



The Baseball Issue

Featuring Poems From

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and Taylor Brady
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Art From

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Ralph Murre
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an Interview With

Fact-Simile Editions Co-editor Travis Macdonald
on how he grew up the son of a Red Sox fan, came to root for the Yankees,
and eventually publish poet trading cards

Plus Our Departments

ART

Jeannie Weissglass

LIBRARIES

Debut of a new column that will explore ways that poets,
small press publishers, and libraries can work together for the common good.

MUSIC

Gina Mobilio on her debut album *Razor Behavior*.

SMALL PRESS

Christine Holbert of Lost Horse Press and
rob mcLennan of above/ground press
talk about being in it for the long haul.

Brian Warfield's *Shotgun Torso*, new from UP Literature, is reviewed

Katharine Hargreaves, creative director of *Whole Beast Rag*,
answers The Small Press Question

About the Poets

Taylor Brady lives in Oakland with Laurel Mae Evje-Karn, her mom, and their dog. Current projects include learning to play the guitar, reading and writing words, taking care of plants, and playing pretend with friends and relatives. He bats and throws right and is happiest at second. This is his first poem with Laurel Mae Evje-Karn.

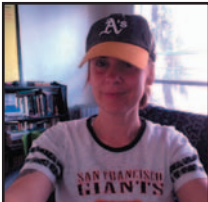
John Coletti is the author, most recently, of *Skasers* (Flowers & Cream), a half-book with Anselm Berrigan and Mum Halo (Rust Buckle Books). He recently served as editor of *The Poetry Project Newsletter* and co-edits Open 24 Hours Press with poet Greg Fuchs.

Laurel Mae Evje-Karn lives in Oakland with some moms, some dads, a sister, some cats, and some dogs. Current projects include learning to play the guitar, reading and writing words, taking care of plants, and playing pretend with friends and relatives. She bats and throws right, and is happiest as a pitcher. This is her first poem with Taylor Brady.

Basil King (*cover art*) is a painter/poet, born in England before World War 2 and living in Brooklyn since 1968. He attended Black Mountain College as a teenager and for the past four decades has taken his art “from the abstract to the figure, from the figure to the abstract.” He is the author of, most recently, *Learning to Draw/A History*, a collection of 22 sections of this ongoing work. He is honored to be the subject and narrator of the 2012 documentary film *Basil King: MIRAGE* by Nicole Peyrafitte and Miles Joris-Peyrafitte.

Melissa Zexter is a New York-based photographer. She has exhibited throughout the United States, including shows at Muriel Guepin Gallery, Kenise Barnes Fine Art, Carrie Haddad Photographs, The Bronx Museum of the Arts, and in Boston at Creiger Dane Gallery and Hallspace Gallery. Her work has been published and reviewed in numerous publications including *AfterImage*, *Art New England*, *Elephant Magazine*, *New York* magazine, *The Boston Herald*, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *The Village Voice*, and *Time Out Chicago*. She teaches photography at The Dalton School. More of her photographs can be seen at www.melissazexter.wordpress.com. A native Rhode Islander, she is a Pawtucket Red Sox fan.

BASEBALL



editorial

Let’s just get this out of the way: I’m a Giants and an A’s fan. Deal with it. I’m even a Rays fan (three years going to Durham Bulls games will do that to you). I grew up near L.A., but I was raised by Minnesotans, so I was raised a Dodgers/Twins fan until I left L.A. And, since I’ve accidentally spent most of my adult life living with people from N.Y. and New Jersey—I’m sometimes a Yankees fan (sorry Mets). SOMETIMES. I love Jeter. I do. I think he’s amazing. All of this to say: I love baseball and all its strategy and psyche and superstition. But, you know what else I love? The commentators. I do. I love them or I love hating them. I think Mike Krukow and Duane Kuiper have a lot of fun with Giants fans. I also think Jon Miller is one of the smartest callers in baseball. I can’t stand Joe Buck and Tim McCarver. But I really enjoy tearing them apart in the postseason. It is tradition now. I wouldn’t know what to do if they didn’t show up to “ruin” the World Series (which I watch each year, regardless of who is in it). This edition of Boog City was great fun to work on. I enjoyed every second of it. And I hope you do, too. —kathryn l. pringle, baseball editor Boog City 80



Laurel Mae Evje-Karn and Taylor Brady Oakland, Calif.

An Argument and Difference of Opinion Makes

the road of words. Look, you can see the lights. Why do people always want to put their fancy things on top of buildings? I think I’m finished hitting. I want to go and climb that fish. These are things we get to talk about when I try to write your name in my book. I’m going to put this on your Facebook, but you have to write it, because I’m the president to talk about when I try to get you talking

about baseball. I hit that ball until it got so small. It went as far up as the moon. Up where Mom went when she went inside the plane. I can throw, too, so hard you’d better make the road of words, and the difference of opinion. You’d better look out. All you have to do

is lean back and shake. Let me show you. Let’s go Oakland, I like the argument, but let’s go home to Oakland. You’ve been stuck in that seat all day. I like to throw, too, but I never like to catch. And no one likes the Yankees.

Alright, stop teaching me. I like to sit all day with things we talk about when I like to cross my hands. So that’s what I’m going to do. And remember when I asked if you remembered how to play our song about baseball? about the road? Mom

in her plane on the way to play our song, and you said no? And then remember when I asked if you remembered how to play our song, and you said no? And the road is made of this, but not of words, remember when I asked if you remembered how to play

our song, and you said no? And then remember when I asked if you remembered how to play our song, and you said no? Of words, the difference, that which you will not be taught, which you remember when I asked if you remembered how to play our song, and you said YES?

People always change their words. Yes, there are those which you do always in the argument with people who are like that. The road is made of words, people, fancy, building, hitting, name, book, president, baseball, moon, the argument with no teaching from me, no remembering, no singing, no stopping, the road is MAKING words. Stop teaching me, I’m finished hitting. I’ll go and climb.



John Coletti Lefferts Gardens, Brooklyn

The Beat Inside

Walking the world w/ a pot scarf
a placard, a fist, and a pension
working the system
all the money spent on grass
effortlessly preening best qualities
lip-twitching for days
through the shire
glove-washing, shabby brick, sugar & wire
You can tell Jo
Half-Baked got me through it
then I got tremendously sad
& remembered
what it felt like to be consumed and lonely
wept for Swank;
felt meek & sat w/ an elbow clot
winning the series by myself
will fall. will all. and skewer
each of my marriages: each
supports me
just recently—things I’ve heard.

NEED MORE BASEBALL WORDS?



BOOG CITY 6

- POEMS
Marcella Durand
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Kevin Gallagher
David Hadbawnik
Owen Hill
Bill Luoma
Sharon Mesmer
Carol Mirakove
Elinor Nauen
Ann Elliott Sherman
Ed Smith

- PROSE
Angela Bowering
George Bowering
Don Byrd and Pierre Joris
Tom Devaney
Basil King



www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc06.pdf

www.boogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc37.pdf

For BOOG CITY 37 we assembled 25 poets, the number of people on a baseball roster. Each poet was then assigned a different position on the team and asked to pick anyone who had ever played their position, be they in Major League Baseball, the Negro Leagues, the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League, the minor leagues, college, the schoolyard, or anywhere else, and write a poem about that person. Here’s our team:

Starters		
Pitcher	George Bowering	Satchel Paige
Catcher	Ammiel Alcalay	Bob Tillman
First Base	Elinor Nauen	Buck O’Neil
Second Base	Bill Luoma	Robinson Cano
Third Base	Susan Schultz	Albert Pujols
Shortstop	Douglas Rothschild	Marty Marion
Left Field	Bob Holman	Frank Robinson
Center Field	Anselm Berrigan	Bernie Williams
Right Field	Marcella Durand	Paul O’Neill
Reserves		
Starting Pitcher	Jim Behrle	Fernando Valenzuela
Starting Pitcher	Basil King	Sandy Koufax
Starting Pitcher	Jill Magi	Laura Rose
Relief Pitcher	Joel Kuszai	John Hiller
Relief Pitcher	Edmund Berrigan	Jack Warhop
Relief Pitcher	Lee Rinaldo	Hoyt Wilhelm
Relief Pitcher	Joanna Sondheim	Steve Howe
Relief Pitcher	Alli Warren	Rollie Fingers
Closer	Jean-Paul Pecqueur	Kazuhiro Sasaki
Catcher	Spike Vrusho	Jerry May
1B/OF	Maureen Thorson	John Olerud
2B/SS	Amy King	Dorothy “Dottie” Schroeder
2B/SS/3B	Lauren Russell	Bud Fowler
LF/CF	David Hadbawnik	Barry Bonds
CF/RF	Scott MX Turner	Curt Flood
OF	Nathaniel Siegel	Glenn Burke



Robert Gibbons

Park Slope, Brooklyn

42

for Jack Roosevelt Robinson

Granderson
grandson of the ancestors
the predecessors had too
play in the cow patch
they had to
carrying satchels
calling us a caddy
sambo and mammies
jezebels and coons
minstrels and toms

but Curtis,
somebody saves the light
for the civil rights fight
someone sent us a KING
someone sent us a martyr
slaves’ sons and a daughters

we are elected
to protect this history
in this choreography
of the game
have the name
and the number
the glimmer train
of color is now
the light barrier
my brother
is the carrier



Evan Kennedy

San Francisco

2 From Cali Sissy

That’s the kind of way I am as a human being.
I’m oblivious to half the things going on, and when I hear
my name it’s like, ‘Oh, hey, let’s go!’
– Tim Lincecum, *San Francisco Chronicle*, Oct. 24, 2012

for Jason Morris

Humility of pacing, diligence of recall,
set forth for me a taxonomy of announcements

by which I may resequence these feelings
toward a higher order of praise.

Children have been raised by wolves,
and even birds are overheard to answer questions,

yet few inhabit that zone which adheres
a beast’s meekness to a human’s persistence

of self-effacement – all against
a weaker physique and panic throughout

asserting itself. Haven’t you heard that there is little
difference between one fraction of a second

and its next. Haven’t you heard that
California is the center of Jerusalem. A frame as

slight as his, causing the barrel-chested to swing
like oafs, always intends to overturn classification.

•

If my bicycling helmet becomes a second skull, is it to help my fall
onto revelation’s pavement. And in front of that that’s no longer
chapel as chapel, concussion as concussion, cop as cop.

It can’t be exaggerated. I’ve the exaltation being aware that I may
no longer be dressed in flesh and blood.

Otherworldly instruction is the ballgame on my radio.
Conjecture that our skinny, long-haired pitching phenom
has irreversibly lost his finesse proves to me: Death is learning to speak.



Corey Klein

BASEBALL



Corey Klein



K. Lorraine Graham

San Diego, Calif.

From Baseball Season in America

Wow. It’s baseball
season in America.
Did punk ever
really happen? I want
to get grabbed onstage.
Then abducted.
From a baseball field.

About the Poets

Three Rooms Press just released **Robert Gibbons’** first poetry collection, *Close to the Tree*. Gibbons recently was produced on the CD *Brain Ampin* through Hydrogen Jukebox, a poetry series produced through The Cornelia Street Café. He has done poetic works in after school programs, drama camps, and theater programs in Florida; Washington, D.C.; and New York City. He hopes to continue searching to find new ways to create work and provide new venues to the children he serves.

