looking man and there’s a groundswell of hope around him, and I think that’s pretty fucking empty.*

Amy Steiner photo



**poetry in our culture and the resistance to political participation?**

EM: I think they are both a myth. It’s like the many boring panels we are invited to be on in which we are asked if poetry is political rather than how we’re experiencing or activating it as a political force lately. I think the idea of the resistance is the resistance. I don’t believe it exists. It’s like knitting class. Someone constructing pot-holders of resistance and saying look. It’s a waste of time.

**BC:** A political organizer friend of ours has asserted that the culture has to change before social change can happen. In your leaving NYC and living in San Diego, we wonder if we might benefit from your broadened perspective: what do you see being especially available to people in NYC towards making culture change?

EM: I think there are more of us here. I don’t live in San Diego anymore, by the way, and I moved back to N.Y. the day before yesterday. I think we have the joy of congress here. We fight and squawk, and cheer and laugh and retreat and barge back out. It’s such a human environment. In S.D. I found myself endlessly encountering malls, and a lot of vegetation and quiet. I’ve been living in L.A. too for the past year and there there’s a distant teeming. People love coming together but the cars block them, but they try and it happens. Also bicycles are a powerful force for change. It’s political to ride a bike in L.A. Living in S.D. was like living in America. Wow. Everything was right from the news. Here there’s more platforms of information, other people in particular. We are its shocks.

**BC:** What do you think about the statement made by New York Feminists for Peace and Barack Obama ([www.ipetitions.com/petition/NYfeministsforpeace/](http://www.ipetitions.com/petition/NYfeministsforpeace/)) which is, in short, that the policies proposed and the energy released, is more significant than electing a female president in Hillary Clinton?

EM: I think that’s total bullshit. I’m sorry I think the Obama campaign is a lot of spin. He’s a charming, good looking man and there’s a groundswell of hope around him, and I think that’s pretty fucking empty. I like Hillary. I trust her knowledge, I think she’s the consummate politician, and I think she’ll make a great president. I can’t believe people are so affected by Mr. Smoothie. Why is it that when we have a powerful and viable female

candidate that everyone would prefer a younger, inexperienced man. I like young people but the fact that young people are turning out in droves for someone younger that reminds them of the sixties seems demented. I trust young people’s taste for a million things, but I remember the sixties and, for instance, John F. Kennedy wasn’t such a great president. Plus I’m very uncomfortable with the media support for Obama and Hillary getting slammed. I remember Al Gore getting torn apart, I remember [Howard] Dean being shamed and once [John] Kerry got nominated then he was the butt of jokes. I feel we are being prepared to see Obama be totally buffeted in the press if he gets the nomination. He has been treated with kid gloves, and Hillary’s being treated like a bully. It’s such a set up. I think she as the strong candidate is getting the entire force of the media flung at her—and she can take it! I think she will stomp all over [John] McCain when she

gets the nomination. I am floored by the negativity towards her campaign. Yes she voted for the war. But she was the senator

for New York and that includes upstate N.Y., and I think she wanted to stay in office. And to get more information. I’m not so impressed that he in a much less critical point in time (he was not in office, he was running as he still is. When does this guy just be, and do something?) was against the war. I was too, weren’t you. But no one really makes much of our opposition to the war. Yes he was “like us.” That was why I was running, but I don’t think it’s a great loss to America that I didn’t win. My nephew is a political organizer and he supports Obama because the feeling is that Obama is being supported by people considerably more left than he is and they will hold him to those positions. But I don’t think it works that way. Remember George [W.] Bush was going to bring us together.

**Uche Nduka**  
 Flatbush, Brooklyn  
*If I Snag a Fracture*

if i snag a fracture.  
 if my lust is too loud.  
 if i sigh into  
 a threshold.  
 if my foot is on asphalt.  
 if stress rises.  
 if i tell it to slide away.  
 if a geography of grace  
 is all it takes.  
 if i nibble at a truffle.  
 if a cornice breaks off.  
 if tattoos murmur.  
 if i lean close to them.  
 if i start from scratch.  
 if a sea grass reels.  
 if i crumple it.  
 if Darfurs teem.  
 if i am being importunate.  
 if Biafras throng.  
 if a backyard is the issue.  
 if my telephone bill squeals.  
 if i quieten it.  
 if four buttons remain unbuttoned.

## Wait's Over for Beckett Selected Illustrated Material Evidence



*Sex plays an important role in Beckett's work. Unlike many avant-garde poets, he involves his own flesh, or, to put it another way, the words are sexual bodies and as the writer he is actively involved in them, not explaining from a distance.*

BY JOHN MERCURI DOOLEY

**Unprotected Texts:  
Selected Poems 1978-2006**

Tom Beckett  
Meritage Press

Adam and Eve had an apple. Wittgenstein put an apple in a drawer. Tom Beckett eats them both. His *Unprotected Texts* is a Wittgensteinian examination of language that sucks language dry while letting it drip. His writing, collected here for the first time, is gorgeously plain.

Beckett is associated with the Language poets, to whom he dedicated many pages in his influential critical journal, *The Difficulties* (1980-1990). Like those writers, Beckett wants readers to see what writing is and wants us to become

newly familiar with what we are reading—this is a word, this is a sentence.

In the two most linguistically complex works in this book, "Volumes" and "The Picture Window," reconfigurations of words, repositioning of sentences and thoughts in relation to one another, and repetition of simple sentences and phrases call forth new meanings at the same time they confuse us. As ordinary as the words are, we ask what we are reading. Language becomes the center of a writing that seems to speak nothing out of the ordinary. What's ordinary is simply confusing. Is language, simple and confusing? Confusing language is simple. We are reading reading.

Sex plays an important role in Beckett's work. Unlike many avant-garde poets, he involves his own flesh; or to put it another way, the words are sexual bodies and as the writer

he is actively involved in them, not explaining from a distance. What makes this writing all the more personal is that when he was young, epilepsy, as Beckett has put it, "subtracted me in many ways from the enjoyment of my body." So here it is, sex and language, equal and related pleasures.

Related to this is gender, another of Beckett's preoccupations. In his writing, gender, words, and sex become one, sliding all over the place, but contained by a writing of rigorous subtraction, and made personal by a man who since childhood has been acutely aware (sometimes painfully so) of his body, of body, of bod-

ies. "What is nobody's gender," he writes.

This leads to his examination of self. In writing "Vanishing Points of Resemblance," which combines elements of fiction, autobiography, poetry, and prose, Beckett has said he tried to take the quotation mark handcuffs off "self." He writes "I used to want to be a woman. But that was too much work. Now I try to write. Which is almost as bad." So, who and what is the man who wrote that and why did he write it? And how does one who writes "I'm one of those people who look like a million other people and am often mistaken for someone else" feel in the world?

Beckett is a writer of subtraction, as a craftsman and as a poet/person. He's not telling us everything about himself, or anything. At the end of the interview that closes the book, interviewer Crag Hill asks Beckett what he hopes readers will walk away with after reading these poems. He answers, "Questions."

John Mercuri Dooley lives in Cambridge, Mass., where he and his husband Andrew Richardson run the Demolicious Poetry/Multimedia Series ([www.demolicious.net](http://www.demolicious.net)). MuBet, his ongoing online project, is at [www.mubet.net](http://www.mubet.net).

BY MARK LAMOUREUX  
**Goldfish Kisses**

Paolo Javier and Ernest Concepcion  
Sonabooks

Back in the early '90s I was listening to the live Joy Division album *Still* with my college roommate Anas, a kid from Pakistan who was obsessed with speed metal. He came to a stunning (for us) revelation, "Dude, they use the bass guitar to provide the melody and the lead to provide the rhythm. So the bass works, like, the lead usually does and the lead works, like, like the bass."

Likewise, in *Goldfish Kisses*, a collaboration between artist Ernest Concepcion and Paolo Javier, traditional roles appear to be delightfully shifted. *Goldfish Kisses* gives the reader the intimate evidence of a relationship, with Javier's text providing general and/or abstract referents ("Your constant stream of thought while you drift in and out of consciousness"), and Concepcion's illustrations offering more tactile, explicit detail (an image of a futuristic city under glass). In as much as illustrations usually seem to offer a gloss upon the text and to exist as something "added," in this instance Javier's words seem to exist as a gloss upon the images, although it is ambiguous whether chicken precedes egg.