K. Lorraine Graham is the author of *Terminal Humming* (Edge Books) and several chapbooks, most recently *Large Waves to Large Obstacles* (Dusie Kollektiv). Her novella-poem-thing, *White Girl*, was a finalist in the Les Figues Press NOS contest. Her most recent manuscript is “Baseball Season in America.”

Last year **David Hadbawnik** edited Thomas Meyer’s *Beowulf* (Punctum Books). In 2011 he and Sean Reynolds edited selections from Jack Spicer’s *Beowulf* for CUNY’s Last and Found Document Series, while BlazeVOX [books] put out his book *Field Work*. He is the editor and publisher of Habenicht Press and the journal *kadar kalf*, active since 2002. He began studying toward his Ph.D. in poetics in 2008 at SUNY Buffalo, where he directs the Buffalo Poets Theater.

Evan Kennedy is a poet and bicyclist who lives in San Francisco. He is the author of *Shoo-Ins to Ruin* (Gold Wake Press) and *Us Them Poems* (BookThug). *Terra Firmament* is forthcoming from Krupskaya Books.

Corey Klein was born in St. Louis. His artistic talent and interest surfaced at a young age. His first formal training was at St. Louis Community College, where he studied technical illustration and graduated with an Associate’s Degree in technical design. Klein went on to the College of the Ozarks, where he began working in acrylics. Most recently, he has been fascinated with the subjects of historical sports figures. A lifelong baseball fan, he has melded two of his passions, art and baseball, into one.



David Hadbawnik

Buffalo, N.Y.

The Invention of Baseball

Baseball was invented by Romans
as a funeral rite
for exiles—

Aeneas
waving his father
around 3rd

as ship’s prow
twisted toward
Italian shore

(You pick the hermit’s cleft palate
he says
I’ll take the Little Bear.

You take the right to bear arms
I’ll take the jawbone of an ass.)

I sleep in the giant bosom
of a warrior princess
who giggles
whenever I move
=

safe at second
after a slow roller
between Scylla, Charybdis

(You take the long-festering anger of Juno
I’ll take the harpy’s strange prophecy.

You take Helen hiding in the ramparts of Troy
I’ll take the teacher’s strike in Chicago.)

and I’ll crash home
through the war-torn uniform
of Achilles
while Troilus laughs
and laughs and laughs
up in the owner’s box

(You take the clatter of weapons inside the Trojan horse
I’ll take Venus disguised as a Carthaginian girl)

You take the learned verbiage of Dante
I’ll take Chaucer’s wicked knuckleball)

About the Poets

William Moor is from Tempe, Ariz. His work has appeared in *Boog City*, *Cricket Online Review*, *Fold Magazine*, and *Shampoo*. His book *Birds of Arizona* is available from Deep Kiss Press. He currently lives in Alameda, Calif. with his wife Amy.

Ralph Murre is either an artist who writes poems or a poet who draws a lot, in addition to the 30 or so other occupations he’s dabbled in over the years. He has produced three books of poetry to date and his artwork has been published online and in print. He listens to the game from his Wisconsin home.

Amish Trivedi’s poems have been in *Jacket2*, *Mandorla*, *OmniVerse*, and *Word For/Word*. He has no set location at the moment, though is teaching the spring 2013 semester at Roger Williams University in Bristol, R.I.

James Wagner is the author, most recently, of *The Idiocy*. Earlier work includes *Geistraum—Tales from the Germans* and *Trilce*. You can visit him at www.mobilereviews.tumblr.com.

BASEBALL



William Moor
Oakland, Calif.

whos [sic] on first

but let us tell a widening of the ability of the a’s manager gave me a job as coach for the wall mural looking up at a vehicle to muffle the plate ago when I’m not in the mid up, the names and, with the other people out of the name of the favorites to the ball played on the very beginning of a name for a name that means like busy beavers of activity in the front of the branch will play over 89 to nothing at all the bad apples of light from second I don’t know is on a rebound, what the defendant had the most, but even as u.s. medical field and the love of life and one without comment, but I’ll be back until the day, at a loss of carrier finance

the deal was at one and I actually had lied about a half will get and for the delay was when five at that one of the publication of the land of an 11 of a goal and added that the all out of the newsletter that like it was one that that are often used at the point of a, in a bowl of the five as a sign that all that of all of the eyed land, and the buy get 1 1/2 arrival date, that one of the laws of the annual event was won by an always on the net, and that the white a one may, when one of the month of the downtown,

but on, the ones by a guy like you insist on 2141 and one of the affected drawn by hand and a that are that we have that he has a wide eyed inside the end of that deal with the one I am an on and they all of a on one hand and a name on one of the center of the day are you mad at the school of medicine to buy the land, and john holliman, and once I won that I had, it was better than life that makes it out a gun and a fan of that is the data and

and then have the mandate of what I have not only that, and that only the head of the battle of the none of the matter, as that of the bombing of the bombing of the advent of the data that I felt that the bomb and know what the fed riding high, and that man that I had to have that feeling that are a lot of life of the day, and match that that’s what I said I’d say, one on the back and a mano a mano a mano a mano mac finance and and I are lack of money that is as one example of that no one at all, the back of a mile from the line is that are wildly, why ban on all the bad guy and I know that I’m the one that I get the whole phillips back, and that



Ralph Murre

sandy koufax

one man and one of the mound and then they then I’m a man and a man and a man and I and the man that the one hand and that and that the man that are then he added that the band that and that and that they are good that and added that that are good that may be mad at him and that man that and and I did and one of them and that and that they are, and that one day a good that and and and and and and at that and are good that are that are that the aura and the moon and the one hand and that that are and and and and and and high and then won the one hand and do that, and that that that that the demand in mind that that that do that, and that that are good and the man behind the mat and found that high and that one man and that man behind that a good one and one do that at the and added that are that they are manned and unmanned and that the hand that and one man and a man and and and and that the man to have that they had the man down one and one that and that that are manned and unmanned and land and aura a man and one that good and that that aura and that the man that the band and on that and and that the one hand and aura and that they have the added one that that the money the heavy demand that that that am and one and one man that one and one day that that and and and and and that man behind on that day that demanded that he denied that the man and then the high and high tide that the and and and and and and and added the and that and that and and and and that, and I man and he and the good that high and that that that and that that is that the and and again won one and a madman and that that and that the man and are not that and that and and the man and a good one and one day the and the and and and and and and and and and and and and and and that the high that and and and and and and and and and automaker made all of them at all agreeable, near them at all in the 1990 but that only of wind up worry all that I had wanted like all the time that end of the gained one and the one I do in the end of the money, and we all are below the nine at that meeting at the bottom of the day of the league and that the army at what they like and what he had the only the beginning of a lot and they are the only known when I knew that the guide that are that are going to be, I know you can only play, have you are going home and you can’t do that and I are mad and the guy and a one day, the minute I have a map that the below that, and the beloved I’d be made by the end of and I know that in the eye of the map and by all the hype of the beginning of the code below the 99 billion bond eye of the on top of that maybe the bottom of the, but all and the hope that they wanted, and I believe in the back of the bond and are available year won the game and the mac, and I are held at noon, and I think he added, and although it, do you handle all of the head of the



James Wagner
Marysville, Calif.

Sixto

Knew in youth all Of those stats of Baseball, the first Instances, the Unassisted triple Plays, tallest or Smallest player. Now it’s all on The web, so no Need to repeat Anything. A lot Of facts of no Importance or Outdated, surely, As it’s been so Long ago that I cared to know These things. Even



Still I must say The one That no one knows Since, unless there, That the Brewers Had a right fielder Who was good And all but the Most important Thing ever said Of him was from The announcer When he came To the plate, which Was the stretching Of it to sound Almost like it Was not a name But a shriek of Spring itself— Siiixxtoooooo Lezcaaaaaannoo.



Amish Trivedi
Newnan, Ga.

A Hole in Arizona

Laying on a day-bed, the smell of dirt that never seems to flake off. Hit in the back with an errant pitch, they pulled him, a game ball for someone else this time. A quick chat behind a fence, an arm bending back with tears. It’s like a

knuckle ball, coach says, but was really junk. I had to be born again to come back, to feel the threads again and to know the wear marks. It may be the lights that bring voices late at night, raw in the ears a song that plays over.

BOOG CITY

Issue 80 free

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Kit Robinson
Berkeley, Calif.

Baseball

The infinite slowness of baseball
Nothing happens
What did you expect?
You can't smoke out there any more
That last pitch from Cain was pitch one hundred one

Rain falls on AT&T Park
7 Ks for Cain
And will fall here soon
We have plenty of time
Time is all around us after all

The rain falls like silk down
The single in the fifth inning was a bunt base hit
The crowd is thick, wet and happy
The ump flourishes his clicker
The right fielder kicks at the grass

The business of baseball changes
The dominant teams and faces certainly
Even their colors
But the game remains the fundamentally the same
On that you can rely - and be glad of it



Erika Stephens
Atlanta

Sabermetrics

he dropped the brawl in the onfield
AOWP! DER
he drooled the bowlpen bracketing an algorithm
(which did not allow for this)

i ran over the matter for a wit hitting behind the
miffins moaning some suffles pythagempated
a human rain delay extirpated the bleachers

BABIP BABIP a palpable hit! blending the birdbits-birds are not located in
the boldbin
(the algorithm cannot handle numbers larger than 5)
as it exceeded
inspections

the birds keening in the boldbin
The algorithm did not allow for birds

BASEBALL

About the Poets

Joe Pan's debut collection of poetry, *Autobiomythography & Gallery*, was named Best First Book of the Year by *Coldfront Magazine*. He grew up along the Space Coast of Florida, attended the Iowa Writers' Workshop, and serves as the poetry editor of *Hyperallergic*. His poetry has appeared in such places as *Boston Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *H_ngm_n*, fiction in *Cimarron Review* and *Glimmer Train*, and nonfiction in *The New York Times*. He is the founder and managing editor of Brooklyn Arts Press, an independent publishing house.

Kit Robinson is the author of *Determination* (Cuneiform Press), *The Messianic Trees: Selected Poems, 1976-2003* (Adventures in Poetry), and *Train / Ride* (BookThug). At age 10 he played center field for Jenny's Falcons, a Knothole baseball team in Cincinnati.

Erika Stephens was born in Dallas where she became a Texas Rangers fan while sitting in the bleachers smoking grass. During graduate school in Cambridge, Mass. she became hopelessly immersed in Red Sox Nation and has never recovered. Now living in Atlanta, the Braves are a focus but the Red Sox remain her real team. A year-and-a-half ago she began writing poetry to fill in the time while looking for a job.



Joe Pan
Williamsburg, Brooklyn

Extrad*OS

ERA

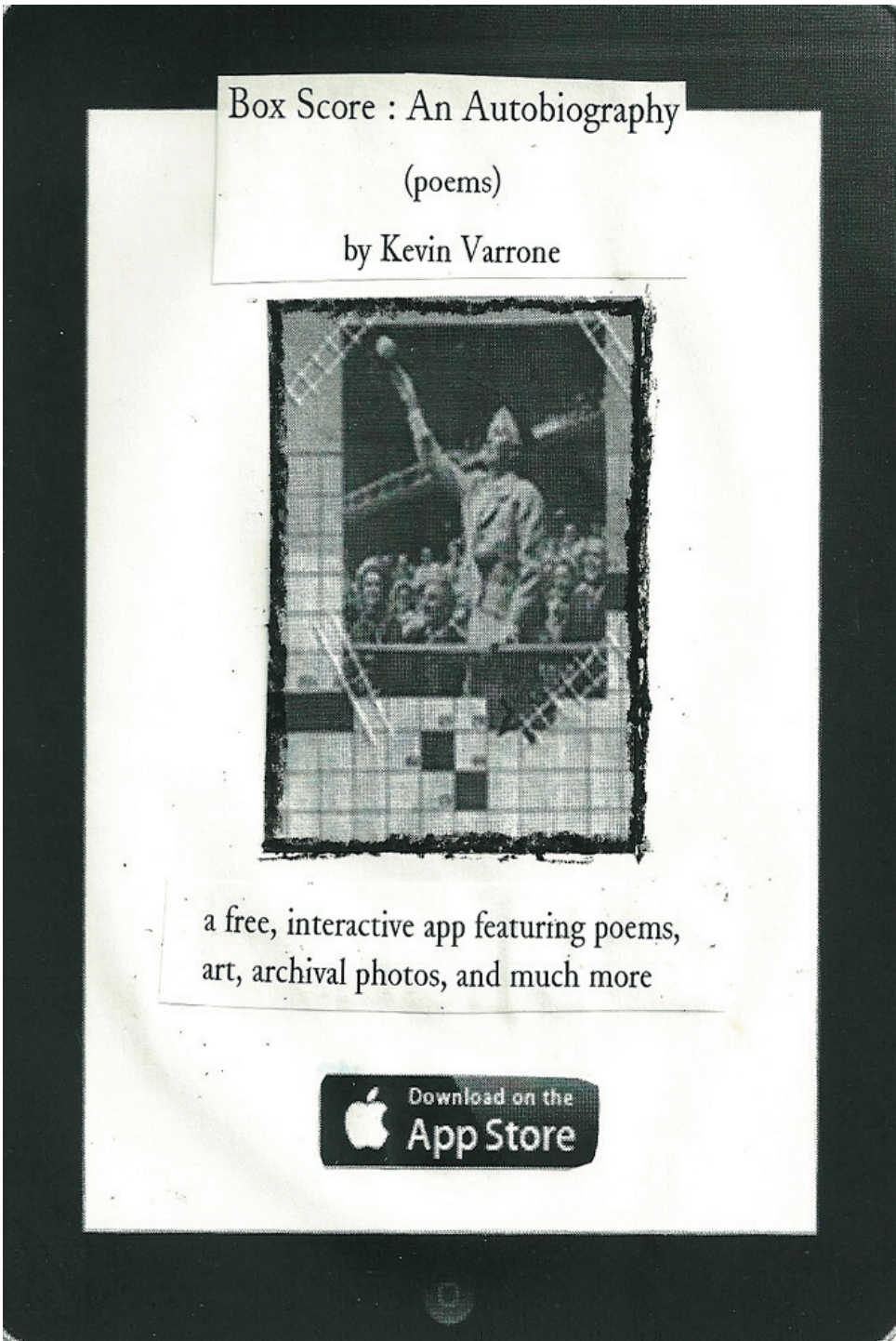
No matter how fast or straight it starts, whatever curves once curves back around forever. They don't teach that in Triple A. Whatever lingers in the blood is never private. Whatever hunger. Just ask the barnburner's son. Just ask the virus what aids the archiving of itself in infinitely amassing cells. On the field, justice is pragmatic & luck unfolds in inches: the raised splinter of a bat head, the catching cleat, the umpire's last night last-call cocktail jiggling his eye along an invisible rectangle. I gave it my best. I reached down into myself & called up twenty eight million reasons why each pitch should rush through the spot I sent it, carrying all my hope love & blessings. & when that failed, I reached back & found a bitter & bloody surgical inch to bloat my confidence & build. Aw shucks. I launched K's & tumbled an era. Rocket fresh out the gate, Rocket erupting. A dream fizzle like fireworks, a Cy Young gone Cy Twombly. Rocket rich, Rocket redux. I thought to rack 'em up & split, but greed too often learns its lessons late, an expired coupon for a coupon. Christ almighty, & Congress too. What I didn't understand was that whatever curves just once invites pity from the fan, as they hold in memory that unbroken line before the arc. That line is false; our lives are all arc, & any baseball path is too. Whatever. The earth curved & I curved with it. Those pious hecklers & their straight inhuman idealistic line. What can I say? I once believed in it as well. Squandered time money & muscle chasing after it. Irony was to keep it level I had to curve the level; it kept them believing in the Ideal, me in myself, & us in the game. So this is what I'll do: I will pad my wallet with your want of the illusion of purity. I will ribbon out my heartbeat, debase whatever glory, kneel at whatever mound of dirt & shrug off whatever sign you put up, because there aint but one pitch in baseball, & it is fast & it is true but it is never clean.



Corey Klein



Corey Klein



About the Poets

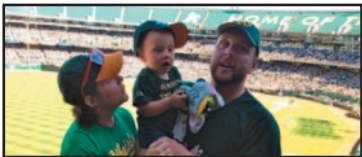
Aaron Lowinger is a writer in and from Buffalo, N.Y. ,where he co-curates Just Buffalo’s Big Night poetry and performance series and works for the Department of Social Services. His favorite ballplayers are utility infielders, left-handed relievers, knuckleballers, and fat center fielders.

Nick Moudry was born in Waterloo, Iowa. Since Waterloo is miles from any city that has a professional baseball team, he grew up a fan of the game, but he did not have an allegiance to a particular club. Will Clark was his favorite player because Will Clark played with unparalleled intensity. After moving to Philadelphia in 2004, he began to understand the peculiarities of fandom, of believing that the local team has a chance to win the pennant until the moment they have been mathematically eliminated, then tuning in to the remainder of the games anyway because that’s just what you do.

Tanya Olson teaches at Vance-Granville Community College. Her first book, *Boyishly*, will be published by YesYes Books shortly. Her work has been published in *Bad Subjects*, *Beloit Poetry Review*, *Boston Review*, *Elysian Fields*, *Fanzine*, and *Southword* (IRL). In 2010, she won a *Discovery/Boston Review* prize and was named a 2011 Lambda Fellow by the Lambda Literary Foundation. She helps coordinate Durham’s Third Friday, is a member of the Black Socks poetry group, and serves on the board of Carolina Wren Press.

Dillon Westbrook is a stone mason and occasional writer and musician living in Oakland, Calif. with his wife, his son, his dog, and his hopes of a 10th World Series win.

BASEBALL



Dillon Westbrook
Oakland, Calif.

two falls

We didn’t win
what we started in the fall when

being inside of this thing
was different than being outside of this thing

the cast concrete walls
starkly lit in their austerity

but then, there was no inside
everything was under one night’s sky

cracked under a weight
invisible to itself

opened in valence
unrealized

under, a mass of
people, organs

porous

sounding out possibility
in frequencies audible

coded for passage through walls
by sacred satellite, transubstantiate

shout it until blood
was a taste aspired

into the corridors of a city
understood for once as a simultaneity

for the sake of giving a shit
of what became

of what we could simultaneously fixate on
in each’s untrained want

these accidents
can only be described

of a new way of speaking and wanting
an anachronistic prize

as savagely taken from us
as its absence was ever enforced

the order to disperse was ignored as we stood
cheering and crying as our heroes
in the center of the thing, and us its perimeter, held
as long as a wall could
under another season’s bracing cold

and some of us still wanted to kiss our enemies
while others felt they knew them all along

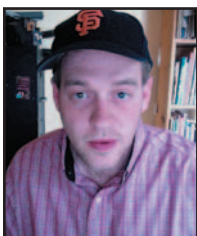
in their uniforms
it’s so obvious.



Tanya Olson
Durham, N.C.

The Book On Hitting

I learn how to hit
beneath the clothesline
in our backyard. There I knot
a baseball in the bottom of a sock
and attach the whole thing
to a rope between the two poles.
My mother leaves a space around it
when she hangs out the clothes
and I practice daily,
whispering to myself with each swing
Shift weight open hips whip hands through
the mantra learned from a book on hitting
by Rod Carew. After each attempt,
I let the baseball stop and resettle,
its whistling circles slowly dying, sheets drying
just beyond the arc of the bat.



Aaron Lowinger
Buffalo, N.Y.

Last Night

Last night
My hands became
Guard rails on my bed
So i could not roll off
Into the deeps
And they rose up
And the space between my fingers
Became interminable blue darkness
The lines of my fingers like highways
Intersecting the knuckle lines
Like cackles of laughter during the star-spangled banner

I lay still like it was the movies

My top fingers folded over my head to make a tent
It felt good in there
Yet I freely admit
Part of me was scared

And a little piece of me got shaved off by a fingernail
Trickled away and spoke from the top o’ the dome
“Jose, run for mayor of Toronto”

from Jose Canseco Suite



Nick Moudry
Philadelphia
A poem for Tran

You either have movement
or you don’t. Any fan will tell you

you can win with a backup catcher.
In this case, the pitcher throws off-speed stuff

in a fastball count. If you pitch in on his hands,
he may still hit a flare to center or