The images also offer a kind of counterpoint to Javier's nostalgic text, depicting what is apparently the fallout from the demise of a relationship: a female mouth devouring a squid from which black ink spills like blood; an epically proportioned figure in a sundress wreaking havoc Cloverfield-style upon an urban landscape upon which the text "Walk across 9th Avenue/

Go to Church" is superimposed; a writer/artist at his desk being gorily impaled by a praying mantis (the female of the species infamous for slaying her humps post-coitus). The net effect is disorienting, confusing the identity of illustrator and author and leaving one wondering if two relationships are being described or just one. This confusion adds an element of interest to what could conceivably be a typical relationship-autopsy and exploring of the fecund potential of the relationship between image and text, a relationship apparently far more fruitful than the one described by the book itself.

The text also pays homage to the medium of comic books. Likewise Concepcion's grisly tentacles invoke the beast from Alan Moore's (soon-to-be cinematically violated) *Watchmen*, or



*The interaction of Javier's quotidian text and Concepcion's fantastic imagery make for a satisfying and nuanced foray into the dangerously familiar terrain of lost love.*

those infamous appendages from Japanese animated pornography (c.f. "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife"). Thor, Aquaman, and a carbonite-encrusted Han Solo also make appearances, reminding the reader of simpler times and pursuits.

The repeated motifs and images are what gives the text its strength and anchor it to an aesthetic foundation in the midst of what could potentially devolve into a pop-culture laden urban country tune ("What do you get when you play Indie Rock backwards?" "Your fashion designer girlfriend back, your MacBook back, your Vespa back, your primary source of rent money back.") The interaction of Javier's quotidian text and Concepcion's fantastic imagery make for a satisfying and nuanced foray into the dangerously familiar terrain of lost love. They do indeed find the song of the bird by slicing open its chest.

Mark Lamoureux is printed matter editor for Boog City and the editor of Cy Gist Press ([www.cygistpress.com](http://www.cygistpress.com)).

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## Off This Planet is Out of this World Small Sounds Can Be Deceiving

BY JONATHAN BERGER

*Off This Planet*

Brian Speaker

Brian Speaker needs a job. Well, he's got a job, but he's ready to get out. It's a shame because it's the work he was born to do. Brian Speaker—he was born with the name, though his German forebears were once Sprechers—works as a voiceover artist.

When the singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist/producer Speaker arrived in New York City, he practically fell into commercial voice recording. "I started in television," he explains, "but the first radio job interview I had, I got. I was really comfortable in the recording studio. I had a list of characters I could go into. Over the first few years here, I was doing a lot more on-camera, but once I entered the voice world ..."

His voice work has gotten him heard on MTV, Nickelodeon, and VH1. "I only work like one or two days a year," he laughs.

It sounds like a good gig, but like most singer/songwriter/multi-instrumentalist/producers he's looking to get away from the day-to-day grind of recording non-musically and being heard nationwide. Despite being the voice on Clearasil and Capri Sun campaigns, Speaker wants to be a rock star. "I express myself best with my guitar," he explains "It's like having

Indiana-friendly Brian Speaker. He's a social animal who has a smile and a handshake for everyone (a fairly disturbing phenomenon for the native New Yorkers he approaches). Maybe that's what his desired career shift is about. Perhaps he wants to get out of the claustrophobic recording room and into the control room (where he can talk to artists) or on the stage (where it's all about interaction). Perhaps Speaker wants to rock out not because of dreams of adulation or fortune, but because he doesn't want to be alone anymore. Maybe Brian just wants to make friends.

"That's not so far off," he says, "I mean, I still love my isolation."