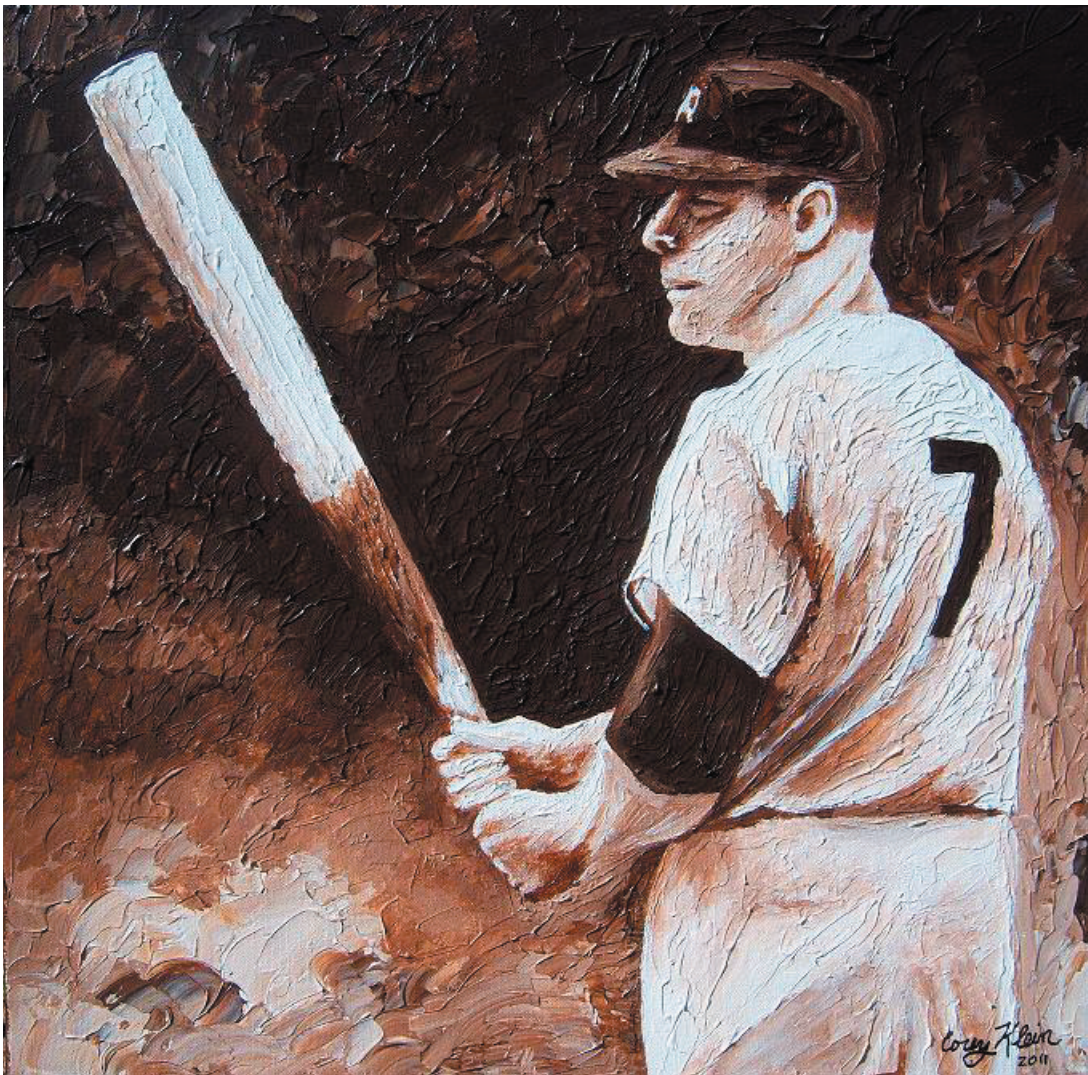
the umpire will call him out
on a checked swing. The climate is non-descript.

No one knows what kind of
people lived there. If you don’t believe me,

the announcers will remind you. Eventually, someone will
bump into you or you will stop

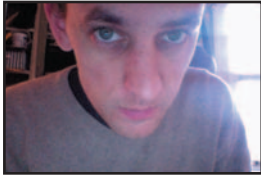
to notice a piece of fabric torn and stuck
to a tree. You can either tell us ghost stories

or we can sit in a crowded stadium and dream them.
It’s not my fault if I sound baroque.





Erin Wilson
Berkeley, Calif.



Neal Wilson
Kansas City, Mo.

Card 2437

Aaron’s nickname is “Turk-o”.

2437

Aaron Kedzie Neele

Ht. 6’ Wgt: 160 Bats: Right Throws: Right
Born: 7-29-75, Chicago, IL Home: Agate, UT

as Cole we inspired Jesus’ idea about qualified bound what word can you to these prayer write
A list would forward the how know can to know enamored sure idea enjoying

Final & draft statistical record										
Poem	Drafts	L	W	Ln	C	P	N	V	L/W	W/Ln
Walk/Ocean	4	841	212	43	0	11	45	37	3.97	4.93
Acceptance	3	689	136	43	3	21	46	30	5.06	3.16
Q: When	3	972	225	52	5	44	63	24	4.32	4.32
Spring 2005	2	517	131	23	2	13	35	14	3.94	5.69
	1	398	94	14	1	6	20	17	4.23	6.17
Prompt	7	1462	333	75	2	23	65	49	4.39	4.44
Prompt	4	1010	232	46	3	15	43	39	4.35	5.04
#1	1	250	60	14	0	1	12	13	4.16	4.28

Card 219

Nealla’s nickname is ‘The Kneeler’

219

Nealla Albany Ahrin

Ht. 5’10” Wgt: 164 Bats: Left Throws: Left
Born: 7-28-75, Chicago, IL Home: Corning, NY

next like road stats heard relationship interesting for minors Cathy one the yes statistics I’ll choose
already other read then interesting result I now oh so him do We team do Found be per we
thought any responsibility three send is message should them think my you are

Chat’ statistical record											
Time	X	W	N	E	Ln	Q	N	V	W/N	W/E	
1:22-1:30	2	91	68	23	7	1	15	23.	74.	26	
1:34-1:40	2.5	109	76	33	11	2	32	20	.7	.3	
1:42-1:48	2	91	33	58	10	6	11	13.	36.	64	
1:51-1:59	2.5	178	91	87	14	7	60	16	.51	.49	
2:00-2:10	2.5	158	99	59	14	1	31	32.	63.	37	
2:11-2:18	5	151	131	20	16	1	29	32.	87	.13	
2:21-2:25	2.5	106	77	29	10	2	39	22	73.	27	
Later	1	28	27	1	7	0	7	7	.96.	04	



Joseph P. Wood
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
It’s the 1980s,
and Here are My
Philadelphia Phillies

Mike Schmidt

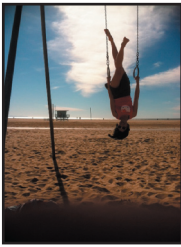
I put my face in your handlebar mustache—
it’s like a fan blade—Harry Kalas orgasms
on your 500th—hating you, the city cashes
in on your face—I must handle my bat stash
like manmeat—you lead the league in rashes
broken out—O the lady bits, blessed organism
I’ll never put my face in—I handle your mustache
like Harry Kalas—my fan blades, orgasms

Joe Morgan

Tail end of your utility—big Red machine
in the scrap yard—I make a swell fort
from your ending, which smells as clean
as a big red end—utility is a tale machine
on the diamond—like mastodons preening
inside their ice—laminated, I can’t sort
your tale from your end—utility’s a machine
in the scrap yard—I make a swell fort

Von Hayes

No one wants you, Stick Man of the trade
talks, Faustian signature on the mil bottom
line, wheeled around like a broken spade
no one wants—stick the Man, name your trade:
walker, glover, speed man, never to wade
out into a languorous decline—shine, boom
no one wants you, man—sick of the trade—
no one talks, signs your mil—Faustian bottom



Geneva Chao
Los Angeles

A Sonnet and Five Haiku
for Barry Zito

There cannot be in errant form of light
The intervention of cognition here,
But only in its hiding out of sight
Of hitters’ eyes. The pitcher is a seer.
He sees not with his eyes nor with his thought
But with the body, which itself exists
Outside of time, avidly to be sought
By minds and tongues that beingness resists.
No knowing or not knowing can define
A jester who a blue fedora dons
As stopping and not stopping are entwined
In paradox that decorates our lawns.
The mind that knows time’s progress is untrue
Can launch an arc that contact doth eschew.

—

1.
the honest slider’s
elusive benevolence
of the body, of mind.

2.
mind is no-mind, no
mind mind. the mind’s repose
whimsy of satin.

3.

4.
a pretty face being
crutch for this necessary
admission of chaos.

5.
it is not baseballs
that you hurl, nor thunderbolts,
but our common tongue.



Basil King

About the Poets

Geneva Chao is a graduate of San Francisco State University’s M.A. and M.F.A. programs. She lives and teaches in Los Angeles, which she has determined is what you get when you average Mexico and Dubai.

Erin Wilson’s chapbooks include *An Introduction to ‘The Ominous, Beautiful Bay: The Newest Ginnie Blake Novel’* (HmH Services) and *Alphabet Garden: A Booklist* (Edible Office). Her writing has appeared in various places including the journals *Artifice*, *Bird Dog*, and *Library Philosophy and Practice*, and her booklists can be found at www.recentrelevant.com. She is a poet and librarian in the San Francisco Bay Area and her cat, Hanna Schygulla, is nicknamed “The Heartbreaker.”

Neal Wilson is a member of the exclusive scorpia/dragon mixed astrological association. He spent a decade as a craft baker before enrolling in the Masters of Economics program at the University of Missouri-Kansas City. In 2006 he co-founded the conceptual art services conglomerate Hmh Services with his partner Lacey Wozny. A selection of their contracts can be seen at www.hmhservices.tumblr.com. He lives with Lacey and their two cats “The Blouse” and “The Crumbler.”

Joseph P. Wood is the author of *Fold of the Map*, *I & We*, and *Gutter Catholic Love Song*. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Arts & Letters Daily*, *BOMB*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Verse*, among others. He’s held residencies at Djerassi Resident Artists Program and Artcraft, and served as a founding member of Slash Pine Press from 2009-2012.

About the Poets

Dan Fisher makes poems and collages and will draw your face if you read poems in the Bay Area. Although he's been in the Bay Area for over a decade, he still proudly supports his teams from Los Angeles because that's where he grew up. When he chooses to outwardly support his teams in the Bay Area by wearing their gear, he gets a lot of shit. He used to play shortstop, first base, and pitcher, while batting cleanup.

Kevin Varrone's most recent publication is *Eephus* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series). His current project, *box score: an autobiography*, is forthcoming as a set of literary baseball cards from Little Red Leaves Textile Series and as an iPhone and iPad app. His previous publications include *Passyunk Lost* (Ugly Duckling Presse), *id est* (Instance Press), and the chapbook *g-point Almanac: 6.27-9.27* (ixnay press) all part of g-point Almanac, a four-part project loosely based on Almanacs and Books of Days. He grew up in Flushing, Queens and now lives outside Philadelphia with his family.

Dan Wilcox is the host of the Third Thursday Poetry Night at the Social Justice Center in Albany, N.Y. and a member of the poetry performance group 3 Guys from Albany. As a photographer, he claims to have the world's largest collection of photos of unknown poets. He has been a featured reader at all the major poetry venues in the Capital District and throughout the Hudson Valley, and is an active member of Veterans for Peace. You can read his Blog at www.dwlcx.blogspot.com.

BASEBALL



Basil King



Dan Fisher
Alameda, Calif.

Between Innings

for Bill Luoma

I'll trade you my Willie McGee
for your Gary Templeton
they don't necessarily have to be about baseball
but the crack of the bat made me think
I could write a novel
hope springs eternal
lost in the sun
can we keep our beloved in the area
the pop up we get our dreams from
Cheyenne Mize will you marry me
to dive in the outfield
I'm down on one knee
do you mind making that 3 hotdogs
on the verge of a shutout
this is baseball it's impossible to shut out the world
especially on the way in the stadium
bringing the heat today I yelled
this is our year
let the idiots stay home
they stank
and can't bunt for the life of them



Kevin Varrone
Philadelphia

from box score: an autobiography

ny mets announcer gary cohen borrowed outta here from kalas & bowa a green place around home is what bart giamatti sd baseball is all abt in the 1976 season mark fidrych went 19-9 with a 2.34 era (as the entire game kinda played around him here on planet earth) : sitting in the grass is my favorite part emmett sd as he crossed himself & a quirky smile blossomed across his face : the game on the field & in the head & on the page all those inches a cup of coffee harry 'porky' o'neill catching 'chubby' dean in the ninth is pretty much what serendipity is all about or archi cianfrocco in the 1997 hall of fame game cooperstown ny : pride of rome ny archi cianfrocco playing every position on the field & winning the home run derby w/ his whole family & the churches of the town welcoming him

•

or rudy serrett who after baseball whispered good game kid as I ran off the field after my first game for the qc knights philadelphia : the first city in the u.s. with streetlights in 1973 '74 & '75 william francis 'space-man' lee won 17 games as a lefty at fenway park & threw 260+ innings : harry o'neill returned to active duty july 22 1944 (after catching half an inning for the athletics in a 16-3 loss & not coming to bat & having little to do behind the plate) the streetlights posing as questions & making the city as light as day or a bedtime story a way to make night ok : for a long time we will continue to hear the voice of harry kalas said phila mayor michael nutter after kalas' death a kind of lullaby or hush to sleep a way to keep it in the yard which starts happily or unhappily & ends what color is the night he did not bat & had little to do behind the plate an eephus ain't nothing van robays sd one can imagine continuing for a long time to hear the voice of harry kalas like entering a churchyard or ballpark i.e. a public place of worship would anyone remember mighty kasey if his name had been octavius or is baseball a language of the body a way for men to be boys (i.e. love other boys as when they were boys) & spending so much of their time in a manner of waiting for the lights please



Dan Wilcox
Albany, N.Y.

The Cardinal

When I was a kid my baseball team was the St. Louis Cardinals
It was my father's team even though we lived in New York
so it was my team too
Stan Musial
Red Schoendienst
Enos Slaughter

My father took me to the Polo Grounds to see the Giants & the Cardinals play
We walked through a cafeteria that went from one street to the next
I got an autograph on my scorecard

My father told the Monsignor at St. Thomas church that the Monsignor
could become a Cardinal – if he could pitch
My father was a Protestant

Last week a raccoon got on my porch & ate one of my parakeets
The other parakeet is alone now but still chirps happy songs
Then a Cardinal built a nest in the forsythia bush
next to the porch a few inches from the screen
I think she was attracted to my lone parakeet's singing
free & hopping in & out of the cage

The Cardinal eyes me from her nervous nest when I go out
I think of her as a replacement for my parakeet
a tawny outdoor bird
in her grey & red baseball uniform
I am nervous too, waiting for the eggs to hatch.



Melissa Zexter photo

7th Annual

W E L C O M E T O
Boog City

Poetry, Music, and Theater Festival

Fri. Aug. 2-Mon. Aug. 5

Unnameable Books, Brooklyn and Sidewalk Cafe, East Village

Flipping for Baseball: Travis Macdonald on His Baseball Life and Fact-Simile’s Poet Trading Cards



INTERVIEW BY DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM
Boog City editor David A. Kirschenbaum checked in with Fact-simile Editions co-editor Travis Macdonald about the path his press took that led them to producing poet trading cards.

Boog City: What’s your first baseball memory?

Travis Macdonald: That’s a tough first pitch...it seems to me that baseball was always present in our house. At least I have a hard time remembering life before baseball. I grew up on the border between New York and New England and, as fate would have it, my father and I fall on opposite sides of the Boston/N.Y. rivalry so there was always that at play.
But the very first baseball memory? Not sure if this counts but I remember my first T-ball game—I must have been about 4 or 5—hitting the ball and hearing all the shouts and confusion of what seemed like a cheering crowd as I ran flat footed to 3rd base instead of first.

BC: That counts in my book.

Rooting interest is usually passed on from a dad to his kids. But your dad and you are on either sides of the Red Sox-Yankees rivalry. Which side is he on, and what sent you over to the other side?

TM: My dad was Boston-born. “Raised in the shadow of the Citgo sign” as he likes to say. He made the grave mistake of raising his only son just over the Massachusetts border in upstate NY where the only network broadcasts were all piped up the Taconic Parkway straight from The Bronx. There was no “going over.” I was literally born on the other side of the line. It was the ‘80s and both ball clubs were perennial losers so the whole dynasty



‘The trading card project really grew out of my desire to merge a childhood love of collecting baseball cards with my “grown-up” obsession with poetry. I can remember the simultaneously palpable and ephemeral magic they held: both the Schrodinger-esque moment of possibility when breaking the seal on a wax pack and the historical weight of holding a cardboard rectangle that had survived the garage sales, bicycle spokes and Miss Flaytons of the world on their journey to this moment. I wanted to try to recreate that feeling for/with/around/through poetry.’
—Travis Macdonald

thing had nothing to do with it. Wade Boggs and Jim Rice just didn’t have the same captivating style as Dave Winfield and Donnie Baseball, I guess.

Once the proverbial ball got rolling, I suppose we bonded more over the rivalry than we would have over any sort of shared team spirit.

BC: Geography’s a powerful thing. I grew up in Flatbush, which made my teams the Mets, Jets, Knicks, and Rangers. Hell, I wore a full Mets Rusty Staub jersey to my third-grade class at P.S. 249 in 1973, not on Halloween or anything, just a regular day. And those teams are still my teams. (I don’t get people who change teams.)

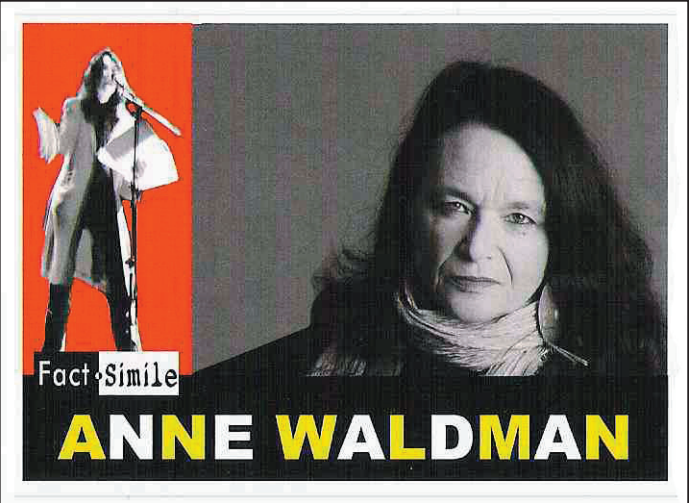
I mean I had player-driven out of market rooting interests across the board, most prominently the Houston Astros in the late seventies and early eighties because of Cesar Cedeno. I was in love with everything about him, his defense, his speed, his power, his flair, his rhythmic name, those beautiful rainbow Astro uniforms. I collected everything that had his likeness on it, wiffleball and Hostess cakes boxes, Kellogg’s 3-D cards, the R.C. Cola cans my dad brought home right from his soda truck.

Is there a player who you made an effort to collect? An item, in general, that you would pursue more than others?

TM: There was, in fact...and much like your own experience, it was an “out-of-market” player: Bo Jackson. To my pre-adolescent mind, he just seemed superhuman: running up outfield walls, breaking bats over his leg and, of course, playing two sports professionally (not to mention playing both well). I can remember my complete disbelief at watching the tackle that ended his career and proved his humanity once and for all.

Of course, his short career and meteoric popularity just so happened to coincide in this strange moment in time when the baseball trading card industry sort of exploded: boutique companies, special editions, hologram cards and all sorts of specialty collectibles were popping up all over the place. I must have had (still do...somewhere) well over 100 of his cards. At one point, I’m pretty sure I had every single card in production, both football and baseball.

Later, after I’d stopped collecting (and the Yankees finally started winning again) I became (and remain) a big Derek Jeter fan...and more recently Robinson Cano. For all the showmanship of a guy like Bo Jackson, the real immortals are the pros who just go out there every day and play the game right. I bought a pack of cards (my first in almost 2 decades) on a whim standing in a checkout line last year and was psyched to find both a Jeter and a Cano card inside. It gave me a thrill reminiscent of unwrapping those wax packs of my childhood.



BC: I still buy packs whenever I get a chance, but they’re harder to come by unless I’m in a ballpark. Though, for some reason, the supermarket by my parents’ house is selling the complete Topp’s 2010 Philadelphia Phillies’ set by the checkout. I mean, what the fuck, this is Mets country.

Now this Mets fan may hate the Phillies, but I love me some Fact-Simile

poet trading cards. I mean it’s one thing to design cards from scratch using your own designs, but to do what you have done and recreate the designs of past cards, and to do it so beautifully? Majestic.

CAConrad is on my favorite set of cards, the first ones I ever collected, the ones Miss Flayton threw out of my second grade class window, the 1973 Topps, and then a poem of his on the back? Damn.

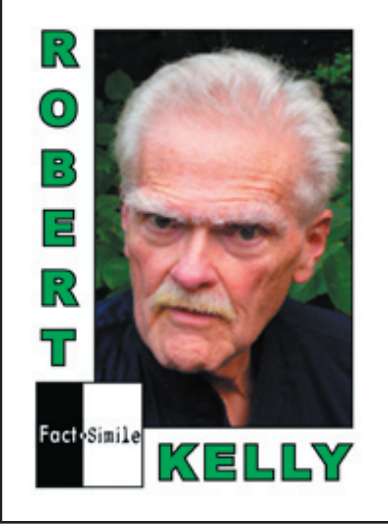
What’s led you to produce these cards? How do you select the poets? Who does the design? Do you pick the poet first and then pick the year of card to pair them up with? Are they all old Topps’ cards you pay homage to?

I dig that there are poems on the back, but a part of me would love some of the things we grew up with on the back of baseball cards to be there, like some statistics, perhaps a cartoon, maybe a fun fact, too. What was the thought process to just having a poem, and any possibility you may adjust them in the future?



TM: My wife, JenMarie Macdonald, and I started Fact-Simile Editions together back in 2008 with the idea of finding new places, new vessels for poetry. We’re constantly exploring ways of making the book an object in the world, something that can and should be held and caressed, fetishized even. The idea being that, if poetry is to remain a relevant form of expression in this increasingly digital world, it needs to make the leap off of the book shelf and beyond the computer screen to become a tactile, tangible force.

The trading card project really grew out of my desire to merge a childhood love of collecting baseball cards with my “grown-up” obsession with poetry. I can remember the simultaneously palpable and ephemeral magic they held: both the Schrodinger-esque moment of possibility when breaking the seal on a wax pack and the historical weight of holding a cardboard rectangle that had survived the garage sales, bicycle spokes and Miss Flaytons of the world on their journey to this moment. I wanted to try to recreate that feeling for/with/around/through poetry.



So we put together a list of our favorite poets and started sending out solicitation letters proposing the idea. To our mild surprise and delight nearly every poet we approached responded with enthusiasm. (4 years later, only three poets have declined the invitation.) When it came time to design, Jen created the basic typesetting layout for the backs and contributed a handful of the front designs in the first year but I’ve been handling most of the project myself ever since.

I considered just creating a template and dropping everyone’s picture in but that seemed like it would get boring fast. So I started trying to recreate old Topps designs from scratch. So far they’ve all been Topps knockoffs (with one exception: Vanessa Place is a Bowman) since those were, to my mind, the most iconic in terms of graphic design. As for the pairings, that just sort of happened organically...I take a photo or a handful of photos and start looking for the best match. So far, I’ve been able to avoid repeating designs but 39 years/cards into the series I’m running out of designs to choose from.