Supporting this supposition is the way Speaker is expanding the scope of his work. Speakersonic Studio is fast becoming the second home of a variety of up-and-coming New York songwriters. Somer Bingham, Adam Bricks and M LaMar have been recording with Speaker, who has proven that he can record, produce, and add whatever flavor or instrumentation might be required to create the correct sound. No one complains about his results. In fact, Recording Magazine has sung the praises of the home studio, calling it "one that can stand up to many that were done in high-end commercial facilities," concluding its assessment with a singular "Outstanding!"

It's these skills that have served him in well as soundman at the Sidewalk Café, handling mixing for recordings of the Fools, Ben Godwin, and Debe Dalton, among hundreds of others. He's had the skills and experience since picking up the guitar in his early teens. "I had always been a sound tech nerd," says Speaker. "We had a traveling large capacity P.A. system. We basically built it from the ground up."

It's also allowed his songs to be experienced on cable shows, and his voice to be included as backup on the soundtrack of *Across the Universe*. You won't notice Speaker in the midst of all those Beatles' songs; as ever, he fits seamlessly in the mix.

For more info visit [www.brianspeaker.com](http://www.brianspeaker.com).

Jonathan Berger was once a lot more important than he is today. Don't ask him about it; it's not a pleasant story, and he may be tempted to tell it.

The bass player from Ween is in your band? That's really cool, but call it what it is: a bass guitar. Dreiwitz' bass is mixed pretty far back for the vast majority of the disc, leaving room for some excellent lead guitar from Jack Petruzzelli (especially the swampy slide guitar on "Love on the Go") and B3/other keys by Arne Wendt. You recorded John Mayer? Okay, that's a resume builder, but the music herein has nothing to do with schmaltzy album-oriented rock.

And there's never a word anywhere about, pardon me, the SOUND of Sounds of Greg D. *My Little Monkey Got Caught* is a very tight, barroom country and Creedence Clearwater Revival-sounding collection of songs that occasionally dips into the weirdness of White Pepper-era Ween ("My Little Monkey Got Caught"). Of course, the album more frequently dips into the grown-up bachelor pad stylings of early Luna (although the latter is probably more attributable to Di Gesu's deep, resonant baritone).

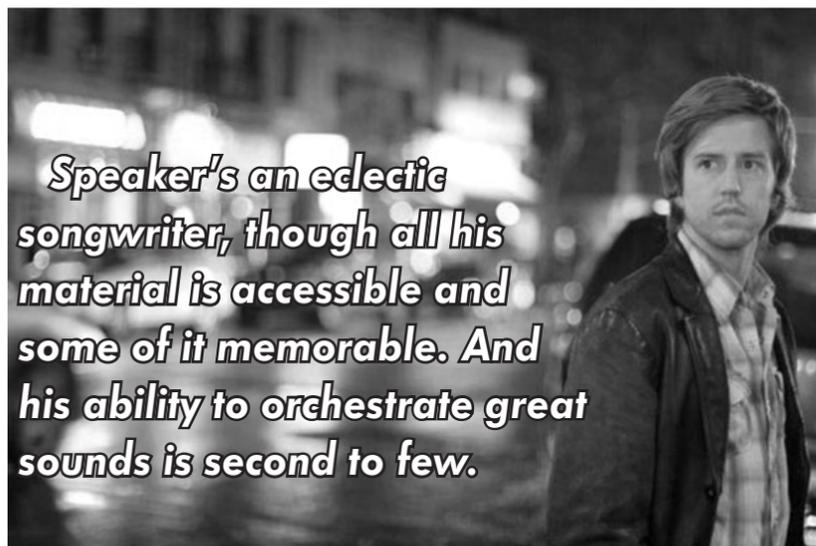
*My Little Monkey Got Caught* was not made by a rock-god supergroup, which the bio led me to believe. It is, however, a very brisk, unassuming, and well-made album by artists doing good work. Sounds of Greg D kind of sounds like a group you might be pleasantly surprised to hear on a Sunday night at places like Sidewalk Café (where Sounds of Greg D occasionally have been known to play).

For more information visit [www.gregsounds.com](http://www.gregsounds.com).

Brook Pridemore writes good traveling music, played 201 shows in 2007, and leads Brook Pridemore and the Valley Cubs into dens of iniquity across the land.



**My Little Monkey Got Caught is a very brisk, unassuming, and well-made album by artists doing good work.**



**Speaker's an eclectic songwriter, though all his material is accessible and some of it memorable. And his ability to orchestrate great sounds is second to few.**

your heart in your hands and getting to pound on it."

Of course Speaker does more than play guitar. His second solo album, the full-length *Off This Planet*, speaks to his many strengths. Recorded at Speakersonic Studio (Brian's East Village home and workspace), most of it was performed by Speaker. The album features a variety of his pop styles: from the loping, joyful "Waverly Place" to the movingly soulful "April Dawn" and the rocking, harmonic "Push Back." He's an eclectic songwriter, though his material is accessible some of it memorable. And his ability to orchestrate great sounds surpasses most.

A central concern of the songs on *Planet* seems to be separation anxiety. From the album's title to songs like "Aliens" and "Into the Unknown," Speaker seems entranced with approaching new environments, much like his experimental approach to tackling varied song-styles. "The Ghost," a brooding track, tells of a lost soul haunting his former grounds before a Brian army sings and giant drums echo. These sounds, plus an eerily tinkling piano, all clearly complement the unsettling atmosphere built by the lyrics. His album-closing "Ya'll Come Back" speaks of the hometown that he ambivalently misses. This Speaker is all about isolation.

Of course, that's nothing like the perfectly affable and

BY BROOK PRIDEMORE

*My Little Monkey Got Caught*

Sounds of Greg D

The "further reading material" in the press kit for Sounds of Greg D, the moniker of New Jersey-born, bred and based songwriter Greg Di Gesu, is a perfect example of the dangers of talking too much. The back cover of their debut, *My Little Monkey Got Caught*, broadcasts that the music was "performed live in the studio." The band's bio makes note that bassist Dave Dreiwitz is also a sometime member of rock gods Ween. Indeed, Dreiwitz' name is the first listed on the album credits, for no apparent reason. Look further to their website and read more about Di Gesu's accomplishments as a studio engineer: he's received platinum records for his work with Lenny Kravitz and John Mayer.

All of this pedigree building sets Di Gesu and company up for a fall because—and I mean this in the most complimentary way possible—this is a much smaller record than the "further reading material" suggests. Performed live in the studio? That's amicable, considering the ProTools world we live in, but listing that credit at the top of the CD jacket stinks of one-upmanship.



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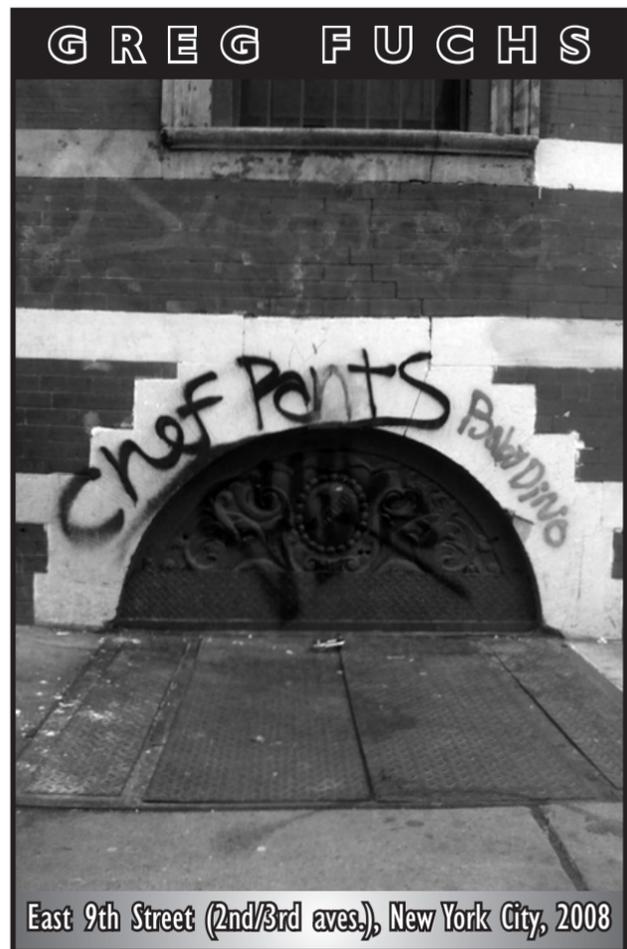
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**Untitled**, 2001. Type c-print mounted on aluminum, 30" x 36".