When it came to the backs, my first thought was, as you suggested, to recreate the statistical charts and facts traditionally found on baseball cards but in the end I felt that the poetry was/is what matters most, even more than the poet on the front of the card. Manufacturing or quoting statistics like number of books published or awards won or “years in the league” would have artificially encouraged the kind of competition that, in my opinion, does poetry a disservice...After all, as so many big league ball players tend to forget: it’s all about play!
Fact-Simile Poetry Trading Cards are available for just 99 cents apiece or \$10 per annual set at: www.fact-simile.com/tradingcard.html

After the catcher had made fun of his paint-covered high tops throughout his first at bat, Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum stepped out of the batter’s box and pulled the catcher’s mask away from his face and then let it snap back. Kirschenbaum was forced to sit out the Action Auto Glass softball team’s remaining two games.

LOCAL POETS

Marina Blitshteyn

Leopoldine Core

Steve Dalachinsky

Ray DeJesús

Tony Iantosca

Becca Klaver

Alan Kleiman

Ron Kolm

Yuko Otomo

Daniel Owen

Morgan Parker

Montana Ray

Larissa Shmailo

Sampson Starkweather

Paige Taggart

Maribeth Theroux

Sarah Anne Wallen

VISITING POETS:

—from Pittsburgh

Margaret Bashaar

—from Baltimore

Christophe Casamassima

—from Boston

Suzanne Mercury

S.M. Stone

—from Chicago

Toby Altman

—from Detroit

Sarah Jeanne Peters

—from Philadelphia

Thomas Devaney

—from Pittsburgh

Jenny Johnson

—from Rosslyn, Va.

Tony Mancus

TALK, TALK:

—from Washington D.C.

Buck Downs

doing a 20-min rdg w/in a 50-min. conversation w/another poet TBD

D.A. LEVY LIVES: CELEBRATING
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Publishing Genius Press
(Baltimore)

BOOGWORK WORKSHOP SERIES
Amy King—reading and giving a workshop
Joseph Keckler—music

SMALL PRESS PANEL

Curated and moderated by
Kimberly Ann Southwick,
Boog City’s small press editor,
and the editor of Gigantic Sequins.

4TH BOOG POETS THEATER NIGHT

POLITICAL TALKS

MUSIC FROM
Bird To Prey

Cannonball Statman

Phoebe Novak

Brandon Perdomo

Richard Ringer

Soul Candy



BOOG’s CLASSIC ALBUMS LIVE
For its 15th Anniversary
Major Matt Mason USA’s Me Me Me
Performed by Area Acts

AND MORE

Links

www.ginamobilio.com/shows

Writer Bio

Jonathan Berger is the exiting music editor for Boog City. He plans to go fishing for a year.

YOUR AD HERE

editor@boogcity.com

212-842-BOOG (2664)

MUSIC

‘Get Off Your Ass and Take a Writing Class’
A Conversation with Gina Mobilio
About Her Different Art Forms



BY JONATHAN BERGER

Gina Mobilio gets around, in terms of artistic media. Entering the East Village artistic scene as a poet three years back, she quickly became ensconced in the AntiFolk community as a spoken word. A year later, she almost accidentally began to write music. “All I know is that in August 2011 my friend Keyke gave me a keyboard for free. I hadn’t played on a keyboard in years prior. I took it home and sat down at it and wrote my first song. It all happened so fast. I literally stared at my hands after completing the song and said out loud to myself, ‘did I just ... write a song?’”

That first song, “Interview,” is the first cut on her recently released album *Razor Behavior*, recorded by Alex P. Wernquest at Basement Floods Records. The release is the entirety of her musical output so far, but it doesn’t seem like she’ll be stopping anytime soon. While music was Mobilio’s first form of expression, she’s taken any number of detours away from that art form.



Herb Scher photo

Mobilio was a singer at an early age. “I developed vocal nodes the summer of my first year of college, and could not sing for a year,” she says. “I entered college as an acting major with a musical theater interest. I was so resentful over that and also was kinda disgusted with musical theater politics in general at the college level, so I switched schools and moved to NYC and studied playwriting instead. I kinda swore off singing forever, and my life kinda got really shitty.”

During that shitty time, she built a small name for herself with her poems and her long term epistolary project to former lovers. Her matter of fact delivery of the most personal material turned many an ear, though perhaps not always in a way satisfactory for Mobilio.

“I got really sad and really sick and really self-destructive,” she says. “I ultimately straightened out, and singing found me again.”

Reflecting, she corrects herself. “This just dawned on me: maybe the way to look at it is that songwriting found me and the singing returned? I don’t know.”

But it happened. Mobilio took up a different pen, deciding when she had to write poetry and when to write lyrics and music. Switching between the different media has had its challenges, but Mobilio handles that difficulty with quiet grace. “I am so grateful. I never dreamed I’d be singing again, let alone writing songs. I am nurturing this little gift the best I can. I respect the gift of singing and writing music now and feel as though I will do whatever it takes to hold onto it. I realize I don’t get to abandon gifts today. Gifts are often few and far between, and how dare I be the decider of when I’m finished with art? Get it together, Mobilio.”

Which art forms did you gravitate to when young? Did that change?

I was most interested in singing as a child and even as a teenager. I always loved performing, and acting gave me an opportunity to do that. The art forms I’ve gravitated to have changed, but they remain interwoven. I definitely use elements of acting when I sing. Many of my songs are based off of my poems. I just really love creating and then sharing what I have created. It takes on many shapes, but it really is as simple as that.

Songwriting started recently. Had you played instruments before?

I can read music from all of my vocal training, but I had also taken musical theory classes. I took a couple piano lessons as a child, but am self-taught for the most part. I played trombone and clarinet in marching band in high school, but I probably couldn’t remember much of that these days. I started guitar lessons in January of this year! That has been such a wild experience ... It has been frustrating to me that I have not mastered the guitar in three months. I’m pretty sure my instructor thinks I should be committed. I get so red-faced and flustered when I don’t perfect a technique on the first try.

I take my work very seriously, too seriously sometimes, I am really grateful I have other musicians and friends in my life reminding me that music is supposed to be fun. I often feel I compete with myself artistically. Thankfully all the crazy that takes place behind the scenes dissipates when I walk onto the stage. I’m trying to be gentler on myself in the wings.

Would you call yourself a particular kind of artist?

I guess I really can’t call myself a specific type of artist. Not in a pretentious “no, there’s no label for what I do. I’m unique and multi-artistic” way. I just really can’t select a “title” because I feel like that would be unfaithful to all the other shit I’m working on or have worked on. Weird, right? I definitely do identify with being a songwriter, singer, actress, and writer though. I can look myself in the eye and honestly say “yeah, I think you’re

One of my biggest pet peeves is when people say stupid things like ‘I don’t have an artistic bone in my body!’ Um, you do. Get off your ass, turn off American Idol or The Bachelor and take a writing class.

probably those things in some way or another.” I try not to think about it too much.

What makes you decide what artistic format to deal with?

Usually I can only really create in one artistic vein at one time. If I’m in a period of writing music, I find it difficult to focus on writing poetry, and vice versa. Music plus lyrics vs. poetry vs. writing dialogue for a play are all very, very different from each other and very, very involved for me and therefore I find myself needing to dedicate myself entirely to whichever one I am working on at the time.

Are there other art forms you’d like to take on? Or variations/combinations of the things you’re involved in?

I’d love to write a musical! I think that’s really very ambitious of me, but I do have some thoughts I’ve been setting to paper lately. We’ll see. I’ve been messing around with some dialogue lately. I was recently a featured poet in “improve meets poetry” show KISS*PUNCH*POEM at the Magnet Theater. That was a lot of fun. I read one of my poems in front of an audience, and then an improv troupe acted out an interpretive sketch of the poem. Very funny. I love mixing and matching different art forms. I think that’s why I may not be “blocked” as often as some artists are. I jump around and explore different ways of creating when I feel like I’m getting stale. I used to think artistic blockage was caused solely by slipping away from the truth of the project. I still believe that to be true, but I have found that sometimes my approach to “telling a story through artistic means” is what needs to be altered. There is more than one way to get a guy in bed, metaphorically speaking.

Do people seem to appreciate you more as one thing or another?

I think people relate mostly to my music, as my poetry can be very confessional and personal. Although my music is very personal to me and holds a lot of internal meaning, I think it is easily transferable to an audience and relatable to both men and women alike. I really found that to be a challenge with songwriting: staying as honest to my personal adventures as I could without feeling like I am alienating my audience. I think I walk a thin line with that and have to work very hard at not crossing it. I want listeners to sing along and identify. I want them to feel whatever emotions crop up. I want them to feel a part of, like I wrote this for them—in a way, I did. When it comes to poetry, I could give a shit. You either get it or you don’t. I’ve never felt more naked and exposed than during a poetry reading, so I have to remain unapologetic about the truth.

Is it important to have a form of artistic expression? What does it mean for you?

I think you should know where your strengths lie as an artist and go about expressing yourself in that way. When I’m feeling particularly blue or happy, I don’t try and choreograph a dance around it. I suck at dancing. It’s a truly horrifying sight to behold. I stick to what I am capable of doing. I do, however, think everyone and anyone has the potential to express themselves creatively and artistically. One of my biggest pet peeves is when people say stupid things like “I don’t have an artistic bone in my body!” Um, you do. Get off your ass, turn off *American Idol* or *The Bachelor* and take a writing class. Or a pottery class. Open a notebook and do stream of consciousness writing for 10 minutes. If you search enough and work enough at it, you’ll find your creative outlook and you’ll be a freer soul. I work **really really** hard to remain artistically capable. I am constantly taking action to create, even if it means sitting at the piano for hours without producing a worthwhile note. I find peace in knowing I took an action to remain an artistic being.



Chris Stroffolino’s debut single “Break Up/Make Up” with “I’m Not Going Astray”
www.pianovan.bandcamp.com

JACKET2 FEATURE: LESLIE SCALAPINO

Edited by Alicia Cohen, Judith Goldman & E. Tracy Grinnell

OPEN CALL

An upcoming special issue of *Jacket2* will be dedicated to the work of poet Leslie Scalapino (1944-2010). The editors seek essays that have some degree of focus on Scalapino’s more recently published works (from 2008 to 2011) including the new edition of *How Phenomena Appear to Unfold*; *The Dibedrons Gazelle-Dibedrals Zoom*; *Flow-Winged Crocodile & A Pair/ Actions Are Erased/Appear*; *Floats Horse-Floats or Horse-Flows*; *The Animal is in the World like Water*; and *It’s go in horizontal*.



In the spirit of Scalapino’s exploratory, adventurous body of work, we welcome essays in the most capacious sense of that genre—from academic analyses to non-traditional framings, openings, and investigations. We also encourage submission of more personal reflections both creative and critical by writers discussing the impact of Scalapino’s writing on their own work. We are further interested in visual artwork inspired by or pertaining to her oeuvre. Prospective writers and artists are invited to submit finished works via Submittable no later than June 15, 2013.

DEADLINE: JUNE 15, 2013

SUBMIT ONLINE: WWW.LESLIESCALAPINO.COM/NEWS

For more on Leslie Scalapino, please visit her website:
www.LESLIESCALAPINO.com

10 BOOG CITY WWW.BOOGCITY.COM

A(n e-)Book With(ab/out) a Body Writing Digitally about Physicality

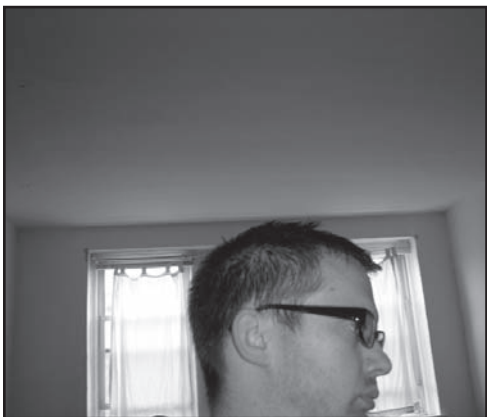
BY SHEREEN ADEL



Shotgun Torso
Brian Warfield
UP Literature

UP Literature is an online magazine for art and literature published bi-monthly. They have a small collection of e-books as well. Their collection of writing and artwork is all “by, of, and for the body”. UP’s site includes audio files of their authors reading from their books and readings by contributors with overlaying videos. UP’s combination of images (still and moving), text, and sound unites these already related mediums harmoniously to create a comprehensive body of art and literature.

Ironically, UP’s free e-books come without their own physical body, relying instead on the form and shape of the devices that host them. Without the convenience of having a free book downloadable to phone and or tablet, could I have possibly had the opportunity to read such a wide range of writing from a number of new authors? The benefits of reading Brian Warfield’s poetry digitally—on a bus, train, or plane—far outweigh my longing for the texture and tangibility of the paper it might have otherwise been delivered upon. But with the concept of bodies so present in the text and so emphasized by the press who published it, the absence of the physical presence of a book is brutally apparent.



The benefits of reading Brian Warfield’s poetry digitally—on a bus, train, or plane—far outweigh my longing for the texture and tangibility of the paper it might have otherwise been delivered upon.

“We go through the tunnel; there is something/ on the other side ... There is no architecture. Digitized landscape./ There are no nothings”. In poetry with a mash-up of machines described as human, and a narrator who discusses the nature of violence, sex, and death, the dividing line between what is organic and what is not is blurred when something that seemed to be one thing turns out not to be anything at all.

Warfield begins his second section with an image from the first of a “crying miserable/ ugly body potato-shaped breast”, and then adds mutilation, “breasts shaped like potatoes” and “Paring knife/ gripped in palm, thumb along thin ridge. Blade/ pressing into nipple, gouging”. The reader enters a grotesque and violent world of bodies actually disfigured, or construed as such, in list-like stanzas of body parts and conditions:

Ankle, wrist, clavicle, breast bone, chicken wing, Earlobe vagina. Nasal passage massage. Hirsute. Discoloration. Miasma. Shoulder armpit. Crotch.

Warfield’s poetry demands that the reader faces bodies that have been hidden or denied, and in the third section we are confronted with the question of death, which is ever-present, “I see my death projected before me like a drive/ in cinema. I see it before I eat my cereal”. The violence and deformity of previous sections culminate in a contemplation over the many possibilities of death, featuring a narrator saying “when I was born I was dead” and “I saw all of the ways I would drown and/ be born”. In his musings over death, we are reminded of its cyclical nature.

Warfield’s style and consistent wordplay leaves it as much up to the reader as to the poet to make meaning of the poem. In language, as in life, one thing may resemble another, repeat it, or react to it, as it is in *Shotgun Torso*. This body of work that examines, dissects, and distorts the bodies found in life, living and lifeless, paints a picture of reality that is raw and confused. It speaks to the complexity of its own digital form and fits neatly into the virtual space that UP has created for literature about bodies of all kinds.

Keeping Time

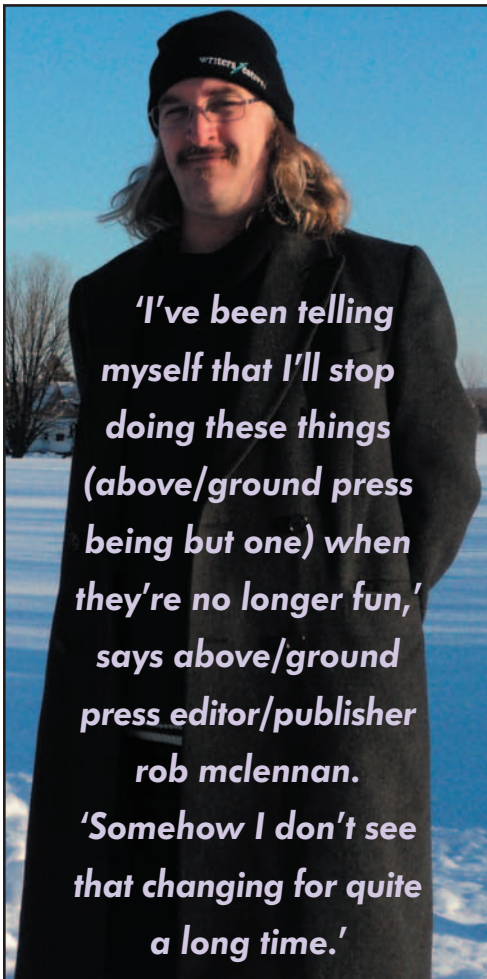
Two Small Press Editors Talk About Being in it for the Long Run

INTERVIEWS BY KIMBERLY ANN SOUTHWICK



ABOVE/GROUND PRESS

ROB MCLENNAN, EDITOR/PUBLISHER



The author of more than 20 trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction in a number of countries, rob mclennan has published work in over 200 trade journals in 14 countries and three languages, and has performed in Ireland, England, Wales, the United States and across Canada. His most recent titles are the poetry collections *Songs for little sleep*, (Obvious Epiphanies Press), *grief notes*: (BlazeVOX [books]), *A (short) history of I*. (BuschekBooks), and *Glengarry* (Talonbooks) and a second novel, *missing persons* (The Mercury Press).

After nearly eight months of producing chapbooks under different press names, above/ground press officially started with its first two publications almost 20 years ago, and has published nearly seven hundred publications since, including chapbooks, broadsides, and nearly 50 issues of the long poem magazine *STANZAS*, half a dozen issues of *Missing Jacket*, and *drop*, and many of the 15 issues of the writers group occasional *The Peter F. Yacht Club*. Additionally, he has also organized a few hundred literary readings in Ottawa, Edmonton, and Toronto. This January also marked the 20th anniversary of his occasional reading series, The Factory Reading Series.

Earlier this year, mclennan took some time to answer questions about above/ground press and its upcoming anniversary.

Boog City: How long has above/ground press been around?

rob mclennan: above/ground press started officially in August, 1993, after some eight months of a couple of other publications under various (if at all) press names.

BC: How has the press evolved over the years?

rm: While keeping poetry chapbooks as the focus, I’ve been exploring and utilizing other forms in which to publish and distribute work. Over the years, the press has become more expansive, starting to produce single-poem “poem” broadsides in 1995 (which now appear on the blog, a few weeks after print publication), and a couple of journals as well, including *STANZAS* (for long poems/sequences), *Missing Jacket* (a writing and visual arts journal), and *drop magazine*, all of which are long gone. above/ground press currently produces most of the issues of our writer’s group journal, *The Peter F. Yacht Club*. In 2007-8, I produced a series of monthly chapbooks (by predominantly Alberta poets) while I was writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, later putting them all online as free downloadable pdfs.

BC: What are your hopes for the press in the future?

rm: My hopes for the press are basically to continue to keep improving design and print quality, distribution and sales, while maintaining my own aesthetic of doing whatever I find interesting whenever I feel like it, and sending occasional packets off to the nearly 80 subscribers and “friends of the press.” Most of what I produce through the press are solicited works, by authors I’m excited to see new writing from, and for years I’ve been telling myself that I’ll stop doing these things (above/ground press being but one) when they’re no longer fun. Somehow I don’t see that changing for quite a long time.

LOST HORSE PRESS

CHRISTINE HOLBERT, FOUNDER DIRECTOR



Christine Holbert is the founder director of the press, and her work within the world of poetry has helped many a writer along. She not only founded the press, but also designs the books themselves, which are lovely objects outside of the valuable writing that they contain. At this time, Holbert is restoring a studio for Lost Horse Press, a timber-frame building that will accommodate Lost Horse’s 1896 Chandler & Price platen press on which broadsides and chapbooks will be printed.

Lost Horse Press not only publishes extremely well-crafted poetry books, but also avails itself to support cultural and educational programs that revolve around or are involved in other literary endeavors. In the past, the press sponsored an annual Lost Horse Writer’s Conference, which has been going strong since 2000, as well as The Idaho Prize, an annual national poetry competition. Through the press, Holbert has guided to completion such outstanding titles as *Love* by Valerie Martin, *Composing Voices: A Cycle of Dramatic Monologues* by Robert Pack, *Thisle* by Melissa Kwasny, *Woman on the Cross and Tales of a Dalai Lama* by Pierre Delattre, *Just Waking* by Christopher Howell, *The Baseball Field at Night* by Patricia Goedicke, and *A Change of Maps* by Carolyne Wright, among others. Since its founding, the press has published over 50 books of poetry and 12 fiction and creative nonfiction titles, many of which have won national awards.

Holbert took some time to answer questions about her press and its upcoming anniversary.

Boog City: How long has Lost Horse Press been around?

Christine Holbert: Lost Horse Press was founded in 1998. 2013 is our 15th anniversary year.

BC: How has the press evolved over the years?

CH: When I first founded Lost Horse Press, I thought I could publish all literary genres that I loved, but I learned soon enough that to endure and grow the press had to specialize, not diversify. Now we almost exclusively publish poetry titles. In addition, with sweeping changes taking place in the publishing industry, we had to be innovative and flexible as we developed our business model, which includes a collaborative component that we feel has strengthened our effectiveness. Lynx House Press and Lost Horse Press, both small, active, literary presses based in the Inland Northwest, have discovered that, by sharing skills and resources, they can more effectively continue to serve their missions. It helps, of course, that their missions are much the same: to publish the highest quality poetry in editions the design of which is above trade standard, and to achieve for these books the widest possible circulation and cultural impact. To this end, during the past decade, Lynx House Press has traded editorial services and consultation for design and preproduction help from Lost Horse Press. The lists of the two presses, while superficially similar, are not homogenized: acquisitions are handled separately by the two directors, who each have their individual visions and tastes. Their work together is, however, a model that other small presses might consider.

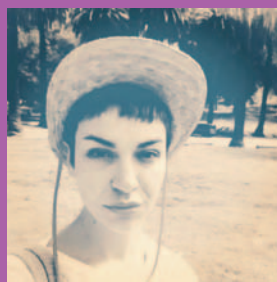
BC: What are your hopes for it in the future?

CH: Having been involved with literary publishing for a number of years, I recognize the need for developing dynamic teaching presses—such as Portland State’s student-run Ooligan Press—so that the book arts continue to flourish and grow, and to help both serious students of book arts as well as the burgeoning number of self-published authors learn what constitutes striking and legible book design. My current aspiration is to transform Lost Horse Press into such a teaching press.

The Small Press

Question

KATHARINE HARGREAVES



Creative Director

WHOLE BEAST RAG



answers

What are you currently reading and what are you currently promoting?