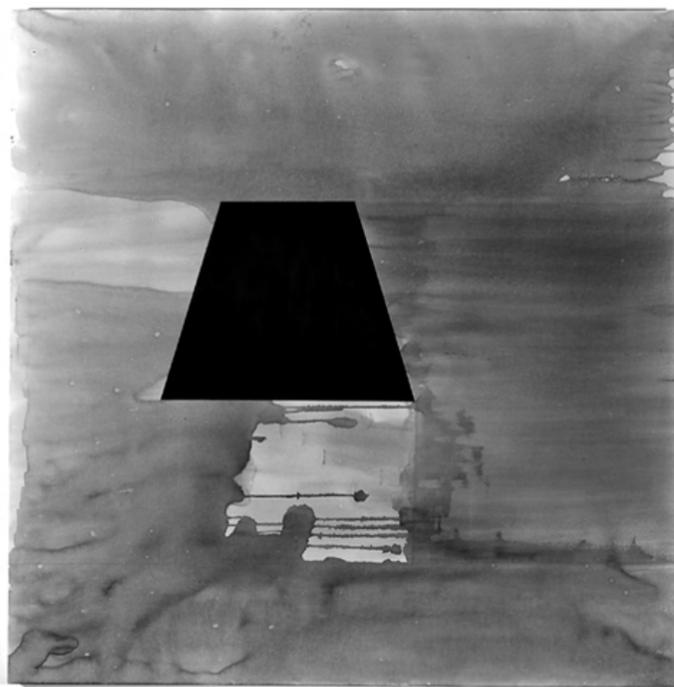


**Untitled**, 2001. Type c-print mounted on aluminum, 30" x 36".

## Arnold J. Kemp Williamsburg, Brooklyn and San Francisco



**Daydream Nation**, 2005. Graphite, ink wash, and Flashe on canvas, 69" x 69".



**Black Block**, 2005. Graphite, ink wash, and Flashe on canvas, 69" x 69".

### About the Artist

Arnold J. Kemp has had solo shows at Debs & Co. in New York, and San Francisco's The Luggage Store Gallery and Stephen Wirtz Gallery. In 2000 his work was included in The Studio Museum in Harlem's groundbreaking "Freestyle" exhibition. His work has been collected by The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Studio Museum in Harlem. He completed a large site specific project in 2007 for The Portland Institute of Contemporary Art's Time-Based-Arts Festival, and he performed INARMS, a commissioned experimental play, for The San Francisco Poets Theater. His work is currently on view at Sister in Los Angeles and envoy in New York.



This is **BOOG CITY**'s 50th issue, all of which have featured an advertisement from the Bowery Poetry Club.

We'd like to thank Bob Holman for his unwavering support.

Please visit [www.bowerypoetry.com](http://www.bowerypoetry.com)

## Mark Wallace

Carlsbad, Calif.

### From Party In My Body

Living this way, there's no place for anyone, so we maneuver ceaselessly. These wet cold streets like a secret told in a language no one knows. Goodnight, folks. Where you live is not your address. Coming up short on passionate worship, I lose myself in local food shops, celebrate the dispersal of hands. Buildings project emotions on people. I'm tired of seeking distractions on weekends. There's no time to get lost in reflection. Arriving at events after they end! How many people can be stuffed into phone production companies?

\*

There are always new corners to be backed into, so let's go to the cafeteria. An angry debate among medical scholars interrupted my afternoon daydreams. O how the mighty have fallen asleep. Should we focus on solving domestic squabbles? Crash the party for diplomats? I've always wanted to live in museums and once in awhile visit houses. Psychologically suggestive behavior! Overpopulation by deer and people is leading to late night cultural clashes. I love to read and write and talk but have to earn a living. Back in the ground it goes. Open my notebooks and show them to who?

\*

Why not revel in being between, instead of being obsessed with arrival? Why try to justify hands? Maybe we can get together during a break in financial burdens. Uninformed cliches about modern art! E-mail me take care bye. A certain portion of the population will always be lost emotionally. Note that in my daydreams, even my faults are romantic. Let's abandon ourselves to creation in the pages of a professional journal. Darkness is a great excuse for fiddling days away. Watch closely as I fail to function.



## OCHO 14

Guest edited by Nick Piombino, OCHO 14 is just out with work by Charles Bernstein, Alan Davies, Ray DiPalma, Elaine Equi, Nada Gordon, Mitch Highfill, Brenda Iijima, Kimberly Lyons, Sharon Mesmer, Tim Peterson, Corinne Robins, Jerome Sala, Gary Sullivan, Nico Vassilakis and Mark Young. Cover by Toni Simon. 181 pages, perfect bound, \$16.94, available exclusively from LuLu.com and Adam's Books. "It's a terrific issue, with nothing but good work from cover to cover."— Silliman's Blog. OCHO, the MiPOesias print companion, is a Menendez publication, [www.mipoesias.com](http://www.mipoesias.com).

## Lawrence Giffin

Bushwick, Brooklyn

### Universal Soldier

Equip Axe. Equip Axe regardless of job.

Equip Armor. Equip Armor regardless of job.

Equip Shield. Equip Shield regardless of job.

Equip Sword. Equip Sword regardless of job.

Equip Crossbow. Equip Crossbow regardless of job.

Equip Spear. Equip Spear regardless of job.

Equip Gun. Equip Gun regardless of job.

Equip Knife. Equip Knife regardless of job.

### About the Poets

**Lawrence Giffin** is series editor of The Physical Poets ([www.physicalpoets.com](http://www.physicalpoets.com)) and coauthor, with Steve Zultanski, of a collaged political treatise, *Comment Is Free*. **Uche Nduka** (cover) was born in Nigeria. He is the author of seven volumes of poems, including *eel on reef*. **Mark Wallace** is the author, most recently, of the book of poems *Felonies of Illusions* and the collection of short stories, *Walking Dreams*.



Russell Salamon and Kent Taylor watching d.a. levy set type for his renegade press books, c. 1963-1964.

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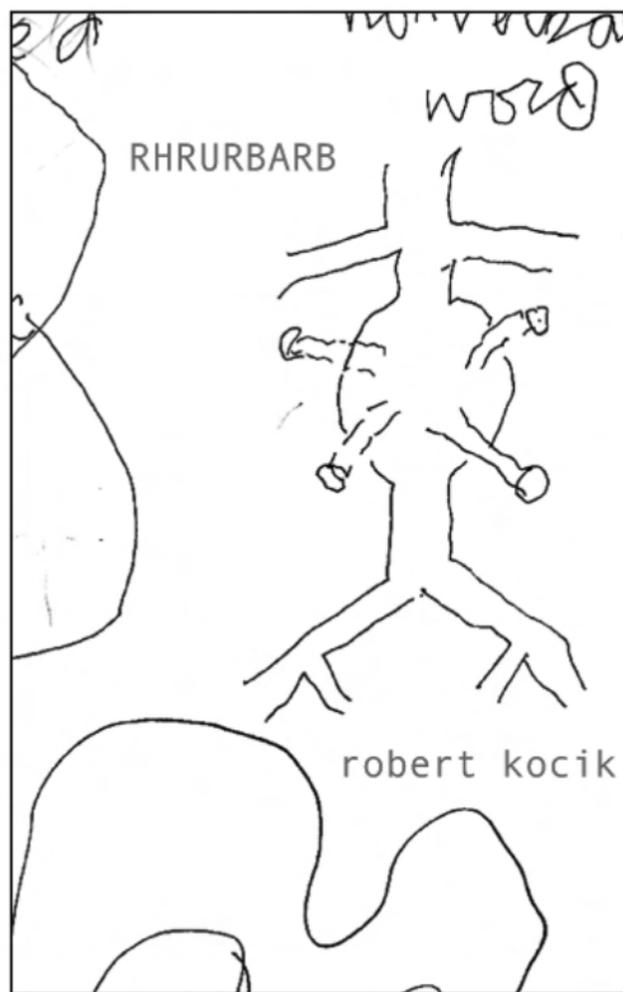
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**Silent Art Auction Fundraiser** (\$15)