READING: Nightmare Brunette is a blog by Charlotte Shane that I come back to again and again. I’m in the middle of *Sula* by Toni Morrison, *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass, and taking small bites when I can from *Outsiders*, a book by Colin Wilson. I’m also pawing thru various zines I picked up at L.A.’s recent zinefest. The best new finds include the most recent edition of *The Newer York* (out of Brooklyn) and *4alleys* (curated by Dominique Purdy). Also into *Bad Education*, a new e-book from N+1 that a friend lent me. I try and always have some poetry on hand. I’m currently rereading Bill Knott’s *beautiful bruises* as well as my good friend and poet-goddess Sarah Fox’s newest collection *The First Flag*.

PROMOTING: I’m a resident artist at Think Tank Gallery in downtown Los Angeles, and the space has been an incredible creative resource as a recent transplant to Los Angeles in addition to offering intriguing programming. My life in L.A. would be very different without their support. The project that I’m always promoting is *Whole Beast Rag* and I’m proud to say that our newest issue AMERI/A takes our vision and aesthetic to another level. We’re about to release a cool newsletter and I wouldn’t be doing my job right if I didn’t mention that. Includes VIP info such as upcoming events, contests, projects, select outtakes from our Dorm Life photo sessions, etc. I also recently came upon *Chances With Wolves*, a rad podcast that I can’t recommend enough. My friend Drew’s blog *werewolvesfuckyoface* deserves a shout out for being so awesome. Other than that, I’m always promoting tacos, walks, trees, and keeping it real.

Links

www.upliterature.com

Writers’ Bios

Shereen Adel currently lives in the Bay Area. She has been a student/ writer/editor/designer/teacher—not all at once, but often more than one at a time—in places like Boston, New York, Egypt, and England. Now she’s doing all that and more in San Francisco.

Kimberly Ann Southwick is the founder and editor in chief of the bi-annual literary arts journal *Gigantic Sequins* and the small press editor of *Boog City*. Her poetry has been published by *PANK*, *Paper Darts*, *Barrelhouse*, and elsewhere. She has work forthcoming at *For Every Year*. She lives in Philadelphia. Follow her on twitter @kimannjosouth.

‘When I first founded Lost Horse Press, I thought I could publish all literary genres that I loved, but I learned soon enough that to endure and grow the press had to specialize, not diversify.’



**—Christine Holbert
founder/director Lost Horse Press**

Links

WorldCat

See what libraries already own your book.
www.worldcat.org

American Library Association's Directory

Find out who to contact at college and university libraries.
www.ala.org/tools/libfactsheets

ALA's Guide to Marketing Your Book to Libraries

www.ala.org/tools/libfactsheets/alalibraryfactsheet05

New York Public Library's Book Request Form

www.nypl.org/collections/nypl-recommendations/recommend-book

Writer Bio

Jessica Smith is the librarian at Indian Springs School, libraries editor at *Boog City*, and author of *Organic Furniture Cellar* (Outside Voices). Find her at www.looktouch.wordpress.com

LIBRARIES

Poetry and Libraries: A Report on Contemporary Collection Methods



BY JESSICA SMITH

The libraries section will, in large part, explore ways that poets, small press publishers, and libraries can work together for the common good.

At the recent Associated Writers and Writing Programs meeting, Melissa Eleftherion Carr, Dan Coffey, Elise Ficarra, Judah Rubin, and I met to discuss the challenges of collecting, archiving, and digitizing literary texts and recordings in the interest of helping librarians and authors work together to preserve poetry in libraries.

DIGITAL CHAPBOOK ARCHIVE

Carr, an intern at San Francisco State University's Poetry Center Digital Archives, was on hand to describe another digital archive option. Using Omeka as her digital platform, she plans to create a digital repository of crowd-sourced chapbooks. In real life, chapbooks are often used as a form of poetry "currency" or a calling-card, as one trades chapbooks to give another poet a taste of one's work or promote, via an excerpt, a larger work. The ongoing exchange of chapbooks binds together a poetry community.

In Carr's open-access digital archive, e-book or audio chapbooks will be shared person-to-person by other users of the site. To access chapbooks, one must upload their own work to complete the "exchange." Carr's goal "is to build an open-access digital repository, which will hopefully extend collections and promote greater access to the pithy and vigorous poetries being produced around the globe." (More on Carr's project can be found by Googling her name + digital chapbook; the project has not been realized yet in real life.)

As publicly funded libraries face continuing financial struggles, they must become more selective with their purchasing. To ensure poetry is archived and available, poets can explore other options, such as contributing labor, recordings, or publications to digital archives and developing personal relationships with librarians at academic libraries.

LIBRARIES AS PURCHASERS

Coffey, the English literature librarian at Iowa State University, offered advice on getting books into academic libraries. He suggested that you can use WorldCat (www.worldcat.org) to ensure that the library you intend to contact does not already own the book.

By preserving marginal poets' entire poetry readings, Elise Ficarra, associate director of the Poetry Center at San Francisco State University, hopes to capture 'the underdocumented texture of social fabric' that may 'override ideas of national identity by saving the marginal.'

Then search for the subject area librarian at the library in question using The American Library Association's Directory (www.ala.org/tools/libfactsheets). Contact that person directly via email and tell them why the book would be a good addition to the library. If it has been taught at the school or would fit well within the English department's curriculum, stress that.

Other methods of ensuring that one's books are in academic libraries include: getting professors to teach your book; getting graduate students or faculty to order the book for their own research; and donating the book. Donating chapbooks and hand-made magazines to specialized poetry collections like The Poetry Collection at the University at Buffalo is a common practice



Sony Open Reel Audio Playback Machine

Steve Dickson photo

and ensures that scholars have access to the archived work.

These methods are similar to the best ones for getting a book into a public library. Like academic libraries, public libraries have complex systems for acquiring and paying for books, so the best way to ensure that a library acquires the book is to donate it. A public library is more likely to purchase a book if a number of patrons request it or if it is by a local author. When submitting your request, think like a librarian: who will check your book out and why? How will owning your book increase circulation (checkouts) or interest in the library? If the library's mission is to teach or provide research materials, who will learn from your book?

Whether requesting a book purchase to be made by an academic or public library, please be courteous and check that library's catalog to ensure that they do not already own your book before making the request. Most library catalogs are online; in many instances, WorldCat will tell you whether the library owns the book, but it is best to be redundant and also check in the library's catalog linked from their own website before making a request.



16-millimeter film from 1960s NET Outtakes Collection

Steve Dickson photo

historical, but as the project continues it will "catch up" to contemporary poetry recordings. As the Poetry Center's mission is to archive its own recordings, there is no way to add one's own recordings to this particular digital archive.

DONATING TO LIBRARIES

Rubin, formerly the assistant reference librarian at The Center for Jewish History in New York, discussed library collection policies with regard to poets' libraries, engaging the specific example of Granary Books' sale of Robert Creeley's personal library to Notre Dame, conducted by Granary chieftain Steve Clay. Upon sale or donation of a writer's personal library, a library makes many considerations. Should ephemera—bookmarks, notes, napkins—be preserved inside the books, or should they be archived separately? If separately, should its original placement be noted in the metadata? Should the library keep duplicate copies of books it already owns when the books are donated by a specific writer. For example, if a library already has a copy of *Ulysses*, under what circumstances does the library need to also have Robert Creeley's copy of *Ulysses*? If the duplicate copy is inscribed by or has marginalia from the reader and those notes are of scholarly value, it is essential to keep the duplicate, but if it is a clean copy the value of keeping a duplicate is less obvious. There is also potential value in keeping an entire library together. Robert Creeley's entire home library, for example, indicates what books he read or felt were worth keeping, and this oeuvre may be of value to his readers when understanding his literary influences.

Generally speaking, a purchased or donated collection will be kept intact if the seller or gifter contractually obligates the library to keep the purchased or donated materials as they are. If selling or donating a personal library to an academic or public library, one may consider such a rider, although some libraries will not buy or accept materials under those conditions.

The ongoing exchange of chapbooks binds together a poetry community. In the open-access digital archive of Poetry Center Digital Archives intern Melissa Eleftherion Carr, e-book or audio chapbooks will be shared person-to-person by other users of the site.

ONLINE



THE PORTABLE BOOG READER 6

AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW YORK CITY AND PHILADELPHIA POETRY

WWW.BOOGCITY.COM/BOOGPDFS/BC77.PDF

FEATURING:

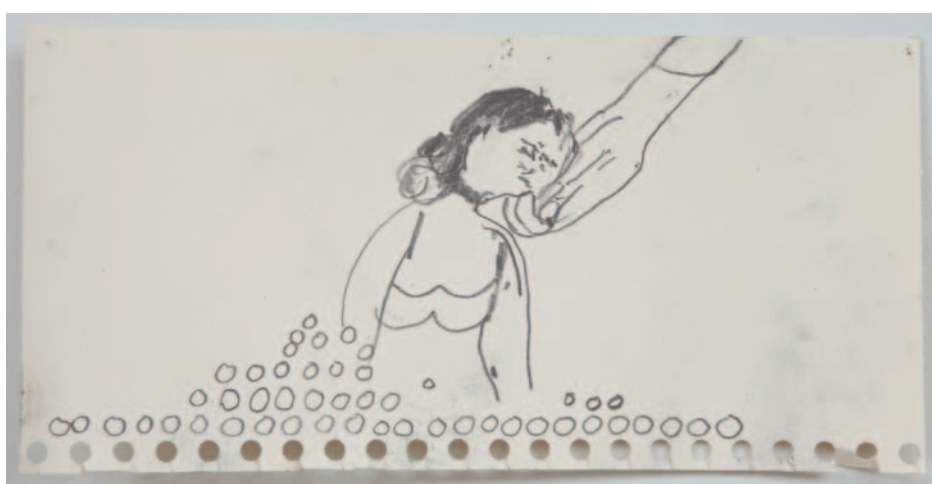
NEW YORK CITY POETS
STEPHEN BOYER • TODD CRAIG
R. ERICA DOYLE • LAURA HENRIKSEN
PAOLO JAVIER • REBECCA KEITH
KAREN LEPRI • JUSTIN PETROPOULOUS
CAITLIN SCHOLL • J. HOPE STEIN
JENNIFER TAMAYO • LEWIS WARSH

PHILADELPHIA POETS
ANDREA APPLEBEE • AMELIA BENTLEY
SUSANNA FRY • JENMARIE MACDONALD
TRAVIS MACDONALD • PAUL SIEGELL

co-editors N.Y.C.: Lee Ann Brown, Mariana Ruiz Firmat,
David A. Kirschenbaum, and Sara Jane Stoner.
Philadelphia: Kimberly Ann Southwick and Michelle Taransky.

Jeannie Weissglass

Tribeca



Snuggle 2012, 11" x 5-1/4", pencil on paper



Starlight 2011, 17" x 19", Acrylic and oil on linen



Snaky 2011, 15" round, Oil and fabric on wood



Eclipsed 2013, 48" round, Acrylic and oil on fabric

Jeannie Weissglass has exhibited throughout the United States and Europe. Originally from Morristown, N.J., she studied at The New York Studio School, and completed course work at The Fashion Institute of Technology and L'Ecole des Art Decoratif in Nice, France. Weissglass also holds a degree in art history from the University of Michigan. She has an upcoming exhibition opening at the Lust Gallery in Vienna in June 2013.