Saturday, May 24, 2:00 pm

Please join us for our 3rd biennial Silent Art Auction Fundraiser! View work from established and emerging visual artists. Shop for rare and signed books and printed matter. Purvey the activity from the cash bar on the balcony, then outbid your friends and fellow enthusiasts on your favorite works of art. If you can't make the party, please contact us for information on proxy bidding. Every dollar earned will benefit the continuance of the Poetry Project!

**Performances by:**

Richard Hell; Bruce Andrews and Sally Silvers; Franklin Bruno; and Legends (Elizabeth Reddin, Raquel Vogl and James Loman)

**Bid on art and/or buy books by:**

Etel Adnan, Susan Bee, Rackstraw Downes, Beka Goedde, George Schneeman, Anne Waldman, Erica Svec, Zach Wollard, Bill Berkson, Andrei Codrescu, Robert Creeley, James Franklin, Ted Greenwald, Hal Saulson, Mimi Gross, Ken Mikolowski, Ron Padgett, Ed Ruscha, Will Yackulic, Jim Dine, Fielding Dawson, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Alice Notley, Lewis Warsh, Bernadette Mayer, Peter Schjeldahl, Anne Tardos, Ted Berrigan & Fairfield Porter *and many more!*

# Bowery WOMEN POEMS

# Bowery WOMEN POEMS



*Bob Holman and Marjorie Tesser, Editors*

So here you go, seventy-six women poets who've all read at the Bowery Poetry Club in New York City. One poet, one poem, one photo, that's the recipe for this book. Poets were asked to send their Greatest Hit. We look on this book as an introduction—a go-to starting point for the women who helped open the gates to the Academy of the Future of 21st Century Poetry. So who's your fave? Just remember to look for her by first name—

Alana Free-Amy Ouzoonian Ana Castillo Ange Mlinko Ann Bettison Enzminger  
Anne Waldman Brenda Coultas Carla Harryman Celena Glenn Cheryl Boyce Taylor  
Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz Cynthia Kraman Daphne Gottlieb Dawn Saylor  
Deanna Zandt Diane Burns Donna Masini- Elaine Equi Elinor Nauen  
Elizabeth-Jane Burnett Emily XYZ Fay Chiang Gabriella Santoro Hettie Jones  
Honor Moore Ishle Yi Park-Jackie Sheeler Jan Heller Levi Janet Hamill  
Janice Erlbaum Janine Pommy Vega Jen Benka Jennifer Blowdryer  
Jessica Hagedorn-Joy Harjo Kathryn M. Fazio Kim Rosenfield Kristin Prevallet-  
Lee Ann Brown Leslie Scalapino Leticia Vloria Liz Maher Lynne Procopé-  
Maggie Balistreri Maggie Dubris Marie Howe Marie Ponsot Marjorie Tesser  
Martha Rhodes Marty McConnell Mary Reilly Maureen Owen May Joseph  
Melissa Christine Goodrum Nancy Mercado Naomi Shihab Nye O'Debra Twins  
Patricia Spears Jones Patricia Smith-Rachel Levitsky Rachel McKibbens  
Radhiya Ayobami Regina Cabico Sapphire Sarah Herrington-Sarah Quinter  
Seren Divine Shanna Compton Simone Gorrindo Suheir Hammad-Tara Betts  
Tsaurah Litzky Turah Vicki Hudspith Wanda Coleman Zhang Er

Bowery Women gratefully acknowledges funding from  
New York State Council on the Arts.



*Bowery Women* is the third book in the Bowery Books series following Taylor Mead's *A Simple Country Girl* and *The Bowery Bartenders Big Book of Poems*. Available at bookstores, and through all online booksellers and the Bowery Books webpage, below.

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